

Established 1889

## The Kings Mountain Herald

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**TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE**

For thou has girded me with strength into the battle: thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me. Psalm 18:39.

**Why The Celebration?**

Kings Mountain became an incorporated town in the State of North Carolina in February 1874.

Three years previously, when a United States postoffice was established here — incident to the building of what is now the Southern Railway—the town was named Kings Mountain, at the wish of the widow of Dr. Tracy, who replied in that manner to suggestions that the community name honor the honored country doctor.

Undoubtedly, Mrs. Tracy was mindful of the historical battle of October 7, 1780, fought to the south on the ridge called King's Mountain, and which was a key engagement leading to independence of the colonies from Great Britain.

Some profess a disinterest in history.

But the fact that 276,000 and more persons had visited the Kings Mountain National Military Park during 1966 through the Labor Day holiday indicates the great and abiding interest many others hold for historical shrines, military and otherwise.

It is fitting that the city which bears the honored name Kings Mountain celebrate that historical event.

It has been a decade at least since the Battle of Kings Mountain pageant was presented at the park. Yet inquiries are still received on dates of this non-extant event which citizens still wish to see.

The deeper reason for the celebration is to learn from our forebears at Kings Mountain the bravery and spirit with which they fought for freedom.

Freedom is an abstract, which in practice can be will-o-the-wisp, internationally and/or domestically. Constant guarding of the freedoms sought by our forefathers as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and declared in the Constitution of the United States is imperative.

That's why the celebration.

**Test Of Policing**

Police work is much like a navy chief once described life in the armed services. He declared, "Life in the service means long periods of boredom, punctuated by moments of intense excitement."

Indeed, there is much of the routine in police work, as the soldier finds much of guard duty.

Sometimes come the moments of intense excitement, as the officers in Chicago, San Francisco, and other trouble spots could quickly attest.

Maintenance of order is a prime duty, but one of the principal duties — the arrest and apprehension of thieves and vandals — is one of the most difficult. According to the statistics, the odds are on the thieves, for more crimes of this kind remain unsolved than are solved.

This newspaper would not presume to decide the guilt or innocence, in spite of the alleged confessions, of the four young men arrested recently for a goodly portion of a wave of breaking-and-enterings, thefts and vandalisms.

But the means of their apprehension looks good: it was a cooperative effort between city police and sheriff's deputies.

It is a safe wager that news of arrests for crimes of this type is among the better deterrents. Would-be thieves tend to mark a "tough town" and to give such towns a wide berth for easier pickings.

Companies, many of them, record record sales and record earnings, and unemployment in the nation at 3.9 percent of the available work force is at a longtime low. Yet the stock market price average plunges to a new low for the year. Doesn't make sense.

**Make It Uniform**

Hard-pressed city and county governments, seeking in sources of revenue and finding themselves at seeming top limits of ad valorem taxes, utilities fees, etc., are seeking help by permission to levy a local level sales tax.

While some object to the legal liquor double standard, whereby some counties are "dry" and others "wet" the situation here is manageable.

But a hodge-podge of local sales taxes, with some cities and/or counties charging a retail sales tax and others not charging would be maudlin. How would cities and counties divide the take? How would the merchant in the taxing county enjoy his competition with merchants in non-taxing counties?

State Treasurer Edwin Gill, who opposes any new taxes with a \$150 million surplus in view, figures the state might be able to squeeze out some other rebates to the cities, such as is done from the highway fund via the Powell Bill.

There is also a suspicion that the cities in trouble with high bonded debt need to practice some belt-tightening for at least a short term period, until its fiscal structure is in better repair.

**University Status**

Eastern North Carolinians are the acknowledged expert politicians of the state.

They tend to dominate the decisions of the General Assembly.

Thus one of the more interesting issues upcoming in the 1967 General Assembly session is the quest of Eastern Carolina College for University status.

This college, at Greenville, North Carolina, has shown amazing growth since World War II and enrolls more students now than the venerable ex-women's branch of the Greater University at Greensboro.

Why and why not?

There are objections that Eastern Carolina is deficient in some departments (science being mentioned). There are other objections that Eastern Carolina's promoters want to operate outside the Greater University system.

But these promoters are hard at work. Football weekends make a good time for promoting and periodically this football season state legislators and legislative nominees are viewing Eastern Carolina games from the 50-yard line, touring the campus and being wined and dined.

Sixty-one House votes and 26 Senate votes will be required for Eastern Carolina to become Eastern Carolina University. Many are quietly betting the necessary totals will be recorded.

**Catching It**

Harold Howe II has been on the griddle and a hot one this week as a House of Representatives committee took him to task for being over-zealous in his drawing of guidelines relating to school racial desegregation under the 1964 civil rights act.

Some of the charges were less temperate.

South Carolina's L. Mendel Rivers said, "Some of us refer to him as the Commissar of Education." Howe's official title is "commissioner."

While a major portion of the heat was applied by Southerners, Representatives from other areas applied some fire, too.

The Washington folk in the bureaus seem to have a difficult time understanding practical school problems in the hinterlands. Sabbaticals in school administration for a season for these Washington folk would produce considerable change in attitudes.

### MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

On basis of activities to date and those planned continuing through the weekend, Kings Mountain's 186th Battle of Kings Mountain anniversary celebration will rank with famous celebrations of the past, including the centennial of 1880, the celebration of 1912 when William Jennings Bryan made the principal address, the celebration of 1923, the sesqui-centennial of 1930 and, of course, the 183rd celebration last year.

I and others never cease to be amazed by the considerable detail of history available on the Battle of Kings Mountain. Each year facts come to light which had not been previously known.

Sunday's Charlotte Observer feature related that Major Patrick Ferguson had two mistresses. Park Historian Frank Pridemore confirms, adding, "They were both red-headed and both named Virginia." Virginia Sal was killed by a stray bullet early in the battle. Virginia Paul was captured and returned to the British in a prisoner exchange in what is now West Virginia. She was captured again at the siege of Yorktown, where the War ended.

Mr. Hunter Patterson remarked at the Monday morning opening ceremonies that the name of Arthur Patterson, Sr., killed in the battle, appears on the list of Whig dead on the national monument and that this Patterson was a forebear of the present-day Patterson families. There were three other Pattersons of the Whig side, all of whom lived in the area near the battlefield. Arthur Patterson, Jr., and William Patterson were captured by Ferguson's forces before the battle and both escaped unharm.

Thomas Patterson was captured during the battle, and when the Tories were looking in another direction, he made a bold dash for the Whig lines, making contact with Colonel Isaac Shelby's forces. He picked up a wounded Mountaineer's rifle and "fought bravely until victory was proclaimed."

Sunday's Observer story also provided my first knowledge that the battleground was previously a deer hunter's camp and Friend Pridemore adds the information that Major William Chronicle and two other officers on the Whig side had built the camp. "They knew every tree on the ridge," Frank adds.

One of my forebears in the battle was Captain Samuel Espey, who was in Graham's regiment. Colonel Graham was not at the battle, as his wife was at the point of death, and Major Chronicle commanded until he was killed.

Though lasting only 65 minutes, Kings Mountain was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. The mountain men, angered by Ferguson's threats, recruited as they marched. It was a case of "join up or else." According to Frank, those who declined were summarily shot.

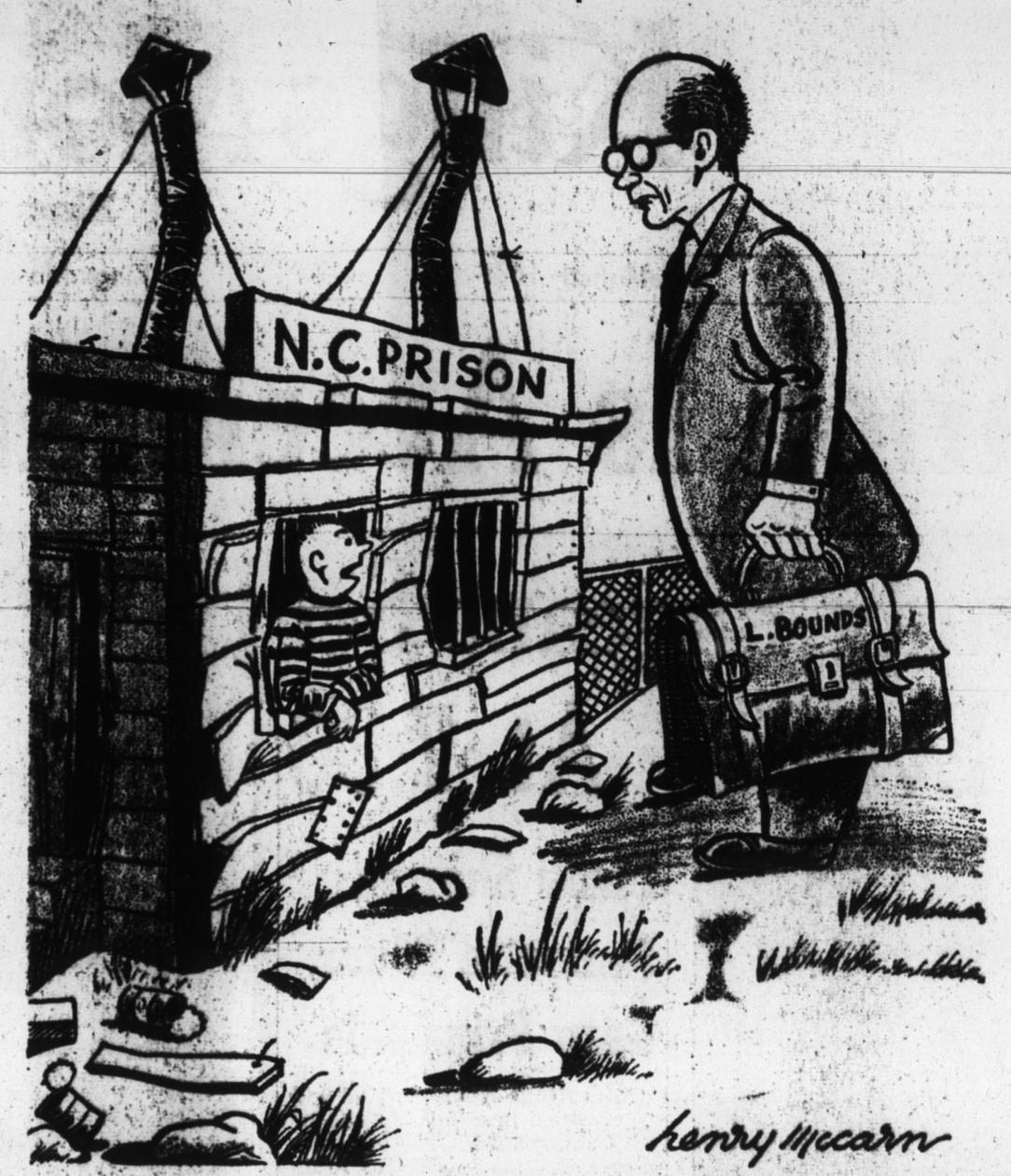
Draper's history records that four Goforth brothers fought in the battle, Preston Goforth, the immediate forebear of R. D. Marvin, Hall and Joe Goforth, on the Whig side, John and two others unnamed on the Tory side. All four lost their lives. Draper quotes Col. Shelby as his source of information. Preston Goforth is buried in the old Goforth family cemetery across from Marvin's home south of U. S. 74. Folklore has it Preston Goforth's wife hitched a team to a sled, drove to the battlefield and retrieved her husband's body for burial.

Frank Pridemore regards the Battle of Kings Mountain as unique in that more officers were casualties than men. In that day, Frank notes, the commanding officer's place was at the head of his troops. By states represented, Virginia recorded the most casualties.

Purpose of the celebration, Mayor John Henry Moss aptly noted at opening ceremonies Monday, is to rekindle the spirit of patriotism that fired the Mountain Men of 1780 to help us better manage the problems facing us at home and abroad today.

Thus the celebrations past and present. Mrs. Frank Summers says she remembers well the 1912 event. Bryan, three times unsuccessful in bids for the presidency, spoke at Parker's Grove. But her memory is more stimulated by Bryan's silver tongue. "I was wearing a white flannel skirt and brilliant red blazer," Miss Bonnie recalls. "And I really thought I was dressed in high fashion."

"Ain't nobody here but us prisoners."



**Viewpoints of Other Editors**

**PROTOCOL OF DRESS**

One of our colleagues tells us that you have to go to Ethiopia or Colombia these days if you care for strict enforcement of the protocol of dress. He says that when he turned up in a dark business suit to film the Imperial Family in Addis Ababa, an advance apology at ambassadorial level was needed to prevent his apparently in appropriate attire from being interpreted as an affront to the Emperor. The proprieties and protocol demanded, it seems, a cutaway with striped trousers, even for a humble journalist.

The same colleague was in Bogota recently for the inauguration of President Lleras Restrepo. And apparently in Colombia, too, the cutaway and striped trousers are the minimum requirement if one is to be in the presidential presence in an official capacity on a ceremonial occasion. But in Britain, that home of etiquette and pageantry, the formalities of dress are being lamentably eroded. (The mischievous might say that Britons are becoming the sans-culottes of this age.)

What else could explain such an anguished cry as went up in the correspondence columns of the Times the other day? "Now that the direction 'Black Tie' or 'White Tie' has become almost unnecessary on formal invitations," wrote a gentleman from Woking in Surrey, "may I suggest that it be replaced by a directive on the length of gown. This would save much futile questioning and telephoning by badgered husbands a month or so before formal occasions."

Our only reflection is how enviable is the position of those Indian husbands whose wives wear saris. But perhaps there may be something else for their wives to badger them about — or to make them futile.

**GAMESMANSHIP**

Like the hula hoop, the con-skin cap and the yo-yo of old, supermarket games of chance have been sweeping the country. Children are excited by the prospect of unheard-of riches, and at least one mother in this area now makes five trips to the supermarket where one would suffice just to get more cash register receipts and a better chance of winning one of those cash prizes.

Games, trading stamps and other devices used by supermarket chains to lure customers away from the competition need not result in any net gain for the consumer. Someone must bear the added costs, either the consumer through somewhat lower profits. Just where the incidence — which is not unlike that of a tax — falls depends very much on the state of the food markets in general and the competitive position of a particular supermarket. Because of their episodic character, as well as for other reasons, supermarket games are less costly than trading stamps. But where a chain adds the games to an existing trading stamp program, the costs will mount.

There are critics who insist that cash prizes and merchandise premiums should not be part of the business of selling groceries. But so long as the public realizes that none of the extras is actually free, few objections can be lodged against devices for making competition more intensive. — Washington Post.

**THE EATING OUT HABIT**

Eating out is a growing American pastime. The quarters people spend for hot dogs, plus the dollars they pay for cafeteria trayfuls, plus the big bills they peel off for three-inch steaks at the Red Lantern Grill add up to around \$20 billion a year, according to a Department of Agriculture estimate.

More and more families are eating out, and this is a trend not to be deplored. Home cooking is fine, and the practice of gathering round the dining-room table tends to unify the family. But ever more homemakers work outside the home, and fewer and fewer paid cooks are available. The working wife enjoys being taken with her family to a restaurant now and then and served in style, with no dishes to wash afterward. The children love to eat at drive-ins. And father likes a good broiled restaurant steak on occasion.

But can all families who dine out frequently actually afford what they spend in terms of value received? Well-served restaurant meals come high these days. The cost of eating out has risen faster than all other items on the consumer price index, according to the United States Department of Agriculture's research service.

Some families may not be aware of this and may be spending a larger share of their income on food than they intend. However, if they feel the meal away from home is a form of entertainment (as it often is) they can put it on their recreation budget. Then it is up to them to decide whether the sum would be better spent on some other form of leisure time activity.

Editors of the Farm Index, a Department of Agriculture publication, think people will continue to turn their backs on their kitchens and dine in town increasingly. They predict a 75 per cent increase in the nation's annual restaurant bill in a decade. Causes: more working wives, more snacking teen-agers, more old people living alone and not wanting to cook; and just more people. We hope it will be possible, as demand rises, for the restaurant industry to keep prices from bouncing still higher upward. — The Christian Science Monitor

**HUMAN COMPUTER**

Our favorite computer story has a very small scientist standing before a very large computer which is exorbitating tape. The tape reads: "Cogito ergo sum" ("I think, therefore I am.") We have always been on the side of the very small scientist, and thought that computer more than usually wrong-headed. Not that the scientist needs the reassurance of his colleague from the philosophy faculty to tell him that his computer does not think and therefore is not.

The common man, though, may find it consoling to learn from the British Association proceedings that the human brain may be computing as many as a thousand million bits of stored information in a second — faster than the fastest electronic computers. Most people will hardly feel that their brains are performing as well as that, or that the storage capacity of one human memory can really exceed that of all the electronic computers in the world.

If this is indeed so, it is a blessing that few of us suffer from total or instant recall. What a lumber room forgetfulness happily conceals. One occasionally hears of prodigious memories, but they do not always seem to have been much use.

There was, for example, the den who could not help but memorize everything he read so that he could be tested and found word perfect at dinner on all he had read in the newspapers at breakfast. An agreeable man, he would also, alas, have earned Belloc's rebuke as remote and ineffectual. The relative inadequacy of computers, it is suggested, may be because we do not yet know how to programme them. But might that not explain the shortcoming of our brains? — The Manchester Guardian Weekly

**SO THIS IS NEW YORK**

By NORTH CALLAHAN

The history professor stood on the street corner as a storm of rioting broke around him. Bottles flew in every direction, some of them coming close to him. But he did not flinch, just stood calm, straight and tall with a determined thrust to his chin. Rocks thrown by young hoodlums whizzed over his head and he did not move. Even some of the youths taking part in the modern-style fracas began to notice the frail but firm figure as he seemed unmoved. Then a brick was hurled from a rooftop and just missed his head. A youth stopped, open-mouthed and asked him why he stood there. So that all around could hear, the professor replied, "In the words of President Johnson — Andrew Johnson, that is — when some one shot at him and almost hit him while making a speech, 'These eyes have never seen the man of whom this heart is afraid!'"

About five years ago there sprang up a rash of round tables devoted to the centennial of the Civil War Between the States. Groups of energetic men — soon to be augmented by vivacious women — sprang into action dedicated to observing the hundredth anniversary of the greatest conflict in our nation's internal history. Thousands of speeches were made, some of them good, tons of tough chicken a la king with its civic club accompaniments were consumed, endless toasts were drunk to both the Blue and Gray, and souvenirs ranging from dignified books to mementoes of the "Confederate Air Force" were sold to a participating public. Now that the centennial is over, some of the round tables linger on, impelled by social reasons mainly, since as some one said, there is little left to discuss except what was in General Lee's pockets at Appomattox. But out of the idea has grown a newer one, that of American Revolution Round Tables, the original one being formed in New York at historic Fraunces Tavern, Broad & Pearl Streets, where Washington said farewell to his officers. These "colonial confers" are growing in number and chapters being formed from coast to coast. They will help commemorate the 200th anniversary of the War for our independence.

Privately-owned shops selling voodoo supplies have been around New York for over a century, but recently the commissioner of markets discovered that the city-owned retail marketplaces had become centers for voodoo dealers. Mixed in with the fish and cheese stalls, and often hidden behind piles of religious statues, books and trinkets, the commissioner found bottles of bats' blood and a few dream books, all-purpose wafers, kits and hundreds of red, death-into-my-enemy hexing candles inscribed with prayers of hate and Spanish curses. The surprised official announced with some grimmace that voodoo had become a thriving industry, with the sale of such items amounting to more than two million dollars a year.

Here and There: a 70-year-old man when caught talking Lydia Pinkham's Tonic and told it was for female trouble, said he had plenty of that... an Indian was asked what was wrong with the world and he said, "Ugh, everybody smoke pipe of peace, but nobody inhale."

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