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The Kings Mountain Herald

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

The bloodthirsty hate the upright; but the just seek his soul. Proverbs 29:10.

A Sobering Week

(The following editorial by James P. Allen appeared in the July 30th edition of the Shelby Daily Star.)

This week's murder just off South Lafayette Street is a sobering reminder that our pleasant city and county are far from being isolated from the mental and emotional derangements which periodically transform other communities of the country into jungles of fear and despair.

SOBERING AS well as Police Chief Knox Hardin's apt reminder that there may be among us more mentally warped than ordinarily imagined.

This is not to intimate that Shelby and Cleveland County stand in the grips of a crime binge. Far from it. That still is a rather remote possibility, even though it is profoundly disturbing to note that the neighboring Mecklenburg County area was the most murder prone in the United States in 1965.

What cannot be easily shunted aside is that the latent potential for major crime does exist here as it exists elsewhere, an ominous fact which dictates the constant exercise of reasonable caution and sound judgments, particularly by young people.

WE HAVE LEARNED anew, in short, that we are not immune to horror. And because of the realization, shock of a comparable nature has not gripped the community so thoroughly since Nov. 22, 1963, when John K. Kennedy was gunned down on the streets of Dallas.

Since then, there have been multi-death plane crashes. Many have been slaughtered in automobile accidents. There have been assorted fatal cuttings and shootings.

Shock and sadness, to be sure, followed them all.

The shock emanating from this week's murder of Brenda Sue Brown draws its usual intensity from the vicious and maniacal nature of the act.

ALL THIS has placed a tremendous burden upon the law enforcement machinery of city and county. To this point, it would seem that all that could or should be done has and is being done.

Every possible investigative resource has been focused upon this crime. The officers involved probably are more aware than most that normalcy will not be completely restored here until the guilty party is in hand.

Despite the frustrations apparently now blocking the speedy accomplishment of that end, we are equally as concerned by Friday's revelation that numerous families in recent weeks failed to report to the proper authorities instances in which youngsters were approached by strangers with obviously abnormal motives.

Starkly apparent in retrospect is that no such incident should be ignored.

CRIME PREVENTION—it has been proved over and over again — is no more efficient and effective than the day-to-day cooperation law enforcement agencies receive from the people they are constituted to protect.

Strange characters and unusual events should be reported and reported should be taken lightly by those with authority to act.

One other point needs to be made. A criminal act such as occurred here this week leaves in its wake an easily triggered rumor mill. Nearly everyone comes up with a story to tell.

The usual result is a flood of questioning telephone calls to the sheriff's department and police headquarters. Law enforcement personnel involved in the answering of trivial, rumor-spawned questions cannot function efficiently and effectively.

THOSE WITH seemingly worthwhile information that might in some way further the investigation of this week's murder should let it be known. The curious should by all means restrain themselves.

Congratulations

Commendations are in order: Lt. Colonel Robert (Bob) Cox, recently promoted while serving in New Cumberland, Pa. with the U. S. Army.

R. Devere Smith, named accounting manager of Foote's Minerals Operations here and at the Asbury, Tennessee, Kimballton and Sunbright, Va. Operations.

Joy Carol Greene, daughter of Mrs. Sunnie S. Greene, one of nine North Carolina students awarded college scholarships from the N. C. Veterans Commission.

Dr. C. Dewitt Blanton, Kings Mountain native, research professor at Auburn University, Alabama, chief investigator for a \$32,872 Army government contract for research on a new drug-resistant malaria strain.

SO THIS IS NEW YORK



By NORTH CALLAHAN

Arthur Goldberg created something of a stir when he took over as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations not long ago. He had resigned from the Supreme Court and was replacing the suave and scholarly Adlai Stevenson and many hopeful eyes were upon him. Could he pull the Vietnam rabbit out of the Asian hat? Would he put Russia and China in their places? Could he maintain the world leadership of the United States? According to informed opinion, these questions are still waiting to be answered. If President Johnson thought that the UN problems were like those of the AFL-CIO which Goldberg had once handled so deftly, both men were in for a disappointment. Most of the national leaders do not react like union leaders. So we do not hear so much nowadays about the new UN ambassador from this country.

A well-meaning but resolute teacher entered the classroom on the first day and immediately got the impression that the class was going to be mischievous. She therefore made it a point to be quite firm about the kind of work she expected from

them, and ended her opening remarks by saying that it would take more than "an apple for the teacher" to earn a passing grade there. Apparently she made her point; for on the following morning, one of the pupils presented her with a watermelon.

Dr. Harry Johnson was asked if a person is born in the United States, he or she can reasonably expect to live to 70 and even 80 years of age. The way to the next forty-odd years of fun, peace and comfort is quite clear," the doctor added. "Quit fussing about little things. Unload the ballast you've taken on. Keep using the machine but do so in moderation. Exercise but not violently. Get eight hours of sleep regularly. And get a physical examination every year."

A stranger arrived in a small Southern town and asked the first person he saw if they had a criminal lawyer in the town. "Well," replied the resident cautiously, "we think we have, but so far we can't prove it on him."

If the trend keeps up, it may

even be a pleasure to travel, whether you have a tiger in your tank or not. Extremely alert anyway, the nation's airlines have taken to competing with each other so that everything from lower fares to pink airplanes meet the traveler. One line advertises that for \$48 dollars down, you can be in Hawaii tomorrow. It does not mention at least not at the time — that the rest of the large amount will come due so quickly that you will hardly be back from Honolulu before that credit card account looms up in front of you, more fearsome than a thunder storm at 40,000 feet. If you have a big enough family, you can probably end up taking the 23rd grandchild free if all of them dare risk travelling together — which is unlikely, the way that most families do not get along on trips. And baggage weights have been so disregarded that one could take along the proverbial kitchen stove if he could lug same. Even the railroads are beginning to sit up and take a little notice. A decade from now they are possibly apt to offer a few knick nacks as inducement to stay on the ground but in motion.

Then last spring I interviewed Joan Crawford, the movie queen and Pepsi-Cola director. Queried by another reporter, she chided Coca-Cola for fear of tying the big seller name to its diet substitute and naming it Tab. Pepsi was doing better all the time, she declared, and Diet Pepsi progressing nicely, too, thank you.

It required some years, of course but Ty Cobb's investment of his fairly meagre baseball earnings in Coca-Cola produced him a considerable fortune, and many others have similarly benefited from the soft drink business. I do not anticipate the Her-

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

Two weeks ago I re-entered the soft drink retailing business, one in which, in spite of the visible and daily increasing gray hair produced by age and years of newspapering, I have had vastly greater experience.

The medium is a small, but very neat coin-operated vending machine, which I'd had in mind for some seasons, but had not got around to inquiring about. Most of the ones I'd seen appeared too big for the Herald establishment. This one will hold a total of 30 drinks in the five slots (slightly less where bulkier king-size bottles are involved) and has a storage slot good for cooling another 18 to 24.

It happened by coincidence of my walking in City Hall when Coca-Cola's Giles Bell was servicing the lobby machine there. He assured me he could supply exactly what I needed and suggested most customers preferred the \$2.50 per month rental (with Coke picking up the vending licenses and service tabs) much preferable to outright purchase. I bought sight-unseen and when Mr. Camp (a brother-in-law of Ken Blanton at Storch's) delivered the machine a few days later, was delighted. Camp had just left a duplicate at the office of Grover's Dr. Charles Moore, and Dr. Moore had been delighted, too.

But to review history, I was reminded of my first venture recently, when Mrs. J. H. Arthur related the early business experience in same of her young grandson, visiting her from Burlington. His lemonade stand was doing a thriving business, out on Edgemont Road near the golf course.

Bill Caveny, Lynwood Parton and mine did not set any sales records other than low ones, and we were on the "hot corner" of US 74-29 where Otis Falls now operates. US 74 even turned down Battleground to Mountain then. Somehow the autoists couldn't read our signs, and our only sales were to pedestrians. Only a few of the adults were thirsty, and the neighbor kids were but didn't have the cash. We partners usually drank up the indicated profit.

Next experience was in a fast lane, where the outage was some 350 to 400 cases of bottled "sody pop" (the late Don Blanton's label), not to mention quantities of milk. Joker in this deck was that my Dad was the proprietor. I still had partners, however, in the persons of Hard Luck Littlejohn and Robert Ford, when the Nehi truck appeared. We three helped the driver, a Mr. Deaton, I believe, unload his wares and reload the empties. This was usually worth a sample, but we wanted more and, thinking back, must have worried the poor fellow horribly, as we demanded pairs of covers. He promised but delivery was slow. One fine day he brought me a pair of white ones. Whether Luck and Bob ever collected, I don't know.

The Coke man had his own crew and disdained our aid.

But the milkman came daily in the summertime. George Lewis, now an officer of Sunrise Dairy, was the trucker and, for a time, Chuck Huffstickler was his chief carry-in boy.

Next work in the employee league was for first Summers, subsequently Kings Mountain Drug Company. Here the action was for the most part in fountain-drawn pop, but we logged many a nickel. That about took care of my work in this business, except for occasional duty at the Lions club horse shows or fair booths. Even so, I still regard myself as one of the best pop peddlers about.

In 1939, though, I got acquainted with some real moguls of the industry, the wholesalers, at Blowing Rock, including the late J. Luther Snyder, of Charlotte and his son-in-law, W. B. Garrison of Gastonia, now the area highway commissioner and selling not only Coke and her several subsidiaries, but distributing a line of "coin-vending" snacks as well.

Then last spring I interviewed Joan Crawford, the movie queen and Pepsi-Cola director. Queried by another reporter, she chided Coca-Cola for fear of tying the big seller name to its diet substitute and naming it Tab. Pepsi was doing better all the time, she declared, and Diet Pepsi progressing nicely, too, thank you.

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HIGHER EDUCATION



Viewpoints of Other Editors

'GOOD GUYS' AND 'BAD GUYS'

Americans (and perhaps others as well), find it all too easy to divide the world into "good guys" and "bad guys." At first glance it may seem that one or another group or individual fits nicely into the either-or-category. But, as closer acquaintance usually reveals, human nature is not so neatly and simply disposed of.

A policeman, for example, is accused of brutality toward Negroes. Upon hearing the charge, some might be tempted to jump to the conclusion that, surely, he must be one of the "bad guys." But what if, while awaiting a hearing on the charges, he happens to save the life of a Negro baby by giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for 15 minutes? Is he a "bad guy" or a "good guy"?

Such was the recent experience of a New York City patrolman who, along with four other policemen, was charged with brutality in an interracial skirmish following a Coney Island dance. While awaiting a hearing before the city's civilian-dominated review board, he answered a maternity call, found the child near death, and proceeded to revive him.

We have no way of knowing the merits of this patrolman's particular case. But it confirms for us the wisdom of not judging another too hastily, on insufficient evidence, or by reason of some stereotyped impression. To judge another erroneously and unfairly is to reveal one's own immaturity — one's own need to mature in sound judgment. — Christian Science Monitor.

'AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE'

A car thief, hounded not by a police dog but by a monkey named Kiki, was apprehended in Cannes, France. Kiki, doubtless suspecting monkey business, bounded in pursuit of a stolen car, "making loud monkey noises."

This apparently so unnerved the driver that he stopped, got out, tossed the keys at the monkey, jumped into a second car, sped off with the monkey still on his tail, and then ground to a halt upon colliding with a truck.

We can imagine that the thief will not have an easy time explaining to his cell mates just how it all happened. We presume, on the other hand, that the monkey will have a whale of a time relating the tale to his companions.

Having made a monkey of the thief by tossing a monkey wrench into his plans, Kiki leaves us with an obvious moral: Better not monkey with other peoples' cars.

If you don't want to find yourself looking through bars, — Christian Science Monitor.

BASIC RESEARCH IN TROUBLE

The long honeymoon enjoyed by basic researchers in the nation's university and other laboratories appears to be coming to an end. In both the White House and Congress more and more impatience is being exhibited toward research inspired by scientific curiosity rather than by the desire to solve specific and well-defined immediate problems.

The recent Congressional blow at Project Mohole shows . . . impatience with geologists' efforts to gain fundamental information about the earth's internal structure. The National Science Foundation finds itself under Congressional pressure to move toward greater emphasis on applied research, a shift that might reduce its ability to support basic research.

It is understandable that politicians want quick results, preferably delivered in time to provide useful material to be included in campaign speeches before the next election. But scientific progress has its own laws and its own tempos, and it would be perilous for the nation to ignore them.

Basic research provides the capital fund of scientific knowledge on which applied researchers draw to give society a rich rate of interest. But if that capital fund is not expanded or is increased too slowly, the time will come when applied research too will be frustrated for lack of fundamental new ideas and new knowledge.

No investments have ever paid off so well as those represented by past spending on basic research. That fact needs to be remembered by those who are now looking at this area of expenditure as a promising source of economies to meet the budgetary pinch born of the Vietnam war. And those who think that applied research is an assured quick way of getting desired results might study the history of the work done this past decade and a half on controlled thermonuclear fusion for power production. That eminently practical objective is still not in sight despite large government expenditures and long years of work by many able scientists here and abroad. — New York Times.

NEGLECTED RESPONSIBILITY

A citizen's generosity in Rowan County has given life to a matter that should be of legitimate concern to each of North Carolina's 100 counties.

One Dan Nicholas has offered to donate 300 acres of land for use as a park or recreational area.

Anyone who's taken the time recently to consider the beneficial impact here in Shelby of City Park and Holly Oak Park and such auxiliary recreational areas as the Optimist Park, the Kings Road playground — picnic area and the Graham Street playground can readily appreciate the importance of the Nicholas offer.

But there seems to be some uncertainty in Rowan as to whether the offer should be snapped up by the City of Salisbury — which already has parks and recreation program — or the Rowan County Commission, which has yet to venture into the field.

The daily newspaper there, the Salisbury Post, is of the opinion that "The City of Salisbury has absolutely no business trying to develop, or help develop, a park seven miles outside of the city limits . . ."

The newspaper holds, correctly, it would seem, that the offer is clearly a decision for county commissioners.

"We hope that his offer will hasten the day when county commissioners make the decision to begin setting aside land for parks, playgrounds and recreation areas throughout the county. . ."

For the county government, Dan Nicholas' offer should serve as the springboard into a neglected but necessary area of responsibility.

The Rowan debate should, as well, serve as a thought-stimulant for other boards of county commissioners. For too few yet have considered this "neglected" but necessary area of responsibility.

There is little pressure now for action. The day when there will be, however, is not far distant. — The Shelby Daily Star.

Savings Bonds Sales Best Since 1946

U. S. Savings Bonds sales in North Carolina are up again! Series E and H Bond sales for June were 11.8 percent greater than the same month last year and represented the best June sales since 1946.

E Bond sales for June were up 7.8 percent and H Bond sales 110.0 percent.

Cumulative sales for January-June amounted to \$27,687,749. This is a 5.4 percent increase over the comparable period of 1965 and amounts to additional sales of over \$1.4 million. This represents 52.3 percent of North Carolina's 1966 dollar goal of \$52,900,000 and is the best January-June sales since 1956.

Led by Bladen and Avery Counties which achieved over 100 percent of their annual quotas, 45 counties in the state have achieved 50 percent or more of their goal through June.

Savings Bonds sold during June in Cleveland County amounted to \$41,768 according to Mr. George Blanton, Jr., Cleveland County Volunteer Chairman. Cumulative Bond sales in the County for the first half of the year totaled \$246,389. This is 58.0 percent of the County's goal of \$424,800 for 1966.

SCHOOL IN THE CONGO

Not much news comes out of the Congo in these days, and what does come is rarely cheering. But a grammar of encouragement can be drawn from the "International Review of Missions," in which the Rev. John R. Crawford writes on the present position of the Protestant missions there. The mission, Protestant or Catholic, are responsible for most of the schooling still available in the country. In face of all the dangers and discouragements, their work goes on. Primary schools, he thinks, have suffered very severely from the lack of qualified teachers; those who have qualified can generally find something much more profitable or exciting to do, and standards as well as numbers have suffered. But this is not the whole story.

There has been, in spite of everything, a marked increase in secondary education. There are now about 50 secondary schools (as against 10 before the troubles) and they have about 15,000 children in them. There are thought to be about 10,000 children in State secondary schools and, it seems, something like 75,000 in Catholic schools. Standards are probably not high. But at least a corps of secondary schools on this scale suggests that some kind of substructure of social organization has knitted together in this most distressful country.

It is still touch and go, of course. Another year of civil war and local anarchy might score the schools out of existence. But a few more comparatively quiet years might build up a cadre of educated Congolese with whom help a fresh start in nation building might begin, with better hope of success. — The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

IMPACT REDUCER

Perhaps there will be less reckless driving if an auto manufacturer goes through with his reported intention to produce a car with a collapsible front end that would absorb some of the shock upon impact.

If this does not give reckless drivers a pause, the only possible additional innovation would be wings to become operative immediately upon collision. — The Gastonia Gazette.

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