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The Kings Mountain Herald

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MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

Back in 1954, when the city built its first modern-type sewage disposal plant on McGill Creek, the engineers contended that the treated effluent was quite potable and palatable both from standpoint of sanitation and from the standpoint of taste.

Then Mayor Cleo A. Bridges declared he wouldn't be doing any sampling and I never heard that the engineers, nor anyone else, sampled either.

After the returns were compiled on the recent \$1,300,000 sewage system bond election, J. R. Davis, the veteran city attorney, was reminiscing concerning damages brought by property owners against the city, who charged that the city's sewage effluent was poisoning the water in the creeks and causing the loss of livestock.

"Everybody along the creeks sued us and everybody collected," Mr. Davis recalls, adding, "I thought we had Clyde Randle beaten."

Mr. Davis had stretched himself the last mile to win the suit for the city. He had retained a consulting chemist to examine the Beason's Creek water coursing through the Randle farm and placed his consultant on the witness stand. After the consultant had made his declarations as to the relative purity of the water in this area, Attorney Davis reached for a glass of water on the table and drank it. Did the consultant know from where the water had come? He did. Would he tell the court?

"That glass of water came from Beason's Creek on the Clyde Randle farm," the consultant declared. "I filled the glass myself."

Mr. Davis said he slept well that night, but that "Clyde got me the next day." Mr. Randle brought into court a big pail of water which, he, too, testified was extracted from Beason's Creek on the Randle Farm. Mr. Davis did not volunteer to sample any of that murky, green algae filled water, about which mosquitoes and flies were swarming.

"We had to pay Clyde \$500," Attorney Davis recalls.

It is natural that, in the course of many years of practice, Mr. Davis has had many interesting experiences, has won cases he expected to lose and lost cases, like the Randle one, which he felt he had surely won.

One of his good loss stories concerns right-of-way litigation with the state highway department when the first two-lane road, directly to Gastonia, was under construction in the thirties.

Among others, he was representing Dr. J. E. Anthony with his farm on the right-of-way. Mr. Davis recalls that the case was proceeding well for his side, with his plaintiff's supporting witnesses seeming to have much the upper edge in weight with the jury. Then there was a sudden turn, as a highway department lawyer asked that the judge instruct the jury to visit the site and to examine the potential benefits and disbenefits for themselves. The judge so ordered. "I knew instinctively we had lost," said Mr. Davis, "and we had."

It has only been in the past ten to twelve years that the highway department has been reasonable to some degree in its approach to right-of-way matters and with some reason. The old rule-of-thumb, particularly on rural property, was that right-of-way could be given happily, as a new roadbed opened road frontage inferentially doubling the value of the new frontage. But modern road-building engineering, in interest of safety, controls access and follows straighter lines. The result is that new frontage most often produces ravines on one side of the road and hills on the other. The property damages are real.

Gene White, Kings Mountain native, after many years of service, is now the chief appraiser of the state highway commission naturally does not relish the upcoming chore of getting the U. S. 74 by-pass right-of-way through Kings Mountain, since virtually all the property owners are long-term friends.

I have had a few right-of-way dealings with Gene in times past and they were amicable and pleasant.



Viewpoints of Other Editors

RED TAPE IN BRITAIN

(The little girl in the cutlery case was removed from her mother's care to a children's home because the mother insisted that the child wipe school cutlery, before eating, with a paper napkin.)

The wildest satirist of our mad, mad, mad world would not have dared to invent two affairs that have just—and rightly—hit the headlines. Both concern young girls.

The one was disqualified in a swimming championship, after she had come in fourth, because she had broken the rules by having only one leg. The other, the heroine of the now famous service for wiping cutlery at school meals, has been the central figure in a farce . . . of Dickensian caricatures.

Among those playing in this impressive cast, in support of the little leading lady, were the Home Secretary, the Attorney General, the local M.P., learned Counsel, Magistrates, Children's Officers, and last but not least, a Headmaster and the leading lady's Mama. Between them, their time, like that of the Guard in *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, must have been almost "worth a thousand pounds a minute."

Their combined efforts, so far, have produced results that bear a strong family resemblance to those achieved by the noble Duke of York, when he marched his men to the top of the hill and marched them down again. Their victim, having been taken away from home, and put in institutional custody, has been restored to the arms of her parent.

The powers that we have, of course, been at pains to argue that the majestic progress of justice has not in fact been deflected. Well, the faces must be saved.

This case and its companion in fatuity, that of the swimmer denied the reward of pluckily overcoming a physical handicap, came exactly within Bergson's definition of the comic: "Something mechanical, encrusted on the living."

He pictures a man making himself a laughing-stock by tripping over a stone when he should have altered his pace or avoided the obstacle. Instead, through lack of elasticity, through a kind of obstinacy, as a result of rigidity or of momentum, he continues to perform the same movement when the circumstances of the case called for something else. That man got his laugh—and so do those mixed up in these two current examples of how not to handle human problems, great or small.

As our society becomes more and more prey to bureaucracy and officialdom at all levels—kind-hearted, well-meaning, and too often boneheaded in blind obedience to procedures that do not fit the matter in hand—the need grows for men and women who are no respecters of protocol for its own sake. Red Tape is no substitute for common sense.

RUN-AWAY NYLONS

Chemistry did a great thing for women when it gave them nylon, sheerer and stronger than silk. World War II experience made wearers appreciate nylon all the more.

But you can't expect chemically made hosiery to have no faults at all. The girls working in the city hall at Jacksonville, Fla., were made embarrassingly aware of this fact one day recently. Suddenly, without warning, their stockings began to run—four, five runs or ladders, as the British would say) to a leg.

The Jacksonville stenographers rushed out to buy replacements, causing a run on the stocking counters.

What mysterious force caused this phenomenon? There was a simple explanation. What chemistry does it can do. Nylon, made from acids, is resistant to many things but not to sulfuric acid. And particles of that chemical were found in fumes of an industrial oil blown in from a nearby plant. The same effect had been observed about 20 years before in this spot when weather conditions were the same.

All this indicates one thing to us: Modern chemistry and Cinderella's fairy godmother have something in common. With a swish the good fairy provided elegant attire for a raggedy maid but caused it to disappear when the clock struck twelve. Chemistry rarely indulges in such whimsical acts. So if once in 20 years it plays havoc with girls' stockings, we cannot be too hard on it.

ORANGES

Taxpayers who think our Government is pretty imaginative in coming up with new levies may be interested in what's going on in England. Over there the tax men are claiming that a hotel whose waiters squeeze oranges to produce fresh juice is an orange-juice manufacturer, subject to a 15% levy on the value of the juice produced.

There's little chance that such an approach will be tried in the U. S., where tax men generally tend to favor less devious approaches. Which leave a lot of us feeling, at about this time of year, like used British oranges: Squeezed.

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.

Kings Mountain high school seniors will present "Varsity Varieties" Thursday and Friday evenings at 8:15 p.m. in the school auditorium.

Jack White, Kings Mountain attorney, was elected president of the Kings Mountain Country Club board of directors at a meeting last Saturday morning.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Kings Mountain Chapter 123, Order of the Eastern Star, will install new officers at a public installation service Friday night at 8 o'clock at Masonic Hall.

Margrace Woman's club held its regular meeting Thursday night at the home of Mrs. Paul Mauney. Mrs. J. B. Foster was co-hostess.

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. 1 Peter 2:15.

Mr. Whitener By 10M

Redistricting of the state's congressional districts seriously debilitated changes of the North Carolina Democratic party in its aspirations to send home Congressman Charles Raper Jonas, of the eighth district, and James Broyhill, of the ninth, as Jonas "lost" normally Democratic counties, while Broyhill "gained" Republican Wilkes.

Meantime, tears were shed for poor Representative Basil L. Whitener, who was deprived of solidly Democratic Rutherford in return for GOP leaning Alexander and Iredell.

A perusal of the 1964 election returns shows, had today's tenth district been aligned the same way, and assuming the same number of GOP and Democratic votes, Congressman Whitener would still have been going-away winner by about 17,000 votes. That would be 5000 shy of the 23,000 margin by which he defeated W. Hall Young in the tenth, in '64.

An analysis of the results of two years ago shows further that Alexander County isn't as Republican as advertised, as Mr. Broyhill had less than a 600 vote margin over his Democratic opponent. Iredell gave Broyhill a 2500 vote margin. In gaining Wilkes county while losing Iredell, Mr. Broyhill stands to gain a solid 1000 votes extra.

While losing Rutherford, Mr. Whitener also lost Mitchell, where Whitener was second runner by 1500.

Last year's election, of course, has little to do with setting the exact price of eggs on 1966's but is interesting for trends and indications.

The fact is that Mr. Whitener is Mr. Whitener and not Robert M. Davis who opposed Mr. Broyhill and that personalities, political acumen, and prior voting records also figure in any election.

There are diehard Democrats and diehard Republicans.

There are diehard Independents, who, more often than not, switch parties with regularity. These make and break candidates as is particularly evidenced in the handsome majorities compiled by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democrat, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, Republican.

In the instance of Mr. Whitener, his five terms in the House of Representatives have resulted in his escalation up the ladder of seniority to important positions on the District of Columbia committee and the Judiciary committee, the latter among the House's most important and handling more than half the legislation processed by the House.

Seniority in the House is good and bad — good if one has it, bad if one doesn't.

Mr. Whitener confided recently to this newspaper that, had it not been for embarrassing his supporters, he would have stepped down at the end of his first term. A neophyte in the House of Representatives is a personal errand boy for the citizens of his district and little else.

This newspaper has not always agreed with some of Mr. Whitener's positions and is sure it will not in the future.

But North Carolina can ill afford to lose the services of one of the state's more senior representatives.

Meantime, the Herald would be inclined to make a small wager that GOP-leaning Iredell will get the leans back toward the Democrats come November '66.

James C. Jolley

The Herald knew that Jim Jolley was not well, but that knowledge did not compensate for the shock of his death early this week at 50.

He was known to numerous Kings Mountain citizens as the lanky Shelby Star reporter, who, for several seasons, covered the Star's Kings Mountain beat.

As a competitor for news he was active and honorable, and he and his newspaper were personal friends.

Our sympathies to his family, which includes Allen Jolley, the able minister of music of Kings Mountain's First Baptist Church.

Power-Selling Argument

The Shelby Daily Star editorialized this week concerning the 1965 fight in the General Assembly, whereby power-selling cities were restricted seriously in future expansions and extending of city limits.

Mayor John Henry Moss told a neighbor, who lives adjacent to the city limits, "We don't major in taxation. That merely pays for a few services like police protection and garbage collection. We're in the utility business."

The neighbor was needing some city services, but was a bit leery of placing upon his textile firm another annual property tax bill.

A little penciling will reveal the Mayor was patently correct.

Back in 1908, after five years of effort, Kings Mountain became a distributor of power. It was good business for both the city, which needed electrical service, and for the power generator (now Duke Power Company). In that era, the power generator wanted only the wholesale side of the business, not the retail variety.

Times, of course, have changed. But Duke Power Company has prospered and grown fabulously, and, if Kings Mountain hasn't kept pace, it is a certain fact the tortoise would never have left the starting gate had it not been for its power sales.

The dimension of natural gas was added in 1954 and is another continuing success story.

But the 1965 General Assembly accepted the power lobby's recommendations, with Rural Electrical Cooperatives, a now-regretful partner, to abolish the old law whereby, when a power-selling city expanded, it had the right to purchase outlying power distribution facilities.

Gastonia purchased Duke's facilities after expanding the city limits a decade ago.

It is very difficult for tax bills alone to carry all the demanded freight of sewage and water service, street-paving, police and fire protection, garbage collection and disposal, and the many others citizens need and demand.

There seem two major avenues of recourse: 1) relief by the 1967 General Assembly, and 2) entry by the cities into the power generating business. A possible, if not complete means, is purchase of power from federal government hydro plants.

Kings Mountain, Shelby, and Gastonia, preferring to continue a long friendship with Duke, gave short shrift to salesmen from the government's Hartwell Dam, only to find, a few months later, that Duke and conferees no longer felt need of old friends.

The Star quotes Governor Dan Moore as indicating he will give consideration to the city's plea in their efforts to get action in next year's legislature.

The Governor, who sat on his hands on this issue in '65, would do much to recoup himself in the graces of these 73 cities, if he does decide to include the third member of the power-distributing business in his counsels.

Laura Plonk Helped People Of All Ages

Asheville Citizen-Times

Miss Laura Plonk, head of the Plonk School of Creative Arts, was a dynamic force in the educational and cultural life of Asheville and Western North Carolina for many years. The work she and her sister, Miss Lillian Plonk, have done in dramatics and speech for people of all ages is well known. Students whom they have helped to creative careers are active in many parts of the United States.

But perhaps the most heartwarming work Miss Laura did was with the children in the Grove Park and what later became the Plonk School. She always saw the brightest possibilities in each child and she never gave up trying to develop each one's potential spark.

She and her sister upheld the highest spiritual ideals, and they did not hesitate to teach the difference between right and wrong. They inspired the young people who knew them to love what is good and beautiful.

The world is a better place because Miss Laura lived and worked here in Asheville.

SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Some people here shake their heads — and figuratively their fists — at Charles DeGaulle. The intransigent president of France, now 75, seems to grow more stubborn with the years, and wants our troops out of France after we have come to their rescue in two world wars. But there are those who defend DeGaulle. One expert says the French leader is really not a man of mystery but that this quality is part of his character because it allows him to advance or withdraw in any situation without losing face. DeGaulle believes profoundly, says this authority, in a faith which is stronger than men and knows how to take advantage of unforeseen events; and the years just might show that he is right.

A little boy ran to his mother and said, "Do you know, Mommy, that daddy took me to the zoo and one of the animals went and paid \$48.40 across the board."

Robert J. Smith is said to be the only man in the nation licensed by the Federal Communications Commission to operate a doorbell. Since he is both blind and deaf, Mr. Smith cannot see visitors at his door nor can he hear a bell or knock. In order to remedy this situation, an especially designed radio transmitter has been attached to his doorbell on his apartment here. When the button is pushed, the transmitter signals to a tiny receiver in his pocket, which starts a vibrator buzzing.

Even with all the new emphasis on higher education, some silly things occur. Take the titles of some recent doctoral theses, for example. One is "Every Perfect Being Can be Perfectly Defined." (Now why does this require a long study?) Or a "Study of the Micro-Climates in the Cow Barns of the Estonian Republic." (No comment.) And take a look at this gem: "Metamorphosis of the Nervous System in the Lumbrosacral and Caudal Regions of the Frog." (Just what our men in Vietnam need to read.) What about "The Survival of Adrenalized Cats in Experimental Induced Pseudo-Fregnancy"? (My apologies to you typesetters.) But if this subject for a learned paper sounds ridiculous, consider "Uses of the Subjunctive in King Alfred's Old English Version of Boethius's 'De Consolatione Philosophiae'." (Feeling that this has gone about far enough, I venture just one more.) "A Comparative Study of the Breathing and Speech Coordination of Laryngectomized and Normal Subjects, Including an Evaluation of the Relationships Between the Breathing and Speech Coordination of the Laryngectomized and their Judged Intelligibility."

The average Protestant minister receives \$6,358 a year, according to a study. The United Presbyterian Church pays its ministers best. Next in order come the Disciples of Christ, the Southern Presbyterian Church, the Episcopal Church and the American Lutheran Church. Ministers' salaries have increased 24 per cent since 1956, compared with the public school teachers' salary increase of 42 per cent.

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