



The Kings Mountain Herald

Established 1889

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

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

Garland Everett Still

It hardly seems possible that more than 17 years have passed since Garland Still was elected mayor of Kings Mountain in the first run-off in Kings Mountain history.

His election marked a new day and direction to the city's political and governmental history. Mr. Still took his campaign to the people and city government to the people.

North Carolina matured politically and governmentally in 1901, Kings Mountain exactly a half century later. Mayor Still was the instrument.

It was a loud campaign and a loud two years. Who can forget his circular campaign? The Herald was credited by some folk with writing the copy. The fact is that Mr. Still needed no help. The only political advertising copy the Herald ever supplied him was a "thank you" in a subsequent campaign.

It was some years before the Herald discovered his method and it was a good one. He would jokingly throw out a pungent barb in the barber shop, at the soda fountain, or corner service station. If his audience laughed, he put the joke into print and let everybody laugh.

Who can forget his "gripe" sessions, when citizens were asked to get off their complaints about sins of omission and commission by City Hall?

Then there was Mayor Still's discovery of a special legislative act which provided that the mayor and two city commissioners constituted a quorum—a means whereby Mr. Still sought to nullify the 3 to 2 commission split usually logged against the mayor on key votes.

Perhaps less remembered are the long-term contributions of the Still Administration. Major among them was the launching of the movement to add natural gas distribution to the city's utility family, a project brought to fruition by Glee Bridges Administration I, now benefiting city coffers by \$140,000 per year, yet rates to customers are among the lowest in the area.

The four unfair power rate schedules were compacted into two, both of which gave rate cuts to all customers.

From "gripes" of citizens living on unpaved streets, Mr. Still adopted the idea of spraying these streets with used motor oil, relieving these citizens from stifling dust.

He foresaw the water problem and tried to effect a partnership arrangement to tap Buffalo Creek with Foote Mineral Company. Here government moved too slowly and Foote had to proceed with its own project.

But, most important, he taught the lesson that those who would maintain political control had to take steps to provide municipal services to all citizens. All administrations since wisely have continued on the same path.

Garland Still was kind, free-hearted and free handed. His mark on Kings Mountain is indelible.

Point Of View

Wes Gallagher, an Associated Press newsman, wrote Sunday about the varying points of view of a minister, scientist and cowboy as they viewed the Grand Canyon.

Said the minister: "What a wonderful work of God."

Said the scientist: "What a wonderful geological masterpiece."

Said the cowboy: "What a helluva place to lose a cow."

Gallagher's point was that news media get criticized by their readers who have varying points of view on politics, the Vietnam war, sending planes to the Israeli, or the messages of Dick Tracy and Little Orphan Annie.

Yet, he points out, the same critics owe their information on what they LIKE to the same news media.

Why do news media print as much

One Scared, Other Glad

Often little boys square off in a fighting posture, shout at each other in loud voice, dare each other to strike the first blow, and never hit a lick.

The phrase is familiar: "He's scared and the other's glad of it."

That seems to be the pattern during this election season echelons of Democrats take pains to "disagree" with the Johnson Administration and declare reluctant support for the party nominee for president, Vice-President Humphrey.

Now here in North Carolina, U. S. Representative Gerald Ford has adopted the same thesis in even more blatant and crass fashion. Don't embarrass yourselves by supporting ex-Vice-President Nixon, U. S. House candidates were told.

The bugaboo for both crowds is George Wallace.

It's a chicken way to do business.

One wonders if loyalty is dead and just how these feather legs will perform should they reach or return to the halls of Congress.

Would they stand on principle or chicken out?

It isn't whether you win or lose, the immortal Grantland Rice penned, but the way you play the game.

Unmined Asset

Monday, October 7, will mark the 188th anniversary of the Battle of Kings Mountain, its result an axe blow to the head of the British, ministered final defeat at Yorktown via Cowpens and Guilford Courthouse.

Seven miles to the South lies the ridge on which Col. Patrick Ferguson was killed and his force routed. It is a national shrine, attracting a half-million visitors annually. Yet Kings Mountain, the city which bears the same name, only occasionally mines this natural asset of history.

Major celebrations were the sesquicentennial of 1930, and those of 1965 and 1966. In the fifties, public-spirited citizens donned grease paint and costumes of the Revolutionary period to present historical pageants.

But this event deserves annual, more than passing, note annually.

Perhaps the mammoth events of two and three years ago are too much to sustain each year, though it is hard to understand why not. Wilmington annually presents the Azalea festival, little Wallace the Strawberry festival.

The mining companies are extracting lithium ore, limestone, and mica.

Here is opportunity for the whole community to mine an asset which cannot be depleted.

bad news, newsmen are often asked. The answer, newsmen being the more bizarre, or shocking, is that the evil and tragic are sometimes events, while the good is rather commonplace.

There is a corollary in the point made by the Tampa Tribune, reporting a research study of student riots at colleges earlier in the year. The determination was that the rioters and demonstrators represented only 2.6 percent of the aggregate enrollments.

Maybe the news hounds should re-examine their presentations. Certainly and on scene reporter shouldn't have to await a research report to write a lead paragraph like this: "A hundred Blank College youths (of a 4000 enrollment) paraded in front of the president's house protesting elimination of unexcused class cuts."

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

By MARTIN HARMON

Space expired last issue before I completed some correlations between the Hebron Colony and Uncle Samuel's navy.

Principal omission was Captain's inspection, a Saturday morning event. Each man is responsible for keeping his own quarters in order. While there are no penalties, like liberty being canceled or being put "on report", grown men (present baby of the contingent is 39 years of age) don't enjoy being told the lavatory needs some Ajax or Dutch Cleanser treatment or that the inspection officer, minus white gloves, gets his finger dirty when checking whether the woodwork has been dusted.

Nor did I develop the vacation theme I suggested.

Various people have various definitions, one man's cup of tea being another's poison, but I suspect the dictionary developers define a vacation as a surcease from regular day-to-day pursuits.

While life here is quite definite surcease from my normal pursuits, this vacation atop a mountain is so quite different from any mountain trek I ever made before and they began when I was a babe at Mount Mitchell (I am told).

Hound Ears club, golf course and ski run nestles in the valley below and we Hebronites chase those little white balls. However, those balls we chase have not been hit by us but those duffers who hook and slice into the wooded banks which surround this fine course. I have made only one of these excursions. My Snow Hill friend asked, "Do you want to hunt golf balls?" Sure, I replied. He handed me the butt end of a cue stick and said, "Let's go." We walked up the mountain road several hundred yards and Horace informed, "Here's where we go down." "Here!!" I ejaculated, "as I looked down a perpendicular incline of about 60 feet with no visible path or footholds. In we went, and down, using saplings for handholds.

A foursome was coming "in" and the third guy to tee off hit into the hill.

The poor fellow looked and looked, getting more embarrassed all the while his fellows were ready to proceed. Finally, he threw out another ball. All the while I felt like Jessie James, ready to pounce on the oncoming train. But it took some work, a shoe bath (both feet) in the creek and some bramble scratches before I retrieved the new Titlist (\$1.25 plus N. C. sales tax). And I found another, married only by a couple of grass stains, which bore the Arnold Palmer brand name.

Climbing Kings Mountain, which I haven't since I was sweet 16, is much easier than the course we followed. I am now leaving the golf ball hunts to others. One guy found 125 during his stay.

The modus operandi here can be compared to working one's way through college or to Europe on a tramp steamer. There is no cash tuition fee, no board and room bill, nor paying oneself (and the Yankee draftees in the Civil War) out of work details.

I have learned (again) that it does not pay to brag, as I have at the Herald, that old Harmon was the best cleaning man on hand. I am getting a refresher course, at which I spend 32 1/2 hours per week. I have learned that hand lotion is helpful for "dish pan hands", and that bleach like Chlorox can produce red, cracked digits. I have been reminded that no matter the claims of the manufacturers, window cleaning, floor cleaning, bathroom cleaning, etc., still requires a good dose of that commodity long known as elbow grease.

When I graduate from this course I should be qualified to become an innkeeper. I know how to clean, to make beds, to operate a washing machine and dryer, how to make coffee in quantity. Part of my duties includes checking in new guests, assigning them rooms, otherwise making them comfortable, and briefly summarizing house rules: no smoking except in the lobby, the guest doubles as maid and bellhop, linens are changed weekly (barring accident), television is forbidden, and checkout time is eight weeks hence. Via permission of the management, stay may be extended. Alcoholic beverages are taboo and may NOT be brought on the premises, either internally or externally. Transportation, other than by foot power, will be furnished by Hebron limousine (a beautiful robin's egg blue pick-up truck which gains limousine status each Saturday when a metal roof is appended over the bed). Fellow guests are the chauffeurs. The way they drive on these mountain curves produces a fish tail effect. This they design for the excitement of the passengers most of whom ride roller-coaster at county fairs.

Asleep On The Job



WAKE UP AND TURN ON THE WATER!

Viewpoints of Other Editors

JUST, NOT VENGEFUL PRAISE

"Gleb was only a ninth-grader on the December morning when he looked into a display window where a newspaper was posted and read that Kirov had been killed. And suddenly, like a blinding light, it became clear to him that Stalin and no one else had killed Kirov. Because he was the only one who would profit by his death!"

Thus the hero of Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn's novel "The First Circle" described that sham-piercing light, that natural instinct individuals have for perceiving the truth which not even an oppressive regime can snuff out. The book, considered as political commentary, at once exposes the smothering effect of the Soviet totalitarian state, at its cruelest with Stalin, and yet registers the hope that the human spirit is in the end indomitable.

This said, and grateful as we are for publication of Solzhenitsyn's book in the West — a freedom still denied the author in Russia — we are nonetheless concerned that the impulse, already widely seen in reviews in America and elsewhere, to use "The First Circle" as a bludgeon in the East-West cold war might not work against whatever freedom Soviet writers are able to pry open for themselves. We are already seeing in Czechoslovakia the repression the East's rulers are driven to out of fear when criticism enflames them.

Perhaps it were better to praise the book for the better literature that it is and to let the Soviets bask in the glory Solzhenitsyn has brought upon them than to cast coals of vengeful praise upon their heads.

Christian Science Monitor

UMPIRES

When a baseball umpire makes a decision in favor of the home team, he merely recognizes the obvious. When the decision goes the other way he is either blind or in cahoots with the opposition.

That, at any rate, seems to be the view of a large share of the sporting public, and it may have helped two American League umpires, Bill Valentine and Al Salerno, to conclude that their thankless task deserves somewhat higher recompense.

Unquestionably they were influenced by the fact that some of their brother umpires in the National League already were better paid. So the two umpires were trying to organize all major-league arbiters into a sort of mutual protective society.

About that time Joe Cronin, the president of the American League, suddenly decided that Messrs. Valentine and Salerno had never been very good umpires and tossed them out of the game. Mr. Cronin said the move had nothing at all to do with the pair's organizing activities, which may have made people wonder why he had waited so long; one of the umpires had been in the league for seven years and the other for eight.

In any case Senators Jacob Javits and Charles Goodell and Rep. Alexander Pirnie, all of New York, have wired Mr. Cronin demanding "a full explanation." Not to be outdone, New York Senatorial candidate Pau O'Dwyer chimed in to denounce the firing of organizers as "the oldest and one of the dirtiest tricks in the book."

It has been a strange political year, all right. But we sure nev-

10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about Kings Mountain area people and events taken from the 1957 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

The 35th annual Clefeland County Fair opened Tuesday to a whirl of turnstiles, as fairgoers broke all previous opening day attendance records.

Jane Byars Gilbert, Kings Mountain freshman at Brevard college, has been elected the college Homecoming Queen.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL
Mrs. James B. Simpson entertained members of the Friday Afternoon Bridge club last Friday afternoon.

The Mountaineers will seek to avenge one of last year's three defeats in the non-conference scrap with the West Mecklenburg Indians at City Stadium here Tuesday night at 7:30.

THERE'S NO WORD FOR IT

There's a deficiency in the English language.

The daughter of parents A marries the daughter of parents B. The newlyweds instantly acquire relative known as in-laws. The parents of the newlyweds acquire, respectively, a daughter-in-law and a son-in-law. The language takes care of this.

But what is the relationship of parents A to parents B? Obviously they are now a little closer than friends or, in some unfortunate cases, enemies. But for what it is there is no name. Father A gets around it by speaking of "My son's mother-in-law," a reference which the listener has to think twice to comprehend.

It can get worse than this, too. When the daughter of Richard Nixon marries the grandson of Dwight Eisenhower, what does that make the Nixon parents to the Eisenhower parents, besides Republicans? There's no word for this relationship either.

Cousins in varying degrees can be labeled. Some know the difference between a second cousin and a first cousin once removed, although in the latter case there's a question how he got removed and by whom.

But what's the name for the relationship of grandfather to the cousins of his grandchildren on the other side? There's no word for it.

This lack in the language, fortunately, concerns only those old enough to be parents-in-law or maybe great uncles and great aunts.

Such older folks, presumably, have time to sit and figure out who are their relatives, and how much. For example, if a grandson of European descent comes home from Tokyo with a Japanese bride, does that make his grandfather a relative of all Asia?

But such thoughts are dangerous. Pursued far enough, they might lead to the conclusion that the brotherhood of man is not an idealistic notion, but a mathematical fact.

The Boston Globe

er expected to hear politicians trying to score points with the public by defending baseball umpires.

Wall Street Journal

LESSON FROM POTTS TOWN

The Pottstown (Pa.) Mercury is a newspaper that tries to be different; it has to, being surrounded by larger papers in Philadelphia, Reading and Allentown. Though small (ABC circulation 25,000), it doesn't rely exclusively on press association news but sends its reporters to talk to UN officials, national political leaders and other public figures.

Recently it put out an issue that must have startled Pottstown citizens but ought somehow to have a wider circulation. It was a "censored" paper.

With due notice to the readers, the editors eliminated from that one edition all unfavorable news regarding the Johnson Administration, the U. S. Government, local and township governments. Snipped out too were all "negative reports from Vietnam, from our embattled cities or elsewhere in the nation."

The editorials were done as they might be done in any nation that has a press controlled by the government. They were all written to put the Government and the Administration in a good light. Only letters to the editor that approved of what the Government is doing were published in full; any critical ones were censored.

And to dramatize what they were doing, the "censored" portions of the news stories, letters and articles were left as blank white space. The result of this pock-marked makeup is some wonderfully frustrating reading—you know something is omitted from that Vietnam dispatch but you don't know what. It also makes a marvelously impressive point.

That point, for those who sometimes grow impatient with the frailties of all our communications media, is that while a free press—free even, sometimes, to be irresponsible—may be an imperfect way to inform the people, it is far less worse than any other.

Wall Street Journal

KINGS MOUNTAIN Hospital Log

VISITING HOURS
3 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 8 p.m.
Daily 10:30 To 11:30 a.m.

PATIENTS IN KINGS MOUNTAIN HOSPITAL AS OF NOON WEDNESDAY:

- Mrs. Etta C. Absher
- Mrs. Nettie J. Benfield
- Mrs. Ethel G. Cloninger
- Mrs. Essie A. Floyd
- Mrs. Ida W. Hambricht
- Mrs. Martin L. Harmon, Sr.
- Mrs. Sidney D. Huffstetter
- Mr. Joseph D. Jenkins
- Mrs. Annie C. Ledford
- Mr. Earl L. Rhyne
- Mrs. Ida L. Smith
- Mrs. Bessie S. Wilson
- Mrs. Floyd W. Wright
- Mrs. Espy Cooke
- Mrs. Hobie P. Gann
- Mrs. David Hannah
- Mrs. Willie E. Harris
- Mr. William Houser
- Mrs. Mary K. Jordan
- Miss Katherine Lunford
- Mrs. Florence A. Lynn
- Mrs. Betty D. Parker
- Mrs. Alma T. Pruitt
- Mr. George W. Sellers
- Mrs. Samuel P. Stewart
- Mrs. Cleo Van Dyke
- Mrs. Clara B. Wright

ADMITTED THURSDAY

- Mrs. Lillie W. Boone, Bessemer City
- Stewart E. Moore, Kings Mtn.
- Mrs. Bobby Short, Kings Mtn.

ADMITTED FRIDAY

- Mrs. Pauline S. Barrett, Grover
- Harold M. Grindstaff, Bessemer City
- Mrs. Eula H. Starnes, Gastonia

ADMITTED SATURDAY

- Mrs. Alda I. Phifer, Bessemer City
- Miss Sylvia Greene, City
- Mr. Edgar L. Kelly, Bessemer City

ADMITTED SUNDAY

- Mrs. John Mitchem, City
- Mr. T. L. Radford, Shelby
- Miss Mary S. Wilson, Shelby

ADMITTED MONDAY

- James L. Bridges, Gastonia
- Mrs. J. B. Short, Kings Creek

ADMITTED TUESDAY

- Mrs. Ethel M. Hambricht, City
- Stephen Brakefield, Clover, S. C.
- John W. Turner, City

Birth

Announcements

Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Walker, route 3, Shelby, announce the birth of a son, Wednesday, September 25, Kings Mountain hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brooks, 220 Weldon street, Gastonia, announce the birth of a son, Thursday, September 26, Kings Mountain hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Barnes, 308 Boyce street, Gastonia, announce the birth of a daughter, Saturday, September 28, Kings Mountain hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bradley, Jr., 301 Morris street, Gastonia, announce the birth of a daughter, Monday, September 30, Kings Mountain hospital.

Cooperative studies in which new drugs were administered under controlled conditions in Veterans Administration hospitals resulted in a therapy program that has allowed VA to do away with specialized tuberculosis hospitals.

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