

Established 1889

# The Kings Mountain Herald

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### TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee. Proverbs 3:11.

## The Bobby Kennedy Twist

The Bobby Kennedy twist is not a dance and is better known as the arm-twist.

At least, James K. Batten so reported in Wednesday morning's Charlotte Observer under a Washington dateline.

Get on the bandwagon for a "sure" winner, the South is being told, or prepare for a long cold spell.

If Kennedy is "sure", why does he worry about the Southland at all?

The arm-twisting denies the "sure" contention.

Robert Kennedy is not new to this sort of business, the mailed fist and thinly veiled threat being among his stocks in trade.

As much as they didn't like Jimmy Hoffa, many citizens recoiled at the idea of the United States Attorney General using Hoffa methods to hang even Jimmy Hoffa.

Mr. Kennedy likely will find that the South will laugh at his threats and tell him to peddle his arm-twisting wares in other climes—even if the prospect is for a polar season should Kennedy reach the White House.

## Apropos Anyway?

Gremlins creep into newspaper type, as in other publications, and usually these typographical errors are sufficiently garbled not to destroy the meaning and intent of the writer.

Last week, in its editorial "Tar Heels for Humphrey", the Herald had one of the unusuals.

In the concluding paragraph, the editor wrote, "Mr. Humphrey is presidential timber, in mind, in energy, in judgment, in character."

It was published and distributed this way: "Mr. Humphrey is presidential timber, in wind, in energy, in judgment, in character."

Did the "m" get inverted and become "w"?

Well, the wind business is still apropos. The Vice-President is one of the best talkers of modern times, has been accused seldom, if ever, of being short on vocal wind.

Or it could be interpreted in track terms, such as (and this pun is going to be bad):

Mr. Humphrey has the wind to win.

## Davidson Plant Use

The so-called New Davidson school plant, a six classroom facility, is among the newer in the ten-plant Kings Mountain district system.

Built as an adjunct to Old Davidson, an all-Negro school, it now finds itself desired by only 66 pupils for use in 1968-69.

The board of education properly deferred action on assignment of the 66 who listed New Davidson as first choice.

Superintendent Don Jones noted that 66 is a small number of pupils for a plant which can accommodate twice that number.

Then there's the matter of federal Office of Education pressure.

In spite of the fact Kings Mountain had totally desegregated the upper half of its dozen grades, the education folk complained that desegregation in the Kings Mountain district was proceeding too slowly. The two complaints concerned New Davidson and Compact.

The federal folk have visited, on request, and Supt. Jones has the impression they hadn't gleaned from reports what they found on scene.

At any rate, the board of education has the chore of deciding how to utilize six of its better classrooms.

Service at City Hall once was the sure ticket to trouble, but the emphasis has shifted to Board of Education quarters.

## Poverty In State

Many citizens were surprised that a blue ribbon presidential committee labeled 27 of North Carolina's 100 counties as poverty areas where many poor, literally, do not have enough to eat.

Some citizens expressed disbelief.

Among those initially surprised was a Charlottean who was a member of the commission. Dr. Raymond Wheeler, a friend of this newspaper, said as much but suggested a looksee about would reveal the correctness of the commission report.

The state welfare director was not surprised.

Perusal of the list of counties will lessen the surprise.

Nearest is Anson county and another is Robeson. Both these counties, as Cleveland once did, majored in cotton growing. Cotton has moved west, where flatland and irrigation combine to make these areas more competitive by ability to harvest with machines and enable controlled growing conditions.

Had Cleveland not been benefitted by heavy industrial expansion and a switch of farming incidence to dairying and poultry, this county might well have been on the poverty list, too.

Many of the counties are in the east. Little Tyrell's one major industry is lumbering and there is chronic unemployment, another Herald friend who lives in Tyrell's Columbia reports.

The immediate need is distribution of food to the needy.

North Carolina has been working at long-term answers, knows that more industrialization of the eastern part of the state is mandatory, as is improved education.

Experiments have been conducted in this state with supplying students a school-opening snack.

There was improvement in grades for many.

Some of the hungry succeed, but not if they're too hungry.

## Rev. Mr. Haden

The announcement of Rev. Robert M. Haden, Jr., that he is relinquishing the rectorship of Trinity Episcopal church as of next week, is regrettable news, not only to his parishioners, but to his many, many other friends throughout the community.

This newspaper does not know whether Mr. Haden would regard himself as an ecumenicalist in the accepted definition.

However, he is a practical ecumenicalist, proved himself one here, whether telling side-tickling tales at the Lions club, at family reunions, or playing basketball in the recreation league, or collaborating with a host of others in civic improvement projects.

His tenure here of nearly four years has been a successful one, both as a rector and as a Kings Mountain citizen.

## Chairman To Resign

J. Clint Newton has announced he will not seek re-election as Democratic county chairman at the biennial county convention in mid-May.

Why?

Chairman Newton was quite frank in his reply: six years as a party chairman is long enough.

Those who've handled this difficult chore will be quick to agree. A chairman takes a lot of buffeting.

In retiring, Chairman Newton pointed with a measure of deserved pride to the fact that Cleveland county has returned continuing and handsome majorities to Democratic candidates every other November.

## MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

By MARTIN HARMON

"Bob Scott had his bus, Dr. Reginald Hawkins his Cadillac, and yesterday Mel Broughton traveled over Cleveland by air—in a helicopter," Bill Dover wrote covering gubernatorial Candidate Broughton's coverage of Cleveland County Monday.

m-m

George Hamrick, one of Broughton's four Cleveland County co-managers, was highly pleased with the results of Broughton's touching down in Cleveland no less than 17 times in one afternoon. He said "The Lord smiled on us." First, he continued, Broughton was scheduled for a day in the county April 5th, could not meet schedule due to illness. "That would have been too early," George added.

m-m

"Then we learned that he could only spend a half-day here Monday. How was he going to cover the county in a half-day?" Dr. Jack Hunt, another co-manager, commented somewhat facetiously, "Get him an airplane." From Jack's comment stemmed the helicopter idea.

m-m

Herald Shop Superintendent Dave Weathers says the helicopter bit proved effective with his youngest son Tim. On his visit, Candidate Bob Scott had visited Tim's school and among the hands he shook was Tim's. Tim came home a roaring, if non-voting, Scott supporter. Broughton's helicopter visited Tim's school, too. Now, Tim's father reports, his son isn't as sure who he wants for governor.

m-m

If there were anything untoward about the helicopter drop-in here at Southwell Ford it was the fact that the landing spot was ungrazed and ungrazed. The whirlybird kicked up a small proportion dust storm. But the Broughton well-wishers didn't seem to mind.

m-m

I had met Mrs. Broughton earlier in the afternoon at a drop-in the ladies held at Southwell Ford. Bob Southwell being the Kings Mountain area Southwell co-manager.

m-m

She is a very charming lady, UNC-G when it was Woman's College, Class of '45.

m-m

I related my being impressed with the late Governor Broughton in spite of the fact I was heavily in the Wilkins P. Horton camp. Several of us college lads went to the WPTF-Raleigh studios to hear Mr. Broughton's final appeal to the voters. Signal minutes later her father's car, he was on the air, Mr. Broughton closed his eyes, spoke exactly for 15 minutes, quit on the dot. One had to be impressed.

m-m

This brought a sidelight from Mrs. Broughton. She and Mel, quite young, were courting and her father, like I, was hot for Horton. Using her father's car, she picked up her date. A few minutes later she tensed suddenly realizing that the back seat of her father's car was covered with Horton literature. (My candidate's campaign material is "literature," the opposing candidates' "propaganda".)

m-m

But she caught young Mel anyway.

m-m

Quite a crowd attended the Broughton rally at Shelby city park Monday night, which had Broughton supporters chortling he'd attracted as many people at a one-county rally as did Scott at a several-county rally. I saw at least two outsiders present: Ex-Legislator David Clark, of Lenoir, and many times mayor of Forest City, Robert Blanton, uncle of Kings Mountain's Druggist Charles Blanton.

m-m

Co-Chairman Jack Palmer was the master of ceremonies, while Belling Springs' Dr. Wyan Washburn (onetime sports editor of the Shelby Star for whom I did string work from here) presented Candidate Broughton. Wyan drew howls of delight from the audience when he declared, "We can tell this man exactly what we want. We want every road in Cleveland County paved!"

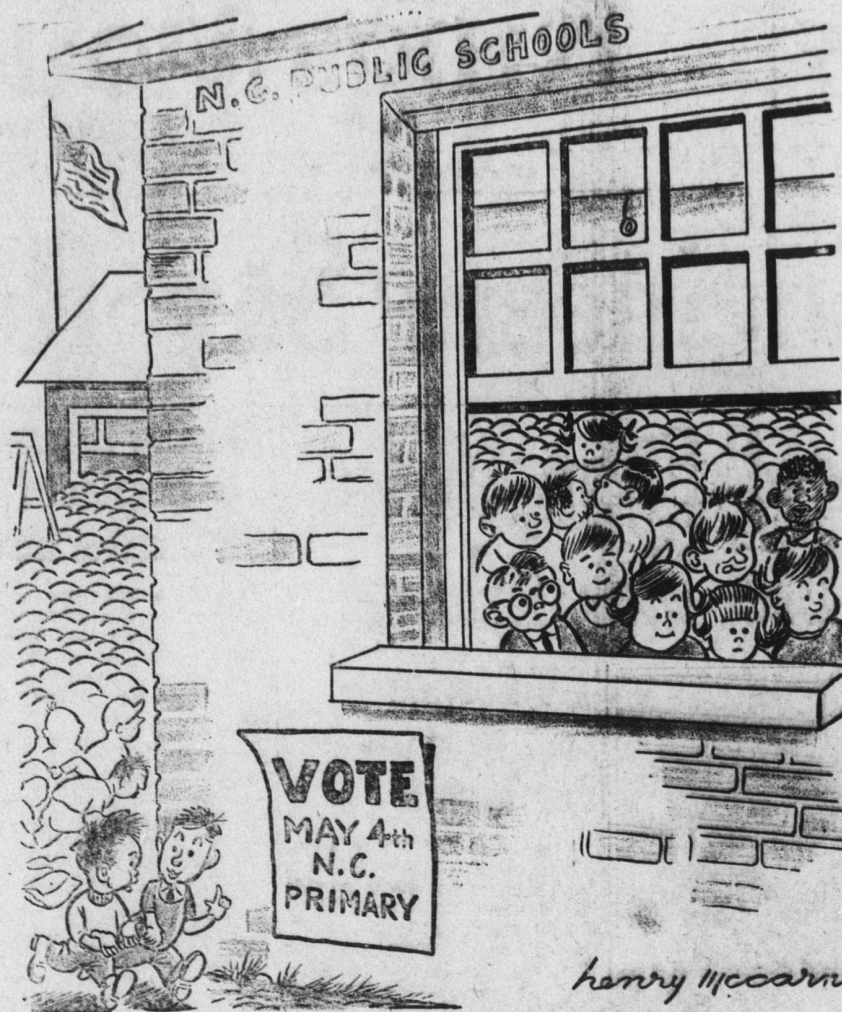
m-m

I collected my barbecue while chatting with Clint Newton, retiring Cleveland Democratic chairman. Had he eaten? "No, I get so excited at these rallies, I just can't eat until afterward!" Clint replied.

m-m

It's the exciting season.

## Polls Should Be Packed Like This



Henry McCarrn

## Viewpoints of Other Editors

### GOLD IN THE ATTIC?

One can never tell perhaps those old magazines steadily accumulating in the attic or cellar or garage are worth something after all. Then again, they may be just so much glossy waste paper.

In a nation where someone "collects" almost anything one can name, some people do collect old magazines. And some libraries want back numbers to fill gaps in their files. Some folk just buy old is schedule

periodicals out of nostalgia for the contents. And researchers—even for radio and TV shows—buy up back issues.

Movie fan magazines are among the most valued, reports the Wall Street Journal, which has researched the second-hand magazine business. Comic books are sometimes worth a lot—such as the first issues of Batman or Superman. Some scholarly or scientific journals, which have since folded, have their collectors.

So if your attic is full of ancient magazines, you just might have something valuable there. And you might not. It all depends on scarcity, novelty, nostalgia—or the fact that some magazine published a major story on some famous star like Shirley Temple. But most people will probably find that their attic pile of old numbers is useful mainly for supplying reading matter on a rainy afternoon.

—Christian Science Monitor

### 'POLICING' GHETTOS

New York City is experimenting with an unarmed Community Patrol Corps in Harlem with the purposes of bringing community services closer to the ghetto and of preventing crime. Patrol members will not have the power of arrest; it will be their presence on the streets, ready and available to help in any situation, that, it is hoped, will make the patrols a success.

There will be 42 men in the Harlem experiment. The concept was pre-tested a few weeks ago by one adult and five young men. In an eight-hour tour of duty, the patrol interrupted two muggings, chased the assailants, and took one victim to the hospital; they also got medical assistance for an alcoholic who had fallen in the street and hurt himself seriously.

The patrol will operate under the auspices of the city police department and there must be quiet understandings for mobilization of regular police to help in situations beyond the legal reach or physical power of the patrol. But the police, while expecting problems in patrol operations, are hopeful that the experiment will be a success.

"This project," said Mayor Lindsay, "is not aimed solely at keeping a cool summer. It also will attempt to create an entirely new relationship between the police and citizens in the ghetto areas." The experiment is a hopeful effort to create new channels of communication between the establishment and the ghetto; if it works in Harlem, it deserves use elsewhere.—Providence Journal

### THE TRAVEL FREEDOM

From now on, American passports are identification documents, and invocations to other lands to show courtesy and goodwill to American citizens, but no longer are they instruments of American foreign policy.

This is the net effect of the State Department's announcement that it will not any longer seek to punish people who travel to Communist countries which have been declared "off limits" in American passports, notably China, Cuba, North Vietnam, and North Korea. A person still can't use a passport as a legal lever to pry his way into such a country, but if that country wishes to admit him, the United States Government won't prosecute him, snatch his passport away, or otherwise interfere.

So endeth a lengthy battle between various civil libertarians—and many plain ordinary folk—who have believed it was not the government's prerogative to tell citizens where they could or could not travel, and those in the State Department who would keep Americans from visiting around in flagrantly hostile lands. This latter group argued that Fidel Castro, for instance, wasn't to be encouraged and his policies semi-endorsed by friendly visitations from American citizens.

One can see the value, under touch-and-go conditions of major war, in keeping meddlesome citizens from running off to enemy countries, getting themselves jailed or feted as the case may be, and gratuitously interfering with high-level American policy. But this is different from the case of a Prof. Staughton Lund of Yale, who flies off to Hanoi to the welcoming arms of Ho Chi Minh on a self-appointed peace mission. Or the case of journalists who go to Cuba for the worthy purpose of discovering how Castro mis faring, and who would gladly report on Maoism in China if Peking would just get around to issuing a few visas to American newsmen.

The citizen's constitutional right to travel has, in short, been vindicated and admitted to be embedded where the Supreme Court said it was, in the Fifth Amendment—a liberty not to be lightly revoked. It is a historic moment when the State Department admits, after fighting a rear-guard action through all the post war years, that it has no authority to control a citizen's travel.

—Christian Science Monitor

### THERE GOES KP

The Army is going to pieces, slowly but inevitably. First it got rid of its horses, saying motorized transport was better. Now it's going to get rid of KP, feeling trained soldiers can be used to better advantages.

But this misses the point: It's the tradition that counts, the common bond of unity-through-adversity that KP has bred through the years.

No soldier can believe the Army really cares about its food; it gives as many points in mess-hall inspections for the way the upboards look as for the way the food tastes. But it is embedded in Army creed that all soldiers must suffer together, in eating the chow (not inappropriately named for a species of tough dog) and

## SO THIS IS NEW YORK



By NORTH CALLAHAN

Some of the clothes of the young men here are plainly out of this world. I thought I was used to every sort of outlandish garb almost, but when I pass these odd-looking creatures on the street, often I turn and look back at them to be sure that this is still the United States and that humans inhabit it. For example, a young man just went by wearing a weird kind of cape which blew in the wind like the wings of a great bat. The wearer swaggered along as if he had just flown in from Mars or somewhere and he surely would not have looked much different if he had. Now, I understand, these long-haired fellows spend as much time with a comb as do the girls. To set off their flowing locks, they sport nautical coats, gangster suits and funny fishermen's hats along with pipe-clinched in their teeth. Some of the suits are what is known as "gusty" plaids while others are worn with dark shirts and ties that stand out in sharp contrast. One designer has tried out calf-length coats for men and found them to be welcomed. Most of these styles are nautical, some with gold anchors on the sleeves, and I saw one raccoon coat with a red lining which covered the calves and was priced at \$1,000. Plaid trousers, similar to those worn by Highland regiments, are recommended for both day and evening jackets. Shoes are another thing no longer confined in variety and frills to those of the women. One favorite type among these way-out characters is the chunky gangster shoes, also a model called the gillie with a fringed tongue and a new heel shaped like a trapezoid. Headgear is of course very colorful, a favorite kind being the floppy sort of fisherman's hat similar to the one often worn by the late Franklin D. Roosevelt when he spent enjoyable days at his summer home in Campobello off our northeastern coast. If the old saying is true, it certainly has brought some strange results. If this is a rebellion against good taste, the rebels seem to have won, but at some cost to themselves. Originality is fine if carried to the extremes — these duds have gone beyond this.

The ageless and ubiquitous Robert Moses who has held so many jobs around this place that it would be too much to try to list them here, has come up with one of his best ideas in all his 80 years. He has presented the city with a Children's Farm—something so many of them sorely need. I say this from my own childhood experience which included among its greatest delights, a growing up on a farm. In my opinion, this is a priceless experience for anyone, a way of life incomparable in its rare freshness and attainment to the serious demands of later life. For what can take the place of nature out of doors, live and moving and progressing toward that attainment meant for us all in the way of sweet and simple things and the discovery of real values?

The farm that Moses presented is part of the 18-acre site of the Queens Zoo being built on the former Transportation Area of the 1964-65 New York World's Fair. It has cows, pigs, chickens, donkeys, rabbits, ducks, ponies which may be ridden though some of the youngsters shy away from the shaggy faces of these cute little horses at first.

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