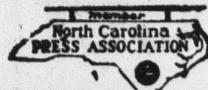


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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

Shall be that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it. Job 40:2.

Abridged Speech-Press

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Amendment I, the Constitution of the United States, declared in force December 15, 1791.

Two Superior Court Judges, Raymond Mallard and E. Maurice Braswell, mounted one of the more recent attempts to abrogate the speech and press section of this venerable amendment when they signed an order which would hold in contempt of court any official or police officer who divulged particular details concerning arrest of suspects in criminal actions.

The ruling was couched in advertised reason to assure persons indicted of a fair trial.

The ruling has brought criticism of the judges' action and thinking from communications media across the state.

Meantime, the North Carolina Press Association directorate issued a statement declaring enforcement of the ruling could lead to a "police state" and urging a quick court test both at state and federal level.

Superior Court Judge Henry L. Riddle issued a statement in which he disagreed with Judges Braswell and Mallard.

Meantime, the press association pointed out no person convicted of a criminal act in North Carolina has ever won freedom on grounds of pre-trial press.

Attacks, via the judiciary, legislative bodies, and administrators, on Amendment I of the Constitution are nothing new and, indeed, many violations of the Amendment are found in current vogue, either via legislative act, or by practice. The executive session on the part of elected officials — whether executive.

The other reason for lack of testing before the courts was well-expressed by the late Ernest Hunter, for many years managing editor of the Charlotte Observer, who said: "Quit hollering a U. S. Congress committee or a county commission — is a violation of the Amendment.

If communications people had the time, there likely would have been many test cases before on, for example, the North Carolina Secrecy Act of 1955 which permits committees to sit in executive session and a more recent one permitting county commissions to sit in about the secrecy act. Any reporter worth his salt is going to get the story anyhow." It was another way of phrasing "if two people know it, it isn't a secret very long."

Judges Braswell and Mallard will find these truisms operative and, if some poor court official or police officer gets hailed for contempt, it is a safe wager the North Carolina Press and other communications media will rally to the cause with a legal battery and sufficient cash.

Clarence Sloan Plonk

Clarence Sloan Plonk fought the good fight, but could not overcome the multiplicity of illnesses which overtook him at the age of 83.

His death removes from among us a man of keen perception, exceptional energy, and executive ability, a God-fearing man with a high moral code.

Though his formal education was limited, Mr. Plonk was a well-educated man. It is possible Mr. Plonk never investigated the interior of a psychology book, but he was an eminent psychologist; he could read and understand people.

His was one of the highest compliments the Herald ever received. He read, he said, what he could of several other newspapers, adding, "But I read all of the Herald."

Legions of kin and friends mourn his passing.

Above The Guidelines

The Advisory Budget commission has been asked by the North Carolina Board of Education for a 17.5 percent teacher pay raise during the 1967-69 biennium.

The request confirms the movement generated in the past few weeks for new state taxes, with boards of education and school groups playing the limeman role in opening the holes.

Even Dr. Charles Carroll, state superintendent of public instruction, joined the movement on a personal basis when he declared the superintendent's pay should be raised a cool \$9,000 per year to \$27,000. Dr. Carroll said the \$18,000 pay of the superintendent tends to hold the lid on the pay of educators of lesser rank, both administrative and professorial. It may be said in defense of Dr. Carroll's declaration that the desired pay increase for the superintendent would have no effect on his pay check before 1971, since constitutional officers can't be raised during their terms of office.

The teacher - pay boosters are rather well ignoring the pay-boost guidelines of 3.2 percent per year as set forth by the Johnson Administration in an effort to ward off galloping inflation. Of course, the guidelines haven't bothered the airline employees or any other group which felt it had sufficient muscle to bring off handsomer raises.

Big boost for the teachers came in 1961, as Governor Terry Sanford fulfilled a campaign pledge for a 21 percent hike in teacher pay. Small percentage raises have been legislated since.

None can argue with the fact of a teacher shortage in North Carolina, which is due to many factors, among them: competition from industry and other endeavors requirement of teachers to get more schooling each five years, increased school populations concurrent with reduction of teacher loads.

But the 17.5 percent looks large. Education, in North Carolina, like defense, in the nation, takes the lion share of income. It will also be noted that, in Cleveland County, well over half the county tax bill accrues to education.

There are other functions of state government, too.

Big Week, October 3-8

The 186th anniversary celebration of the Battle of Kings Mountain opens formally and a big week is in store.

Confirmation of his appearance here to make the Battle Celebration address on October 8 by Secretary of the Navy Paul Henry Nitze puts the frosting on an already - big anniversary celebration cake.

In view of the fact that last year's feature address was delivered by Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor, it is fitting that this year's honors will be discharged by the chief of another major branch of the armed forces.

Those who saw them last year and those who didn't will be glad to learn that the Golden Knights, the U. S. Army sky-diving international champions, will return this year, and all will welcome the opportunity to witness the prowess of the men of the Special Service forces who wear the Green Berets.

There are entertainment and participation features for all — young elderly, and in-between.

The word to the wise: participate!

Congratulations: to W. K. Mauney, Jr., re-elected president of Industrial Association of Kings Mountain Area, Inc.; to Dan M. Finger, president-elect of the Kings Mountain Kiwanis club; and to Noyette Hughes, elected chairman of Number 4 Township ASC committee.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

Many times, in reporting the passing of good friends of many years, I have found I knew them less well than I had thought. This is not the situation with Clarence Sloan Plonk, my late uncle. I have both personal knowledge over the most of my life and second-hand information of quite valid texture.

He was known by a variety of names. To his brothers and sisters he was "Clarence". To many friends and customers he was "C. S." or "Mr. C. S." To his ten children, face-to-face he was "Papa", to his seven boys, not face-to-face, he was "The Boss" — and all that this term implies.

He could fire from the hip (verbally) not literally quite quickly, but for the most part was a quite patient man.

Withal, he was given to strong and definite opinion and once his mind was set, that was the way it usually stayed. He was interested in politics, though not as a candidate for public office. His faith was Democratic, and he broke the Democratic sound barrier for the GOP side only once. In 1952, he liked Ike — on admission not because he was opposed to Adlai Stevenson, but because of President Harry Truman's intemperance with the Washington columnist who had made snide remarks about Margaret Truman's vocal ability. He returned home politically in 1956.

He was a friend of the late Governor and Senator W. Kerr Scott and took exception to criticism from Scott's political antagonists that the Scott "plantation" was bi-sected with Scott-built roads. To see for himself, Uncle Clarence visited the Squire of Haw River, who provided him a tour of his Alamance farm. The charges were untrue, Uncle Clarence declared.

Like Governor Scott, Uncle Clarence was a devotee of the chewing brand of tobacco, leading a friend to wonder aloud just how many tons Uncle Clarence might have consumed over the years. He occasionally smoked cigars, but there was more chewing than smoking.

Clarence Samuel Plonk is not really "junior", older brother Hal Sloan haven't fallen heir earlier to Uncle Clarence's other given name. But the "junior" buttressed by same initials, made a practical differentiation I do not observe young Clarence is a chewer, other than gum, and know why. One Saturday afternoon, when all of us were youngsters, George Plonk and I found young Clarence off his feet and not at all interested in play. It developed that Uncle Clarence's chewing tobacco pleasure was strictly unpleasant for young Clarence, who had borrowed a couple of chews from Papa.

Typical of farmers, Uncle Clarence was an early riser, with the stock feeding and milking and appetite builder for breakfast. And everyone pulled his ear, the youngest carrying water to the field hands, the older ones serving as hoe hands, and the oldest boys following the mules. Guests, I found, joined the team. I was handling a hoe in a cornfield. About 11 a.m., with the sun bearing down, it developed a non-trained city lad wasn't in shape for summer field duty. Uncle Clarence told me to lie down under a wagon bed. Thinking back, it was one of the few times I saw him alarmed.

Another was when, on a Sunday evening after dark, son John Butler, age two, was missing. Uncle Clarence had everyone moving on the search, he voicing fear, for instance, "he might be in the hog pen and the old hogs eating him up!" John was with Margaret, visiting at Uncle Rufus's.

I have many pleasant memories of visiting at Uncle Clarence's through the years. Aunt Ellen insisted Drace Peeler and I join her vast table when we dropped in on our 14-mile Boy Scout hike; it was fun to see mules around the barn lot on the days rain ruled out field duty; the girls collaborated on making tasty apple cider; Margaret waxed properly angry when George and I started quoting excerpts from her diary; all huddled quietly in the dark downstairs hallway during summer storms; Willie waxed properly angry when she took a swain kitchenward for reheat, found several of us piled up asleep behind the sliding doors.

Uncle Clarence's dictum for cease and desist was "Hup, now!" None argued.

"What makes you think I'll run in '66?"



Henry McCarrin

Viewpoints of Other Editors

SUNSHINE AT MIDNIGHT

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is busily engaged in its multibillion-dollar program to put men on the moon, as well as its assorted probes of deep space. The agency, however, is finding time to push along a project that, at least in a sense, is more down to earth.

NASA has just announced a \$125,000 award to Boeing Co. for a study of the feasibility of orbiting a huge satellite to reflect the sun's light on the dark side of the earth; a similar award earlier went to Westinghouse Corp. According to a spokesman for the Federal Agency, the shiny satellite could provide "night time illumination for search and rescue operations, recovery operations, security areas and polar latitudes."

While it sounds like an interesting research project, some unenlightened souls doubtless will object to sunlight intruding through their bedroom windows. That may not bother Government officials, of course; sometimes it seems they're too busy thinking of ways to spend money to ever sleep.

Wall Street Journal

KUDOS FOR THE COW

The increased output of the cow is something for the bovine population to moan about. It does not take nearly so many cows to supply the nation with milk, cream, cheese, and ice cream as it used to.

This is fortunate because, over the last two decades there has been a fairly steady drop in the number of dairy farms and working cows fell off 25 percent in the two decades, 1940 to 1960. But over the same period turned out so much more of her famous product that the total national production went up 10 percent.

This story would be a pleasant pastoral if it was all there were to it—fewer cows, more milk. But it has economic and political angles. As a British writer observes in The Economist, "American cows do not (so far) have the vote. But Congress looks after their interests as if they did." He referred to the number of acts Congress has passed to maintain milk prices.

Consumers cannot be expected to be enthusiastic about such legislation. They would like to pay less for the cow's product. But they also want a steady supply of it. If they are to continue to get it, farmers must find it worth while to keep their milch herds. Many don't. During one recent four-year period, there was a drop of 40 percent in the number of American farms selling milk. (But many of the larger dairy farms expanded.)

And the cows increased their volume of production. This has been the main factor in upholding output. No milk shortage is expected in the foreseeable future, says the National Commission on Food Marketing.

The cow can take a bow.

COMMUNION
 Sunday morning Central Methodist church will participate in World-wide Communion by observing the Communion service. Rev. Howard Jordan's sermon topic Sunday evening will be "Religious And Human Needs."

ABBREVIATIONS

The astonishing thing for anyone looking through the latest dictionary of abbreviations containing about 20,000 of them all told is to find how many of them are familiar or fairly familiar. . . Years of practice with D.M.I., D.D.M.O. and D.A.A.I.G. allowed the British armed services to compete on even terms with the Americans and others. Then, in the years of tension after the war, came the supreme moment of cooperation. The fruits are seen (according to the dictionary compiled by Mr. J.W. Garnett and Mr. C.H.J. Kyte) in the wonderful byways of NATO (q.v.).

Sacred and Sacralant—the supreme allied commanders in Europe and the Atlantic—lead on to exalted beings less familiar to British eyes. It is a world where secret messages are flashed from Comrades and Comrade-strikeflitant— from Commander of cooperation. The fruits are North American anti-submarine defense force Atlantic to his brother officer in the striking fleet.

It is a relief to get back to the gentler atmosphere of S.I.S.T.E.R., D.A.D., and M.A. Here the special institutions for scientific and technological education and research provide the happy meeting point for the manager artium. But where, in the family circle, is UN.C.L.E.?

He is missed the more keenly because Smersh — death to the spies — is proudly in. Come to think of it, here is a chance to follow to the end the long string of U.S.S.R. abbreviations for their security police, beginning with Lenin's Cheka (All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for Fighting Counter-revolution and Sabotage). Soon we had the OGPU, later the G.P.U. (state political organization); then the N.K.V.D., N.K.V.B., KGB and M.G.B.—G.B. in each case standing for state security.

R.L.S., and G.B.S. set off the pleasant search for many authors and personalities. B.B. refers us to bank book, ball bond, blue book, branch bill, and other formidable matters — but not, alas, to Brigitte Bardot. A Helen appears, but, again alas, she is the Hydrogenous Exponential Liquid Experiment, whatever that may be: it can hardly be a roundabout way of describing

NO DOZING, SIR

Library users everywhere may well be concerned about the action of the County Council of West Suffolk, England. The council has approved an ordinance making it an offense to go to sleep while reading in a library. If convicted, the dozing reader may be charged a fine up to \$14.

In adopting this by-law, the county board was no doubt trying to act in the interest of culture, but some liberty-loving Britons have raised their voices in protest. We commend their spirit. "This savage legislation spoils the work of learned writers who have spent sleepless vigils writing books to send their readers to sleep," writes an irate staff reporter of the Times. His survey of university librarians turned up a number of persons who shared his view.

"A sleeping reader is less of a menace to the books than a waking one," commented the librarian of Cambridge University. "The modern reader regards the stuff in a great library as being there solely for his use and not for posterity." (You could hear him adding his tsk, tsk and shaking his head as he gave some of his book-centered colleagues this little thrust.)

At the great Bodleian Library officials said they deal with these offenders gently. "We would not like it if they were snoring," said a staff member with understandable moderation.

We agree that first offenders should be treated kindly, perhaps with a poke and a rebuke. The next move could be to insist that persistent dozers switch to lighter literature. Or perhaps the answer would be a dozing room for those who find the library so delightfully relaxing.

the launching of the thousand ships. Even H.E.R.O. becomes the Hot Experimental Reaction of O Power, whatever that is. Once again it is a relief to tread the more familiar ground that is to be found most of the way from A (alcohol) to Z. (zur Zeit; at present or acting). — The Times & London.

SO THIS IS NEW YORK



By NORTH CALLAHAN

A visitor from California was talking to a New Yorker and criticizing the local subways. He said they were noisy, crowded, hot in summer and cold in winter and altogether an abominable way to travel. The Gothamite listened patiently until the Westerner had finished, then started in. The freeways in and around Los Angeles, he pointed out, just having returned from a visit there, are so filled with high-powered automobiles travelling at high rates of speed, that it seemed impossible for the tourist to turn off. And besides, he retorted he had to go so fast that when he did turn off, he was not sure it was the right place because he had been speeding so to keep up with the traffic, that he did not have time to read the highway signs. The two finally ended up shaking heads, shaking hands and bursting into laughter. They both admitted, traffic is rough all over.

By and large, Henry Ford II points out, the American driver does an excellent job, (he must never have met that demon I almost encountered on the New York Thruway recently.) But Henry avers that the average driver goes for four years between accidents and 4 years before he is injured in an accident. His success in avoiding accidents is probably one of the main reasons why he does not do many of the things he could do to make his driving still safer. It has been estimated that universal use of seat belts would save 5,000 lives a year, but this has been disputed. According to a recent poll, only 36 percent of the motorists whose cars have seat belts use them every time they drive. In one fatal accident which came to my attention, the investigating officer said that the man who was killed by being pinned under his car might have been thrown free had he not had his seat belt on.

The elder Henry Ford was known as the father of mass production, with his single-purpose machine tools turning out parts that would fit one another to a hundred-thousands of an inch. He was the first employer to pay a \$5 day to the men who made the cars, saying "No wage is too high for the man who earns it." The wife of this brilliant but peculiar tycoon endured years of poverty in the early days of her marriage to the tinkering mechanic and never quite became accustomed to the great wealth that her husband accumulated. She always remained a very frugal woman. She used to darn Henry Ford's socks, even after he was a billionaire. Yet there was nothing he detested more — and he detested a lot of things — than darned socks. Often he would ask Mrs. Ford to throw away his socks rather than darn them, but she persisted in making the repairs. He did care for her and did not wish to hurt her feelings, so he would wear the darned socks — at least until he got away from the house. But many times, according to Harry Bennett, a close associate, when the two were out together, Ford would have the car stopped in front of some store and ask Bennett to go in and buy him a new pair of socks. Then he would change in the car and throw the old ones which his wife had so carefully darned out the window.

According to an estimate, America's 50,000,000 motor vehicles in close formation would go around the world three times.

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