

Established 1889
The Kings Mountain Herald
 206 South Piedmont Ave. Kings Mountain, N. C. 28086
 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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 One year \$5; six months \$3; three months \$1.75; school year \$3.75.
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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.
 II Peter 5:6

Last Call

Saturday is the final day to register to vote for the November 3 general election.

In Number 4 township, the report of the registrars is that 71 new voters have appended their names to the books on the first two Saturdays and some are inclined to regard this figure as a puny one.

This is not necessarily the way it is, since the new opening of the books follows by only six months the spring registration period prior to the May primaries. Most folk are registered, limiting the new voter market to those reaching 21 and therefore legal voting age and persons who have moved into the area during the intervening months.

The November 3 general election is likely no more important than many prior ones, nor less.

Many citizens feel that all elections are important and they are for those who are elected have a direct effect on the well-being of their constituents, whether they serve in the Congress, the State House, at the county courthouse or elsewhere.

In North Carolina, for instance, Tar Heels will determine whether the state adopts a new Constitution, parts of it, or none of it.

The registrars will be at the precincts from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday. It's last call for November 3.

Women's Wear

It's been coming all the time, at least since milady swapped off the side-saddle and donned man's attire when riding to the hounds.

It's been coming in high society circles a long time as womenfolk donned pants for leisure hour living.

Now it's come on full force. The school marm, like their juvenile charges, are going to wear PANTS to SCHOOL.

It really ain't news. Fashion for la femme merely follows the fact.

She's been wearing THE pants all the while anyway.

Citizens will enjoy the Sunday afternoon tour of the Buffalo Creek water treatment plant. The Herald finds it surprising to hear citizens remark, "I've haven't been out there since the flood," or "I haven't seen it since work started," or "No, I haven't seen it." The landscape has been changed mightily at this draw on Buffalo Creek.

Auto Population

Kings Mountain's motor vehicle population in 1969 was 8407, Shelby's 21,263, and Cleveland county's 38,307.

These are the figures supplied this week by the N. C. State Motor Club.

Meantime, the state's motor vehicle population topped the three million mark for the first time, jumping by 173,141 over the previous year.

It can be guessed safely that the 1970 registrations will have increased again and those involved on the bumper-to-stuff on King street Sunday would place heavy bets on it.

Sympathy of the community attends the family of Pfc. Michael Allen Graham, who was killed in enemy action in Vietnam.

Congratulations to Mrs. Kathleen Wilson who has been elected president of the Kings Mountain Improvement association.

Emotionalism Best

"Make'em glad, make'em sad, make'em laugh, make'em cry...but don't ever, don't ever try to make'em think!"

Thus the advice of a wise political demagogue who followed his own advice and found it quite successful.

In other words, to get votes, keep the spirit revivalist.

There have been many revivalists through the years but this year's model is none other than the right honorable Spiro T. Agnew, vice-president of the United States, hatchman of the Nixon Administration.

He's pretty good. Looking back, it is now apparent that he launched his current campaign operations with his initial attack on the "irresponsible" communications industry—press, radio and television—who could not earn a sou, by telling it like it is.

The Vice-President of course can. The generic attack on the communications crowd was a good ploy. It compares to the guy sitting in church and the fiery preacher stepping on his toes—except the guy doesn't take it to be him. He looks over at a fellow parishioner and says to himself, "He sure is being hard old John."

It is quite natural for the unnamed sinner of press, radio and t-v to look around the room and wonder who he's talking about.

But Wednesday the Vice-President named names, or, at least, the name of Eric Severeid.

Mr. Severeid replied, somewhat in kind, and suggested in gentle language and tone that the vice-president was flirting with the truth.

Said Mr. Severeid some can say one thing in the north, something else in the South, can cast a vote one way in committees, vice versa on the floor and still get by.

Not so Mr. Severeid. He's nationwide. And enough flicks of the dial, to another station or off, and he's out of business.

The communication lads, for the most part, have been charitable with Spiro T. Should they ever decide to gang up on him, as he deserves, he will rue the day he challenged them.

The United Way

There are still plenty of fund campaigns, but the idea behind the United Fund means of giving was not intended as a means to deter contributions but as a means of conservation of manpower, more apparent in a smaller community than a larger one, where manpower is more plentiful.

A dozen or more fund-raising campaigns in a city the size of Kings Mountain or even larger will find, did find, many of the same folk out in the hustings asking the same folk they'd asked before to support yet another worthy cause.

Kings Mountain United Fund combines the fund needs of eight local agencies into one and tacks on 15 area, state and national agencies, their services valuable here and elsewhere.

Many people afflicted by film programs at civic clubs, church gatherings, and about anywhere else (they don't seem to mind the football game replays), wince when they hear of another.

Not the brief strip presented at Wednesday's United Fund kick-off luncheon detailing the many services United Fund gifts support. All of it was put into a graphic package in ten minutes—disaster relief, communications between his family and the GI on the battle line in Vietnam, the five-year-old cripple who could jump and play at eight, tender care for the elderly lonely, Boy Scouts canoeing at the lake, help for the stranded traveler.

The man who had no shoes weeped for himself until he saw the man who had no feet.
 Give the United way.

MEDICINE MARTIN'S

I was having lunch recently with Mrs. Merle Baily, of Belk's Department Store and Pete Wilson of Rose's sat down adjoining for a cup of coffee.

m-m

The conversation turned to shop-lifting, a continuing problem of the retail merchant, and some of the devices of those who practice this means of earning a living.

m-m

On one occasion, Merle recalls, she was working behind the dress racks, when she saw several being removed at once—hardly standard procedure of the average customer who limits try-ons to one at the time. The dresses were being stuffed into a large bag.

m-m

says Merle, "I was scared."

m-m

This type of theft is piled particularly at busy seasons such as Easter and Christmas. Some years ago, shop-lifters at Christmastime relieved Plunk Brothers of several high-priced Handmacher suits.

m-m

The usual practice is to travel in groups and to operate during lunch hour when there is less personnel in the store. Some "entertain" or "shop" the available clerks, while the rest make merry with the stock.

m-m

I'm still laughing about Pete's report on the lady shop-lifter who had a yen for baubles. As she was starting to drop a pair of earrings into her handbag, the manager approached from behind and said, "Give me those earrings!" The excited shop-lifter instead, popped 'em in her mouth, and, when asked to expectorate them, swallowed them.

m-m

The manager was kind. "Lady," he says, "if you get hungry again, let me know. I'll take you to the lunch counter and buy you some food. But stay away from my jewelry counter."

m-m

All mercantile thievery isn't shop-lifting. Pete continued. He was working in the shoe department of a large store and a lady handed him a pair of shoes, complaining that, in spite of their being both high in price and quality, she had got very poor service from them, having bought them quite recently.

m-m

She didn't know, Pete said, we kept a card file on every pair of shoes sold. "I excused myself and went to the file. That woman had bought those shoes five years before," he continued. Naturally, the customer didn't get a new pair for free.

m-m

On yet another occasion a rather prominent lady took home a dress on approval. Next morning she returned it saying the dress didn't fit well and her husband didn't like the dress anyway. The afternoon newspaper featured a picture of the previous evening's ladies night banquet of a civic club. The lady was in the picture, well bedecked in the dress that didn't fit and her husband didn't like anyway.

m-m

Richard Garrett, who left Kings Mountain at an early age in 1929 to enlist in the navy, served through World War II and retired as a lieutenant-commander. At 57, he has earned (but doesn't plan to take immediately yet another retirement, after 21 years with a San Francisco power company.

m-m

A nephew of Mrs. Alda Deal, he was recently here on a visit and came by the Herald office. We were swapping navy yarns and he recalled an occasion in 1936 when his ship was docked at Staten Island. He wanted to see a friend in Brooklyn and in a bar in the district. He asked one of the several customers, "Where's Brooklyn?" The man turned around with a disgusted look and replied, "Seventeen and a half games behind the lousy Giants!" and quickly exited.

m-m

"I guess I should have asked," Dick reminisces, "how do you get to Brooklyn?"

Cut Off Terrorist Bombing



Viewpoints of Other Editors

'AS BIRDS FLYING'

This is the season of the year when flocks of migratory birds sweep down from the north, intuitively following unseen guidelines to warmer skies in the south.

We never cease to wonder at this miracle of millions upon millions of winged creatures knowing when to take off, what routes to fly, where to land, sometimes returning to exactly the same spot where they wintered last year.

Thousands of shore birds on their way from Canada to Latin America stop off on Cape Cod in Massachusetts during the late summer and early fall to build up enough energy for the second stage of their flight south. Some take two weeks to fuel up, some longer. Birds from Cape Cod have been traced as far south as Tierra del Fuego, at the extreme tip of South America.

From Britain we here that several American bird specimens turn up on the shores of southern Ireland and England during the migration season. This happens when prevailing winds over the North Atlantic cause some of the migrants to change direction.

Last month an unusually high number of American birds dropped down on British salt marshes and waterways, a correspondent of the London Times reports. "Spotting the Americans" is proving a big draw for British bird watchers.

—Christian Science Monitor

WIDE AND OPEN AMERICA

We occasionally take the train from Boston to New York City. We sometimes get in the automobile and drive into northern New England or upstate New York. And from time to time we fly south or west across the United States.

Each time we do any of this our reaction is the same. We are struck with how unpopulated, undwelt-in the United States seems to be. Yes, we know all about that megalopolis stretching from Boston to Washington. We are familiar with the fact that America's 205,000,000 persons give it the fourth largest population in the globe. We are aware—who isn't?—of how crowded portions of the country can seem. Yet, in passing through, America overwhelmingly strikes one as a vast, endless roll of either uninhabited or sparsely dwelt-in landscape. From five miles up, even great cities like Pittsburgh, Dallas, Omaha, or Atlanta look like a small cluster of buildings in an almost vacant immensity.

Someday, somehow men will learn how better to use this huge space for more gracious, satisfying, healthful living. They will learn that the tight, knotted little bunches of buildings called urban concentrations can share more of their human wealth with the countryside. But even then that countryside will still remain marvelously open and free.

—Christian Science Monitor

COMMON COMPLAINT

Boston Common and Cambridge Common are marred by debris and disrepair; in places they look like Franklin Park before cleanup time. Who's to blame? The public and the public's servants.

In Cambridge, hordes of young people congregating for rock concerts and other purposes have denuded the Common and defaced its memorials; it will be some time before the Common is restored as a pleasant place for everyone, not the exclusive stomping ground of students and street people.

The Boston Common isn't in much better shape; litter at times seems to be everywhere; sidewalks are cracked and crumbling; debris is uncollected; fences are broken or abandoned; derelicts panhandle or pass out on what grass is left.

Is this the historic Boston Common we should offer visitors and tourists? Is this the greensward the city deserves? Is this parkland to become a wasteland? Maybe someone should ask the parks commissioner.

—Boston Herald-Traveler

REFLECTIONS

On my last birthday I was 93 years old. That is not young, of course. But age is a relative matter. If you continue to work and to absorb the beauty in the world about you, you find that age does not necessarily mean getting old. At least, not in the ordinary sense. I feel many things more intensely than ever before, and for me life grows more fascinating.

Work helps prevent one from getting old. I, for one, cannot dream of retiring. Not now or ever. Retire? The word is alien and the idea inconceivable to me. My work is my life. I cannot think of one without the other.

The man who works and is never bored is never old. Work and interest in worthwhile things are the best remedy for age. Each day I am reborn. Each day I must begin again.

—From "Joys and Sorrows, Reflections by Pablo Casals," as told to Albert E. Kahn, published by Macdonalds (London)

Tom Berry Is Injured

Tom Berry, Foote Mineral Company employee and resident of the Dixon community, was treated for injuries Wednesday morning at Kings Mountain hospital after he was reportedly struck by a moving vehicle in the Foote parking area.

Mr. Berry sustained ear, neck and chest injuries.

Mr. Berry was walking from his car to the plant to report for work at 7 a.m. in foggy, drizzling rain when the accident occurred.

A family spokesman said Mr. Berry was resting comfortably at his home last night.

HOSPITAL LOG

Wm. Banks Barber
 Clarence Bratton
 Mrs. Burlin T. Broom
 Mrs. J. R. Davis
 Mrs. Fred Dulin
 Mrs. J. H. Fields, Jr.
 Mrs. J. R. Foster
 John A. Hancock
 Mrs. Lottie M. Hodges
 Augustus T. Holder, Sr.
 Mrs. Oatis O. Jackson
 Mrs. Homer A. Kilgore
 Mrs. Alice H. Leach
 Eldridge G. Mitchell
 Mrs. John Wm. Murray
 James Jasper Oates, Jr.
 Mrs. Ray B. Price
 Jasper R. Putnam
 James Rosboro
 Mrs. Alvina V. Schuler
 John W. Thombs
 Herbert R. Tindall
 Mrs. Marvin Wright
 Mrs. F. Ted Crump
 Mrs. Robert J. Downey
 Mrs. Marvelee P. Phillips
 Mrs. Jesse M. Rippy
 Joe S. Wytte

ADMITTED THURSDAY
 Mrs. Marvin Wm. Burris, Rt. 3 Box 336, City
 Mrs. Henry M. Davidson, 5310 Midpines, City
 Joseph A. Goforth, 205 Piedmont Ave., City
 Mrs. Wm. Knox, 110 N. City St., City
 Mrs. Floyd R. Payne, P.O. Box 482, City
 Everette C. Probst, 406 E. Parker St.
 Elzie Lee Putnam, Rt. 1 Box 42, City
 Charles D. Ware, 601 W. Mtn. St., City

ADMITTED FRIDAY
 Alfred C. Tucker, 512 Monroe Ave., City
 John O. VanDyke, 706 W. King St., City
 John M. Yates, 419 N. Piedmont Ave., City
 Mrs. Mildred P. Miller, 205 Thornburg Dr., City

ADMITTED SATURDAY
 Martha Blanton, 811 Ramsour St., City
 Mrs. Mary C. Clemmer P. O. Box 883, City
 Mrs. Wm. L. Jackson, 7115 Belhaven Blvd., Charlotte
 John D. Simmons, 321 Waco Rd., City
 Mrs. Eldee Alexander Rt. 3, City

ADMITTED SUNDAY
 Mrs. Robt. G. Eaves, Box 272, Bessemer City
 Campbell P. Lawrence, Rt. 2 Clover, S. C.
 Pierce S. Reinhart, 408 E. Ridge St., City
 Mrs. Floyd Allmond, 920 Grover Rd., City

ADMITTED MONDAY
 Mrs. Andrew J. McClain, Rt. 3 Box 175, City
 Mrs. Thurman Henderson, 5180 Midpines, City
 Mrs. Everette Watson, 1215 W. Ware St., Gastonia
 Norman Lee McCurry, 404 N. Battleground, City
 Vincent A. Brown, Rt. 2 Box 412, Dallas
 Mrs. Robt. E. Branton, Rt. 7 Box 30A Shelby
 Mrs. Lorena H. Shields, 200 E. Ind. Ave., Bessemer City
 Mrs. Charles Merck, 607 W. Mtn. St., City

ADMITTED TUESDAY
 Felix J. Johnson, 207 Brice St., City
 Louise James Patterson, 626 Clyde St., Cherryville
 Leroy Brown, Rt. 1, City
 Mrs. Nancy I. Blanton, Rt. 1 Box 217, Blacksburg, S. C.
 Eugene S. Stinnett, Rt. 2, Bessemer City
 Mrs. Jake Robinson, 825 Church St., City
 Mrs. Sidney S. Gregory, 7000 Margrace Rd., City
 Mrs. Leona R. Ormond, 1330 Westover Dr., City
 James Samuel Earney, Rt. 1, City
 Mrs. John H. Black, Rt. 1 Box 731, Grover

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