



Established 1889

# The Kings Mountain Herald

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., 29086 under Act of Congress of March 3, 1873.

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## TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

*Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*  
Ecclesiastes 31:30.

## Title I Results

The Herald received a postal card query this week asking opinion on the results of the Title I reading program, and found itself in somewhat of a quandary as how to answer.

It should have been beneficial what with a teacher and teaching aide for each 15 students, compared to the normal classroom load for one teacher for anywhere from 27 to 35 pupils and the one teacher not concentrating on one subject, but many.

It should have been, too, considering the money expended, the budget having been some \$124,000 for the six-week program.

The answer came coincidentally in conversation with a faculty member whom the Herald respects highly for dedication to her work and for proven ability.

Her off-handed, not-knowing-she-would-be-printed report: It was wonderful. She was teaching at fourth and fifth grade level, found most of her students no farther along than third grade, many at second grade, and a few at first grade. One student thought the word "monkey" began with "f". She said a great portion of teaching was auditory, by necessity. The youngsters were attentive and interested and attendance was surprisingly high considering the especially hot weather, dropped only in great degree during the July 4 holiday week and then only for two school days.

Her summation: My pupils, tests at school-end revealed, showed an average improvement of eight months facility in the short, concentrated six-week course. Expensive, yes, she said, but on improvement of pupil basis well worth the cost.

That's easy for the Herald to approve. While all of us are not born, perhaps supposed to be speed readers in the manner of the late President Kennedy, it is a fact that reading is a necessary key to understanding and understanding to knowledge.

It is hoped this teacher's happy experience was shared throughout the Title I reading program.

## Public Housing

Public Housing has long been a dirty concept in the minds of many, including realtors and builders who regard public housing as competitive, and in the minds of citizens who regard it as socialistic at best and a reward for indolence.

Some of this thinking was at least a question in the minds of some of the members of the Kings Mountain public housing committee until it learned better.

The ground rules on public housing are somewhat stricter than initially thought. When a person's income exceeds the minimal formula he is given notice to move out. A public housing manager's happiest moment, those familiar with the program say, is when he is able to call a builder and tell him "John Jones needs a house and he can afford it."

A survey by the Community Planning Division, Department of Conservation and Development, showed Kings Mountain with 2,134 occupied dwellings, with 75 beyond repair, 615 in need of major repairs. Here is the rough category—and about 30 percent of the city's occupied dwellings.

Meantime, builders attest they cannot build rental housing and expect to earn normal return. Building costs are too high.

And the Herald can attest to the tight housing market here. Our classified advertisement "for rent" lineage is at a very low point, and frequent telephone calls come in—advance of publication day—with the plaintive question, "Has anybody advertised any houses for rent?"

## Gone West

There are many colloquial expressions to describe death, e.g., "cashed his chips", "had it", "bought it", "struck out", etc.

In World War I the American doughboy's favorite was "Gone West."

Years ago, a great New York newspaperman named Horace Greeley gained undying folklore fame with the editorial advice for success, "Go West, young man, go West."

This week his journalistic descendant, the New York Tribune, went West, but in the World War I manner. The "Trib", a great contributor to journalistic traditions, a purveyor of the "big" story, its files bearing the names of the editorial greats, will cease publication.

The death blow was administered by the 114-day strike of the pressman's union, only one of ten with which the Tribune, seeking to merge with two others for survival, had to deal. The other nine were happy and ready to work but they couldn't. Meantime, the editorial staff tired of thumb-widdling and short rations, did what came naturally. They found other jobs. Publisher John Hay Whitney said re-staffing the paper would prove financially impossible.

It is not the first newspaper in the nation's largest metropolis to suffer this fate. The Brooklyn Eagle suffered the same fate some years ago.

It is a reminder that the demise of competition in the daily newspaper field (no competitive situations between Washington and Miami) is easily explained and the reasons are two: the high costs of skilled labor and spiraling but the demise of a newspaper is more costs of machinery.

The demise of any business is sad, sad, for the newspaper deals at its every publication with people, their trials, tribulations, triumphs, successes, failures, their births, marriages, indeed, life itself.

In the instance of the New York Herald Tribune and the Brooklyn Eagle before it, irresponsibility and shortsightedness of one union removed the life from two respected and venerable recorders of daily history.

## Proceed With Petition

Gaston County's board of education is adamant against releasing any of its pupils to Kings Mountain district schools or any other, according to the resolution appearing in the Gaston board's minutes book.

If the Gaston board has good and sufficient reason, it is hardly apparent and certainly has not been phrased.

Policy consistently is to be desired, but not at the price of unreasonableness. This is particularly apparent in the instance of East Kings Mountain residents who live within the bounds of the City of Kings Mountain, yet without the Kings Mountain school district. These citizens are legally required to send their youngsters to Gaston county schools, barring release by the Gaston board, yet live within sight and easy walking distance of East elementary school.

In this instance, dedication to policy (man-made) compares to dedication to political or church policy (also man-made) and treating man-made policy as sacrosanct.

Recourse of the East Kings Mountain folk is proceed with a petition to the Gaston County Board of Elections for an election to determine whether this area shall be released from the Gaston county district and annexed to the Kings Mountain district. Under the law, only the affected citizens have a vote.

These citizens should proceed with all haste on the election petition in order to assure attending the Kings Mountain schools in the 1967-68 term. For the law also stipulates that in any district geographical changes are effective only on the subsequent July 1, beginning of the government fiscal year.

Best bows to W. P. Fulton, of New York, who has been appointed to a most responsible position with United Community Funds and Councils of America.

## MARTIN'S MEDICINE

Ingredients: bits of honest wisdom, humor, and common sense.  
Directions: Taken weekly, if possible, but avoid

As a veteran dog owner of ten months, I find my experience with the quite spoiled Boston terrier at my house (Sir Winston) has put me rather in the position of the person who never had more than cursory appreciation of an appendectomy, the measles, and mumps (I rue the word), until he experienced them. Then, of course, he becomes a member of the fraternity of those who have and with a considerably keener awareness.

m-m  
Already I have found that the additional mouth to feed is costly. While Sir Winston is on the vet's \$1.25 per day feed list (dogs over 35 pounds pay \$1.50) and this is on the minor side, the food bill alone does not include shots, vitamins, etc.

m-m  
Acquired during a snow at the age of three months, Sir Winston could not be relegated to the cold climate of the tool house and thus became a house dog. By quarantine demise, he had become sufficiently venturesome to visit east and west on Mountain street and found the middle of the road ideal terrain for a canine pedestrian. When outside, he's been leashed since. Completion of the back yard fence is dictated. The Allison man, given the footage, penciled a little and replied, "That will be \$142." Yes, he knew he continued, about Boston terriers, as he owns one. "Expensive," he said, "but I wouldn't take a million for him."

m-m  
Skelly Hunt belongs in the same category as the fence salesman. He called one Saturday to place a for-sale ad for his German Shepherd, said the dog was "teating me out of house and home." Not later than ten minutes later Skelly called back to cancel.

m-m  
Last time I was at the veterinarian's, Dr. Westmoreland was returning a little Mexican chihuahua to its youthful owner. A playful German shepherd had played too rough, picked the little one up by the scruff of his neck and given him a good shake, breaking or cracking almost all the chihuahua's ribs. The boy said his dog's name was Trouble and his mother remarked, "You can say that again."

m-m  
Judge Lee Roberts got me in trouble with Cindy, his chihuahua, recently. He mentioned the word "fleas" and Cindy never worked to me. Lee said it was his fault for saying what to Cindy is the dirtiest of dirty words.

m-m  
The Bill Cashions have a chihuahua, also named Trouble. A prior dog had been killed while the Cashions were away and while the dog was under Mrs. Craig Falls' care. Frances informed her son-in-law there would be no more dogs around but it wasn't long until Bill appeared with Trouble. His tongue-in-cheek explanation, "This dog started following me in town and followed me all the way home."

m-m  
Ned McGill's Ginger, which he describes as a lady of several breeds, made periodic excursions abroad. When one continued until the 11th day, Ned's searchers proving in vain, he concluded Ginger had abandoned. Meantime, another dog had been acquired. Then the janitor of Hunter Hues high school called to report Ginger at school and asked keep her. Ned paid call, saw the canine project of Ginger's affections, and found the janitor had been caring for Ginger quite well. Ned agreed, Ginger could stay. Next Ginger returned home.

m-m  
Sir Winston likes to visit Sparky, Chip McGill's dog, and Brownie, who lives next door with Mrs. James. Brownie is an older dog and I've seen none more dignified, whether walking down street or disdainful Sir Winston's ardent efforts at play.

m-m  
Just Tuesday I met the Humes Houstons' Skipper, age 12, and Skipper's son Hoppy, age three. On Skipper's first trip to Dr. Yarbrow, the vet looked him over. Features and informed Humes that Skipper was mainly shaggy airside but also contained a degree of otter hound, a near extinct English hunting dog. Hoppy has mama's size and the shaggy hair of Skipper.

m-m  
Policeman Bob Hayes says his German shepherd takes his little daughter's arm in his mouth and leads her gently but firmly in the direction of safety when she wanders too close to the street.

m-m  
Tolly Shuford credits his German shepherd with saving his and his son's lives when they awakened to find their West King street home ablaze and smoke-filled a few weeks ago. Beta himself died a few weeks later.



"Think he'll neglect the route?"

## Viewpoints of Other Editors

### BE KIND TO TOURISTS

We must, it would seem, revise certain impressions of French tourism.

We had assumed that endless streams of foreign tourists habitually flocked to Paris, the Riviera, the Loire Valley, inundating France with their presence. In this assumption we were, apparently, correct. As a matter of fact, the number of foreigners visiting France in 1965 amounted to almost a quarter of the entire French population. And during that year roughly one out of every 200 Americans managed to work France into his itinerary.

Where we appear to have erred was in assuming that the Frenchman himself is quite content to remain in France, escaping the visiting tourists only by journeying in season to some more remote corner of the land. Somehow, we did not envision him in the typical tourist role, an innocent abroad, scattering his francs with gay abandon.

But, we are told, between 1962 and 1965 French income from foreign tourists has been running some \$28 million below what French tourists are themselves spending abroad—a situation which has not gone unnoticed by the French Government.

Tourism officials are this year backing the distribution of thousands of badges to those Frenchmen who have a command of the English, German, or Spanish tongue with the hope that they will gallantly come to the assistance of the bewildered tourist.

If all goes well, President de Gaulle may be able to reverse the tourist flow and thereby vanquish yet another threat to the glory of France. Now if only the British, Spanish, and Germans don't catch on, mount a "be kind to French tourists" campaign, distribute badges to their whole scheme!

### FARM BELLS

Do you remember when the notes sounded across the fields as women folk rang the bells to call the men to dinner? Up and down the road the sweet music sounded; in the right atmospheric conditions one could hear the faint notes of bells across the valley. Each farm bell had its distinctive sound, and you knew if a neighbor family was eating noon dinner early before a trip to town.

The bells sat on shed roofs or on cedar posts by kitchen doors. The big \$2.35 Crystalline metal farm bell weighed 100 pounds and sat in a four-pronged iron frame on the saddle board at the end of the woodshed. The bell was suspended from a curved yoke and at the outside end a rope was attached to an iron flange. The catalog said this bell "had an extra fine tone." It could be heard farther than a cowbell or tin bell.

Each family had its code for calling individual members. A boy hoeing corn in the farm field could tell which sister was finding the bell. Sometimes there were emergencies and wild clamoring brought men and boys in a rush. Bells have been used since ancient times on land and sea. They have called men to meetings and to church; they have tolled in memory of those who have gone; they have sounded to celebrate national holidays. In country villages and urban centers bells still ring to mark the passing hours. But it was the farm bells a man remembers—bells that sounded their notes across a peaceful countryside.—The Hartford Courant

### KREMLIN WIVES

For decades one of the most terrifying aspects of Communist diplomacy was that Marxist diplomats never took their wives along with them on their trips. This resulted in a grim, dogged and unrelaxed atmosphere which seemed to be the chief hallmark of Communist negotiations. It gave the impression, which the Communists doubtless wished to give, that they were stern and purposeful and had no time for those pleasant amenities of foreign travel which no wife will let her husband neglect.

If Nikita Khrushchev did nothing else for Russia, he served it well when he made the momentous decision to take the pleasant and motherly Mrs. Khrushchev on his travels. Since that time, Soviet wives have been more and more in evidence and now even so grim-visaged a diplomat as Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had Mrs. Gromyko by his side as he was photographed the other day upon arrival in Tokyo.

We cannot help feeling that Communist diplomacy will become milder, more tactful, in short more human and less mechanical, when Marxist diplomats realize that they must cut short their arguments in order to pick up their wives at the museum or shops. We doubt if Soviet diplomats say "nyet" as often at home as they do in conferences abroad. Perhaps having their wives about will remind them to say "da" more often.—Christian Science Monitor.

### HOUSEWIVES HOLIDAY

One aim of a welfare state is to give everyone a sense of security, but even the power of the state can't provide for all contingencies.

Consider Norway, where the government has gone so far as to guarantee a four-week annual holiday for all housewives. When a housewife gets fed up with her lot, she calls the local branch of Housewives Relief which sends over an "acceptable" substitute to fill in for her.

We're all for easing housewives' chores, one way or another, but in this case something seems to have been overlooked. Namely, what happens to the housewife's sense of security if hubby finds out the substitute is not acceptable but superior? THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

### 10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(Some of news about Kings Mountain are people in events taken from the 1956 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.)

Rev. J. W. Phillips, former pastor of First Wesleyan Methodist church, will resume this pastorate as a result of assignments at last week's annual Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

Gordon Beaver, minister of music at St. Matthew's Lutheran church, will play an organ recital at the church on Sunday afternoon beginning at 4 o'clock.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL  
Miss Mary Rachel Plank became the bride of Timothy Gerald Gladden Sunday afternoon at half after four o'clock in St. Matthew's Lutheran church.

Miss Linda Sue Rhea and William Lee Sanders were married Friday evening in Gaffney, S. C. Larry Bumgardner celebrated his eighth birthday Saturday at a party at his home on York Road.

## SO THIS IS NEW YORK



By NORTH CALLAHAN

A friend of mine is writing a magazine article on what it means to be a Yankee, so he wrote and asked what the word means to me. Since his first name is West and mine is North it might be said to be a two-dimensional question, but this is what I replied: "When I was growing up in Tennessee, the than part of the song title, word 'Yankee' meant little more 'Yankee Doodle' which was written a short time before my great great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary battle of King's Mountain. But as time went on, I realized that the word had fuller meaning, especially in the Civil War Between the States, in which I had a grandfather on either side. My father being a Republican and my mother a Democrat, I could hardly attach much personal political significance to the word. One uncle served in the Spanish-American War in which we were accused of 'Kankee Imperialism' and his younger brother was a soldier in World War I and was one of the 'Yanks' who went to France to fight the dreadful Huns. Then because this war didn't seem to settle everything as it was supposed to, I along with others engaged in World War II and the magazine of our troops was called 'Yank'. So being a Yankee is a kind of personal thing with me. But more than that, West, I am mighty proud to be one and think a person can attain no higher honor."

Along about now they are tearing down the old Astor Hotel on Times Square and this city will never be the same. As a hostelry, the Astor is no great shakes, having become rather old fashioned in recent years compared with the new, air-conditioned inns. But as a landmark and a beloved institution, it was something special. Its name, its location and the memories it brings to oldtimers will not soon vanish. For many years, the Astor Hotel has been the favorite of West Point cadets, and of them, a general by the name of Omar Bradley, still lives there and it may take a kind of Normandy invasion of his room to get him out. Almost next door is the Paramount Building, its famous theater virtually closed, both mellowing relics of another, and what seems now, to have been a more golden era. Maybe, as many of the young cynics of today declare, the good old days were not so good as we claim—but one thing is certain, they seem that way now.

Ever since the days of Charles Dickens, British visitors have been writing things about us, some of them nice. But the views being favorable, and the longest remembered have not ment of a recent English traveler in our land, Richard Rapson, is no exception. He said he found no children here. "Diminutive men and women in process of growing into big ones, I have met with," he admits. "But the child in the full sense attached to that word in England—a child with rosy cheeks and bright, joyous laugh, its docile obedience and simplicity, its helpful play and its disciplined work, is a being almost unknown in America." There is no doubt much truth in what Mr. Rapson says, but on the other hand, we could point to those English Beatles who have flooded the ears of the earth with messy music and messier hair and perhaps feel we have made some kind of report.

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