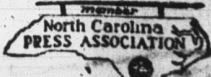




Established 1889

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., 28086 under Act of Congress of March 3, 1873.



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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation. Psalm 62:1.

Worthy Service

Kings Mountain Chamber of Commerce members, in annual meeting last week, unanimously endorsed the forthcoming \$1,300,000 bond election which will modernize and expand the city's sewage treatment system.

Discussion was limited to a brief summation by Mayor John Henry Moss of what the city intends to do, fact that the city will qualify for federal grant of up to \$360,000, and that the secretary of the North Carolina Government commission confirms estimate of local officials that the City of Kings Mountain can amortize the bonds without a property tax increase.

And the Mayor's summation followed the unanimous vote.

Action by this organization, representing the industrial, business and professional leadership of the community, confirms the feeling of this newspaper and others that most folk want and expect their city to meet its responsibilities, service-wise in facilities, and morally in discharging its contractual obligations.

The city is one year late on its contract with the State Stream Sanitation committee, and won the year's extra dispensation on firm promise by the city it would proceed with all due haste.

State law on the matter of sewage disposal and stream pollution has some sharp teeth. Either a city does the job, or the state committee takes over, forcing the issue via various methods, both embarrassing and costly to the citizens.

Been Counted?

After snow delays, the current nose-count of Cleveland County by the U. S. Bureau of the Census is reported speeding to conclusion by Robert M. Davis, director.

His aim is that the approximately 80 census-takers will report each man, woman and child residing in Cleveland as of January 24.

Against possibility of persons being out-of-town, momentarily unfindable due to work schedules, or otherwise, the Herald and other newspapers are publishing a blank form in which citizens who feel they have not been counted may report themselves by mail or call the census office to say when they will be home and countable in person.

One question is: Do you have a basement?

Odd one? Out of these answers will go a report to Civil Defense and how we Clevelanders might fare in event of atomic attack.

Public Servants

Both Conrad Hughes and James K. Willis, Sr., were long-term citizens who gave a considerable measure as public servants.

Mr. Hughes was for many years Number 4 Township tax lister, a position not always the most popular, but one in which his hard work and affability enabled him to fill quite well.

Mr. Willis served several years as a city commissioner in the days when money was dear to the point it was difficult to provide basic city services.

Both contributed much, personally and publicly, to their friends and neighbors.

Congratulations to Jonas Bridges, newly elected president of Kings Mountain Chamber of Commerce and to the other newly elected officers and directors.

It's time to show new state and city auto tags.

Congratulations to Mike Goforth, appointed to the United States Naval Academy, and to Phillip Bunch, alternate appointee to the United States Military Academy, of Representative Basil L. Whitener.

Old Chapter, Another Verse?

The future progress and direction of medical facilities in Cleveland County have been issues for more than two decades, at least, and the history of these continuing and sporadic arguments has been recounted in these columns, both editorial and repertorial, as each occurred.

Subsequent to the county bond issue election success in 1947, when citizens specified \$240,000 for Shelby hospital expansion and \$160,000 for building a hospital here, there were reputedly virtual fisticuffs between two county hospital trustees, one from Shelby and one from Kings Mountain, when the Shelby trustee said, "We're not going to build any hospital in Kings Mountain." That wouldn't have passed legal muster anyway since the bonds were voted for specific purposes.

Kings Mountain Hospital was built, opening in 1951 with 24 beds. Several times expanded, the hospital now has 77 beds and expanded staffs.

It is operating today at full capacity.

"The usual waiting list for elective surgery totals from 10 to 20," Administrator Grady Howard said this week. "Meantime, we do our best to handle the emergencies."

Meantime, too, Kings Mountain Hospital, voted \$500,000 in construction funds as Shelby (now Cleveland Memorial) was being voted \$1,500,000, agreed to take second place to out-moded Cleveland Memorial in bids for federal matching funds under the Hill-Burton act.

All well and good.

The Shelby Daily Star continues to press for a survey of medical needs on a county-wide basis and decries the independent courses taken by the two county-owned hospitals here and in Shelby. Maybe that's all well and good, too. The other medical facility is the Royster Memorial hospital, privately owned, but non-profit too, at Boiling Springs.

It is hard to envision any competent hospital authority recommending that the Boiling Springs and Kings Mountain institutions be put on the shelf or allowed to wither on the vine when bed population continues to grow and facilities are taxed and over-taxed.

The prospect is for continuing pressure on these facilities, as Cleveland Memorial's, as the impact of the federal medicare program begins to be felt come July 1.

There is growing need in this county for nursing homes for the invalided who need more nursing care than medical care.

In contrast to the rather strong inference of the Shelby Daily Star, the Herald can see no evidence of waste of county funds in the construction of hospital facilities, including the current project at Cleveland Memorial where the original structure, long out-moded, is being razed.

The same happy comment cannot be made in operations at the Shelby institution which, several times in the past has had its difficulties.

Easy To Endorse

It is easy to endorse the selection of Charles F. Mauney as Kings Mountain's Young Man of 1965.

His record of work for civic projects, for his church, and in other directions is not only long, but uniformly successful.

As a practicing Lutheran, chairman of a \$25,000 fund campaign for Baptist Gardner-Webb college, Mr. Mauney reported in with more than \$100,000. He was a key figure in the fund campaign for John Gamble Memorial Stadium, completed his second of two successful years leading Red Cross blood collection work.

Meantime, he ran his twin jobs with Mauney Hosiery Company and Carolina Throwing Company.

Just incidentally, he fulfilled his roles as husband and father to a wife and three active, if juvenile daughters.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

Life is full of coincidences and the flow of news is no exception. Thus we occasionally can label an edition a "society" paper, or an "obituary" paper, or an "accident" paper.

During the past week have come several, interrelated, or "cousin" instances, or, at the least, "cousins once removed."

Sir Winston, the pup, had spent the night at the veterinarian's pet hospital and I went along on the retrieving trip, meeting Dr. Tom Westmoreland for the first time. As we chatted about the business of rearing pups into healthy dogs, my wife mentioned my Herald association. Dr. Westmoreland's interest became more personal as he noted his great uncle had edited the Herald in the dim, dark past. Sure, I replied, that was from 1911-13. In turn, Dr. Westmoreland's father, now retired, is a printer of long standing, and the vet's brother is now operating the successful Clover Printing Company.

Was the animal specialist related to General Westmoreland, now bossing the Viet Nam show? Grinning, he replied, "I really don't think I am, but I used to claim him as kin when I was in the air force."

The General is from Spartanburg county, my wife's former home, and the area is crammed with Westmorelands, one Sam Westmoreland having been mayor of Woodruff for several terms. Dr. Westmoreland's father was Clover's mayor for a mere 18 years.

Next day I learned some history via the hand of Miss Alda Deal, who brought a clipping from a 1935 Gastonia Gazette detailing the active and interesting life of John T. Carpenter, onetime Kings Mountain citizen, and Miss Deal's grandfather. The article related that Mr. Carpenter was then 95 years of age and was living in Cherryville with a daughter, Mrs. Espey Plonk.

Miss Deal said her grandfather and father were partners in a tannery, from 1900, to 1909, the tannery being located at the current site of City Stadium and Mr. Carpenter having erected as a residence what more recent arrivals know as the Leonidas Logan home on East King. Tannic acid being rather aromatic, the town board condemned the tannery in 1909 and Mr. Carpenter moved to Cherryville.

He never needed spectacles, though he wore them. Miss Deal recalls, "As his friends like W. A. Mauney, and others began to wear spectacles because they needed them, my grandfather apparently felt he wasn't in style. He bought a pair and wore them."

The Gazette feature detailed Mr. Carpenter as a Confederate veteran of 30 battles.

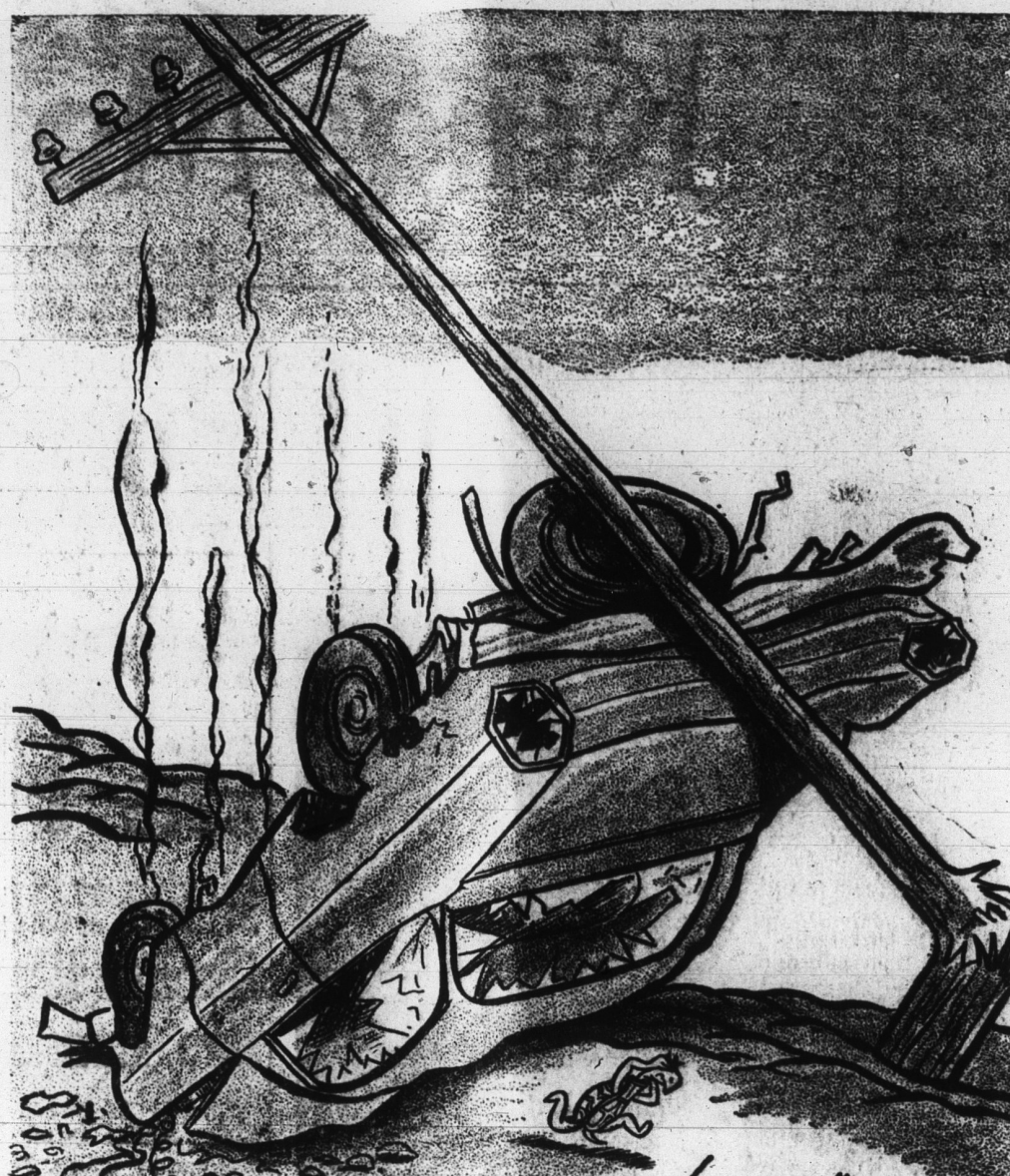
Some years ago Mrs. Frank Summers said her grandfather, Mr. Carpenter's friend, W. A. Mauney had kept a diary of his experiences in the War Between the States. Only this week did Miss Bonnie remember to bring me a copy. I have merely scanned it quickly to date, but have gleaned enough to know that there isn't a great amount of difference between war then and war today. Sherman was right: War is hell.

Mr. Mauney, of course, survived the war, became a leading Kings Mountain businessman, banker, and manufacturer and was several times mayor. He was (here the coincidence with the Westmorelands) instrumental in the founding of Kings Mountain's first newspaper in 1889.

Ollie Harris was telling me John Oliver, Jr., has recently been elected a director of Pasadena State National Bank, Pasadena, Texas, in charge of leasing and developing bank's property.

Noting Father Harris' being a director of First Union National's Kings Mountain branch, I congratulated, "Just following in father's footsteps." There's one slight difference, Ollie rejoined, "He made it in 30 years and it required me 50 to make it."

Going out tonight?



Viewpoints of Other Editors

THE AMERICAN THEATER

At first glance the difference between Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue seems merely a matter of theatrical economics. On Broadway musicals cost anywhere from \$300,000 to \$600,000 to produce, while comedies and dramas can be brought in for somewhere between \$60,000 to \$80,000. (Costs of production are less than half these amounts in London's West End.)

Given these high stakes it is not surprising that Broadway producers have settled on a rough rule of thumb: profits from musicals—if they succeed—are high; domestic (situation) comedies offer a respectable second best; but serious drama is a dead loss—unless it can be slipped in as possessing some special distinction.

Even with this safe yardstick only one out of four Broadway shows manages to survive. The general effect on the theatre has been such that critics and intellectuals have long since pronounced it dead and focused their attention on the cinema.

Nearly all the plays that now reach the stage—the ones that fail as well as the ones that make it—are aimed at a particular group of consumers. For the most part the plays are conventional, tired, and platitudinous; they titillate, they entertain; they restate the familiar.

Broadway now provides the suburbanite with his monthly night out in the city; the visiting businessman with his dutiful stop at a cultural watering hole; the Jewish-Catholic-Red Cross school fund with its benefit performance.

A look at the current list gives the game away: recently there were more than a dozen indifferent musicals and an equal number of tepid comedies; of four serious dramas, three were British imports (Marat/Sade, Inadmissible Evidence and Royal Hunt of the Sun) . . .

Where then is the American theatre? By all accounts it has fled to the hinterlands and emerged in the form of repertory companies in Seattle, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Houston, and elsewhere. All these cities have their own resident companies and all are experimenting with classical and contemporary plays. Some are subsidized by charitable foundations; others scrape by on local subscriptions and fund-raising drives.

New Yorkers are of course dubious. It is inconceivable to them that the provinces could produce intelligent, exciting theatre. After all, why would anyone accept New York's intolerable living conditions if it were not the cultural centre of the United States? *The Economist (London)*

BERLIN AND VIETNAM

It was a touching gesture of solidarity when two Berlin publishers delivered 400 miniature Freedom Bells for families that have lost relatives in Vietnam. These emblems are replicas of the bell now hanging in the Berlin City Hall presented by the United States in 1950 after the blockade. They have been financed by public subscription as part of a campaign conducted by eight Berlin newspapers to raise funds for medicines to be sent to South Vietnam. The gesture is a heartening reminder that people whose own freedom has been under constant Communist pressure understand the essential meaning of the stand in Vietnam. Americans themselves ought to appreciate this recognition of common interests and values. *Washington Post*

NOT FRILLS AT ALL

Now that Governor Moore has moved to assure North Carolina's special schools another year of existence, perhaps it is time to consider a larger commitment: To the proposition that experimentation has a permanent place in the state's educational policy.

When Terry Sanford pushed for the creation of these schools—the Advancement School and the Governor's School—there were those who thought he was simply going in for frills. Yet what, really, could be more practical than an effort to motivate and stimulate the good student, or an attempt to find out what makes a student do less than his best?

This is not to say, of course, that the two experimental schools should be regarded as sacred cows, or that Winston-Salem should consider that it has title in perpetuity to them. The time might come when, for one reason or another, the state should turn to other experiments.

But it is to say that educators and supporters of education should not have to wait breathlessly to see whether the state continues to maintain interest in trying new ideas. Unless the average taxpayer is a substantially less intelligent than we would hope, he can appreciate the need to try new methods of teaching students.

The old line may still strictly be true: that the best school would be Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other. But education is not quite that simple. The human mind is full of quirks that frustrate all the best efforts of teachers to make it sharp and efficient. The more we can know about these quirks and what will affect them, the more likely our schools are to do the job they are asked to do.

The state thus has a continuing interest in experimenting with ways to solve special educational problems. Such experiments are not frills; they are a practical necessity. *Winston-Salem Journal*

AN EXCITING AGE

Werner Von Braun and four other leading space scientists are already looking past the moon and eyeing Mars.

They can put a man on the moon in just four years, they say, and carry out a mission to the Red Planet within fifteen to twenty.

Even though the world has been braced for such feats by the rapid strides already made in

10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about King Mountain area people and events taken from the 195 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

Footo Mineral Company's Kings Mountain plant passed a safety milestone Friday when T. F. Hensley, safety engineer for Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, presented Neil O. Johnson, plant manager, with a plaque signifying 500,000 accident-free man hours.

Annual blue and gold banquet of Cub Scouts of Boyce Memorial A.R.P. church was held Tuesday evening.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL
Mrs. Harry Page, Mrs. Sam Davis, Mrs. Paul E. Hendricks and Mrs. Gordon Riley left Tuesday for a week's stay in Palm Harbor, Fla.

SO THIS IS NEW YORK



By NORTH CALLAHAN

Just 190 years ago, we did not even have title to New York City and there are these today who would have the burg revert to its searthy status. General George Washington had up and scurried his ragged and nondescript army down from Boston where he had scared off the British with captured artillery lugged mightily from Ticonderoga by sturdy Henry Knox and his men. But the battle for New York was of a different color. British General Billy Howe may have been more fond of women than war but he manage to bring up the largest band of red coats in history, who proceeded to scare the Americans. These latter must have been the original Brooklyn dodgers, for they fled from Howe and company, across Manhattan in utter fright, with Washington so raving mad at their cowardice that he was himself almost killed from exposing himself so much to the enemy. The patriots can like rabbits and did not stop until they reached Harlem Heights. And then if Billy Howe had not stopped to dally at a lady's house for tea, he could have won the war right there. But as we know, the great American leader went on to win in New Jersey and later in the Carolinas and Virginia and then went on to become the greatest figure in our history, for whom our beauteous national capital is named. Even so, he remembered New York now—and then—as does LBJ.

American Legion Post Commander Mark Domoway calls my attention to a claim made by Clyde Wyant of the 40 and 8 club of Portland, Oregon. It seems that members of this fun-making organization of World War I take delight in tearing down the claims of their own members.

Now comes member Wyant stating that he owns and drives the last surviving cab of the taxi fleet which rushed reinforcements to the front during the 1914 battle of the Marne to stop the German rush toward Paris. But over in Brooklyn, Voyageur Fred L. Warburton rises to dispute the claim Wyant of the West. Quoth Warburton, "Two years ago I visited Paris and in the military museum in back of Napoleon's Tomb, there is one of the 1914 cabs tucked under a stairway." Any more claimants?

And speaking of the West, Ross Caldwell of Maggie, North Carolina, sends in a poetic reminder which he believes applies just as well to the East—especially in regard to black-outs, strikes and snow storms, to say nothing of droughts, Ross, who hails originally from Indiana, submits a bit of Stephen Vincent Benet:

The cowards never started
And the weak died on the road.
And all across the continent
The endless campfires glowed.
We'd taken land and settled
— But a traveller passed by —
And we're going West tomorrow —
Lordy, never ask us why!

In a new book, a Dominican monk talks to a group of young Americans in a European cafe:

"You are all no more than 20 or 22 years old, but yours is a silent spring. Nothing sings for you any more. You have reduced the world to a spiritless shambles. God is ha-ha-ha. The soul is ho-ho-ho. Booze is reality. Love is sex. Family—what's that, are you kidding? But the point is, you don't seem to enjoy it. Something is still missing, eh? You got rid of God and, isn't that funny, something's still missing. Perhaps you ought to try to get rid of yourselves a little."

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