

Established 1889

# The Kings Mountain Herald

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### TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; life up a standard for the people. *Isaiah 62:10.*

### Is Limit Good?

The new social security law amendments adopted by Congress in 1967 raises from \$1500 to \$1680 the amount of total earnings a social security beneficiary may have in a calendar year without any of his benefits being withheld.

Of course, a social security recipient who was able and willing to work, for self or others won't be, nor has been, penalized for whatever earnings he may receive.

Now a person receiving benefits because he is disabled will not be penalized. But are the limits good business?

Most folk, accustomed to a lifetime of labor, may continue to carp, as do the more youthful, about "blue Monday". But few find it easy to retire gracefully. They find they are surfeited quickly on fruition of those beautiful dreams when work demanded they be deferred.

Fishing isn't as inviting.

Everyone isn't available anytime for a golf game.

Even travel to distant lands and exotic spas does not prove as enticing, in fact, as in the brochures.

Most folk get a social security card at 16, are in full-time employment by 18-21. Retirement at 65 spells 44 to 47 years of active work.

It's hard to change the habit patterns for most.

Congress would do well to drop the unlimited earnings provision to 65 for all, or up the limit to \$2280.

The idea of earning \$1200 more dollars (up to \$2880) and sacrificing \$600 for over-earnings of social security recipients is rather stupid per se in otherwise insulting.

### District Shorted

The 27th judicial district, created by the General Assembly to implement in December the new courts arrangement, was shorted by the General Assembly in its allocation of judges.

Five judges will prove undoubtedly insufficient to handle the case load (criminal cases, domestic relations cases, and civil cases up to \$5000) for the three-county Cleveland - Gaston - Lincoln district.

Even with a two-year trial period in some districts, there are still reservations in some circles as to how the system, approved in theory, will work in fact.

There is general agreement about two improvements:

1) No longer will magistrates find it necessary to find a defendant guilty in order to collect the malfeasance fee and therefore eat. The magistrate will be paid a salary, based on case load. Fee basis justice will be out.

2) The buffer court of appeals will lift the heavy burden on the seven-member State Supreme Court.

But the 27th district will require more jurists.

The population of the three counties totals approximately 250,000 persons.

Hearty congratulations to Eddie Floyd (the Herald inadvertently reported his name Eddie Lee) for finishing among 200 finalists in the Western North Carolina scholastic art award contest.

### State Slates Set

At noon on Friday, the secretary of the state elections board closed the door on would-be candidates for state, congressional district, and judicial district offices.

One would-be candidate didn't quite meet the deadline. He arrived with his filing fee at 12:01, was told, "I'm sorry."

The line-up is distinctive and considerable digging in the archives of the state's political history will be required to find a year in which another where there were 1) as many Republican candidates for these offices, and 2) as many Republican primaries.

Items:

1) There will be Democrats vs. Republican contests for all state offices in November, including the eight elective positions unofficially labeled the "council of state".

2) Beginning with the top spot of governor, where Jick Stickley and U. S. Representative Jim Gardner are wooing the voters, there are numerous other GOP primaries. Three Republicans seek the honor of challenging U. S. Senator Sam J. Ervin, the incumbent Democrat. Dr. Earl Ruth, the onetime Kings Mountain recreation director, who was finally successful in changing his registration from "D" to "R", suddenly found himself no shoo-in to oppose his former University of North Carolina confrere Voit Gilmore for U. S. Representative, but with the immediate chore winning over two other Republicans. One suggested Dr. Ruth should have worked as an Indian in GOP ranks before vying for Chief.

The phrase "wooing the voters" well applies in the Stickley-Gardner doings. Not only are they seeking votes from Republicans, but are quietly (Stickley) or brashly (Gardner) suggesting tired-of-it-all Democrats and Independents move over to the Republican ranks. (Many Democrats have received invitations from Mr. Gardner to contribute \$100 to his campaign.)

Principal last-minute surprise in the Democratic field was the late filing for lieutenant-governor nomination of Mrs. James M. Harper, former president of the state Federation of Women's Clubs, wife and aide-de-camp to her husband, publisher of the Southport Pilot.

The distaff side is tough.

Pat Taylor, the early-announced candidate, had punctured the trial balloons of three major Democratic threats in the persons of Ike Belk, Skipper Bowles and Clifton Blue, meantime side-tracking yet another major threat, Voit Gilmore, to Congressional candidacy.

This newspaper has been teased in the past for closing a political resume with the bromide "it's be interesting to watch."

In Anno Domini 1968, the phrase ain't a bromide.

### Travel Boom

A report from the Department of Conservation and Development relates that non-North Carolinians spent \$408 million on visits to the Tar Heel state during 1967.

That's a growing sum (up \$37 million) over 1966, and one likely to continue to burgeon as, in the oft repeated phraseology of the late Governor Clyde Hoey, visitors trek from the shimmering sands of Manteo to the massive mountains of Murphy.

There's much in between in the prosperous Piedmont. North Carolina can't claim the facilities, but Kings Mountain can claim close kinship with Kings Mountain National Military Park and with the South Carolina State parks just down the road. Kings Mountain hopes to offer its own.

Recreational development of the Buffalo Creek reservoir area will put a recreation spa of quite varied offerings just seven miles west.

Outdoor recreation is booming. Why not here?

## MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

An I-couldn't-have-missed-it attitude produced a quite interesting convocation at Chapel Hill over the weekend, as the Daily Tar Heel invited staff members of prior years to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the paper's founding—by Charles Baskerville and Walter (Pete) Murphy—for the purpose of making money to buy uniforms for the poorly clad football team.

m-m

Jimmy Wallace, a Chapel Hill travel agent and former staff member, and journalism Professor Walter Spearman, editor '29, were hosts at a party Friday evening and Jimmy told me that 65 of the 75 Tar Heel years were represented by one or more staffers. Dr. Phillips Russell, editor '03, who cuffed on the Charlotte Observer, looked and talked just as he did when he was purveying 30 years ago to me and others the prime three rules of good writing: clearness, clearness, clearness.

m-m

It's always a pleasure to renew acquaintance and compare notes with friends and to make new friends, more especially if they're either former or present operatives in the newspapering craft (I question the designation "profession").

m-m

First memory test case as I entered the Carolina Inn lobby. The nice-looking gentleman approached with, "You don't remember me but I'm..." I beat him to the draw: "You're Rolfe Neill." Rolfe grew up in Mooresville, was a Tar Heel editor, worked at the Charlotte Observer, is now suburban editor of the New York Daily News. Rolfe's wife Rosemary, native to Clinton, was a parishioner of the Rev. Aubrey Quackenbush, former Baptist minister here. My confrere, Frank Holzman, who claimed his UNC diploma from Governor Clyde Hoey immediately after me, is the News' assistant to the executive editor, commutes between Falls Church, Va., and the Big City.

m-m

Dinner was with the Neills, Bob Morrison, onetime Newton newspaperman, Ed Yoder, Tar Heel co-editor '56 former Rhodes scholar, Charlotte Observerman, and now of the Greensboro Daily News, and Walt Dear, publisher of the Henderson, Ky., Gleason-Beacon. Ed, like many of the name, is native to Catawba county. Bob, I thought, was teaching journalism at the University of South Carolina. "Oh, no," he retorted, "I have much better scenery in my classes. I teach at Winthrop." He's also with a Charlotte investment firm specializing in risk capital financing. Walt Dear succeeds me as champion of the early bird arrivals for functions at Chapel Hill. My wife and I arrived a day early three years ago. For the Tar Heel party, Walt arrived one week early, returned to Henderson, then made the schedule. Walt is son-in-law of the late John Cannon, who newspapered in Greensboro, Shelby and Forest City. Walt and his bride had visited the Herald on their wedding trip.

m-m

The before-Saturday-lunch session was held with Jonathan Daniels, Tar Heel editor '22, editor of the Raleigh News & Observer, and author, and with the Sylvan Meyer family. Meyer was a freshman member of the school paper staff my senior year, publishes the Gainesville, Ga. Daily Times and the Poultry News, a tabloid trade publication of 70,000 circulation, with 10,000 coming to North Carolina subscribers—good indication of burgeoning poultry production in this state. Meyer is acquainted with former Kings Mountaineer Jack Prince, official of a prominent poultry packing firm in Gainesville. No nicer nor more vibrant person did we meet than Sylvan's UNC freshman laughter Erica, who wanted to attend NO school but UNC-CH and who LOVES it.

m-m

Editor-Author Daniels has a new historical book in the mill which is to be published in the summer entitled "Washington Quadrille", which will delve deeply into the Burr-Hamilton fighting during the early days of the nation.

m-m

Other conversations were with Graham Jones, secretary to Governor Terry Sanford who thinks Sanford, in spite of the probing on a race against Senator Sam Ervin, not especially hankering to hang his hat in Washington; with Huzh Morton, owner of Grandfather Mountain, who hasn't yet but says he WILL get an infra-red night picture from Grandfather of the Charlotte skyline; with Charles Kuralt, excellent editor and the community journalism man of the CBS-TV staff; and with Mr. and Mrs. James S. Massenburg. He was DTH managing editor '20, for Editor Tom Wolfe, the author, recalls the duty as tough going.

m-m

I edited the school paper one year, 1939-40.

m-m

On Saturday I log 23 years with the Herald.

## LAST RITES FOR THE LAW



## Viewpoints of Other Editors

### THE COMFORT CAN GET EXPENSIVE

Men, they are sneaking up on us.

For years we have been starting, half in awe and half in horror, at the annual pronouncements from afar proclaiming what women must wear to be in style this year.

Men were much too clever to fall for that. Oh, we paid the ladies' bills which wasn't so clever. But did we let ourselves get caught in that fashion rat race? Not on your life.

Occasionally, some smart promoter made a good thing out of lizard shoes or coats with no laps. But you had to put on your grandfather's old suit before you really looked out of style. And even that could be put right with a little cutting and sewing by a good tailor.

But somewhere along the line a crafty new group has crept into the men's fashion business. Now, they're exploiting a weakness. They keep bringing out clothes that are comfortable.

So all of a sudden there is a soft turtleneck sweater to wear in place of that formal shirt with studs, cuff links and that starched fold the laundry keeps putting in the wrong place across the chest. Do we recognize this sly maneuver for what it is? No.

We are all so busy thinking, "Hey isn't that great," we are in grave danger of total fashion seduction. Once we stop thinking in terms of wearing what we've got and what we've always worn (be it ever so uncomfortable), all is lost. Cut loose from our ancient link to our grandfathers' suits, we will find ourselves at the mercy of our friendly clothes-maker who can wind up being "friendly" in the same way and for the same reasons as a used car salesman.

Along with his ally the clothing manufacturer, he can begin making certain that nothing for sale this year looks like anything that has been for sale for years. So this year it's an aquamarine jacket that makes you look like a colorful Pandit Nehru and next year it's a chartreuse jump suit with patch pockets and the year after...

Before we wind up making more changes than Liberace, men, wear that miserable starched dress shirt till it takes the hide off your neck.

—The Charlotte Observer

### NEIGHBORHOOD SLIDING

Today's adults who cheer at the sound of the approaching snowplow with its chemical-spreader are yesterday's children who never had it so good for sliding. Before the days of snow tires and snow removal techniques that render icy roads into dry, bare highways, cars were left home. Dad took the bus or made do with shank's mare. In the meantime, the children hid themselves to the neighborhood hill.

Then began the laying down of the traditional rules. The longest, steepest section down the middle was reserved for the biggest kids while the smaller ones used the sides. The trek back up was made in the gutter so that feet digging in to climb, would not mess up the hill's smoothness.

If the neighborhood were lucky, its hill would slope away from the sun prolonging its slide-ability. Nevertheless, the best lane was carefully patched every day and banded down with icy mittens and over-turned sleds.

When the hill was at its best, skis made from flat curtain rods worked fine. You bent a rod back and forth to break it off about four inches longer than your shoe. Then you stepped on the rod, bent the excess up over the toe and one was done. Repeat for a pair.

But the piece of resistance was the Whip or Rip, according to regional idiom. The toboggan of sleds was scheduled for "When it gets good and dark" because parents were against it. Even in those dark ages, that was all it took to make every youth completely for it. Adding to the exhilaration of its forbidden fruit aspect was the real danger involved. Only the (outwardly) brave participated.

A string of sleds was laid end-to-end at the brow of the hill. The "steerer" hooked his toes on to the handlebars of the sled behind. The boy on that sled hung onto the first boy's ankles for dear life, while hooking his own toes onto the handlebars of sled three. Sometimes two boys shared a sled, one hanging on while the other tried to steer. The "steerer's" object was to break up the whip by following a twisting course down the hill taxing everyone's ability to hang on. The longer the hill, the longer the whip could be. Guardian angels surely watched over the New England hills then, and probably do now. —Hartford Courant

### ... AND THE LIGHT

The Japanese do it better. Handling garbage we meant. A company in Yokosuka has announced that it is ready to turn garbage, dust, bottles and old clothes into stones which can be used for construction purposes. How Mayor Lindsay would have sighed, had he seen this announcement.

This Japanese invention is further proof of how far man's intelligence and ingenuity can go in meeting the mounting problems of his physical environment. Only a short while ago farmers were started at the announcement that a Pennsylvania agricultural research station had proven that cows could thrive on a diet of old newspapers and molasses.

What can be done with newspapers, old, dust and old clothes can surely be done with the rest of the refuse and pollution to be seen on all sides. While freshening the waters of Lake Erie (now considered "dead" because of its defilement) may be a mightier task than turning off into stone, the latter can be taken as

## SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

The most frightening airplane trip I ever took, outside of those in the Army in World War II, was from Jacksonville, Florida to New York in 1942. It was on an Eastern Airlines plane and the pilot was Dick Merrill. It was balmy, fall Florida weather when we took off at 1 a.m. and I had just settled back for a nap, when it seemed we had struck a mountain. But it was only a big air pocket and the plane pulled out of it. Then a storm arose above the Carolinas and the plane would drop a hundred feet at a time, then bounce and right itself. Nearly every passenger was ill, some were in the aisles praying. It really seemed that we would never weather that tempest, and finally we put down in Charleston, S. C. for the night. Next day the weather was just as rough, and when we landed in New York, most of the passengers vowed they would never again.

Dick Merrill, now 73 and in retirement as chief pilot of Eastern Airlines, was honored here last week at a luncheon of the Sales Executive Club. As Arthur Godfrey, the master of ceremonies, pointed out, Merrill has spent about five years of his life in the sky, or 41,709 hours and eleven minutes. Some of his worst ones must have been that flight I was on. His flying time includes a rescue hop to the Lincoln Ellsworth Antarctic expedition in 1935, pioneer crossings of the Atlantic in 1936 and 1937 and 33 years of routine and exciting experiences as a pilot. Merrill is probably best known for his flight across the Atlantic in a single-engine plane in 1936 with Harry Richmond, the entertainer. They returned within three weeks, after two forced landings, making the first round-trip crossing by air. 40,000 ping-pong balls were stuffed into hollow sections of the wing and tail of the plane to give it more buoyancy in case of a landing on water. This did not occur, but it has been said that Richmond became almost uncontrollably fearful during the flight. Merrill did crash about a year later, but survived and feels he has a charmed life—and he has.

If anyone thinks he has had enough flying, it is not Dick Merrill. From his home in Miami where he lives with his wife, the former actress, Toby Wing, and their son, Merrill slips out to the airport almost every day and flies some sort of plane, though not the scheduled flights. He knows instrument flying so well that he is in demand to go along with pilots who are not so well versed and who need some one familiar with the complex mechanical systems. To keep himself in physical condition, he jogs five-mile trips on the road, he says and finds that by keeping busy, he can manage retirement rather well after such a strenuous active life. He remembers when he and a co-pilot flew pictures of the Hindenberg dirigible disaster to Britain and brought back the first pictures of the coronation of King George VI.

His biggest scare, Dick Merrill relates, came just twenty years ago when he was flying south from Boston. One of the propellers came off of the plane and sliced through the passenger compartment, killing one of the hostesses and cutting hundreds of wires and some of the controls loose.

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