

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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MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By ELIZABETH STEWART

Birth, marriage and death are three important events which newspaper reporters are always cautioned by their editors to "be sure it's right in the paper."

m-m

And simple typographical errors can play havoc with stories when they appear in print. Corrections can be even more embarrassing.

m-m

Herman Campbell, Sr. (of the Superior Stone Plant) could sympathize with older son, Joe, this week.

m-m

Joe and Lynda Campbell are proud parents of a baby boy, their first. Last week's Herald and Shelby Star birth announcements carried the news that Mr. and Mrs. Joe Campbell were parents of a daughter.

m-m

Same thing happened to the new grandfather when Joe Campbell was born in South Carolina. Mr. Campbell had waited long hours in the waiting room (or wherever new fathers wait) to learn from a nurse that "you have a little girl."

m-m

Mr. Campbell didn't wait to confirm the news with his wife. Instead, he went to tell all the waiting relatives that he and his wife were parents of a little girl. The nurse was only teasing Mr. Campbell.

m-m

It was sometime later that Mr. Campbell discovered the new arrival was a boy.

m-m

Some years ago (I discovered via looking through some back copies of Herald files) nationwide attention was called to a typographical error. (I don't know if the story first appeared here) but Time Magazine, wire services and news media here and abroad picked up the story about an "all night sinning" in Kings Mountain.

m-m

A simple typographical error had changed all-night singing to sinning.

m-m

The nation took time out to laugh.

m-m

Errors in newspapers aren't funny, however. Reporters and proofreaders take pride in their work and are just as embarrassed as the people they have written about.

m-m

I came across a little poem the other day that I had clipped. Entitled, "Where's The Paper Boy?"

m-m

My father says the paper he reads ain't put up right;

He finds a lot of fault, too, he does, persuin' it all right;

He says there ain't a single thing in it worth to read,

And that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need;

He tosses it aside and says it's strictly on the bum,

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He reads about the weddings and he snorts like all get out;

He reads the social doin's with a most derisive shout,

He says they make the papers for the women folk alone;

He'll read about the parties and he'll fume and fret and groan;

He says of information it doesn't have a crumb—

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He is always first to grab it and he reads it plum clean through.

He doesn't miss an item, or a want ad—that is true.

He says they don't know what we want, those newspaper guys;

"I'm going to take a day sometime and go and put 'em wise;

"Sometime it seems as though they must be deaf and blind and dumb."

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

Needed Strength!



Viewpoints of Other Editors

FORCED HOUSING?

The term fair housing is used by its proponents to describe the principle of forbidding people by law from discriminating in the sale and rental of real estate. This principle is embodied in the pending Federal civil rights bill.

The opponents of fair housing say it is a misnomer. A more appropriate term, they argue, is forced housing. To force a property owner or agent to sell or rent property to someone whose race, color, or creed he dislikes, is wrong, opponents say.

The right of the state's reasonably to control the use and enjoyment of property by individuals is firmly established. Plainly, one cannot do anything he pleases with his property if what he does is injurious to the broader community. The property owner who sets about to establish a pig farm or a factory in a residentially zoned neighborhood will soon enough learn that the state has a right to stop him.

A man's home is his castle—a place into which he ought to be able to retreat and be free from governmental prying or control. But when he voluntarily decides to forsake that castle he incurs an obligation to dispose of it without arbitrarily infringing the right of anyone to secure decent housing for himself.

Fair housing statutes do not result in forced housing; that condition is the product of undemocratic real estate practices which force Negroes and other minorities to take up residence in violence-breeding slums.

TRY BIRDS FIRST

Government researchers who become engrossed in such deep studies as the love life of insects and frogs, the behavior of white mice, and the reaction of oysters to strange environment should take a cue from world famous animal psychologist Prof. Otto Koenig of Vienna, Austria.

Dr. Koenig has busied himself with a more practical experiment—the effect of a sheltered life on a big bird known as the cattle egret.

The Austrian expert kept a flock of egrets in a controlled environment for six years, providing them not only with food, but all the comforts acquiring from a life of ease, including prefabricated nests.

Now the cattle egret, in its natural habitat, is a self-sustaining, adaptable bird which, over the centuries, has been able to get along very well without the compassionate care of men.

Dr. Koenig's statistical report disclosed a gradual deterioration of the egret's ability to fend for itself either in combat or in the acquisition of food for itself or its offspring.

The ultimate end was complete collapse of the colony's social order—a tendency to quarrel, and even fight, over goodies bestowed.

As a result of his studies the eminent professor concludes that the same thing is likely to happen to humans lolling about in a welfare state where there is no challenge to exercise either intellect or muscle to survive.

Professor Koenig has proven it's not even for the birds.

HARVARD'S TALENT HUNT

Every so often a forgetful American public rediscovers the old truism that talent in youth isn't measurable either by family income or social status. On the contrary, a vast reservoir of potential abilities is represented by thousands of young (people) to whom poverty denies the education that would enable them to enrich the nation with contributions it can ill afford to lose.

Harvard College is underlining that message anew with its "risk student" program. Under the plan 120 more students will enter with next fall's freshmen class. Selected from families below or near the poverty line of \$4,000 a year income, these young men will receive scholarships paid for by Harvard's "risk fund," contributions from the federal anti-poverty program, and anonymous donors. Intellectual promise and gumption, not entrance examinations, govern the selection.

The experiment is paying off as attested by the fact that thus far 85 percent of Harvard's "risk students" have graduated, and that Brown and Williams are trying it out also. The sooner similar programs multiply among colleges . . . the better.

For the deeper meaning of this episode lies in its accent upon the promise of youth, and a helping hand from its elders. It is a timely reminder that the most precious gift each generation can give to its successor is a legacy of encouragement and hope.

A BAD MOMENT

Newport, R. I., July 30 (AP)—A white silk shirt with a ruffled front, a blue satin cummerbund and white shorts have never been the truly favorite clothes of a 5-year-old American boy. And John F. Kennedy, Jr. is no exception. That was John's outfit for the wedding of Janet Auchincloss.

As John went into St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church before the wedding, a young boy's voice came from the milling crowd with the word "sissy." John reacted with a scowl and a shake of his fist in the direction of the voice.

"Atta boy, John, it's the only thing a fellow can do in the circumstances. If it's any comfort, we hope someone has told you that when you get a little bigger you can read about two kids who had the same trouble—Penrod and Huckleberry Finn."

New York Post

10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about King Mountain area people are reprinted from the 1956 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

Members of Otis D. Green Post 155, American Legion, are invited to attend a free "Burning of the Mortgage" supper at 8:00 p.m. on August 11, 1966, at the Kings Mountain Club.

The ninth annual Bethware Fair will be held September 12-15, according to announcement by Lamar Herndon, fair president.

Footo Mineral Company employees for the second time in two years rejected efforts of organized labor to become employees bargaining representatives. The vote was 140 to 40.

DISPUTED EAGLE

As if there wasn't enough trouble among nations, we have an argument between the United States and Poland over a postage stamp. As a gesture of good will the United States prepared a 5-cent stamp commemorating 1000 years of Christianity in Poland; 115 million stamps are already in production.

Now the Polish government has threatened to refuse all mail bearing the stamps because of a difference over what the symbolism represents. The stamp bears the image of a rather scrawny eagle, which the Poles claim is a pre-World War II bird and not the Communist postwar eagle. The birds are quite similar except that the American version wears a crown and is surmounted by a cross.

Reportedly, the Poles object to the bird itself, "not to the cross and crown, though to our taste the American stylized eagle is a handsome bird. There is a natural supposition that the real objection is to the cross and crown, as the Poles want to play down the observance of the millennium, particularly its religious aspects. We can understand the objections of the Communist regime, but we rather think the Polish people will like what the Americans have done. And how many 5-cent stamps go to Poland, anyway?"

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

LEADING MEMBER

Children seem to be so much brighter today. A history teacher asked her class to name the leading member of the Great Society. A 9-year-old whose father was obviously a Republican raised his hand and called out, "Columbus, teacher."

"You mean to say," the teacher asked, "that Columbus who discovered America was the leading member of the Great Society?"

"Yes, ma'am," the little boy insisted. "Because when he started out, he didn't know where he was going. When he finally got here, he didn't know where he was. And most important, he did it all on borrowed money."

Parade Magazine

SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

To me one of the wonders of the world will always be Wall Street. My interest in it is purely objective—for I do not own a share of stock on the exchange, nor have I ever traded one there, although many friends have done so, some to their satisfaction, others - well perhaps that I had better not be discussed. Surely the "Arabian Nights" never furnished as magnificent a sight as the financial district of New York in the twilight, just before the offices close and the thousands of people in them go home. In walking along the streets and looking upward at the great, towering buildings with their dazzling lights shining upward to midtown Manhattan and outward to the sea, I always feel a sense of being only a mere human moving along below grand palaces of brightness. For here is concentrated much of the wealth of the world. And how can one man feel much of a part of it?

History is here so strongly. One can glance at the statue of George Washington, then a block away is the tomb of Alexander Hamilton in Trinity churchyard, the financial genius under whose system we live today. A few blocks beyond is Fraunces Tavern where Henry Knox, our first Secretary of War, sadly said farewell to Washington at the end of the Revolution, only to rejoin him in six years as a cabinet member. Here, two years after the national capital moved from New York to Philadelphia in 1792, the New York Stock Exchange was founded. New York City then had only 40,000 people and occupied a mere five square miles at the lower tip of Manhattan. Banks and insurance companies were springing up and we even had public works in that early day. To pay for the cost of the Revolution, stocks and bonds had to be sold to the public. The need for a market place was clear. So some pioneer brokers decided to meet every day under the shade of an old button-wood tree, a few blocks away from Wall Street. They were the original members of the New York Stock Exchange, 24 in number, like the same number of dollars which the white men gave the Indians for the whole island of Manhattan. They dealt only in government stock and for their trading floor, they had only a small plot of ground protected by the branches of a tree.

Millions of people have a stake in what is going on in the Stock Exchange, through the ownership of securities. Every bank and insurance company of any importance has much of its assets invested in these. When a stock is listed on the Exchange, it is required to represent a going concern, legally in business and having open books on its business operations. Buyer and seller meet on an equal basis, though the Exchange itself does not buy or sell stocks. Theman in Amarillo, Texas gets the same service as the man in Hickory, North Carolina or Johnson City, Tennessee. The Stock Exchange is a voluntary association and its rules are getting stricter because a few slickers have tried to get around the old idea of being honest. And its members are warned that there is a risk in any kind of speculation. No one will guarantee that you will make money in stocks.

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