

### 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., 28086 under Act of Congress of March 3, 1873.

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#### TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Proverbs 3:13.

#### Bombing Issue

Many in high and low places decry the bombing of North Viet Nam military installations and supply lines, among them Father Groppi, Senator Robert F. Kennedy, and General James Gavin (USA-Ret.)

General Gavin, certainly, should know better, though he, of course, is a foot soldier, rather than a modern Billy Mitchell.

The Viet Nam war is a shooting war of major proportions and the fact that it is undeclared is a technical matter, perhaps of interest to non-combatants safe before their television tubes, but not to the lads in the field.

In contrast, there is the young doctor, now working in an army front-line field hospital, the same young doctor who, just six weeks ago was aiding in the heart transplant operation at Stanford University hospital. He has no sympathy with the bleeding hearts at home. War is war and he sees it. His hospital has handled up to 67 battle wounded in an eight-hour stretch.

#### What about history?

Immediate history shows that the stop-the-bombing pleas on international level come first from the North Vietnamese enemy, who have already proved on every occasion of surcease that the time is used to re-group, re-man, re-sup-

#### On Today's Youth

Dr. Everett Witherspoon, director of the scholarship, student aid, and other related funds at Duke University, commented on the federal student work-aid program where 85 cents on each dollar of student pay is federally furnished. The one joker in the deck of the federal aid program is that the student must show need to qualify.

"I am glad to have the opportunity to be a part of a scholarship grant, made on basis, not of need, but of attainment."

Dr. Joyce Sheely, dean of the psychology department of Queens college, commented she had been present before, had enjoyed a brilliant morning of interviews and was very glad to be acquainted again with a new crop of outstanding youths.

Dr. Fred Frank, dean of student personnel at Washington & Jefferson University talked about a very present subject "Collegiate Activism".

He asked without answering, "Is it (activism) representative of the majority of today's college students, or is it merely a very vocal minority?"

He advised, "To be a good activist, one must be informed. He must read, he must listen, he must discuss." He further advised freshmen and sophomores to read, listen and discuss first.

It was the eighth annual Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company scholarship luncheon. Operations Chief Jack Schweppe had noted that this nation is soon to find half of its growing population age 25 and under and quoted from an eminent philosopher, "American youth will not merely endure; it will prevail."

A look at seven fine high school seniors, candidates for the scholarship, made it easy to agree with the pronouncements of the professorial judges and Jack Schweppe.

The seven were Danny Dyke, of Kings Mountain high school, and Ann LeGrande, Johnny Pope, George Clay, Jr., Edwin Speagle, Mike Bridges and Richard Chamberlain, of Shelby high school.

#### 'Round the Corner

The candidates and their managers are moving out, with brisk steps, hearty smiles, and strong handshakes.

But it's a bit early for one-vote voter who still is fighting the flu cough, the latest fuel bill, and other winter problems.

But spring is near and these problems will vanish.

Shortly, the one-vote voter will be taking sides and joining the battling.

It's a singularly American system and a singularly American show and it has brought good government.

ply and re-build. To be cuckolded one time is misguided trust or judgment. Second time around must be charged to foolishness.

Other nations' complaints come from 1) friends of the Vietnamese and 2) nations afraid of the war's escalation.

The history of World War II disproves the theory of the ardent airman that air power alone can win a war.

But World War II proves that the devastation wrought by superior air power was an integral part in the Allied victory. Item: Germany had more planes at war's end than at any time during the war, but the bombers had left Germany without the petrol to keep her planes airborne. Item: naval air power early knocked out enough Japanese ships to provide time for this nation's productive power to provide materiel to defeat the enemy.

There's another important factor and that is morale.

A World War II veteran of much action quickly replied "No!" to the question of whether he ever became accustomed to bombing raids.

It is the same, and moreso, with the civil population which has not the lessons of discipline learned in military service.

#### Harassment, Again

As has been mentioned here before, when a survey team of the State Department of Public Instruction recommended replacement of several plants of the Kings Mountain district school system (Central, East, West, etc.) George H. Mauney, of the board of education, inquired, "This sounds mighty good. You going to supply the money?" Oh, the surveyors replied, we have no money.

The board of education and their school administrators certainly were surprised, if not shocked, over the weekend when a letter was received rescinding, in effect, another of December 27, and declaring Kings Mountain was proceeding far too slowly on its path of complying with the 1964 civil rights act requiring elimination of school desegregation on basis of race, creed, color, national origin and sex. (That last one hasn't been implemented to any great extent in other areas such as hospitals.)

The education wing of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare concentrates on the color and national origin requirements in the use of the economic bludgeon of federal aid funds withdrawal to force implementation of the act.

As far as Kings Mountain district schools is concerned, the recent letter has all the earmarks of wanton harassment.

Total desegregation has been accomplished as fast as plant facilities permitted in Grades 7 through 12. Facilities are desegregated. Negro youths play and star on athletic teams and in other intra-school and inter-school competitions.

In the face of this sort of business, about the only praise local area folk—regardless of race, creed, color, national origin or sex—can find for the zealots of the federal department of education is that they're moving, finally, against the foot-dragging Yankees.

The complaint here involves desegregation at Compact and Davidson plants with inference that Davidson should be thrown to the ash heap. As Mr. Mauney suggested to the state survey team, it is suggested that the HEW folk haven't offered any cash for classrooms.

Congratulations to Ricky Falls and Rocky Ford, Jr., the city's two newest Eagle Scouts.

### MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

"At ease..."

m-m

As any serviceman, past or present knows, this drill sergeant's command, after "Tense-um!", "Right DRESS!", etc., etc., is the most pleasant he can hear—except of course "Dismissed."

m-m

Former President Dwight D. Eisenhower's latest book, *Double-day*, copyright 1967, is entitled "At Ease, Stories I Tell My Friends", will meet the "at ease" test of the Willies and Joes who read the book.

m-m

I had the pleasure of reading the book, via Mrs. John C. McGill who entered the anecdotal, autobiographical work in the Home Arts Club, of which my wife is a member.

m-m

While most folk who win fame in war, business or politics and other non-literary fields customarily use ghost writers (not necessarily good) or friendly editors (not necessarily good) to write their stories, Ike apparently writes his own. It reads like Ike talks and it reads well.

m-m

The reason is apparent in the reports of Ike's continued frustration, until the North African campaign of World War II, in getting staff rather than field assignments. In his staff work for General Pershing shortly after World War I, with General MacArthur in Washington and the Philippines, with General Marshall at the outset of World War II and with other commanders in between, Ike did much writing—operations orders and other military "literature" that of necessity had to have what a good reporter must have, accuracy, clarity and conciseness.

m-m

The ex-President takes the reader through his boyhood years in Kansas, to West Point where he was a substitute back on the Army football team, through his army career, through his presidency of Columbia University and his assignment to NATO.

m-m

Most persons of middle and advanced age look over their shoulders to their immature youth and spot one or two individuals who made a material imprint on them in shaping their future. Ike's early career moulder was General Fox Connor, with whom Ike served in Panama, and who continued to look over Ike's shoulder, with an occasional prod for patience or piece of advice or helping hand for his pupil. Animal lovers will appreciate Ike's training and devotion to "Blackie" an untrained horse, already a ripe 14 years old, whom Ike chose for his in Panama. Ike's horse learned to obey his every command, won a ribbon for him in a horse show. Ike returned the favor, rescuing "Blackie" from suffocation in a Panama jungle quagmire.

m-m

The joke had been told time and time again, about the guy who, fresh to the Pentagon, got lost in that architectural jungle and virtually starved to death before rescue. He wasn't lost that long, but Ike himself got lost in the Pentagon.

m-m

There were some close calls on "his life. Captains Eisenhower and George Patton were tank fanciers in the post World War I era, 'round that the American Mark VIII had enough power to help 'long, via steel cable tow, the 'low voltage Renaults. Watching an operation at Camp Meade, 'there was a sudden whizz by the Ike and Patton faces. A cable had broken and missed the two 'future generals by about five 'inches. They never agreed on who turned whitest.

m-m

In Algeria, intelligence reported a likely Rommel counter-attack at a fairly well-defended pass. Ike wasn't agreeable, suspecting the German would attack at a weakly defended pass named Kasserine. He accordingly moved out for an inspection of the Kasserine defenses, arriving about 3 a.m., and finding no personnel mines laid to slow German attackers. "But," the detachment commander defended against Ike's army lingo eat-out, "we've only been here two days." "Two days hell," Ike charged, "the German would have had mines out in two hours." Avoiding a fire-fight on return, Ike and three aides reached Algiers headquarters at 6 a.m. He promptly handed the communicator a dispatch formalizing his verbal order to "get those mines laid".

m-m

That, we submit, sets some kind of record for a reform administration.

m-m

"No use to send this," the communicator replied. "The Germans attacked at 5 o'clock. Our folks are either in retreat or captured."

### "CAN I GET YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MISTER?"



#### Viewpoints of Other Editors

##### BLOCK THAT MISPRINT

Perhaps it's our journalistic training, but we always get a long chuckle out of misprints. In other newspapers, that is. So we smiled happily upon reading today that a strike in a General Motors plant had "killed" 120,000 men. That struck us as a fine word, kind of a cross between "idle" and "adde."

Some misprints are merely funny, others are outrageous, and still others are the kind which a newspaper had better correct just as fast as it can. One of the latter is still a great favorite with newspapermen. Many years ago a London newspaper wished to pay tribute to one of Britain's fieriest old sea-dog admirals. It ran his biography, and, wishing to end its eulogy with a bang, referred to him as a "bottle-scarec Veteran." There was a bang right enough. When the explosion had died down the paper hastened to print a correction, assuring its readers that, instead of a "bottle-scarec Veteran," it had meant to term him a "bottle-scarec Veteran." The Battle of Trafalgar was as nothing to the conflict which ensued.

While we promise to continue doing our best to keep misprints or "typos" from the Monitor, we cannot promise not to chuckle at them.—*Christian Science Monitor*

##### WILDY WORDS

Maury Maverick, who campaigned against the bicoated language which he termed "gobblygook," was right. If folks will just put their minds to it, they can come up with nice, easy, comfortable, everyday words which we all can use and understand.

Consider, for a moment, the great advance in ease in language just achieved by the specialists dealing with ears, noses and throats. They felt, and who would gainsay them, that they were saddled with an "unwieldy" title within the American Medical Association. It was the section on "laryngology, otology and rhinology." Now, after their successful effort at simplification, they will be known as the section on "otolaryngology." See how easy it is for anyone to think up a word which all can use without any trouble!

Nor should one think that such bled, pompous jargon is confined to any one branch of activity. In fact, the medical profession (sinning as it may be in this respect) is seldom singled out as the worst offender. That distinction is often reserved for the sociologists, whose language is felt to have lost all contact with either reality or comprehension.

Other than for the preservation of status, mystique and pretension, none of this scientific jargon is useful. Everything that needs saying can be said simply and understandably. What is lacking to bring this about is enough public indignation at the hoaxes being foisted upon us all.—*Christian Science Monitor*

##### THE LONER

A report from Sheridan, Colorado, the other day said the new woman mayor there wasted no time in cleaning out city hall.

After Mrs. Jean Rosenbach had been in office three minutes, she fired the police chief, both municipal judges, the city attorney, the city manager, the traffic clerk, the street superintendent and his assistant.

That, we submit, sets some kind of record for a reform administration.—*Montgomery, Ala. Advertiser*

##### LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF NATIONAL BIRDS

What does a country do when its national bird becomes extinct? Get another one, we suppose, although we cannot remember off-hand any nation that started this kind of zoo. Nevertheless, it is a real question in far-off New Caledonia. West Pacific island probably spared a lot of the world's more sophisticated problems. Friends of the cagou are seeking stern government measures to save one of the globe's rarest and most exotic birds. It's the old story—once numbered in thousands, only 200 are now left.

The cagou, a kind of crane, is about the size of a chicken, with an erectile crest and feathering that shades from pale yellow to violet. Like the kiwi, the national bird of New Zealand, it cannot fly. An increasing number of wild dogs on the island are killing off the cagou. And miners, who burn off timberland while searching for minerals, are destroying its habitat.

So, New Caledonia is a long way off, out of sight and out of mind. But here in the United States there have been tremors of anxiety in conservationist breasts over the bald eagle, America's national bird. It is feared that insecticides are killing them off or rendering them sterile. Imagine the task not only of having to pick another emblem, but deleting an extinct eagle from the tops of flagpoles, the back of bills, the cornices of post offices, and other places where it now perches in federal majesty.

Still, not all the ornithological news is bad news these days. It is true that last year there were 45 whooping cranes, and now there are but 44. It remains touch-and-go with America's most famous nearly-extinct bird. But condors, another of this country's rarest species, and the largest (10 feet from wing-tip to wing-tip) are starting a comeback. Last year the California Department of Fish and Game counted 38 individuals. This year there are 51, an increase of 13, which is pretty good. Now, how would a condor look, clutching a bunch of arrows? And they are bald, of course, too. Only real hold, 'em-in, heads. Well, wings are popular right now. Might as well have a fashionable national bird, as well as fierce.—*The Hartford Courant*

##### COSTLY RATS

The Housing and Urban Development Department's rat expert, Leonard Czarniecki, estimates that it will cost \$6 per rodent to eradicate rats from the cities. The House Banking and Currency Committee has approved a three-year federal rat eradication program, with a proposed outlay of \$40 million for the first two years.

We used to keep the predator population under control (almost destroying some species) with a bounty program at a considerably more modest rate than Mr. Czarniecki thinks needed for rats. It is true that in colonial times local governments paid a bounty of 100 pounds of tobacco for an old wolf (you proved your kill by bringing in the head), but in more recent times a bounty of 50 cents per hawk or weasel kept those chicken thieves fairly well under control, while there were regions in which gray fox, at a bounty of 75 cents per head, and red fox, at \$1.50 per head, were practically wiped out.

We had in mind that something like a bounty of a quarter or 50 cents per rat would encourage boys to clean out the rat population. Then we remembered that these are times of inflation, and 50 cents has little allure for

### SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Abraham Lincoln said in his Gettysburg Address, "The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it will never forget what they did here." These memorable words are reminders of how the world remembers Lincoln's biographer, Carl Sandburg. For now at 720 5th Avenue and through February 29th, the works and reminders of Sandburg are splendidly on view, and doubtless a long time will pass before they are forgotten. Here at the Hallmark Gallery, a Carl Sandburg Exhibition has opened which is attracting people of all walks of life who warmly remember this renowned poet and biographer, author and folksinger who departed from the world he loved so well last July at the age of 89.

Along with others especially interested, I was present because I have been asked to write a biography of my late friend, Carl Sandburg. He was the embodiment of so many important and fascinating things that any good account of him is a formidable undertaking. But long ago I learned that nothing worthwhile is easy, so I have agreed to this undertaking. And I was encouraged by a recent conversation on the subject with my friend, Irving Stone, the eminent author, who also knew Carl. Should anyone doubt the stellar role of the latter, let him come to the Hallmark Exhibition. There I found not only the memorabilia warmly representing his life, but also his winsome widow and his sprightly daughter, Margaret Sandburg, with whom I had already spent pleasant days at their lovely home near Flat Rock, North Carolina. Like their husband and father, they seemed as much at home in New York as in the Great Smoky Mountains.

Titled "Carl Sandburg: a Tribute", the exhibition includes many enlarged photographs by the brother-in-law of Carl, Edward Steichen, which are striking in their artistry. Here too are manuscripts and books loaned by Harcourt, Brace and World, Sandburg publisher for over 40 years. Several of Carl's letters to his wife, Paula, filled with an unusual devotion, are shown here for the first time. Margaret introduced me to Alden Whitman of the NEW YORK TIMES who later came up with a whopping half-page feature story about the event. Depicted here also are Sandburg's workshop, his guitar which accompanied his resonant voice in moving folk songs, his famous eyeshade, clippings, etc. Manuscript pages from his monumental biography of Abraham Lincoln as well as galley proofs of his poems and original letters from such figures as Amy Lowell, Sherwood Anderson and Franklin D. Roosevelt are on display. The whole exhibit portrays his life vividly in miniature from beginning to end, interspersed with poetry and fancy. Carl Sandburg was, as he sometimes said about others, a rare man. Here are a few lines of his poems set forth at the exhibit:

The people will live on.  
The learning and blundering people will live on.

The fog comes  
On little cat feet.  
It sits looking  
Over harbor and city  
On silent haunches  
And then moves on.

There is a place where love engins  
and a place where love engins  
There is a touch of two hands  
that falls all dictionaries.

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