

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

The Lord Is My Shepherd, I shall not want.

Psalms 23:1

## Oliver Obadiah Walker

The death of Oliver Obadiah Walker shocked many of his friends, some of whom had not known of his seemingly sudden illness. Indeed, his passing was quick for he had been continuing, up until the final month, to discharge his responsibilities as a city commissioner.

Mr. Walker was an interesting personality who always exhibited a witty, good humored personality.

A native of South Hill, Virginia, Mr. Walker came to Kings Mountain on a construction job in 1924, found a bride, and became a Kings Mountain citizen for the remaining 44 years of his life.

And a good citizen he was.

Mr. Walker might have been a major league baseball player, Clark Griffith having offered him a tryout. But Mr. Walker's father, like Ty Cobb's, thought baseball play, no fit means of earning a living and declined to permit his underage son to accept the offer. Shortly thereafter this country was in World War I, and young "Double O" Walker joined the navy, and served on battlewagons conveying soldiers to the fighting lines in France.

It was after the war that Mr. Walker got into construction work, later formed his own firm.

An expert story teller, Mr. Walker often made himself the butt of his stories. When he first came to Kings Mountain, Mr. Walker often dropped in at Griffin's Drug Store in the late afternoons, invariably asked for a large glass of water. On one occasion, his soon-to-be-lifelong friend E. W. Griffin was working at the soda fountain. When Mr. Griffin put the glass of water on the bar, he whirled and rang up "No Sale" on the cash register. "After that," Mr. Walker declared, "I always managed to buy at least some chewing gum or cigarettes."

Mr. Walker was serving his second term as Ward 5 city commissioner. He could not have served at a better time. Mayor John Henry Moss remarked many times that, with the city embarking on major water and sewer projects and taking extraordinary emergency measures to provide water for parched Kings Mountain, Mr. Walker's experience was invaluable.

Mr. Walker was a man of good character, always loyal to his legion of friends. Several have remarked they never heard him say ill of anyone. Nor did this newspaper.

In navy parlance, "Double O" was "Four point O."

## Who Now?

If not Mr. Johnson, who? The Republican side of the ledger seems clear. The Republican nominee for President will be Richard Milhous Nixon. George Wallace of Alabama will be an independent candidate in several states.

But what about the Democrats? Senator Robert F. Kennedy inspires emotions at the poles, either abject loyalty and devotion, or downright revulsion. This fact makes him a quite controversial candidate at best.

At the moment, it appears likely that Vice-President Hubert Humphrey may be the standard-bearer for the so-called Johnson wing of the party.

Then there is Senator Eugene McCarthy, already back-knifed by Senator Kennedy, who seemed to be committing political suicide when he became a candidate, but who has done well in New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries.

The Vice-President is well-known as a very brilliant, informed and articulate public servant.

Both he and Senator McCarthy, with the President's decision against running again, can corral the votes of party regulars and appeal to the moderate-independent vote of both the major parties.

Both have good equipment.

Congratulations to L. E. (Josh) Hinant, newly elected president of Kings Mountain Country Club.

Best bows to John L. McGill, Dr. Thomas Baker, J. C. Bridges and George Houser, elected to the board of directors of the Kings Mountain branch of First Union National Bank.

## Full Circle

In 1960 it was quite apparent that John Fitzgerald Kennedy would win the Democratic nomination for President not later than the second ballot, that Senator Lyndon Baines Johnson would command the votes of delegates from the 13 states of the South and few others.

Mr. Kennedy, of course, won on the first ballot, invited Mr. Johnson to be the vice-presidential candidate.

Mr. Johnson accepted at some considerable sacrifice. As vice-president, he could not hope to enjoy the power he had as majority leader of the Senate. The Johnson name on the ticket and his heavy campaigning assured Kennedy the South, which proved to be the margin of victory.

On President Johnson's accession, he proved his ability by succeeding almost too well in getting his programs through the Congress, showed the nation and the world that he, too, came up the hard way and retained the liberal flavor of his two chief mentors Sam Rayburn and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

His decision not to seek re-election is being variously interpreted. As he said, he doesn't have time for politicking, obviously cuts out from under the anti-administration platform of Senator Robert Kennedy, between whom there is no love lost.

Many Southerners calumniated President Johnson as a seller-out and turncoat — until Senator Kennedy got into the fray. Immediately, President Johnson began looking much better. But Senator Kennedy was obtaining ardent support in some of the other 37 states without the South.

In a way the clock had gone full circle, with Mr. Johnson again the darling of the South and facing some difficulties in other areas.

Considering his personal situation, the President's decision is quite understandable. There is never a moment when he can be free of what many describe as the world's biggest job. A comparison of film of Mr. Johnson on taking office and today quickly reveals the physical drain the presidency makes on those who have the temerity to occupy the office.

Internationally, the fact of a chief of state willing to step down will not be missed. Will Hanoi be impressed?

None knows the answer. President Johnson, certainly, is exploring all the avenues to get the shooting stopped in Viet Nam.

## Caucus Breeds Order

The late City Commissioner O. O. Walker holds the distinction of having cast the only "no" vote cast during the two Moss Administrations to date. He opposed city purchase of garbage containers in the business district, felt such purchase a responsibility of mercantile tenants. (He later changed his mind).

This fact of unanimity has brought objection from some newsmen "everything is cut and dried" prior to meeting time.

Perhaps, but why not? The Herald has fought secrecy in government as much as any newspaper in North Carolina and more than many. However, the Herald has never sought to rule out the pre-meeting caucus, recognizes caucuses breed more orderly meetings and operations.

Otherwise, a student of governmental affairs learns fairly quickly that at least 95 percent of decisions are open-and-shut cases, gain solid yes or no votes on basis of policies extant. At a recent city board meeting for instance, eleven items were on the agenda. All were routine.

When boards make their decisions in open session, they are not legitimate targets for complaint.

The Governor has appointed a 25-member commission to devise and recommend a new state constitution. Much of this aged document is archaic and should be scrapped. Big issues will be questions of 1) granting the governor veto power and 2) permitting him to succeed himself.

## MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

One of the more enjoyable banquet programs I have heard was the entertainment feature at the recent Kings Mountain Chamber of Commerce banquet.

m-m

Mrs. Larry McReed was the star, a comedy monologist, who also sang quite well, and she was accompanied on the balalaika and mandolin by her husband.

m-m

Her comedy monologues were in the manner of Laura Bryson, of Asheville, who entertained at several Lions ladies night banquets when the Plonk School of Creative Arts was doing the honors, of Cornelia Otis Skinner and an earlier-day Andy Griffith (What it wuz wuz Football).

m-m

Among her offerings were a skit on salesladies and one on a garden club lecture. Both were richly funny.

m-m

She mimicked the hard-sell salesladies at a swank dress shop in Raleigh and in the foundation garment department at Macy's in New York. "This is YOU! When this dress came in I told Miss Bea this was YOUR dress!" Then they squeezed the poor customer into the frock. No, the dress wasn't too tight, any bigger would not be modish. No, the length was perfect. She needed to show her pretty knees. The hard-sell customer agreed to buy and said "Charge it." This required a check with the credit manager, who revealed that the customer owed a balance of more than six months' duration. Mrs. McReed's version of the un-sell was equally as hard as the hard-sell.

m-m

In contrast, the New York saleslady followed the pattern of doing the customer a favor by letting her have a "goldie". "You want a goldie? I'd say you need a goldie. What size? Small? No, dearie you ain't a small. You're not even a medium. Mary, get me a Flexint, size large. Yes, you'll have to try it on. Nobody, but nobody, buys a goldie from me but what tries it on." There follows the usual pulling and tugging and finally the size large was in place. As the lady paid the cashier \$16.95 and left, the saleslady commented, "They think they're small but they always need size large."

m-m

My wife and I, the Josh Hinants and Billy Maunays were treated to a second performance. The Maunays happened to sit with the entertainers during dinner, invited them to visit.

m-m

The McReeds are as interesting a couple in private as on the stage. She is native to Norfolk, Virginia, and a first generation Greek-American.

m-m

I was particularly curious about how a native of West Russia could acquire the name Larry McReed. He explained that the Germans captured his town shortly before he was to be conscripted. On the hope he was saving his neck, he joined the German army. Later his unit was captured by the Americans, so he cooperated with our side and later joined the American army, serving with special forces (The Green Beret) and spending 32 months on duty with Japan.

m-m

After a spy incident or two, the Army tightened security requirements for membership in special forces and he decided to accept discharge. He has heard nothing from his family since his town was captured by the German, doesn't know whether his father is alive. However, on chance he had somehow survived, he decided that a name change was in order after he became an American citizen in 1958. It cost \$322 in legal fees. But why McReed?

"I am the original flag-waver and loved the army," McReed replied. "I also like war movies, and was particularly impressed with a hero in one who was named Sergeant Reed. Since it is common practice in the army for a fellow to greet another soldier he doesn't know with a "Hiya Mac", I decided on the name McReed, don't know how I came up with Larry."

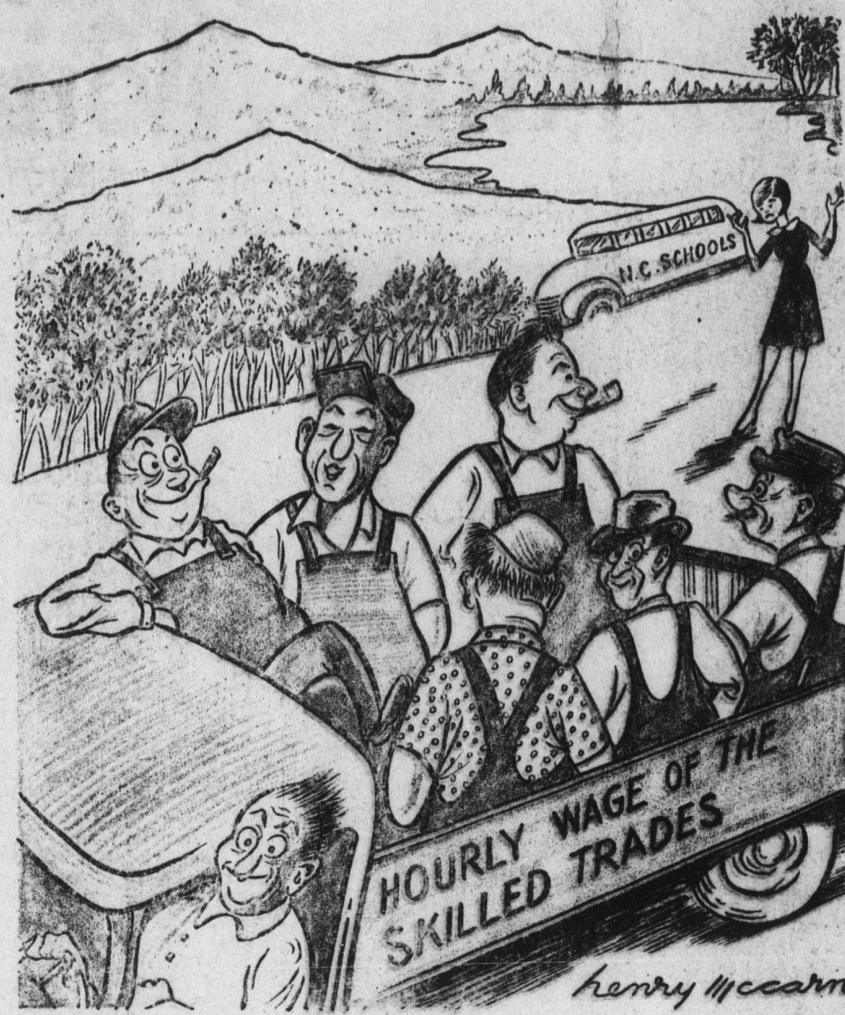
m-m

McReed had introduced the balalaika as a genuine Russian invention, not like the airplane. He had read in Russian history books in his youth about the Russian who had invented the airplane, rather than North Carolina's famed Wright Brothers.

m-m

The story of their marriage is as witty as one of Mrs. McReed's skits. It is a real-life story of the pupil marrying the professor. Mrs. McReed was studying Rus-

## "THE GIRL RATES A SEAT UP FRONT"



## Viewpoints of Other Editors

### KENTUCKY'S HILLS CAN BE SAFER

The Hills of Eastern Kentucky are alive, but it is not with the sound of music coming from the poor folk of Appalachia. Rather, we keep hearing the cry for relief from the agonizing blast and scrape of the strip-mine operator.

Few of the Bible-reading residents of the hills and hollows share the psalmist's sentiment, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." If help is to come, it will be from the General Assembly in Frankfort or the U.S. Congress in Washington. Little help will come from the hills, where the coal mine operator is a man of wealth, power and influence.

More and more, our Kentucky will be discussed by people in all parts of the country, and more and more, the subject of strip mines will come under attack.

At the heart of the problem is the broad-form deed, which was widely used around 1900 to separate the mineral rights and surface ownership. Since strip mining was unknown then (it was not developed until 20 years ago), many a mountain man gladly sold his mineral rights for a few dollars and granted the company what was "convenient or necessary" to the surface land to get the coal beneath.

As one might imagine, the law is on the side of the coal company—regardless of the injustice which is done to the surface land. Not only is a large amount of land moved by strip mining; it also is a major contributor to soil erosion, landslides both above and below the cut and makes it easier for flooding and washouts to occur in the hills.

Kentucky has already started to meet the problem. Our 1966 strip mine law is the strongest in the nation—far tougher than the federal strip mine law introduced in Congress recently—but it still needs to be made stronger.

Of particular importance is more reclamation work, which first allows the coal miner to get his coal and then return the land to a safe condition by grading and the planting of trees and shrubs.

We firmly support stronger strip mine laws which will on the one hand protect the coal mining industry (which was Kentucky's leading cash crop last year with some \$400 million), but which will also protect the residents of Eastern and Western Kentucky from the many slag heaps and dangerous conditions which have been created in the past.

Laws can be made to protect both interests.

—The Lexington (Ky.) Leader

Asian literature under her husband-to-be. All that school year at Old Dominion college, she contrived to have different escorts at social functions, hoping her Prof would recognize she wasn't seriously courting anyone.

It almost boomeranged. Typical of Old Country mores, the idea of a girl having too many swains proved her to be a hussy. Mrs. McReed finally learned. After that, it was a clearer track to the altar.

### PIE IN THE EYE

It seems that modern youth is not so immune to the customs of the past as many of their elders had supposed. In fact, the event in Columbia University's Earl Hall would have taken many an older person back to the 1920's, doubtless filling him with nostalgia.

What happened was that the New York City director of Selective Service, while addressing 200 students in the hall, was hit in the face with a lemon meringue pie. Apparently the pie was flung pie. Apparently and startlingly as ever a pie was slung in the good old days of the Mack Sennett comedies.

Of course, in the pie-throwing days of the 1920's both the thrower and the recipient had a wider choice. To have thrown only a lemon meringue pie would have seemed cheap and beggarly. Nor would it have received the sought-for laughs. In those days the air was richly and odorously filled with flying pies with all kinds of fillings and all degrees of satisfying gooeyness. Blueberry and blackberry pies were particularly effective, above all when the recipient had on one of those heavy white linen suits. But, of course, the favorite of all was the custard pie, which had a unique capacity to burst and spread gloriously.

No, not only was yesterday's pie-throwing more imaginative, but it was also not done to humiliate a public servant seeking to explain his often thankless job.

—Christian Science Monitor

### JOHNNY, MIND YOUR RUBBERS

People on land are used to detouring around water. But folks at sea seldom have to detour around cities. But this may be coming. The British Ministry of Technology has unveiled proposals for a city built at sea, some 15 miles from Great Yarmouth on the Norfolk coast. It would hold 30,000 persons, be built on piles in shoal water, and be protected by a breakwater of water-filled plastic bags.

Sea City would thus outdo Venice, which is built more on mud than on water. It would take on the mysterious qualities of those misty cities of the Round Table, which leave one with the feeling that they are swimming, not resting, on the earth.

But the whole idea is quite utilitarian. Its purpose, and of any others which might follow it, would be to relieve urban congestion and release land for agriculture. Whether this would be a thrifty way to gain such ends is another matter. This is a project on which we are strictly from Missouri.

Yet the idea is one which does credit to the ministry's power of imagination, or, more specifically, to that of an organization called the Pilkington Glass Age Development Committee. Today's problems call for broad imagination; tomorrow's problems will call for even bolder thinking. Sea City is a good start.

—Christian Science Monitor

Did you know that cardiac CAN work? A free leaflet available from the North Carolina Heart Association shows that the majority of heart attack patients recover and go back to work, often at the same job. For a copy of "Employment and Heart Disease," write HEART, No. 1 Heart Circle, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, 27514.

## SO THIS IS NEW YORK

By NORTH CALLAHAN

The first job I had on a newspaper was that of writing obituaries but I still don't like to read them. Nonetheless, they are important news and we must face reality. In a recent obituary, I sadly noted the passing of Frank Merta, retired United Press International photographer. However, seeing his face again reminded me of a happy episode in which he and I took part over 28 years ago. It was my first visit to New York and I thought I was on a vacation until I received a phone call from the United Press asking me if I was ready to interview Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. Thinking this was some practical joke, I was almost ready to hang up when the UP man told me that the boss on my newspaper had asked that I interview the mayor, get a picture and invite him down to the Texas Rose Festival. I asked if an appointment for this purpose had been made and the answer was, "No, we thought you could help us on this." I asked if they were kidding, explained that this was my first visit and that I hardly knew anyone, particularly the mayor. Frank Merta then came on the phone and we chatted. He doubted if we could get an interview and picture but wanted to know if I would like to try anyway. No good reporter could refuse such a challenge so I told him yes.

Frank knew one of the mayor's bodyguards and I talked to one of his secretaries who was not entirely discouraging. So I bought some "Texas" roses at a flower shop and met Frank at the subway entrance. Lugging his heavy camera and its stand, he and I went to the city hall and up to the floor where the mayor was holding a hearing. At the opposite end of the hall, we found a little room where Frank set up the camera and focused it on the flowers we had brought, now the stage thus set, we made our way to the hearing room where the mayor was presiding and sat in the audience. The subject of discussion was garbage, and at the time, the slogans maintained on all city trucks was "Let's Keep Our City Clean — Yours and Mine". A small man dressed the mayor. "Mr. Mayor!" he shouted in a high-pitched voice. "Your garbage in our neighborhood is terrible. It smells to high heaven and it's piled up in a messy mountain. Your garbage there, Mr. Mayor, is simply awful. Something has got to be done about your LaGuardia inferruted, yelling, "Stop calling it MY garbage!" Undaunted, the little Bronx man shot back, "Well, yours and mine!" By this time the fiery mayor of New York had had enough. "Throw him out!" he thundered. So the bodyguards made for the complainant, took him by the collar and literally threw him out into the hall and ordered him out of the building.

Frank Merta and I looked at each other. After such a performance, what chance did we have of talking to the mayor and getting a picture of him. Anyway, as the hearing was about to end, we made our way back out into the hall before the crowd started leaving and I planted myself right in the center of it, with Frank behind and between me and the room with camera and flowers. We did not have long to wait. Out of the hearing room came the "The Little Flower" as Mayor LaGuardia himself was nicknamed, a bodyguard on either side of him, coming straight toward us. I stood my ground.

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