

OBITUARIES

MRS. BESS

Funeral services for Mrs. Georgiannah Bess, 89, of Route 2, Kings Mountain, were conducted Saturday afternoon from Shady Grove Baptist Church of Cherryville of which she was a member. Rev. Dan Siler and Rev. W.G. Camp officiated at the rites and interment was in the church cemetery.

Mrs. Bess, widow of Mr. Martin Sylvanus Bess, died Thursday at Kings Mountain Convalescent Center.

She was a native of Cleveland County, daughter of the late Marcus and Margaret Hoyle Mauney.

Surviving are her son, M. Clyde Bess of Route 2, Bessemer City; four daughters, Mrs. Bryte Carpenter of Matthews, Mrs. Annie Mae Land o. Dallas, Mrs. Dorothy Wright of Route 3, Kings Mountain and Mrs. Pearl Stroupe of Route 2, Bessemer City; two brothers, Bill Mauney and J.D. Mauney, both of Lattimore; six sisters, Mrs. W.L. Bess of Route 3, Kings Mountain, Mrs. Ola Pearson of Hendersonville, Mrs. Maggie Parker and Mrs. Ethel Gutherie, both of Shelby, and Mrs. Ellis Crofts and Mrs. Daisy King, both of Lattimore; eight grandchildren, 17 great-grandchildren and two great-great grandchildren.

Carpenter's Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

HUBERT R. WELLS

Funeral services for Hubert R. Wells, 69, of Route 2, who died Thursday morning in the VA Hospital at Oteen, were conducted Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m. from El Bethel United Methodist Church by Rev. Sidney Lanier, interment following in the church cemetery.

Mr. Wells was a native of Lincoln County and a self-employed brick mason. He was son of the late Clarence and Mary Jane Sain Wells.

He was a World War II veteran with service in the Army Air Corps.

Surviving are his brother, Guy Wells of Cherryville; three sisters, Mrs. Paul (Lottie) Wray of Shelby, Mrs. Lee Deveney of Kings Mountain, and Mrs. Grace Stevens of Los Angeles, Calif.

The family has designated memorials to the El Bethel Building Fund.

MRS. WEAVER

Funeral services for Mrs. Lizzie Estella Weaver, 84, of 900 West Church St., Cherryville, were conducted Sunday afternoon from Free Saints Chapel of which she was a member, interment following in St. John's Church Cemetery.

Rev. Durham Whisnant and Rev. Zeb Honeycutt officiated at the rites.

Mrs. Weaver died Friday in Shelby Convalescent Center.

She was a Gaston County native, daughter of the late John and Catherine Sellers Homesley. Her husband was the late Cletus Vadie Weaver.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Ruby Jenkins of Crouse and Mrs. Prue Styers of Kings Mountain; one grandchild and one great-grandchild.

Carpenter's Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

CLARENCE B. MOSS JR.

Clarence Beatty Moss, Jr., 66, of 108 Center St., died Monday in the Kings Mountain Hospital. Funeral rites are tentatively set for Wednesday at 4 p.m. in Oak Grove Baptist Church.

Mr. Moss was a retired employee of the City of Kings Mountain. He was a native of Kings Mountain, son of the late Clarence and Minnie Hutchins Moss.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Louise McClelland Moss; one son, Jeffrey Scott Moss of Kings Mountain and one daughter, Miss Connie Moss of Kings Mountain. Also surviving are four brothers, Adam Moss of Dallas, Robert Moss, Lawrence Moss of Shelby and Grover Moss of San Antonio, Texas; and four sisters, Mrs. Kate Smith of Shelby, Mrs. J. B. Wright of Waco, Mrs. J. J. Gainey of Tucson, Arizona, and Mrs. Forest Lankford of Cherryville.

CHRISTOPHER KARL HAUSER

Funeral services for Christopher Karl Hauser, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hauser of Spartanburg, S. C., formerly of Kings Mountain, will be conducted Tuesday afternoon at 4 p.m. from Holy Communion Lutheran Church in Spartanburg, S. C.

Graveside service will be held Wednesday morning at 11 a.m. from Beulah United Methodist Church Cemetery near Waco.

Surviving, in addition to the parents, are two brothers, Jeffrey and Jonathan Hauser, both of the home; and his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Goforth and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hauser, all of Kings Mountain.

MINNIE LEA CASHION

Funeral services for Mrs. Minnie Lea Cashion, 85, of 300 York Road, who died Friday in the Kings Mountain Hospital after several week's illness, were conducted Sunday afternoon from First Wesleyan Church of which she was a member.

Rev. Dwight Edwards, pastor of the church, was assisted by Rev. Marnese Hampton, Rev. John Ruffy and Rev. John Harris in officiating at the rites and interment was in Mountain Rest Cemetery.

Mrs. Cashion was the widow of Charles Everette Cashion and daughter of the late George and Sarah Vess Connor.

Surviving are three sons, Donald Cashion of Riverside, California, Charles Cashion of Surfside Beach, S.C. and Bob Cashion of Kings Mountain; three sisters, Mrs. Hester Cole of Jacksonville, N. C., Miss Gertie Connor of Kings Mountain, and Mrs. Boyd Stacy of Blacksburg, S.C., and seven grandchildren.

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Ken's Pen

Late-Inning Dramatics Habit For Richie Zisk

Maybe not on the same level as Al Downing, the pitcher who served up Hank Aaron's record-setting 715th home run, or the guy who made it possible for Roger Maris to record an asterisk-noted single-season HR mark, but Richie Zisk might be remembered.

Last weekend, the Oakland A's had already set a new major league record for most victories in a row (11) to open a season.

Going for a 12th straight, Oakland stumbled and the guy that applied the stopper was Zisk, who played outfield for the Gastonia Cardinals 13 years ago.

At the time that he loused up things for the A's, the 31-year-old Brooklyn native and a fun guy when he performed for the local Pirates, was in a uniform of the Seattle Mariners.

Somehow, supplying the late-innings dramatics just came natural for Zisk, even in his formative years in the Pirate organization.

He put the tattoo to the baseball on several occasions that meant the difference between a win and beating for Gastonia's Western Carolinas affiliate.

After playing here for one season and belting 13 home runs, Zisk, as many before him, moved on to greener pastures at Pittsburgh.

He's always had a talented bat, which spoke with reasonably good power, like in 1975 when he hit 20 home runs for the Pirates and went 5-for-10 in the World Series.

Or, two years later when he



Ken Alexander

clubbed 30 for the White Sox. He's also had a stop-off at Texas before settling in at Seattle.

In addition to bringing Oakland's long win streak to a halt with an eighth-inning home run, Zisk has one other distinction.

In November, 1977, he became the first free agent to sign a contract.

Since then, free agency has become a way of life in the majors, and the old saying that 'you can't tell who the players are without a scorecard' has real merit.

When Red Wilson took over as Duke's new head football mentor in 1979, the Blue Devils PR folks immediately went to work, coming up with new twists to signal better things ahead in Durham.

The first year, it was 'Red Means Go' and the Blue Devil

response was less than cooperative, a 2-8-1 record.

And, last fall, 'The 80s, A Brand New Ball Game' fronted the neatly-packed Blue Devil football brochure.

Again, a negative response on the field of battle. Wins over Clemson, unexpected as it was, and a victory over Georgia Tech, one of the few expected to show up in the Duke win column. Otherwise, another Duke football flop.

But, give the redhead time. He was the architect of what was amounting to football dynasty at Elon and, at least, he's got the enthusiasm in high gear at Duke and the addition of people like Bob Matheson, Rich McGeorge and Rod Broadway to his coaching staff can only add to that.

Wilson is a highly-dedicated coach, totally out of character with a loser, and he won't stand still.

He's got Ben Bennett, the rangy Californian returning at quarterback, a sophomore who broke many of the high school records of Steve Bartkowski and Craig Morton in Sunnysvale, Calif., and who displayed those skills as a freshman at Duke last fall.

Also, a poor defense has been bolstered considerably and the opposition is likely to find access roads through Duke's defense more hazardous in 1981.

Bobby Brower, having a fantastic spring with the baseball team and already with records, including some held by Dick Groat, has been shifted to Duke's defensive backfield, where the native Virginian's speed will be an asset.



Lib Stewart

This is the time of year when the red corpuscles in the average citizen's veins begin to cruise around a bit faster and he feels the urge to get out and dig in the earth, dreaming of a bountiful supply of fresh vegetables as a reward for his hard labor.

Unfortunately, the urge to garden is not always as permanent as needs be for best results.

Sometimes the businessman-farmer might spend as much on garden tools, equipment and fertilizer in one week than the results of the gardening would be worth in five years.

And in too many cases once the ground is dug and the seed are planted, that is about the end of that. For after the first glow of interest when the seed sprout and send up their first tiny shoots, the fishing season, baseball season, and the season of just plain laziness or spring fever comes along and if some other members of the family don't come along to the rescue, what started out to be a prize vegetable garden will turn out to be an area of exceptionally large and well pleased weeds.

And while we are on the topic, the Herald is indebted to Wanza Davis for providing us with this poem which we clipped from some National Secretaries newsletters in the middle of judging their recent contest.

If I had to live my life over again, I'd dare to make more mistakes next time.

I'd relax.
I would limber up.
I would be sillier than I have been this trip.
I would take fewer things seriously.
I would take more chances.
I would take more trips. I would climb more mountains, swim more rivers.
I would eat more ice cream and less beans.
I would perhaps have more actual troubles, but fewer imaginary ones.

You see, I'm one of those people who live seriously and sanely hour after hour, day after day.

Oh, I've had my moments. And if I had it to do over again, I'd have more of them.

Investigate To Your Heart's Content

One never knows what big surprises may be in store for them when they open their mail box each day. I know I'm being silly but I can't wait to bring my mail in. I look forward with anticipation just almost sure this is the day I'm going to receive some really wonderful news.

Of course, it's usually the same old stuff and nonsense, bills and other interesting bits of information, and catalogues by the dozens. Most companies don't send me just one but several of the same issue. Beats me why they waste the extra ones on me. One is sufficient to get me in plenty of trouble.

A letter I got the other day sorta tickled me. There might have been a time in my life I might have even resented what might seem an intrusion on my private life. In other words - none of their cotton-pickin' business. Now keep in mind I'm saying **might**, they might have even found out some deep, dark secrets about my doings and carryings on. Now, the jokes on them. Too bad, "ain't" nothing to investigate.

So go ahead you insurance companies. Hope you have fun and if you find out anything spectacular in any way I've done in a coon's age, sure wish they'd let me in on it. I'd just love to at least know. Maybe I've been wondering around in my sleep doing no telling what all!

The letter said "in compliance with public law, this notice was to inform me an investigation report has been requested with the insurance you have with auto-owners. They were going to try to get information obtained through personal interviews with your neighbors, friends, or others with whom you are acquainted. Included is information as to your character, general reputation, personal characteristics and mode of living, etc. ect."

There isn't that enough to literally scare the living daylight out of an old seventy year, gray headed woman! Really had me in a



dither.

In the first place, I'm pretty sure my neighbors and friends love me as much as I do them. They're not any more liable to tell tales on me any more than I am on them.

then two of my close neighbors are close relatives. We stick together, believe you me. We always have and always will no matter what. Blood is indeed thicker than water.

Now about my automobile and my driving habits. Most of the time my faithful auto is resting comfortably in the garage. When it gets out once in awhile it heads to the First Presbyterian Church, Akers Shopping Center, or some other equally far distance place.

When I occasionally swap cars just for the heck of it, they're standing in line wanting to buy it. That's the truth. They know what good care I take of them, what unbelievably low mileage I have on them and how carefully I drive.

Come to think about it the insurance companies ought to give me a bonus for extra good behavior beyond the call of duty.

The only people they might contact that might and could say "Well, that old woman must be pretty weird" are the garbage men. I'll admit, especially lately I've thrown out some mighty queer looking junk. I got on a throwing out spree. Got started and couldn't seem to stop. Beats me why I kept some of this useless stuff for so long anyway. No earthly good to anyone. Make me wonder what got into me to get this and that in the first place. Oh, well surely there must have been a reason once upon a time.

I never will forget a long time ago when I lived somewhere else (not telling where). Anyway, I was out in the yard and heard one garbage man holler to the other one, "Well, here lives Mr. J.W. Harper and next door lives Mr. Segram."

After I got through laughing, I gave a good thought or two how I was going to be careful from then on to wrap our unmentionables tightly in brown paper bags before they hit the garbage can. Those garbage men see all and tell all. So beware!

I do declare just a few days later a fire insurance man rang my doorbell and wanted to take a picture of my house and asked me oodles of questions. Just about everything except was I inclined toward arson.

So they're after me going and coming. Just wish I was doing more going and coming. I'll try to do better so you can have more interesting reports. I'm doing the best I can now though. Maybe if I take an extra dose of Geritol I can speed things up, worth a try!