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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

Bennett Masters, Jr., is a quite serious-minded young man.

m-m

It was the last night of the recent Central Methodist Church revival, and the church had a dinner. By coincidence, young Bennett was at the head table and sitting close to Rev. C. C. Herbert, of Gastonia, who was doing the preaching.

m-m

Young Masters, age seven, addressed the Rev. Mr. Herbert: "I bet I've asked fifty people to come to the revival, but none of 'em did."

m-m

Checking out the story (via Mrs. Hunter Patterson, via my wife) with Bennett, Sr., Father Masters confirmed, further said his son was much impressed by Mr. Herbert. One of Mr. Herbert's sermon topics was "Tough Love." Next day someone asked the lad what Mr. Herbert had preached about. The boy replied, "Tough Love," then proceeded to relate some of the details.

m-m

Plato Heavner was present in the conversation and the subject of "tough love" brought expounding of the subject in several directions.

m-m

Plato reminisced about his granddaughter, then age four. She waxed obstreperous to the breaking point and Grandpa Plato did what he didn't want to do. He warmed her backside, and good, put her in an adjoining room and told her she could come out when she decided to behave.

m-m

Later he was taking her home, planned to tell her mother what he'd done and why.

m-m

The little girl sensed what Plato was about to do. As they reached the door, she said, "We've got a secret."

m-m

As you might guess, Grandpa Plato respected the pact.

m-m

The talk with Plato then transferred to more distant reminiscences of long-ago school days. We agreed that "tough love" teachers were the ones we not only respected, but from whom we learned. We also agreed that a good teacher (the same can be applied to lawyers, doctors, businessmen, and everyone) is the one tough enough to practice "tough love."

m-m

I remarked that I went to school on a rather plain and simple dictum: If I got a thrashing in school, I got another when I reached home. Plato said it was the same with him. That school trouncing was child's play compared to the home treatment.

m-m

Folklore has it that "boys will be boys", that "all sow their wild oats".

m-m

"Amen," says Plato, "but it doesn't mean that parents, grandparents or teachers should condone."

m-m

I have been greatly interested in the recent series of articles by Sam Lubell, the public opinion pulse-taker on the subject of morality in the hearts, minds and practices of college students.

m-m

He finds, for the vast majority, that voiced liberalism as it respects drinking, doping, and sex is not followed in practice, and the few who do most often give the reason, "The others do it."

m-m

That adds to the most stupid reason in the world and what is merely argument by comparison—seldom a true test. Real courage is exhibited by doing, or not doing, what one believes to be right.

m-m

My Mother has never received a higher compliment than from her late cousin Jette Plonk. By heritage my Mother and I are of argumentative temperament and we've had the shouting variety as long as I can remember.

m-m

"When you were a child," Jette averred, "I thought your Mother was wasting her breath, that what she said was going in one of your ears, coming out the other, with nothing left in between." She added, "But you got it all."

Expensive Roadside Rubbish

THE COST OF REMOVING LITTER FROM N. C. HIGHWAYS IS \$4,000,000 A YEAR

Drivers of cars here running bumper to bumper are getting madder than ever, if possible. Not only are their skills at driving being tried more and more—and many of them of course are not very skillful—but the news they hear about the built-in danger of automobiles make them more jittery. It is no wonder, they think, that the harried traffic commissioner of New York has had four heart attacks. His just happens to be more publicized. And although they agree that the fault is on the road as well as in the cars, many of them have never gone into court to claim damages for what is believed to be defective cars involved in wrecks. One case I know of, in which a famous doctor was killed by a small car that fish-tailed him into a truck on a slick pavement and was later admitted to be faulty by the manufacturer, may be a typical instance. Whatever it requires, our highway record of the dead and mutilated must be lowered.

—3—

If the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, it may be that the fastest route to a woman's pocketbook is through her appetite. At least that is the conclusion of a recent supermarket survey. According to it, women who have not eaten for at least five hours prior to their trek to the market, spend on an average \$5.76 above their customary purchases. But if they have eaten within two hours of their shopping, they spend \$7.48 less than usual. And come to think of it, the same thing happens to me in a cafeteria—I order more than I can eat.

—3—

Banking service here now is so complete that they will do everything from helping a future customer to be born, to burying him. So far, there is no guarantee by these enterprising institutions as to what will happen after one passes into the Great Beyond. This is probably left to the insurance companies—or should it be the undertakers? Once the American tanker was pictured as a flinty-eyed church warden of a man, cautious to the bone. Now he is more apt to be a suave and pleasant public relations man who can really sell his business. Banks seem to wish to become virtual department stores of finance. Now there are bank windows here even in the subway caverns, one I noticed being open from 8 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. If this keeps up, they will soon be bringing banking to our bedside.

—3—

Dinah Shore,—whose favorite state is Georgia—recently appeared at the Hotel Plaza here and as usual received a popular ovation. She is honey-haired and brown-eyed and was born Frances Rose Shore in Winchester, Tennessee, though she spent much of her early life in Nashville. There she had a radio show and opened it by singing the song, "Dinah," hence her show business name ever since. Her current appearance is a far cry from the days when as a young Vanderbilt graduate, she came here and teamed up on a local radio station with Frank Sinatra, then hardly known himself. Since then Dinah has come a long way—from Carolina and such nice parts.

Christian Science Monitor

SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house. St. Luke 10:5.

Matter Of Principle

Paul Dickson Patrick, Sr.

The county commission has authorized Ralph Gilbert, chairman of the county elections board, to institute legal action in an attempt to get Cleveland County exempted from the edict of the Justice Department, whereby, state voting laws are not applicable.

Cleveland County, which never enforced the state's literacy test until 1964 (and then only on instruction of the state board of elections), has not otherwise denied the ballot to anyone if they wanted to register and to vote.

The Herald hopes that Mr. Gilbert and his attorneys will seek exemption from the edict on grounds that the law passed by Congress is unconstitutional. Application of one set of rules to some counties within a state and not to others is illegal enough, but to apply the rules to one group of states and not to all of them is patently without the bounds of the United States Constitution.

Few, including Chairman Gilbert, object to the change whereby literacy tests are eliminated.

Most folk feel that a person, free, age 21, and a taxpayer should have the privilege of the ballot.

A Kings Mountain doctor noted recently that the advent of radio and television had educated many still-unlettered citizens.

And who doesn't pay taxes?

Community Clean-Up

The upcoming community-wide clean-campaign, scheduled to begin May 14, is the first conducted in many years, though there have been sporadic efforts in the past to obtain a cleaner, more sightly community, with the collorary implication of improved health conditions.

The late Mayor Glée A. Bridges ruffled the feathers of some when he insisted all residents buy standard-size, topped garbage cans, of others when he suggested enforcement of the ordinance requiring vacant lots be mowed and made less a breeding ground for the king-size rat population, and of still others when he urged that derelict, unoccupied houses be dismantled and removed.

The forthcoming campaign will be dual in approach, 1) promotional in the direction of seeking voluntary cooperation on the part of all, and 2) forceful in the direction of strengthening existing ordinances, adopting new ones deemed necessary, and enforcing them.

Cleanliness, says the Bible, is next to Godliness.

Any housewife will be quick to relate that cleanliness is costly. Her purchases at the grocery store find cleaning agents and tools adding to a neat percentage of the total, along with the meat and potatoes.

The City of Kings Mountain knows the cost of cleanliness, too, as a large appropriation, and a growing one, is made annually to the sanitation department, both for operating expenses and for capital equipment in the form of enclosed container trucks for garbage, dump trucks for dry trash, and leaf-removing vacuum cleaners.

Waste debris accumulates on the double in amazing quantities, no more for any than this newspaper, which continually fights a battle with waste paper.

The city has invited merchants to enter into a share agreement in handling the "back lot" debris problem. If the merchants will buy suitable containers, the city will invest in a truck with a hydraulic lift to handle these containers.

It has been suggested that neighbor merchants, if volume of waste is not too great, may be able to buy the containers jointly.

Books To Open

Registration Books for the May 28 primary will open at all polling places Saturday.

Principal reminder, largely effecting newcomers to Kings Mountain (or other incorporated city and town) is that there are sets of registration books: county and city.

A person may have voted in last spring's city election, or in the recent city bond election, but that has nothing to do with his voting in the county election. He must register.

Another reminder is that some citizens were disfranchised in the spring of 1964 and have been since because the state ordered its literacy test enforced to the letter. This law is not now applicable to Cleveland County, nor to 36 others in North Carolina. These citizens should visit their registrars and resume voting.

Voting is a right, a privilege, and a prerogative. Many feel voting is also a duty.

How Many Seats?

The Herald continues to receive inquiries about the new General Assembly districts.

Cleveland, Rutherford and Polk counties are in the 43rd House of Representatives district. There are four candidates in the Democratic primary. Three of the four candidates will be nominated. Each voter can/may vote for three of the candidates.

Cleveland and Gaston counties are in the 31st Senate district. There are five candidates in the Democratic primary. Two of the five will be nominated. Each voter can/may vote for two of the candidates.

FOR A LONG, COOL SUMMER

To many a high-school youth, a summer job means a chance to earn enough to go back to school in the fall. It also means something to do in the hot season when prolonged idleness could end in trouble.

But summer jobs are hard to find, especially for the teenager from a poor home with no impressive recommendations. Thus President Johnson's appeal to private business, labor unions, and organizations to hire a million young people for the summer deserves a vigorous response.

Business, government, and industry provided many seasonal jobs for youth last year and will no doubt offer more now if cheered on by a proposed government campaign.

But will the right boys and girls get the work? Will the jobs go to those who need them most? To the Negro boy from a home in Watts? To the girl from an unemployed mountain family now living in a Cincinnati slum? To the son of Spanish-American fruit pickers who migrated to Chicago? Will these young persons have the incentive to apply?

Last year there were complaints that jobs went to the most eligible youth, not the neediest. Executives were reported giving preference to children of their skilled employees, even of their friends. The Post Office Department was charged with handing out summer jobs on a patronage basis.

The administration is taking steps to prevent its agencies from being caught that way a second time. It has put the selection of summer trainees in the hands of the Civil Service Commission. The latter will require certification that the applicant needs work. This is a sound approach.

Government cannot, however, compel industry, trade unions, and other private groups to seek out those young people who need the jobs most yet may be the least easy to train. These groups need to be shown how much jobs for deprived youth can mean to society.

Experience of the Neighborhood Youth Corps last summer is a convincing example. More than 8,000 young people, many of them teen-agers from the Watts area, were employed in corps projects at the time of the Watts riots. Not one of them, it was reported, was among the thousands arrested, nor did any corpsman stay away from his job during the period.

To find summer employment for youth will help everybody.

The Christian Science Monitor

SLEEPERS AT AIRPORTS

Time was when travellers approached airports with the wary circumspection of adventurers. Frightened or fearless, they kept their wits about them. Now they fall asleep in the departure lounges. This, at any rate, is the latest reason hit upon by baffled airport officials to explain why passengers keep missing their flights and wake up to find themselves still on the ground instead of high in the air. Clearly Sir Phillip Sidney was thinking of this problem when he described sleep as "The indifferent judge between the high and the low."

Commendably anxious not to unload the responsibility on to the innocent customer the officials have been blaming the central heating system, which (like so many other things in Britain) is said to be "difficult to coordinate . . . with the changes in the weather." Previous attempts to keep passengers on their toes have included ringing gongs before the announcements and installing closed circuit television (not, of course, for entertainment—that would have been even more soporific—but to carry lively information about departure times). Now, presumably, passengers will be threatened with blasts of arctic air. Pacing vigorously up and down to keep warm they will, as the Americans would say, become highly motivated towards catching their aircraft.

Some Continental airports, such as Orly, appear to solve the problem by having really comprehensive, intelligible, and conspicuous indicator boards that enable the passenger to be master of his own fate. But Britain must find her own unique way of doing things. The trouble at the moment is compromise. No one has yet decided whether the passenger is to be challenged or coddled. The stream of well-modulated announcements are enough in themselves to produce a slightly hypnotic trance. "This all one," mutters the passenger, sinking into fantasies in which beautiful young women come and take him by the hand and lead him personally to the right aircraft.

There are only two ways out of the dilemma. One is to treat the passengers more roughly—hit them with cold air, assault their senses with bells and hooters, march them to their aircraft under army sergeants. The other way, which is infinitely preferable, is to accept the inevitable. Turn up the central heating, play soft music . . . and then carry each happily sleeping passenger to his machine, wakening him only when the journey is over.

The Times (London)

WHITE HOUSE A-GO-GO

According to reports in the conservative press, the mobs were shrieking, screaming, squealing, giggling, shouting, jostling as they thronged to reach, touch, or kiss their quarry. Was it another Beatles brigade? Were the teenagers out in force?

Not so, we are told. It was 3,500 politically minded ladies who, after attending a national Democratic campaign conference were invited to a reception at the stately home of the American President. To be sure, only one White House lamp was reported broken, only one painting knocked askew, and only one woman was reported to have kissed the beagles.

Mr. Johnson, the object of their exuberance, was said to have enjoyed being given the Beatles (and Beagles) treatment. And the ladies seemed delightfully happy to revert to their teens for the day. (That the adult case for criticizing the teen-age tempo suffered a serious setback apparently troubled them not at all.)

The pundits who insist that the President fails to stir a warm response in the hearts of his countrymen now have new data to run through their computing machines. Any man who can come out from behind the curtains armed with nothing but the proper political credentials and a Texas accent and do this to the ladies is a man to be reckoned with.

Christian Science Monitor

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.

Registration books for the May 28 Democratic primary will be open Saturday for the first time. The books will be open for three consecutive Saturdays through May 12, and May 19 will be challenge day.

Mrs. J. H. Thomson will retire as principal of East school at the end of the current school term.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Glenda Spake will be crowned May Queen and Kathryn Ware and Butch Houser will serve as maids-of-honor at May Day festivities Tuesday night at Central school auditorium.

Viewpoints of Other Editors

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SAFETY FIRST

In any sport safety should come first. In auto racing, large engine displacement leads to loss of driver control. Some American racing cars now have an excessive power to weight ratio. Ford, for example, is now racing a 7-liter car. Last year's world championship formula, by contrast, was only 1.5 liters.

What does 7 liters do for racing that 2 liters can't do? It produces a show of brute force—tires spin, rubber burns, a twitch of the driver's foot results in a major slide of chilling proportions. The car becomes a roaring, snarling beast which even the first-time-viewer can quickly detect is only partially under the control of the driver.