

Established 1889

The Kings Mountain Herald

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

But the word of the Lord endureth forever, And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you. 1 Peter 1:25.

Issue Number 1

Outlook For 1967

Already citizens are commiserating in measure of sympathy with the 170 members of the General Assembly in November.

Already on the horizon are some problematical issues, the emotion-packed liquor issue, catapulted to more prominence because the Supreme Court declared "brown-bagging" illegal; the Governor's promise to recommend broad and general tax parings; the plea of cities and counties for revenue aid; the biennial plea of school forces for more money. (See editorial cartoon in adjoining columns.)

But the Charlotte Observer story of Wednesday may well have been correct that the issue to be most hard fought of all is the proposal by builders, realtors, and savings and loan associations for legislation to increase the legal interest rate from six percent to . . .

One group has suggested to eight percent. Most think seven percent most attainable rate and, basically, all that is desired.

In this area Governor Dan K. Moore has declared himself "against".

Builders and lenders declare the six percent rate "unrealistic" in view of the "tight money" situation, which shows little sign of easing in the immediate future.

The result has been a heavy slowdown in the rate of building, particularly in the residential category.

Here in Kings Mountain, this newspaper regularly checks building permits issued by the city. Permits issued since July 1 have been few. None has been issued, for instance, since December 15, and there have been several periods of two and more weeks without issuance of a single permit.

Neighboring South Carolina has allowed a seven percent rate for many years and there are times when to close worry about the interest rate can be compared to losing sight of dollars flying by while counting pennies.

A prominent Gastonia businessman tells the story he acquired from his father of a citizen of some years ago who had assets, but no cash, faced bankruptcy soon, and could get insufficient loans at home.

He caught a train for Richmond, Va., returned in a few days, and began paying his creditors. The happy ending of the story was that the hard-pressed man weathered the storm and went on to prosperity. Meantime, he had been asked by a friend the rate of interest he had pledged. At the reply of "20 percent", his friend ejaculated, "Man, you can't afford to pay that kind of interest."

The hard-pressed one had replied, "I couldn't afford NOT to pay it."

If money has not eased by the time the General Assembly convenes in February, it appears the legislators will have no choice but to hike the legal rate of interest.

A slightly higher rate of interest is much preferable to having no money, which means stagnation.

Improvements Needed

Two state highways, both heavily traveled, in bad need of improvements, particularly of widening, deserve the attention of Commissioner W. B. Garrison and the State Highway Commission.

These are Highway 216 from Kings Mountain to Cherryville and Highway 161 from Kings Mountain to the South Carolina line.

Any driver knows that regaining the roadbed after slipping on the shoulder of a road is very tricky and, if incorrectly manipulated, will put him on the wreck list.

Neither of these roads was designed for cars with today's wide wheel bases.

Ask a group of experts, economists, analysts, stock market specialists and the corner grocers their opinions on the economic outlook for 1967, and a myriad of opinions will come forth.

Secretary of Commerce Connor predicts a good year.

Many economists predict a good year, but at a slower growth rate.

Few, if any, predict a recession of more than minor proportions.

To phrase it from two Kings Mountain cornfield philosophers:

One says, "Don't give me the good old days with cracks between the floors. We never had it as good."

Another: "We fuss about high taxes, but the average citizen has more spendable income than ever before. We're getting along all right."

Some can guess the future, none can predict it.

The Herald shares the feeling of yet another Kings Mountain businessman who recalls the approach of the New Year of a few years ago. The ending year had been a banner one and just about everyone, from the expert to the man in the street, was predicting — and expecting — the next one to be biggest and best ever. The results were somewhat different, though the nation did not fall apart economically. It merely rested a little before surging forward again. This businessman feels the air of caution very healthful.

Hardest Story

Three paragraphs in the December 21 edition of the Herald consumed more time in development thereof than any of the other 15 news accounts appearing on the front page and of any other in that edition.

It concerned the minor altercation of two Kings Mountain high school girls, one Caucasian, the other Negro.

The work of the Herald was to obtain and publish the facts, if any, of an incident which, apparently, had blown out of proportion by persons who believed what they heard and proceeded to add thereunto.

This is a very human failing and trained reporters are sometimes victims thereof.

The happy result was as reported, only two persons involved in the minor altercation, not a half-dozen, and neither participant was more than slightly hurt, certainly not hospitalized.

At least 50 percent, sometimes 70 percent or more of the time, a newspaper's principal reportorial function is, as Jack Webb intoned on television in his detective role, "The facts, just gimme the facts."

The facts tend to get warped when there are emotional overtones.

The Water Effort

Obtaining more water, Kings Mountain and elsewhere, is no overnight proposition.

Plans must be formulated, financing arranged (usually by bonds), and construction completed.

The time factor, increasing consumption, and the past summer's drought are the trio of reasons for the flank-speed-ahead command being carried out by city officials.

The major problem of supply will not be solved by summer of 1967 by tapping a new source of water, for summer 1967 is only six months distant.

Should winter rains and snow fill the present two reservoirs and next summer produce normal rainfall, the present racing of the water motors will prove to be waste motion for, while the capacity of the treatment plant nears maximum capacity, that problem can be handled.

Yet the city can not responsibly indulge in wishful thinking on the important matter of potable water.

And regardless of hoped for good fortune in 1967, D-Day on sufficient water is just around the next corner.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

Here are some Christmas stories.

Joe Lee Woodward, after a heavy dose of telephoning between here and Charlotte-Airport, here and Washington, D. C., where his daughter lives, Joe Lee embarked for a visit with Jo Anne, her three children and husband.

He and fellow passengers had just sat down when the pilot said it appeared they couldn't get clearance to land in Washington but he would know in a few minutes. Ten minutes later he told the passengers to fasten seat belts, douse their smokes, and gunned the plane into the high blue yonder.

The pretty hostesses served lunch and shortly the pilot informed his passengers that fasten belts for landing. The plane had been high in the ozone, above the clouds. The plane broke through them into swirling snow.

Then the pilot intoned: "The CAA won't clear us for landing. The runways are frozen over. We're going back to Charlotte."

The round-trip required less than two hours. Since airlines extract no fee unless they deliver the passenger to destination, Joe Lee could philosophize, "I didn't get to see my daughter and grandchildren, but Delta Airlines gave me a mighty tasty free lunch."

There was a side benefit, too. Joe Lee was complaining to the pretty hostess about missing the family gathering. She reached up, patted him on the cheek, and said sweetly, "We'll do better next time." Joe admits, "It made me WISH I was twenty years younger."

The mercury in thermometers plunged early Christmas morning to below 20 range. In the wee hours, Mrs. William Lawrence Plunk awakened to an unusually cold draft thought the furnace was out-of-order. Investigating, she found the front door wide open. The latch wasn't defective.

Next morning the mystery was cleared by Number daughter, Janice. She was taking no chances on old Ho-Ho-Ho's being able to fit through the chimney. She had opened the door to be sure he could gain access to the Janice Plunk stocking.

Lynda Hardin of the Herald staff was helping with the Christmas Eve festivities at her brother's house. The three-year-old lad was in deep and anticipatory sleep. He was singing "Jingle Bells".

A note on a Christmas greeting from the Tom Harpers at Bunker Hill Air Force Base, Indiana, reveals that Susie, the eldest daughter and a freshman at Purdue University, has been regularly reminding her parents "I'll be the only Purdue student NOT in Pasadena for the Rose Bowl game."

My wife's nephew, Tommy Leopard, of Greer, S. C., is a fourth grader and a youngster of curious bent — curious to the point he investigated the trunk of his Mother's car a couple of weeks before Christmas. That night, for no apparent reason, Tommy suddenly started crying. Was he ill? What hurt? What's the matter, son? Tommy finally blurted, "I'm not going to get but one present I asked for at Christmas!" Clemson — tough Father Leopard chided severely, "That's what you get for peeping." It was a very happy Tommy on Christmas morning, among his scads of gifts. But all can imagine the miserable, miserable days he spent between times.

Several male members of the Hinkle McGinnis family engaged Monday in their annual Yuletide penny-ante poker game. The results for Dick McGinnis underlined the penny-ante nature of the game. Dick's losses totaled one penny. For Brother Paul the story was different. Paul placed (was second) on many hands, won not a single pot in the 150-minute session. He lost something over seven dollars.

And now for New Year's Day resolves.

Journey's Start



Viewpoints of Other Editors

HIGH-YO, SILVER!

Until the fashion-writer heaped us to the fact that silver was in, we thought it was on its way out. We admit our mistakes. In the fashion world it is now running ahead of gold.

This is surprising Silver has always in the past suffered in comparison with the yellow metal. "Speech is silver, silence is golden," says the proverb. So it went with politics. In the 90's, William Jennings Bryan, "silver-tongued orator of the Platte," fired masses of people with enthusiasm for free coinage of silver. But despite his three national campaigns for the presidency, he could not win on this issue and the country stuck to its gold standard.

Lately silver has been losing its prestige as a metal for coinage. The silver dollar and half dollar have practically disappeared from circulation. Quarters are no longer made of silver.

In song silver fared rather well. "Silver threads among the gold" was a pretty sentiment. But where was the woman who wanted silver threads among her gold or chesnut locks? Nowhere until fashion suggested, tentatively, that a bleached streak of silver would provide an attractive contrast to a girl's raven hair.

This proved a breakthrough for silver. Now, amazingly, silver has burst forth in full glory on the woman's pages and in advertisements directed to the girls. Silver lame is the thing to wear for evening. Silver wigs are very smart. So is silver enamel for the nails and, yes even silver lipstick.

We think that is going to far. A silvery moon is certainly conducive to romance, but a metallic-haired girl with silver lips? We'll stick to the gold and ruby standard. (The Christian Science Monitor)

UNDERSTAND?

Everyone should understand that Cass Canfield, head of the book-publishing firm of Harper & Row, was the father-in-law of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's younger sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, when she was married, as she is no longer, to his son Michael by his first marriage, and is now the father-in-law of John Cowles Jr., who married a daughter of Mr. Canfield's second wife and is not only on the board of Harper's with Mr. Canfield, but is the nephew of Gardner Cowles, the head of the company that publishes Look, which has the magazine rights to the book to be published by Harper & Row. — From Columnist Charles McDowell Jr.

OH THE GIRLS ARE FEW AT PURDUE

Some budding journalist at Purdue University got a cute idea in linking the fact that the coeds are outnumbered by the eds 3 to 1, with the further fact that so many coeds are signing up for a course in judo that two extra classes have had to be added.

But we believe he, or more likely she, is barking up the wrong tree, and maybe even barking the wrong bark. There is such a thing as male psychology, and we thought we would just mention it.

One recalls a similar situation at another university not so long ago as to have been in the dark ages. There the regnant male seeking a date on campus was obliged to ask two or three weeks in advance, which he regarded as an indignity not to be suffered lightly.

So most of the dating was done with coeds at universities in two neighboring cities, while those at the home campus were left with ample opportunity to meditate on the way of a man with a maid.

It may all, of course, work out quite differently on the Lafayette, Ind., campus. Our only suggestion is that judo could quite as well be used to assure a gal that when she throws a guy for a loop he will stay looped.

St. Louis Post Dispatch.

FORECASTERS' GUIDE POST

BUSINESS OUTLOOK

GO AHEAD

SAFE ROUTE

WHISKEY BY THE DRINK

DANGER

TAX CUT IN N.C.

CAUTION

SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

The holiday season here means different things to different people. To at least a third of New Yorkers, "Merry Christmas" is more of a trade mark than a religious greeting. For a fourth of the city's population is Jewish. To many more, this time of the year holds greater commercial and vacation significance than any religious relationship. Of the eight-million souls who make up the metropolis, 48.4 per cent are Catholic, 23 per cent are Protestant and the remainder, besides those of the Jewish faith, have, as far as formality is concerned, no religion at all. Even of those who claim to be Catholic or Protestant, only two-thirds belong to any congregation or parish. So the most appropriate greeting one can pass along here in this huge melting pot of every species of humanity, is "Happy Holidays to all". And to all you good readers too.

A friend trying to cheer up the holidays sent in some jokes, among them a new slogan on the war on poverty — "Ban the Bum!" A fool and his money is soon parted, continues this wit. But he wants to know how a fool got money in the first place. When a man removes his hat nowadays in an elevator, it means he has manners and a fine head of hair. At least this is the contention.

Caskie Stinnett, veteran city-fife with a grin sense of humor, nonetheless comes to the defense of Christmas. Says he, "As an institution, Christmas is more abused than marriage but it retains a surprising resiliency, a persistent magic that even the most cynical find difficult to ignore. The reveler on the way home from the office party, passes the reverent on the way to midnight services, and a mutual forbearance prevails. Church bells ring out, presents are distributed, glasses are filled, and hearts blaze, snow falls and good will reigns. It's a great thing and the most appealing aspect of it all is that it isn't really spurious." Somehow, the holidays don't seem the same with Walt Disney gone.

An unusual Christmas party took place here when 250 blind children received gifts with their names written on them in Braille from a blind Santa Claus. Then the kiddies were allowed to feel the trunk of a baby elephant. The party was given at the YMCA on West 23rd Street and Santa Claus was played by Irving Sells, director of The Associated Blind. The two-year-old, 750-pound elephant was born in Burma and belongs to a local attorney named Greer Marchal. Not only were the thankful youngsters allowed to stroke her trunk, but also fed the gentle animal carrots and bananas.

Occasionally I am asked how much performers make on television and usually, of course, I do not know. But it is reported that Ginger Rogers received \$75,000 for doing her first TV commercial recently. While something for the Perfume-by-Wire service. In observance of this, she was guest of honor at what was called a 2000th anniversary party here, so called, it was said because it was the 2000th anniversary of the Greeks devising the first system of distance communication. Greer royalty, according to the factual or fanciful historian of the event, used to dispatch messengers with flaming torches to their sweethearts of miles away.

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