

Established 1889

The Kings Mountain Herald

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. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Kings Mountain, N. C., 28056 under Act of Congress of March 3, 1873.

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. Galatians 5:22-23.

Traffic Flow

The Herald has no traffic experts, nor engineers, other than the sidewalk variety, but does offer some observations concerning traffic flow problems within the city:

1) Until there is a new section of U. S. 74, traffic congestion on King street can hardly help but worsen — which calls for all effort possible to alleviate the problem. Effort to gear signals for faster transit would be more likely of success were it not for the two major left turn situations at the intersections of Cleveland avenue and East King and at West King and Battle-ground. Would three-way signals at one or both intersections be helpful and enhance safety?

2) A traffic signal at Country Club road, as requested by the city, appears a quite valid request, in view of considerable traffic coming into congested King from Country Club road, Edgemont road (ARP church, hospital and residential), Sims street, and the First Baptist church.

3) Kings Mountain is a city of rather narrow streets for the most part, and many of them have bad approaches, either due to narrowness of entrance or due to barriers of shrubbery, utility poles, fences and other shields to vision.

4) Sidewalk is badly needed from West Mountain on Phifer road to the new high school. Here lies, we understand, a technical legal problem. The city can't spend for facilities outside the city limits and the highway department says sidewalk-building is without its function.

The Herald feels the city would do well to retain a traffic engineer for a study of the situation, as the auto population, both local and transient, continues to grow.

Courage Commended

The death of George Starr, the Central school janitor, who suffered fatal burns in a flash fire, does not dim the courage and quick-thinking shown by Joe Lee Woodward, the school truant officer, who found Starr, his clothes burning, running out of the building that fateful morning. Mr. Woodward tore the burning clothes (his belt was burned to a crisp) off the janitor's body and rushed him to the hospital. Mr. Woodward suffered hand burns.

Credit for courage and quick-thinking also accrues to Miss Alice Averitt, teaching supervisor, who found the floor and desk in the superintendent's office ablaze and promptly stamped out the fire with a typewriter cover.

Regret and sympathy accrue to the Starr family.

Rev. B. L. Raines

The past year has found a considerable turnover in the identity of Kings Mountain pastors.

Latest to announce forthcoming departure is Rev. B. L. Raines, pastor of First Baptist church, who goes to James Island church, Charleston, S. C., effective December 5.

Mr. Raines' six-plus years here has been hard-working and effective, both to his church and the whole community. He assumed the First Baptist pastorate following a bitter church fight which resulted in a split-up and proved most expert in accentuating the positive and pouring oil on troubled waters. He was an active member and occasional officer of the Kings Mountain Ministerial association and, with many others, very able and diligent in coordinating community Christmas giving to the ill and indigent.

The community wishes him well in his new position of ministerial duty and responsibility.

Congratulations to ex-citizen Richard K. (Dick) McMackin on his recent promotion to an assistant secretaryship with Wachovia Bank and Trust Company at Winston-Salem.

The Kirkpatrick Case

A Charlotte high school enjoyed the gridiron performances this year of a fast scabbard, said to be able to have the facility of the proverbial expert who could stop on a dime and return five cents change.

His name is Jimmy Kirkpatrick, a Negro, just tapped this week for the all-Mecklenburg high school all-star team. Young Kirkpatrick has become a cause celebre, if unwittingly.

Charlotte Negro civil rights leaders have, in effect, picked up Kirkpatrick's football and carried it off, seeking federal court action to prevent the playing of the annual Shrine Bowl game on charges of discrimination under the federal civil rights act, specifically, that Kirkpatrick wasn't chosen on the 33-member North Carolina team.

Editorial comment, both by editors and by citizens expressing views in letters to editors, have been rife, strongly positioned, and most times extremely "pro" or "con" the Shrine Bowl Tar Heel coaching staff which chooses the squad on recommendations from coaches across the state. (Kings Mountain's Bill Bates furnished the recommendations from the eight-member Southwestern division of the Western North Carolina High School Athletic Association.)

Football fans are noted for their loyalty to home favorites.

However, few fans fail to remember favorites passed over for the Shrine Bowl squad. Kings Mountain particularly last year, boasted a half-dozen performers, perhaps more, quite capable of matching those chosen. Yet, when the squad was announced, the names of Murphy, Gold, Cloninger, McGinnis, Rhea, Cheshire, etc., were glaringly missing. It was not the first time. Nor will it be the last. The simple fact is that in any year there are many more than 66 Tar Heel and Sandlapper gridmen ready, willing and qualified to perform in the annual football benefit for crippled children and Greenville, S. C., Shrine hospital.

Items worthy of note:

1) The Shrine Children's hospital is and has been desegregated as to patients.

2) The Charlotte Negro leaders seek to hurt their own by their suit.

3) Kirkpatrick himself expresses no bitterness at his failure of selection and congratulates his teammates chosen.

The situation has brought the observation, however, that the Shrine might be well-advised to switch their game from Charlotte's small Memorial Stadium to UNC's Kenan, Clemson's Death Valley, Durham's Duke or some other in the two states which could seat 25,000 more fans — not because of the current unpleasantness but to up the take for a most worthy cause.

Statesmanship

Where art thou statesmanship?

In vainly seeking to forestall amendment of the state's speaker ban law, Gaston's Representative Steve Dolley contended on the floor of the House Tuesday that a legislator's sole duty was to represent and vote the thinking of his constituents. The concurrent Dolley contention was that the mass of North Carolina supports the railroaded 1963 statute which has embarrassed the state-supported schools and the state itself.

Rep. Dolley, apparently, is wrong on both counts.

Amendment of the act was a foregone certainty Wednesday.

More important is his other contention, which implies that every legislator must cast his every vote on basis of his own assessment of majority opinion.

All know that successful candidates do not go about their bailiwicks slapping constituents in their faces. Yet there are times when principles are involved, when legislators, to be honest, must vote unpopular positions. The definition is statesmanship.

Gaston countians would do well to make John F. Kennedy's "Profiles in Courage" required reading for Rep. Dolley before returning him to the State House next year.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

Ingredients: bits of news, wisdom, humor, and comments
Directions: Take weekly, if possible, but avoid overdose

By MARTIN HARMON

A fellow came into the office last pressday and I almost addressed him as Hugh, meaning my friend Hugh Smith, who labors with Jim Rollins for Duke Power Company.

It wasn't Hugh, however, though the two were look-alikes. This fellow's name was Harry Smith, an auditor for the North Carolina Department of Revenue who said he would like to audit Herald sales tax payments.

It being pressday, I begged a day's moratorium, and Mr. Smith granted two, the following day being a holiday for most state employees. He returned for duty on Friday.

Though subject to sales tax collection and payment requirements since the revised tax laws of 1957, it was our first time to be audited. Coincidentally, the Friday morning mail brought a book entitled "Facts Without Opinion," a history of the 50 years of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, THE auditing authority on newspaper and magazine circulations (Charlotte Observer, Shelby Daily Star, Gastonia Gazette, Time Magazine, New York Times, Wall Street Journal, ad infinitum) an organization in which the Kings Mountain Herald has held membership since 1952.

Noting to Auditor Smith that ABC audits non-daily publications each two years and outlining some of the ABC auditing tests, I told him I was surprised we had not been audited by his outfit long before, on understanding that routine auditing was a triennial matter.

"Well," he replied, "we happen to be somewhat short-handed." Auditor Smith, who is native to Rowan County and lives in Lenoir, works out of the Morganton office of the revenue department. He is one of seven on the Morganton office staff which has the duty of auditing accounts in eleven counties. In accordance with good auditing practice, the seven rotate assignments by counties each year. This year Mr. Smith drew Cleveland County, where there are more than 1500 registered sales tax collectors. If he were able to audit one account per working day (some require much more time), that would total only 253 per year.

Bookkeeping Specialist Charlie Dilling happened in the office and when I remarked we had sales tax-auditing guests, Charlie went in to ask if he had some extra reporting blanks. When I started to introduce him, Charlie said, "I've met Mr. Smith before." Charlie later remarked, "I told him one time I'd like to give him a little Smith & Wesson treatment." The auditor volunteered confirmation after Charlie had departed. Charlie even had shown him his pistol collection—including some Smith & Wesson models.

Auditor Smith virtually had completed his work covering three years of reports by the end of the day and gave us top marks for proper reporting — a commendation to three young ladies who handled the bookkeeping and reporting chores during the period and including Lynda Watterson, now on the staff, and two Herald graduates, Helen Owens and Libby Bunch. Indeed, said the auditor, he was confirming the reports as filed.

Lone joker in the deck turned out to be a matter of "use tax," a development of 1961 changes in the law. I learned that machinery parts and other items are subject to a one percent tax, which the law implies is to be charged and remitted by the supplier. However, many out-of-state firms, which cannot be forced to comply with North Carolina law, flatly refuse to assess the tax. It is the auditor's duty to total those invoices and collect the tax.

One interesting phase of the law concerns sales tax on subscription fees. (Of which we were already aware.) If, e. g. John Jones, of North Carolina, buys a subscription for his out-of-state daughter, the law requires sales tax be charged. If the out-of-state daughter sends in her subscription fee, no tax is charged. But if she pays it while on a visit in North Carolina, the tax is chargeable.

Interesting business, these taxes.

All These Things, Too, Shall Pass Away



Viewpoints of Other Editors

SYMBOL OF TODAY'S YOUNGER GENERATION

In almost every decade, it seems, there emerges an issue, a fad, a struggle, a way of life—whatever you want to call it—which symbolizes the younger generation of the time.

In the Twenties, if you can believe what you read, the symbol was the high life, or—in a word—booze. We had our Flaming Youth.

In the Thirties, the symbol was a good deal less sophisticated and not at all glamorous even in retrospect. The symbol of that bleak decade was a young man in search of a job and three squares a day.

In the Forties—at least in the first half of the decade—the common goal of the young generation was simply to survive. For those who did survive, the sort of controlled euphoria in which the common aim seemed to be to get ahead.

The Fifties brought us the Beat Generation whose noblest aim was not to react to anything, to play the whole world cool, meeting splendid success and dismal failure, rare achievement and total disaster, love and hate, war and peace, all alike, with a bored shrug.

Now in the mid-Sixties a new symbol of the young generation is emerging and it is, sadly enough, that of a young man trying to beat the draft. It was illustrated graphically by the recent mass dash for the altar after President Johnson set a deadline on marriage as a legitimate excuse to stay out of uniform.

Besides the debatable practice of sacrificing bachelorhood for draft protection, there is conclusive evidence everywhere of the disinclination of today's young men to take up arms for their country.

In a CBS television news film a few days ago, one young man said flatly that Viet Nam was not his war and if he could help it he wasn't having any part of it.

Another said that he wasn't interested in shooting at anybody and he certainly wasn't interested in having anybody shoot at him, for any reason.

And another said he had his education and after that his career to think about. He didn't want either interrupted, and military service, frankly, just didn't fit in with his plans.

Nobody said a word, or apparently even had a thought, about duty, service, love of country patriotism and such.

If they had been mentioned, the response probably would have been something like "Get serious man."

Here in Chapel Hill, where the University brings a steady flow of young men of draftable (to say enlistable would be ridiculous) age, we have a somewhat more subtle form of shirking. Here we find hundreds of young men coolly plotting their education curves to stay just above the draft line. Their main concern is not to learn something, but to maintain an academic average sufficient to keep them out of the clutches of the draft.

It is not unusual to hear a Carolina Gentleman explaining exactly how he plans to spread his higher education thin enough to keep him out of uniform for the foreseeable future. The idea of busting out of school is nothing much in itself, but the idea of busting into the draft is

THE HIGH COST OF NOT LICKING STAMPS

While the Administration has been trying to get companies in the aluminum industry and elsewhere to keep prices down, one of the Government's own enterprises has been quietly pushing its prices up.

Not long ago you could go to a post office and for six cents buy an envelope prestamped with five cents' worth of postage. Now, though, you pay seven cents, or two cents for the envelope that used to cost one cent. And it isn't really much of a bargain at either price. For if you don't want to pay the high cost of not licking stamps, you can get from a mail order house an almost identical plain envelope for less than a third of a cent.

There seem to be two possible reactions, depending on your philosophy. Either you can complain to the President's Consumer Advisory Council that you think the postal raise is a hold-up, or you can congratulate the New Postmaster General on engaging in the sort of business enterprise the department, in view of its financial condition, could use a lot more of.

The only trouble with the latter is that no matter how many increases the department stamps on its prices, it never seems able to lick its deficits.

Wall Street Journal

enough to give him the horrors. Students here and apparently everywhere else are obsessed with staying out of service at whatever cost to themselves and their country. Rationalizations are sometimes offered, such as those that attend the draft burnings and the demonstrations against our Viet Nam involvement. But this sort of intellectual shadow-boxing can't keep you from wondering whether they would consent to serve willingly even if the country were under direct attack.

We have had shirkers in all our wars, all the way back to and including The Revolution when the question wasn't so much whether you would fight, but on whose side.

Today's young men may be no better or no worse than those caught up in The Revolution, the Civil War, the first and second World Wars and Korea. Whether they are or are not, today's duckers and dodgers aren't any easier to take. They, too, deserve only withering contempt and deep disgust.

The Chapel Hill Weekly

10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about Kings Mountain area people and events taken from the 1955 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

Kings Mountain's new A & P Super Market at 401 Battle-ground Avenue, one of the most modern food establishments in this area, will open Thursday morning at 8:30.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL
La Fete Rook club members met Thursday night at the home of Mrs. Paul McGinnis.

Duplicate Bridge club members met Monday night at the home of Mrs. Howard B. Jackson.

SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Seated atop the back seat of a bright convertible car up ahead was a slender, rangy man in a white shirt, coatless even though the weather was cool. A second look at his rather large ears and ruffled hair made me realize that this was the man with the hardest job around here coming soon, John Lindsay, the mayor-elect of New York. He waved and shook hands but most of the hardened New Yorkers around him just looked—and many of them didn't even bother to do that. For some thought he was crazy to take on such a Herculean task; others did not agree with his politics; while others cheered him and called out greetings of good luck. One could feel that he asked for it, this second-hardest job in the country; yet we can be thankful that Americans still seek public office even though they know that people will expect almost inhuman results from them.

Three men played poker near Bowdoin College until a Saturday midnight, then they decided to play until 3 a.m. and give all of their winnings accrued after midnight to the local church. So sure enough, the next day they called on the pastor, the Reverend Elijah Kelly and presented him with the money. Under the circumstances, they felt embarrassed until his reply, which was, "Thank ye boys, thank ye. But why didn't you play a little longer?"

Most people I know here are thoroughly ashamed of the local draft card burners. Some of these miscreants come from elsewhere and hold their ghastly ceremonies here in order to get more national publicity. This is a far cry from almost two centuries ago when our ancestors fought hereabouts for their freedom. But it was a different sort of liberty they sought. It was for the right to live decent lives under God not anarchy. And these early Americans did not need to be drafted. They volunteered.

Talking to a war amputee, I was surprised at his smile and his attitude of courage. He had lost a leg but now with braces crutches he is more active, he said cheerfully, than when he had two legs. "Now that I am adjusted to it," he explained, "I am really happy. I get around, do as much work as I ever did and as for an artificial limb, I don't want one."

Reading through an interesting book of clever poems, "Come Out Into the Sun" by Robert Francis, (the University of Massachusetts Press), I found one which is hardly encouraging to those of us who relentlessly follow the lead of time. It states:

Old Men
Weigh too much or weigh too little
Settle into woodchucks or take a fancy
To be feather-weight birds very seldom
However you catch one singing.
As merchandise, old men go very cheap
Marked down, marked down
Year after year after year.

Garry Moore recently checked into the Gotham Hotel for the 555th time, a coincidence, since the hotel is located at 5th Avenue and 55th Street. He was given a party to mark the occasion. This same hotel served an odd dessert to losers the day after selection. It was cookies in the form of a crow. Over at the Hotel Edison, another odd

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