

Established 1889

# The Kings Mountain Herald

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## MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

There may be nothing new under the sun, but there is something new to someone every day.

m-m

A few days previously I had nicked a thumb and knew not where nor why. By Monday morning, it was nicely swollen, sore to pressure, and colored an ugly dull red which bode no good. "You have a run-around," Dr. John C. McGill informed. Where have I been all my life? Everybody had heard of a "run-around", colloquial terminology for a staphylococci infection, except me. The swelling is responding cooperatively to treatment with antibiotics.

m-m

Nor was that the first new news of the same day.

m-m

Monday evening I attended a meeting of the Kings Mountain area alumni of Erskine College, which featured (not necessarily in order of importance) a delicious covered dish dinner, conversation with the new Erskine president and his wife, and an interesting color-photo presentation of the Erskine campus, activities, buildings and building plans, with Don Crawford at the slide machine.

m-m

As the slide series opens (it has a sound track), the strains of the Erskine alma mater are played. The words were different, of course, but the music is the same as that of "Hark! The Sound", the University of North Carolina (CH) alma mater. I'd always known Cornell used the same tune, but first time I knew Erskine does.

m-m

Dr. Joseph Wightman recently succeeded Dr. J. M. Lesesne, retired, as president of this Associate Reformed Presbyterian church school. Dr. Wightman is a native Scot who grew up in England, an Episcopalian until ten years ago, had no idea he, ten years hence, would be president of an ARP college, in South Carolina, a deacon in the ARP church, and a citizen of the United States.

m-m

He arrived rather by coincidence. A Baptist minister from South Carolina had swapped pulpits for a year with a Baptist minister of Weymouth, England. Dr. Wightman was teaching history in a Weymouth school and one of the South Carolina pastor's sons was in his class. During course of the year, the son of President Lesesne came to visit and also to enroll in Weymouth school. The two boys gave their teacher high marks, and the result was an invitation from Dr. Lesesne for Professor Wightman to spend a year as an Erskine professor.

m-m

Professor and Mrs. Wightman liked South Carolina, Erskine and her people, returned to England for a year, then back to America on permanent basis. He completed work for his doctorate at the University of South Carolina, became Erskine's academic dean, then acting president, now president.

m-m

Elaine Taylor Wightman is a teacher, too, first grade. My wife noted, and I agreed, that she resembles in appearance Mrs. Paul Hendricks—until she speaks. Mrs. Wightman's clipped British accent is miles distant from Mrs. Hendricks' South Carolina drawl.

m-m

I noted that Historian Wightman has succeeded Historian Lesesne. "Oh, yes," he replied, "we're long on history at Erskine. The business manager is an historian as will be the new academic dean."

m-m

His remarks from the floor were punctuated with wit. During a six-week period Dr. Lesesne was taking a recuperative rest. Dr. Wightman found it necessary to don spectacles for the first time. On return, Dr. Lesesne jested, "You can't handle this job. It required years to wear me out. See what they've done to you in six weeks!" It was true, Dr. Wightman, continued. "From no glasses to bifocals, I couldn't see well. Now I can't see anything."

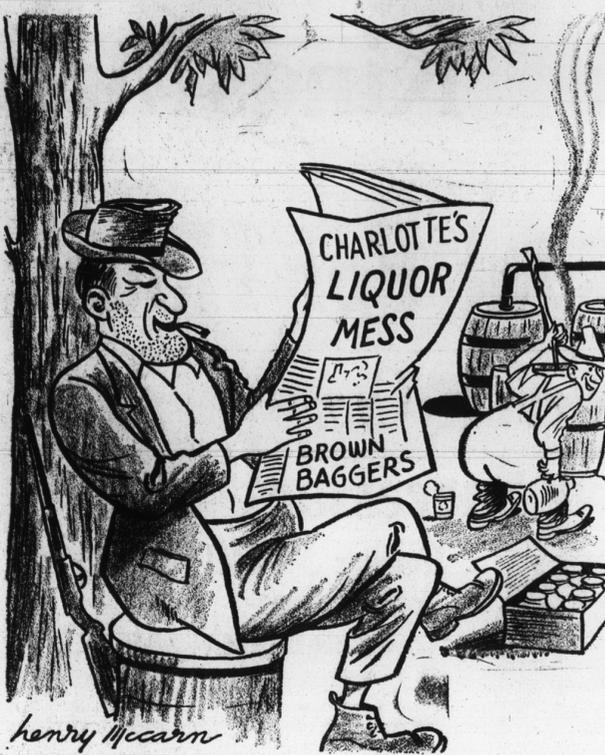
m-m

In World War II, Dr. Wightman served in the 51st Highlanders in Egypt, subsequently in an intelligence unit in Italy and on a Yugoslav Island. He had married his wife on leave before going to the Middle East. They saw each other 27 months after.

m-m

If it seems a bit odd for an ARP college to have a native Britisher as president, it might be remembered that the presbytery who settled in this section were largely Scot-Irish.

### "Folks over in Charlotte very accommodatin'"



### Viewpoints of Other Editors

**TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE**  
 For whom the Lord correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. Proverbs 3:12.

### Play Ball

Major league baseball opened for the 1966 season with the traditional get-off-first game at Washington, and all teams not prevented by weather were in action Tuesday.

Of particular interest to Piedmont Carolinians is transfer of the National League Braves franchise (remember when it was the Boston Braves?) from Milwaukee to Atlanta.

Once upon a time, the only major league action within reasonable distance was at the nation's capitol. Moving of a franchise to Baltimore provided another comparatively - near baseball mecca. Once upon a time, Atlanta would have been no closer.

But not now. With Interstate 85 now open to Atlanta, travelers of this route report they navigate from Kings Mountain to Atlanta in three-plus hours and don't press down their accelerators too heavily.

Several Carolinians grace the roster of the Atlanta Braves, principal among them Iron Station's Tony Cloninger who graduated to the major leagues via the Legion baseball program and who is among the top echelon of baseball's pitching corps.

For the inveterate fan, it will be possible to leave Kings Mountain at 2 p.m. Friday afternoon, reach Atlanta by auto, enjoy a leisurely dinner, and reach a seat in the new Atlanta stadium by gametime. He can see the Saturday game and Sunday doubleheader and still be home in his own bed by midnight, or less.

### Importance of the Farm

James A. Graham, commissioner of agriculture, in a swiftly-paced address at the Tuesday night Farmer's Banquet of the Kings Mountain Lions club, made an effective case for the value of agriculture to the whole economy.

Few realized his state department administers 81 laws, not to mention hundreds of regulations, which intertwine for the benefit of farmer, businessman, industrialist and housewife.

A few in the public interest are 1) checking of toxic effects of pesticides, 2) food-testing and inspecting, 3) seed testing, 4) soil testing, 5) checking of weights and measures "from cotton gin to the super market".

"Many cuts of meat ruled unfit for human consumption would otherwise find their way to the home table," Commissioner Graham declared.

He pooh-poohed talk about the high cost of food, saying, "It's really the high cost of high living."

### J. Max Brandon

The sudden passing of Rev. J. Max Brandon, pastor of Grace Methodist church, shocked his congregation and his many other friends throughout Kings Mountain and Cleveland county.

While he had some history of heart difficulty in the past, he was in apparent good health. Certainly his busy schedule, both as pastor and in other activities, belied any serious illness.

Outside his church, Mr. Brandon's major activity was in the work of the Lions club, in which he held perfect attendance of some 20 years, first with the Fallston club, subsequently here. He was not merely a knife-and-fork member, but an active participant in all club activities.

Congratulations to William Herndon, three-time winner of the elementary school spelling contest and the privilege of representing Kings Mountain district in the Charlotte Observer spelling bee, to Meredith McGill, runner-up, and to all the other representatives of their respective schools in the district contest.

Best bows to: City Commissioner Ray Cline, member of the five-gallon club of blood donors, and to Linda Ross, piano contest winner.

### Brown-Bag Booze

A group of South Carolinians were recently dining in a swanky prominent restaurant.

After examination of the cocktail list, they informed the waitress their wishes. In rather hoity-toity fashion, the waitress replied the restaurant merely supplied allied ingredients, other than alcoholic, then added the clincher, "This is NORTH CAROLINA!"

Shortly thereafter a Charlotte recorder's court judge put restaurateurs, law enforcement officers, and bag-carrying citizens in a considerable swivet by ruling the use of hard liquor outside a person's own residence illegal. An opinion by an assistant attorney general, sustained the Charlotte judge.

Since beer and wine are legal for more public consumption in Mecklenburg, champagne, the bubbly wine, will be served at a party welcoming the president of Charlotte college.

Charlotte sought during the 1965 legislature, legislation to legalize the sale of liquor by the drink, a boon to the restaurateurs, to Charlotte in its convention-seeking efforts, and to those who decry the brown-bag practice, as well as the club locker practice.

Best guesses are that the lower court ruling stemmed from this Charlotte effort as a left-handed means of applying pressure to the 1967 General Assembly to modify the state's laws governing both sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Charlotte restaurateurs have launched a test case on the ruling and sought an enjoinder against law enforcement officers. Hearing is scheduled for Monday before Superior Court Judge H. L. Riddle. Whatever Judge Riddle's decision, the case is high court bound.

Much of North Carolina, Cleveland County included, continues to drink wet; while voting dry.

Meantime, south of our border in South Carolina, where liquor is available by the package, tightening of laws governing brown-bag consumption are being advanced, too.

A Columbia, S. C., newspaper made a cogent comment: the old story about the governor of South Carolina remarking to the governor of North Carolina "It's been a long time between drinks" may become a quite serious fact.

### Able Candidate

W. K. Mauney, Jr., the Kings Mountain hosiery manufacturer, is a candidate for one of the three seats allotted the 43rd district in the North Carolina House of Representatives.

Mr. Mauney recalls, if some younger citizens do not, that he sought unsuccessfully a county commission seat in 1948.

"There's been a lot of water over the dam since then," he remarked. "I didn't work as much as I should have, and I've learned much more about government since."

The Herald regarded Mr. Mauney as an able candidate in 1948, and, in agreement with him, that he is an even more able candidate today.

As a boy, Mr. Mauney was always interested in mechanics, built a roller-coaster in his backyard.

After completing formal schooling, he was a key figure in launching Mauney Hosiery Mills, a firm which has become one of Kings Mountain's major industrial enterprises, indeed is starting yet another expansion.

He has been identified with all charitable enterprises during the past two decades and longer, has held numerous responsible civic positions, and is active in the work and support of his church.

"Able candidate" is an apt label.

### PEACE IN THE KITCHEN

Any kitchen is a noisy place with the dishwasher splashing, the automatic washer swishing, and the children romping and tussling. That was what bothered Mrs. Mary Houchens, Ohio farm woman and mother of seven tots under 11 years. That is, it troubled her until she was struck with an idea which got her into the news. Why not put a telephone booth in the kitchen? She persuaded the telephone company to sell her a used booth for \$10, and her husband carted it home.

We are happy that the booth-in-kitchen solved her problem. "I can look through the glass, keep an eye on the children, and still have privacy," she said.

We give her credit not only for originality but also for her ability to persuade a highly organized company to do something for which it had no rules.

Her big test will come, however, when her seven little ones become teen-agers and want to use the phone themselves. One teen-ager with an extension cord and a sofa can easily keep a line busy for an hour. What will happen when Mrs. Houchens' seven get old enough to enjoy the privacy of a conversation under glass? They might even attempt, as prankish college students did not long ago, to see how many of them a booth would hold. This would mean calling in a couple dozen or more neighborhood teenagers to help pack the booth to squeezed-in, bulging capacity.

How would Mrs. Houchens cope with that?

We trust she will come up with another novel answer. If she does, it will be helpful to all those parents whose friends complain that when they try to call them of an evening they get a perpetual busy signal.

Christian Science Monitor

### CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICANA

The term "pop art" had not been invented some 70 years ago when Maxfield Parrish launched forth on his career as painter and illustrator. But through the seven decades that followed he used his brush in a manner that delighted people in many walks of life. His romantic castles and gardens, his skies of a translucent blue, and his storybook figures winged the imagination of the beholders.

Great numbers of people hung reproductions of these paintings, with their "Maxfield Parrish blue" backgrounds, over their fireplaces. High-school girls had them in their rooms to dream over. Even college youth found a place for his "Garden of Allah" among their trophies on dormitory walls during the 1920's and 1930's.

Parrish illustrations were used by leading magazines and publishers. But Mr. Parrish remained essentially modest. "I've always regarded myself as a popular artist," he said.

His works will remain a lasting contribution to Americana, "pop art" in its broadest sense.

Christian Science Monitor

### SNOW BANK

We're growing accustomed to the seemingly infinite variety of consumer goods and services that is susceptible to being financed by progressive lending institutions. Still, we count it a day lost when we don't learn of the man who doesn't quite have everything.

Because of the potential adaptability for a number of New England banks, our current nomination for a timely credit package goes to the West Coast, where a bank at Seattle, Washington, has put together a special "Ski Tire Plan" ... which offers to finance ski equipment, lift tickets, ski lessons, transportation, and complete ski resort vacations. Under their plan, ski shops are encouraged to discount ski equipment purchase contracts, and the bank issues scrip to borrowers for the purchase of lift tickets and services at cooperating ski areas.

Some banks might prefer to modify the mechanics of this plan — for example, by substituting a personal checking account for the less flexible scrip — but the idea of making a special effort to meet the seasonal needs of this concentrated recreational market challenges the imagination. After a reputation as a "Snow Bank," it would seem only appropriate that the institution designate the appropriate loan officer, "Chairman of the Boards!"

Farm Finance

### 12 MILLION TROMBONES

There is much going on in South Vietnam that we don't know about. Mysteries abound, confusion proliferates. The other day the Observer of London reports, a firm in Singapore got an order from Saigon for 12 million trombones. Even with American soldiers and their rock and roll proclivities pouring into the area, with American entertainers flocking after them and with South Vietnamese youngsters taking up American habits, this seemed too much. A French commercial attaché finally explained it all.

Trombone is a type of French paper clip. And 12 million wouldn't seem too many for the growing South Vietnam bureaucracy.

Milwaukee Journal

### 10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about Kings Mountain area, people and events taken from the 1956 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

David Kincaid was recently elected to the national organization of Scabbard & Blade at N. C. State college in Raleigh where he is a junior.

Robert Plunk, fifth grade West school student, won the Neisler declamation medal in the annual contests conducted at Central school Wednesday.

### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

The Bessemer City Garden club will present a spring flower show, "Spring Flowers With Budding Branches", Thursday at Bessemer City Woman's club.

Chip Melton celebrated his first birthday April 7th. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Melton.

### A Time For Beauty

When winter months have passed away  
 And lovely spring appears,  
 And breezes whisper soft and gay  
 That bring a lot of cheer,  
 It's time for beauty to adorn  
 The woodland and the sod,  
 Along with glories of the morn—  
 The handiwork of God.

It's time to watch the roses bud  
 And spread their petals fair,  
 While skies send down a sunny flood  
 Of mellow light and air;  
 And maybe ere the day is o'er  
 The clouds above may stand,  
 And from the bounty of their store  
 Send rain upon the land.

It's time for beauty—spring is here  
 And grass is growing green;  
 A blessed season of the year  
 That brings a wondrous scene,  
 With flowers blooming in the lawn  
 And blossoms on the trees,  
 When songs of birds at early dawn  
 Are wafted on the breeze.

It's garden time—it's time to plow  
 And cultivate the soil;  
 It's time when farmers have to bow  
 To honest, earnest toil;  
 For if our tables furnish meals  
 To keep us all alive,  
 It comes from gardens and the fields

It's time for love to fill our souls  
 And makes us sweet and kind;  
 It's time to seek what heaven holds  
 That blesses heart and mind;  
 It's time for beauty we must show  
 In character and face,  
 And let the world about us know  
 God fills us with His grace.

Walter E. Isenhour,  
 Minister,  
 Taylorsville, N. C.

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W K M T

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**SO THIS IS NEW YORK**

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Taxes are the talk of this town as well as yours. The main difference is that there are more people here to squawk about them. Not only do New Yorkers have state and Federal taxes to pay; they must face up to new local levies spearheaded by the new mayor who in this respect is now about as popular as the proverbial rattlesnake. He has tried to dodge from this "orm and that form of additional taxation but no matter where he turns, it is going to cost some group something and this young cut-throat politician is finding out that when a man is hit in his pocketbook, he hollers the loudest. So the local money music goes round and round and comes out — of our pockets!

A reader inquires if there is anyone who is bored with the tyranny of youth, who is terribly tired of skin-tight blue jeans, dirty shirts, beards and sneakers, who thinks that long hair on men is both silly and unattractive, who doesn't like thudding guitar music accompanied by a screaming vocalist, and who has had all that he can take of the cult of slothfulness? This reader hopes that the day may soon be approaching when some of these youngsters may be led first to the barber shop and then to the woodshed. In a related way, J. B. Priestley, the English writer, has an answer. He says, "I have never seen why young men in universities, turning themselves into mischievous and sometimes dangerous mobs, should be treated indulgently, as if they were quite different from men of garage hands, apprentice fitters, bus drivers. Indeed, there is a case for more severity. Students are not supposed to be ignorant and stupid. If they are, then they should be sent home and not receive education at public expense. They are wasting not only their own time but other people's as well, their energy and money. They should be reading books, not burning them."

Present at a meeting of the Author's Guild, I noticed particularly Moderator Leo Rosten's remark that there was once a time when a person arose to leave after a dinner meeting, some friend would remark, "It must have been something he ate." Nowadays, snot-nosed Rosten, if some one does this, the remark is more apt to be, "I wonder what's eating him."

In this fiscal season, the following story seems to be appropriate: an influential businessman lay dying. He summoned his best friend and elicited from him a promise to see that his mortal remains would be cremated. The friend agreed but with cautious reverence asked what should be done with the ashes. Without hesitation, the dying man replied, "Why place them in an envelope and send them to the Collector of Internal Revenue and tell him, 'Now you have everything!'"

Here and There Percy Whiting says that when he was in the third grade, his teacher was so old she didn't teach history. She remembered it ... the lonliest place in the world is the human heart when love is absent ... Will Chamberlain, the 7-foot, 1-inch center of the Philadelphia 76ers, a record-setter from NYU, won the door prize at a recent luncheon. It was a book entitled, "How to play Basketball" ... a woman sued a driving school after she smashed her car against a tree, on the grounds that they should have known before they took her money that she could never learn

Star

been no the sm Bu sport b simply offers "so I d first sp lege." Sh could e ball. H high s track, Di many ketball carried He but as you th his def one sl Da er, was to the event. Bank i My H My banque Ki having that th ciation Al season the So mark tourna Co Neal C player through