

Established 1899

The Kings Mountain Herald

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness. 1 Thessalonians 4:7.

Matter Of Honor

When Kings Mountain citizens vote on Tuesday concerning the expansion and renovation of the sewage disposal system, they will be voting on:

- 1) A community need, still growing, extant for nearly two decades;
- 2) Public sanitation (what housewife or businessman doesn't know their monetary outgo for detergents and other cleaning supplies?);
- 3) Neighborliness - in form of not contaminating life - giving water to citizens downstream now contaminated by Kings Mountain sewage;
- 4) Self-interest - as population increases the available water supply becomes more precious and serious shortages are envisioned in the future, as was witnessed the past summer in the metropolitan area of New York city and elsewhere;
- 5) Honor - Kings Mountain some years ago contracted a timetable for the sewage project with the state Stream Sanitation committee, failed to meet terms of this contract last April 1 and is now a year behind, meantime having begged and been granted a year's dispensation.

Pre-election registration activity, or the lack thereof, adds credence to the contention there is little glamourous about a piece of sewer pipe. Voters was most excited about personalities, which except to the people directly involved such as candidates, their spouses, families and ardent supporters, are comparatively unimportant - except to bring fruition to projects such as this one for which citizens initially band together in municipalities.

The matters of need, cleanliness, neighborliness and self-interest are apparent to any and all.

The Herald is particularly interested, too, in the matter of honor. Individuals, majority of whom take special precaution and pride in honoring their personal commitments also expect their city, in which inanimate corporation each is an individual stockholder, to honor its obligations too.

The deadline miss of last spring was embarrassing to the city administration, the city engineering consultant, and to individual citizens.

It is hoped there will be no further embarrassment.

Tuesday's election result should be favorable and strong. In happy contrast to the situation of the far-sighted, much-maligned forefathers of the late twenties decade, the borrowing authority and expenditure for the sewage project will impose no taxing hardship on citizen-taxpayers.

Why Communism?

Ignorance breeds poverty. While President Johnson's anti-poverty program has been maligned very much by the dollar-and-cents people, it requires very little perception to see the "why" of Cuba, Latin and South America, anti-Czar Russia, today's emerging African nations, etc., etc., etc. When a person is starving, he'll buy any promise that suggests food for an empty stomach.

Suddenly thrust upon the Kings Mountain school district is \$124,256 for anti-poverty teaching, based more or less on a minimal annual income-per-family formula.

Decision of the board of education is to use these funds for special instruction in reading—a very wise decision. If one can't read, he cannot learn mathematics, nor much else.

Some may object to the federal largess out of all citizens' hip-pockets, and the per capita cost of successes from this largess may prove heavy.

But even a few youngsters made productive will be of immeasurably importance in reducing a continuing cycle of poverty which, it is high time, should not be continual.

The Charlotte Observer takes umbrage at the fact basketball rules permit a 21-20 encounter in this modern, high-boy, high-score age, and the Observer would change the rules. But after all, both Duke, the winner, and Carolina, the loser, played under the same set of rules, with the same officiators. The Observer editorial writers should leave its sports to the sports experts—and the Herald declines its own suggestion in the same sentence.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

A few years ago, as he attained the age of 40, Hal Boyle, the Associated Press feature writer, noted that his chief disbenefit was an intuitive change in reading habit. No longer, he wrote, did the sports page and comic section get his first attention. Now he turned first to the obituary column.

Thus our friends depart our midst, as, last week, did one of my favorite friends and kin, Dr. Laura Plonk.

I was benefitted by her instruction at three summer terms of her Asheville school, but earlier and later by many visits at her home, here, and elsewhere.

Outstanding in the memory of the teen-age jaunt of Mary Foust Plonk Weaver, George Plonk, Aunt Laura, and me, with Leonard Goodwin as chauffeur, to the Chicago World's Fair in early autumn '33. Not only did we visit Chicago and the Fair, but there were many side trips. George and I still recall the antiseptically clean stables of the Col. E. R. Bradley Farm, near Lexington, Ky., and our looksee at Burgoon King, winner of the Kentucky Derby.

In Chicago there was the theater (young musician Mary Foust spent that evening at the opera), a tour of Marshal Field's great department store, including the top floor Field candy kitchen, and baseball at Wrigley Field (Guy Bush pitched his 20th victory that day for the Cubs, and Paul Derringer, later to help pitch the Reds to two pennants, dropped his 21st for the Reds.)

Aunt Laura and my mother, good Lutherans, never had any doubt as to where we would domicile in Chicago, as the Hotel DuLac had placed advertising in the national Lutheran publication all summer. If advertised in the Lutheran, Hotel DuLac had to be top rate. I have stayed since in sorry hotels, but none have compared to DuLac, with its turn-of-century plumbing, lobby sitters who had all the appearance attributed to Chicago gangland, and an unpleasant odor. The desk clerk even wanted pay in advance. Aunt Laura read clear his title. We stayed one night before finding an apartment on 83rd street.

Another high spot was SunRay dinner (after morning services, naturally) at the main 12th floor dining room of what was then the Stevens Hotel. That was tall cotton for us youngsters.

Our return was a bit out-of-the-way, via Washington, D. C., a major excursion in its own right.

Except in the matter of driving an automobile, Aunt Laura might well have been the inspiration for naming HMS Intrepid. She could manage a horse, but her principal failing in driving the gas-driven model was in passing. When she came abreast the other car, she slowed to that car's pace. Otherwise, valor was her forte. He it calling a ride in Boston for herself and her companion in the horse-drawn milk-wagon, informing a WCA hotel clerk she would talk with me in the off-limits privacy of her eighth floor room (she did), imposing on segments of her farm-reared family, the dietary regimen of Denver's late Dr. John Tilden, or, minus prior appointment, talking about education and politics with ex-President Harry Truman in his library office at Independence, Mo.

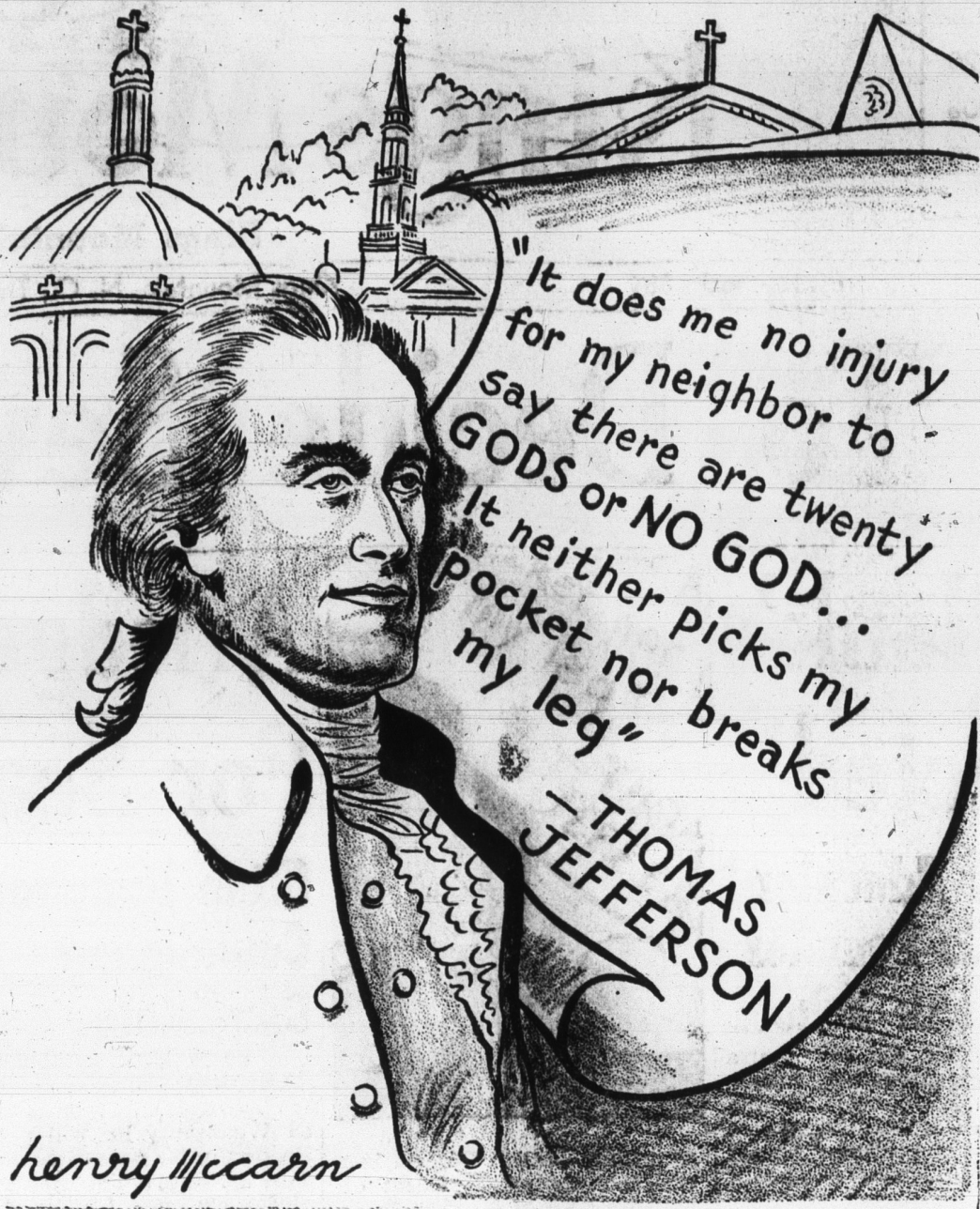
Aunt Laura was an ardent Democrat and took keen lay interest in affairs of politics and government.

Bible was a required course at the Plonk School of Creative Arts and Spiritual Training class was too, whether the student was Protestant, Catholic, Jew, I recall no Moslem students, but these required courses would have applied to them. Another weekly all-must-be-present gathering was Character class, where one student or teacher, including Aunt Laura, was the target and all attending analyzed the target, both on assets and liabilities. Some painful sessions occurred via the liability route, but the results were amazing in correcting poor personality habits and eliminating personal piques.

Kings Mountain's Harold Plonk, Aunt Laura's cousin, enrolled for a winter term following his World War II naval duty. "Just why," she asked him, "do you want to come to this school?" Harold's reply, "I want to get the ready tongue."

He got it, and much more, as did we all.

Faith of a Great Man



SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Walking west on 50th Street, I came across an interesting exhibition called the Museum of Famous People. I have always admired great men and women, so I paused and went inside. In the front window was a life-size statue of King John of England just about to affix his seal to the Magna Carta of 1215. Even in wax, John has a disgusted look on his face. But when one realizes that he was giving up many prized personal rights to the people—many of which rights we cherish today—the reluctance of this early monarch appears much less important than the results.

In an artificial but colorful setting of woods and grass (representing Hoboken, New Jersey in 1804), Alexander Hamilton is shown lying on the ground in the arms of his second. The caption states, "he breathes his last," after his duel with Aaron Burr, who is depicted standing over him triumphantly. This tableau is incorrect because Hamilton was first taken to a hospital and lived for more than two days after the duel. Even so, the scene dramatically shows the last sad act in the life of one who was in many ways a great man.

Another terminal episode is portrayed in the impressive setting of the Last Supper, based on the famous painting of Leonardo da Vinci. This shows Christ in the renowned Upper Room dining with his disciples and preparing for his Gethsemane and then death on the cross. This solemn scene is inspiring in the present day of trials and tribulations when men are still trying to settle the problems of the world by means of violence and death.

On a less serious note is a wax representation of Peter Minuit buying Manhattan Island for \$24 worth of beads and trinkets. In this depiction, the Indian chiefs are shown as simple, child-like individuals who are stupid enough to be cheated out of a great property. But there are people today who think that Pete may have gotten the worst of the bargain, especially when something like a blackout, a transit strike or drought comes along. These Indians were at least smart enough to get out before such calamities struck.

At a realistic piano and looking pleasantly pensive is a figure of George Gershwin, the late composer. To many of a generation ago, he represents the spirit of New York, with such songs as "Rhapsody in Blue," "Embraceable You" and "Our Love Has Come to Stay." But like so many young talented people here and elsewhere, he burned his candle bright at both ends, so his gleaming star of success flamed across the sky and set in a musical sea.

Bernard Baruch sits serenely on a make-believe park bench, carrying on a legend that existed more in fancy than fact. I knew him and it seemed that his time was spent mainly high above 5th Avenue at 66th Street, where he had made early and lucky. In other scenes, astronauts float and work in a simulated space station of the future. That our aerial system has yet to be perfected, however, we are poignantly reminded of in the recent death of two of these daring young men. But it does appear appropriate to end this verbal tour of a museum which is quite interesting and worthwhile.

Viewpoints of Other Editors

BYPASSING THE COURTS

When the Justice Department finds it necessary to assert that the Selective Service Act cannot be used to stifle any "Constitutionally protected expression of views," such as student protests against U. S. policy in Vietnam, the public can hardly feel overwhelmed confidence in the way the draft law is being administered.

The Government's position is stated by Assistant Attorney General Vinson "in a letter to Senator Hart. The Michigan Democrat had questioned the reclassification to 1-A of some University of Michigan students who had staged a sit-in at the Ann Arbor, Mich., draft board offices to protest Vietnam policy."

"The students were found guilty of trespass under a local ordinance, and were fined. Selective Service Director Hershey then declared that an existing executive order permits the Selective Service System to reclassify anybody 'found to be delinquent' under the act. He ruled that the student demonstrators were delinquent because they interfered with the local draft board operations, such interference being a violation of the draft law.

The Justice Department, on the other hand, states that 'no such executive order exists. Where opinion is expressed, if there is no transgression of law, then no sanctions can be imposed,' the Department's letter continued. 'If there is a transgression, then the sanctions which attach to it'—in this case, punishment for trespass—"are all that should be applied."

Although Draft Director Hershey says he agrees that the draft law should not be used to punish people for their opinions, he has not yet retreated from his position that the students broke the draft law with their sit-in and thus were punishable. And Michigan Selective Service officials have made it clear that they won't move without fresh orders from headquarters.

Whatever the exact legal rules in this case, equity certainly demands that anyone accused of breaking a law get a fair trial. If administrators acquire the right to bypass the courts and assess arbitrary punishment, then the safety not only of draft-age youth but of all of us will be less.

FACT VS. FOLKLORE

One definition of "legend" in a new dictionary: "A popular myth of recent origin." By this definition the United States has many legends. One of the most prevalent concerns "shiny new Cadillacs." Formerly poor families, suddenly becoming prosperous (especially Negroes) are supposed to be driving around in these status symbols.

It is salutary to have legends checked. We think a recent professional survey of the Negro market, made for a radio chain, did a useful job in exploding one of them. The survey-makers went into both Negro and white homes and listed, with brand names, commodities found on pantry shelves, in basements, and at the curbside.

They found evidence that Negro families tended to buy advertised brands. But they discovered a new Cadillac in the Negro community.

We wonder how many other American legends would fade in the light of surveys.

PORTENTS

Since 1904, the emblem of the Democratic Party in Alabama has been a crowing rooster with the line, "For the Right" underneath it and, over it, "White Supremacy." Henceforth, the overline will read simply "Democrats." The world does move.

It would be pleasant to believe that abolishing "White Supremacy" from the Democratic standard had come about as the result of a sober consideration of how erroneous the slogan was in light of the facts of the world and the ideals of America. Actually, however, the Alabama State Democratic Committee took its action because it recognized that the impact of Negro voters, entering the polling booths in steadily increasing numbers under the aegis of Federal law, could prove disastrous to a party which proclaimed, in its words of one of the committeemen who opposed the change, that the "white race is supreme in the world by the mandate of Almighty God."

But whatever the motives of the committee, the deed has been done, and Alabama moves, belatedly, into the twentieth century. Indeed, the practical arguments advanced for eliminating the racist words from the ballot are themselves evidence of the importance of the ballot; testimony to the leverage which the vote gives the Negro in redressing long-standing grievances.

New York Herald Tribune

O PROMISE ME

Miss Elizabeth Bowen, who served as his secretary, has rejected former Republican National Chairman Dean Burch's advice to get married rather than enter politics.

Miss Bowen has decided to run for Congress in West Virginia's 5th District. "Dean thinks I'm insane," she said.

But we wonder if it's such an either-or proposition when a girl chooses politics over marriage. After all, she is making a proposal to the voters. During the campaign she will walk down not one but many aisles to pledge vows of faithfulness and devotion to the electorate. She will throw bouquets to the people to the

ON-FOOT SAFETY

Almost from the time a youngster begins to toddle, anxious parents commencing the "don't run in the street" training, and even as the baby grows into a child, the words of warning—and sometimes the hand of discipline—remain as reminders.

But a little later along, he begins to hear that the pedestrian always has the right of way, that he is, in a sense, king of the road. The conception is popular today—and one can argue that, to a point, this is as it should be.

With this responsibility, however, lies the equal moral obligation of the pedestrian to be alert and of good judgment. Safety experts stress this responsibility, of course, through education, promotion, and other kinds of campaigns. But too infrequently do the efforts include enforcement.

The volume of traffic victims—a high percentage of them pedestrians—continues to be the national tragedy. . . . Timid remedies can do little to erase it.

(But in Norfolk the appropriate ordinances governing pedestrians were put on the books in the first place to be enforced. And if a citizen on foot foolishly thinks he is indeed the king of the road, the courtroom may be just to place to dethrone him—and perhaps save his life as well.

Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Star

train of "O Promise Me."

Once the union is completed, there will be a honeymoon period for our political couple. The length of the honeymoon depends upon the compatibility of those joined at the polls. There will be lovers' spats and possible reconciliations. The bride will become impregnated with ideas.

It's a toss of the coin as to whether there will eventually be a divorce or a happy ever-after. But there's no question that it is a marriage that is here proposed.

The Charlotte Observer

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