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The Kings Mountain Herald

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

St. Luke 2:30

Time and Bigness

Big projects require time and most folk are inbred with impatience.

Case in point:

This week the Herald delved into last January's files to glean an item from the January 26 edition. The two major news reports were headlined: "Cansler Street Improvement Is Approved by City Board" and "Buffalo Watershed Study Requested", the latter being accompanied by first-time publication of the map detailing the lake impoundment area.

Today's edition, just 364 days later, contains two news reports on the same subjects: the enheartening report of the \$450,000 grant to aid the project the voters approved, and announcement that public hearing on the Cansler street project will be held here February 2.

In a way, the Herald may understand this fact of life more than some, though not more than governmental officials, engineers, architects, medical and pharmacological researchers, indeed researchers of all kinds.

The Herald's lessons have been learned from observation over the years.

An editorial position in support of something the paper considers worthwhile often generates a reaction which shows simply that the editor has fallen on his face. Maybe two, five, ten or more years later the idea of yesteryear becomes reality.

How long did area school consolidation require?

And the Buffalo Creek water project is now 13 years old, recommended then and since, and 18 months from fruition.

Life, indeed, is short.

It was phrased better by a late citizen on her ninetieth birthday, "It's been such a short time."

Hail and Farewell

It may, or may not occur again, but Richard E. Maxey is the first of 14 honorees to have officially (by two days) left the city just as he was tapped for the Kings Mountain Junior Chamber of Commerce Young Man of the Year award for distinguished service.

Nor may it happen again that a Kings Mountain honoree wins the honor for a second time. Mr. Maxey first won the award as a Hickory citizen.

When he came here two years ago to manage the newest branch of First Citizens Bank & Trust Company, no gears slipped. Mr. Maxey continued here the tack he'd followed in Hickory.

His imprint on Kings Mountain was considerable.

He melded quickly into the community scene, accepting a variety of tasks of religious and civic character which would stagger the average man, meantime completing a combination correspondence-on scene banking course (with honors) at Louisiana State University, and still finding time to contest with the boys on the golf links.

He quickly put help to the city's application for a neighborhood facilities building by obtaining an architect and presenting a set of plans for which a federal grant of \$302,500 has been approved.

He showed courage by accepting the leadership of the controversial liquor election issue in which most decisions were made from the heart and its emotions, not from the brain and its hoped-for logic.

He managed the bank, and well, it can be assumed, by his transfer to a larger situation in the First Citizen family.

In conveying congratulations, the community wishes him all that is good in the "Land of the Sky".

USS Pueblo

The effrontery of the North Koreans in pirating a vessel of the United States navy in international waters angered the nation.

Such an event had not happened since 1862, during a declared war, when a frigate was captured by the Confederates.

The hotter-headed wanted an immediate declaration of war.

The Administration (to date) is less hot-headed and wisely.

The hopeful interpretation is that the North Vietnamese, like a weakening boxer, is hanging on the ropes and hoping for the end of the round, with the North Korean by-play a knockout delaying clinch.

It could be another way around, with the United States the diversionist — to encourage a diversion of China's supplies to North Korea and away from North Vietnam, already sorely beset by bombing raids which destroy needed supplies and cut roads, bridges and other lines of physical communication.

There is confidence North Korea will return ship and men without a shot being fired and via customary diplomatic channels.

Perhaps that is wishful thinking, too. But four or five days, or longer, could do no more damage than has been done.

There are some questions, though, man-in-the-street, particularly if he has worn navy blue in a shooting war ponders:

Why was Pueblo's arms limited to a pair of 50-caliber machine guns, replaced by the 20-caliber Oerlikens as quickly as they could be supplied in World War II, and then with 40-millimeter pom-poms?

Why did Pueblo not turn tail and run for it when the first patrol boat threatened?

Why did virtually un-armed Pueblo have no escort, a couple of tin cans and/or a submarine or two?

Best news to date of the whole incident is that USS Enterprise, the big namesake of the World War II heroine, is taking station at the same spot Pueblo was boarded, in effect inviting, "Come take me to Wonsan."

Congratulations to Carl F. Mauney, elected president of Lake Montonia Club. It's a re-run for Mr. Mauney, a compliment on his previous service.

Broughton Pitch

J. Melville Broughton, Jr., candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, has advanced, four-square, a platform pitch sure to generate sympathy and perhaps support from many.

Says Mr. Broughton, he wants all of the state's primary roads to be four-lane models a la I-85 and portions of U. S. 74 with which citizens in this area are most familiar.

We doubt anyone could bring off this idea in the course of a four-year term as the state's chief executive, but his tenure as chairman of the State Highway Commission during the Hodges Administration was marked with marked road-building progress. His statement leaves no doubt he'd be caught trying.

Many Kings Mountain folk who didn't like Highway Director Bill Babcock's recent statement that the US 74 by-pass of Kings Mountain is five years distant will stand up and cheer and maybe drop in a Broughton vote, too.

Congratulations to Avery (Mack) Murray, who will be installed as president of Woodman of the World Camp 15 Thursday night.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

For over a month now, the efforts of heart surgeons in South Africa, New York and Stanford, Calif., have excited the world, giving hope to heart patients the world over as well as their kin and friends.

m-m

One who was excited was Libby Owens, ninth grade English student of my across-the-street neighbor, Mrs. Milton Singletary.

m-m

Libby expressed her feelings in verse, parodying Poet Robert Burns' "My Heart's in the Highlands". Libby's poem is entitled, "My Heart's in South Africa". It reads:

m-m

"My heart's in South Africa, on the operating table;
"My heart's in South Africa, making some men able;
"Beating as usual, though my body may not,
"My heart's in South Africa, even though I'm not.
"Farewell to my body, farewell to my brain,
"It worked me so hard, but it was all in vain;
"Wherever I go, I'll always know,
"My heart's making someone else's go, go, go."

m-m

I meant to use the poem in this space a couple of weeks ago. It didn't fit the immediate theme and I'm glad it didn't. With Libby's theme, I think the fact that Dr. Phillip Bleiberg, the South African dentist, not only surviving but doing push-ups, the poem is more timely now.

m-m

All pray Dr. Bleiberg, a heart patient for 13 years, will, for many years, be living proof of this break-through in heart surgery.

m-m

If it had been published before, I had missed it. But Wednesday morning's Bleiberg condition report, added the sad and for him, crushing fact that his son's suicide nine years ago, ended his recuperation from a coronary attack of four years previously. He had been recuperating and practicing his dental profession.

m-m

The late Dr. J. E. Anthony, in his usual succinct manner, made this statement over ten years ago. It was suggested that he probably had treated as many patients with emotional ills as with physical ills. The one-word answer, "More."

m-m

A group of Lions, after Tuesday night's gathering, were asking their fellow Dr. George Plonk about the heart transplant business. George allowed he'd be in no hurry to say "yes" to a heart transplant. He said, "They'd have to convince me pretty strongly that there was no other choice." Then he averred a patient likely convinces himself, if he has sufficient continuing pain and/or weakness. Nor does Dr. Plonk hope for him, nor anyone, that unhappy choice.

m-m

He was asked about the size of the heart and its effects. He knew not, he said, but added there is today no time to defer. Now, he added, if they can get a calf's heart to work one could be grown to size and would be readily available.

m-m

George addressed the Lions Club some years ago and I recall he labeled the three major developments in medicine during the past century as the development of anesthetics ("the surgeon of prior years had to be a blood-thirsty butcher for his patients seldom survived"), the discovery of penicillin and subsequent anti-biotics, and development of the heart-lung machine.

m-m

But to more palatable medical subjects. A Congressman has charged that many diet-pills, designed to pare weight, are useless and he further charges some doctors aren't mean enough to rough patients up on proper eating. Well, the patient must have cooperation.

m-m

It wouldn't work with some, like the girl Jim Anthony was serving when he was soda-jerking and the Saturday special was a ten-cent banana split. The customer ate the split, summoned Jim and ordered a chocolate walnut nut sundae.

m-m

"Glutton!", Jim condemned, as he piled the sugared walnuts high. The customer is always right?

SIFTING WHEAT FROM CHAFF



Viewpoints of Other Editors

YOUR MONEY

BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR

Sooner or later, conscientious Far Heels are going to demand a better way of appropriating their \$2.73 billion that is now carried out in the super-secret Joint Appropriations Sub-committee composed of 20 Representatives and 10 Senators. This group holds life-and-death control over your tax money.

We were brought face-to-face with "the System" last week in trying to determine what happened to \$43,000 which was to have been appropriated to the State Good Neighbor Council. There was so much secrecy that two members of the sub-committee — also members of the Good Neighbor Council — didn't even know what happened. They thought the money had been approved, but when the budget was unveiled, it was not there — sort of like a magician's trick.

The committee approved \$75,000 for a shelter over a Confederate gunboat in Senate Chairman Tom White's hometown of Kinston and okayed \$60,000 to compile a Confederate roster, but could manage only \$25,000 for a race relations agency that has done more to keep down strife in North Carolina than any other single influence. Final decisions on Confederate money and other matters were made behind closed doors and the budget was rammed through the General Assembly so fast that many legislators didn't know what had hit them.

By digging further into the Council cut, we learned that some money can be obtained from the Contingency and Emergency Fund — the same place Gov. Moore had to turn last year after the 1965 Appropriations Committee limited the Council to \$25,000 a year. In order to get the Council established as a statutory agency of the State government and to retain its name over the objections of Senator White, it is evident that there was give-and-take on the Council's budget request — mostly "take."

This Assembly's record on race relations left much to be desired. It would not be surprising to see the state's 250,000 Negro voters show their displeasure in the next election. And we don't blame them. Their votes could determine an election in this state, including a number of seats in the General Assembly.

—Marse Grant In The Biblical Recorder

CLASS IN SESSION

The class in elementary economics is in session. Professor: As you saw in the papers, living costs are rising faster than income. Do you know what that means?

Student: That means we'll all go broke.

P. No, that means the President now has a good argument for his 10 percent income tax increase.

S. But wouldn't that just make living costs all the higher and break us sooner?

P. That is not the way to look at it. If prices are going up, it shows people have too much money to spend and some of it should be soaked up in taxes.

S. How could they have too much money if they don't have enough to keep up with prices?

P. Oh, by the laws of economics the prices will come down when the people don't have so much money to spend.

S. That'll be the day. And then will the President give them back that 10 percent?

P. That, young man, is not a question for me. Try Dr. Preclint in political science down the hall.

The Oregonian.

THE NEW STUDENT

Without doubt the parental generation which is putting the youthful generation through college and university today would like to understand the mind of modern youth better. Chancellor J. D. Williams of the University of Mississippi, speaking to the Memphis Rotary Club (recently) offered some useful tips.

He cited three "new student" types on campus: (1) The young man who respects university authority but wants more freedom in student publications and student rules, (2) the extremist who wants to control the campus, and (3) those in the middle.

What is interesting is that Dr. Williams did not list a campus type we recall from past years — the college man who scorned education, lived for pleasure only, and who moved on to another school when he flunked out. We hear of the dropout today, but not so much about the perennial failing student. This is a hopeful sign.

And what Dr. Williams says about students also is encouraging. Authority, it seems, still holds respect in al but extremist quarters. After all, most college students want to learn, and hope to apply their learning in productive and profitable ways.

—The Commercial Appeal (Memphis)

Champ Makes Lick Toad

Maybe Toad of Toad Hall was not so unusual after all as he drove about in his automobile smashing into things. For the hero of Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows" has now been matched, if not outdone, by Champ. The latter is a two-year-old springer spaniel which recently drove a station wagon squarely into the Fishers Island Coast Guard station all by himself.

Of course, unlike Toad who himself handled all the gears of his "exceptionally powerful motor-car," Champ merely slipped into gear a car which his master had apparently left running. Thereafter, his and Toad's courses were much akin. Just as Toad's roadcraft "devoured the street and leapt forth on the high road," so Champ's is reported to have barely missed one flagpole, crashed into another and nearly driven into the ocean.

In the end Champ, of course, fared better than did Toad. Whereas the latter finally ended "a helpless prisoner in the remotest dungeon of the stoutest castle in all the length and breadth of Merry England," Champ, we are told, merely landed in the doghouse.

The only thing we do not know is whether Champ, like Toad, "chanted as he flew." Somehow we doubt it. —Christian Science Monitor.

AND THE POOR GET POORER

There are, happily, no laws requiring the poor to live by bread alone.

True, there are those who, viewing public welfare funds as private charity, frown to see TV set for Cadillac financed from the dole. But their misgivings have yet to be translated into statute, and the recipient of welfare funds is permitted to make mistakes even as you and I.

It remains probable, however, that poverty dictates a degree of deprivation which cries out for remedy even at the risk of a tad of license.

Over in Mecklenburg County, that thesis is disputed. The word

SO THIS IS NEW YORK



By NORTH CALLAHAN

With the passing of the old year go two relics of a more golden day which will be long and warmly remembered by those of us who enjoyed them. They are: the Twentieth Century Limited and the Broadway Limited trains, once the finest on their respective railroads. The word "Limited" in their familiar names seems to have been appropriate, for their days were limited by transportation progress that is of questionable happiness. Because many would believe that while we now travel faster it is not as much fun. And between New York and Chicago there must have been many a misty eye at hearing the news that these two institutions on wheels were no longer to grace the route and emphasize it by blowing their whistles along the picturesque journey.

The Broadway Limited was the pride of the Pennsylvania Railroad for 65 years, and then was recently retired as are humans usually at about the same age. A new train will carry the same name but it will be a coach and sleeper one, not the entirely first class and luxurious carrier that its proud predecessor was. As some one commented, "Another symbol of luxurious and leisurely travel has fallen under the pressure of high-speed jet air service." And ironically this is happening just as the new Pennsylvania Railroad station here is being completed.

By a striking coincidence, the Twentieth Century Limited of the New York Central Railroad began its service at the same time as the Broadway Limited, on June 15, 1902. For this long life-span, it was known to many as the world's greatest train, maintaining fast, overnight service between New York and Chicago over a different route. Through the railroad claims the stopping of this train as such is due to lack of money, there was a time about forty years ago when it was the biggest money maker, taking in about ten million dollars in 1928. By way of contrast, this luxury train arrived here not long ago with fewer passengers than crew aboard.

The service on this crack train was designed to be equal to that on the great ocean liners, another passing relic. For this train, there was begun the first red carpet service and a bright, red carpet was royally rolled out in Grand Central Station to meet the delighted eyes of boarding and incoming passengers. At the peak of its success, the train staff included a barber, manicurist, several secretaries, valets, bath attendants and expert chefs. The fastest locomotives in the world were used on the Twentieth Century and passengers were promised a rebate if the train was late. Sometimes it travelled at speeds of more than a hundred miles an hour. Dinner on the train then cost \$1.50, which was a third more than the meal on regular trains. Going back into their mellowed records, railroad officials point to names who rode this train that include William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Lillian Russell, "Diamond Jim" Brady, J. P. Morgan and Enrico Caruso.

It was a mark of some kind of distinction to ride the Twentieth Century Limited and such prestige lasted up until World War II.

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