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The Kings Mountain Herald

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MARTIN'S MEDICINE

Some interesting Christmas season tales can now be told...

m-m
 Mrs. Bill Fulton, after one of those busy 'til 9 p.m. pre-Christmas days at the shop, was especially tired and her aching legs told her so. Husband Bill proceeded to unwrap the electric vibrator Christmas gift he'd purchased to provide relief. It was the identical gift she had purchased for Bill.

m-m
 The John C. McGills, my wife and I were visiting the Charles Edwards on Christmas Eve. Third grader Elizabeth McGill posed a riddle. Why, she asked, is it to no avail to write or telegraph Washington? I thought it was, I suggested, but why not? Replied Elizabeth pertly, "He's dead." Stepped into that one, didn't I?

m-m
 Later in the evening Mrs. Edwards announced that Elizabeth had yet another riddle to pose. What, she asked, was orange on the outside and brown with nuts on the inside and had pictures of Washington in it? Somebody, thinking of Martha's chocolates, guessed, "A box of candy." Close but not quite right. It was indeed a box of candy, but Mr. Pangburn's orange box rather than Martha Washington's white one. And the candy was delicious nut-laden chocolates. But the father of the country appeared inside just 25 times, his likeness imprinted on 25 crisp one dollar bills. The cellophane wrapping had been replaced neatly after the deposit was made.

m-m
 Dr. Edwards, we learned, had a Kings Mountain connection dating to 1930. Among the several attractions of the sesquicentennial celebration of that year was a football game at the old Julian ballyard (located across the street from the Deal street water treatment plant) between Erskine and Lenoir-Rhyne. Dr. Edwards was playing end for Erskine. During the course of the game (did Erskine win by two touchdowns?), somebody's cleared hoof collided with the Edwards' mouth, eliminating several of his teeth.

m-m
 He was referred to Dr. L. P. Baker, who said he could shore up the damage with a gold-teeth bridge. The depression was already upon us and Gridman Edwards explained he'd have to defray the \$100 cost via the monthly payment route. This was quite suitable to Dr. Baker and the work was done.

m-m
 Dr. Edwards recalls he managed the payments through the school term but hit trouble come summer, as he accepted a supply pastor's summer stint at \$50—not monthly, but for the whole summer. He wrote Dr. Baker his travails, shortly had a reply in which Dr. Baker related he could find no record of the account and considered it closed. Come fall, the embryo pastor Dr. Baker to insist he owed a balance. Again, Dr. Baker examined his ledgers. "There's no record here," the late dentist replied. "You owe me nothing, son. And that's the way it stood."

m-m
 Virtually all textilists of whatever hue decry the inroads of textile imports from low wage nations, most particularly Japan. The president of my brother-in-law's firm, Abney Mills, had a Christmas dinner for the company brass, district men and superintendents. His Christmas gift to each was a handsome ash tray. When my brother-in-law turned his upside down he blanched at the inscription: Made in Japan.

m-m
 There was another involving Abney. A retired company executive had passed and our folks were attending the funeral. My sister-in-law Jenny watched the dignified group of some 40 honorary pallbearers file into the church. One of the group's coiffure was homegrown hippie, replete with long hair and beard. It worried Jenny all through the service. How could that outlandish be allied with a group like this?

m-m
 On inquiry following the service, Jenny found out. Our hippie friend merely owned the works. Was something of a swinger in other directions, racing sports cars in Grand Prix type events.

m-m
 En route home Friday, Anne and I stopped for late lunch at the new Holiday Inn at Gaffney. As we were managing the first bites, we were greeted by Bob Neill, third son of the late Banker B. S. What was he doing there? Working. He owns a piece of it.

m-m
 And now: Happy New Year!



Viewpoints of Other Editors

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE
A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil: but the fool rageth, and is confident. Proverbs 14:6.

A Decade Ends

Last night at midnight what began as the "Soaring Sixties" ended. The nation indeed soared. President John F. Kennedy promised that the United States would set foot on the moon within the decade. It was twice accomplished in the past year.

Nationally, the decade ended on sour notes of Viet Nam, inflation, threat of riots, and tight money.

But the decade just ended undoubtedly marked the decade of Kings Mountain's greatest progress on many fronts: industrial expansion and public facilities improvements are chief among them.

Cansler Project

The Cansler Street urban renewal project should convert this blighted 147-acre section of the community from what it is to a comparative show place.

It is undoubtedly the most concentrated area of sub-standard housing, and crowded, too, within the city limits.

The figure of \$1,773,000 is a heady one, but there is little question that the funds will be put to good use in upgrading the area.

Approval of the grant is another feather in the cap of the city and of its leadership.

Burns Better

Milton Friedman, an off-the-beaten path economist, has criticized the Federal Reserve Board for its monetary movements over the years, not on the matter of restricting, then loosening, then restricting credit again, but on the key matter of timing.

The "Fed", Friedman contends, either makes its decisions too late, or hangs on to a decision too long. He thinks the decisions sometimes too drastic.

The Federal Reserve is shortly to have a new chairman in the person of Economist Arthur Burns, who will succeed William McChesney Martin. Many think "high time."

Mr. Burns, in his statements before the Senate committee which will recommend his endorsement to the Senate, debited he didn't disagree much either.

The subject ties in with tight money and interest rates.

The imponderables:

- 1) How can inflation be deterred with increasing wages (when growers were forced to upgrade the wages of impoverished migrant harvesters, produce prices advanced and can't come down)?
- 2) How can the federal government, biggest debtor of all, afford to pay the high interest rates it now pays?
- 3) How can a burgeoning population manage on the same amount of dollars?

Mr. Burns gives promise of operating on a more moderate policy than Mr. Martin.

Let it be hoped.

Wayne Ashe

Many friends, unaware he suffered a chronic heart ailment, were shocked at the death of Rev. Wayne Ashe.

He was that type of man, going about his business of ministering, without complaint.

Mr. Ashe served Macedonia Baptist church for nine years and served it well and he did not confine his succor to his own parishioners.

Quiet!

Time Magazine recently published a feature on a New Yorker who has launched a campaign against noise, with as yet only minor success. He did, however, get a ban on the use of jack-hammers in residential neighborhoods before 7:30 in the morning and after 5:30 afternoons.

And just this week some Boston medical researchers put noise in the class with Naughty Nicotine and Demon Rum. Noise, it was declared, causes not only deafness, but heart trouble, tensions, ties, arterial ailments, and many others.

Some truth.

But what noise is worse?

Many elect the noiser generated in modern, labor-saving kitchen equipment, the on-again-off-again dish washer, the grind of the disposal, the whirr of the blender, the zing of the electric can opener, the clang and clatter of hastily stored pots and pans, all accompanied by a blaring radio or portable t.v. But none has suggested a remedy therefor.

Future Promise

The outlook for Kings Mountain must be bright.

Indeed, the city's veteran engineer, Col. W. K. Dickson, waxed quite eloquent on the subject Wednesday. He declared, "With water, sewage disposal, Interstate 85 and the Southern Railway, Kings Mountain must progress and grow."

It can be noted that outsiders are aware of the promise, too. Tangibly there is the new 100-unit motel, the big investment service stations, the KAO camp and the Truck Stop. Other industry is taking a look and citizens in other communities are seeking to invest in Kings Mountain area real estate.

Project "70" is underway.

CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE

It's as unthinkable that the Metropolitan Opera Company close as that the World Series-winning Mets be sold and moved to another town.

The opera company's eight-week labor dispute, nonetheless, drags on. Today the stars' salary payments cease. This week Harry Van Arsdale, president of the city Central Labor Council, stepped into the dispute optimistically, but little came of it. Mayor Lindsay has a mediator in the dispute, but performers and management seem content to sit on their salary and contract differences a good while longer.

The Met isn't alone among American cultural institutions caught in a financial and labor bind. Of course, if the money were in hand to pay the higher wages, the institutions would probably readily pay them. The salary demands are not really more than artists are worth. In terms of training and hard work — without quibbling over the relative value of their performance — a ballet dancer should be paid at least commensurately with a plumber.

The trouble with the financial position of American cultural institutions is that they are expected to operate like business enterprises on the one hand, earning their own way and living by the market laws of profit and loss, while they are thought of as public institutions whose central purpose is to uplift and better mankind. But they demonstratively cannot do the former — practically every opera or symphony, even most museums, certainly operate at a loss. Unlike sports franchises, cultural entities can't recoup enough in ticket sales or TV contracts to pay their way.

And neither can they truly be called public institutions; in America they simply are not funded through public revenues as are school and sewer systems. The foundations and the largess of private philanthropy keep such institutions going. And some find shelter within universities, which have the wisdom to see how great an influence the bands of performers can have. The university, too, does not expect its physics department to turn a profit, or its library, and has less trouble adjusting to the "impractical" ways of artists.

As witnessed by its skinflint support of the arts, America must do far better in providing for its cultural energies.

Christian Science Monitor

THE DESOLATE WILDERNESS

Here beginneth the account of Nathaniel Morton, secretary and keeper of the records for the Plymouth Colony, concerning those memorable circumstances of the year 1620:

So they left that goodly and pleasant city of Leyden, which had been their resting-place for above eleven years, but they knew that they were pilgrims and strangers here below, and looked not much on these things, but lifted up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country, where God hath prepared for them a city (Heb. xi. 16), and therein quieted their spirits.

When they came to Delfs-Haven they found the ship and all things ready; and such of their friends as could not come with them followed after them, and sundry came from Amsterdam to see them ship, and to take their leaves of them. One night was spent with little sleep with the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love.

The next day they went on board, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting, to hear what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound amongst them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each other's heart, that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the Key as spectators could not refrain from tears. But the tide (which stays for no man) calling them away, that were thus loath to depart, their Reverend Pastor, falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks commended them with the most fervent prayers unto the Lord and His blessing; and then with mutual embraces and many tears they took their leaves one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them.

Being now passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before them in expectations, they had now no friends to welcome them, no inns to entertain or refresh them, no houses, or much less towns, to repair unto to seek for succour; and for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of the country know them to be sharp and violent, subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search unknown coasts.

Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? and what multitudes of them there were, they then knew not: for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to Heaven) they could have but little solace or content in respect of any outward object; for summer being ended, all things stand in appearance with a weather-beaten face, and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage howl.

If they looked behind them, there was a mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now a main bar or gulph to separate them from all the civil parts of the world.

The Wall Street Journal

Gifts To Welcome First Baby Of '70

The Kings Mountain area's First Baby of 1970 will be greeted by a shower of gifts from Kings Mountain merchants who are preparing to welcome him or her.

To the first baby born to Kings Mountain parents in New Year 1970 several merchants will present gifts. Participating in welcoming him or her are Belk's, Kings Mountain Drug Company, Griffin Drug Company, Mountaineer Pharmacy, Medical Pharmacy, Dellinger's Jewel Shop and Sterchi Furniture.

YOUTH MEETING

Young people of Shiloh and Dixon Presbyterian churches will hold a joint meeting Sunday at 6 p.m. at the Shiloh church at Grover. Rev. Robert Wilson is in charge of the program.

FIGHT TO THE FINISH?

The struggle between Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and the bosses of the Congress party who installed her in the premiership nearly four years ago has apparently passed the point of no return. The party's working committee — which she would say has been stacked in favor of the bosses — has ousted her from the party for indiscipline. For the moment, however, this does not disqualify her from the premiership — and might never.

The bosses, known locally as the Syndicate, thought that when they put Mrs. Gandhi in the premiership, they would henceforward have a plant tool in their hands. Mrs. Gandhi soon made it clear that she intended being mistress in her own house — and then the battle was on. She defied the bosses on the question of filling the vacant presidency of India earlier this year. In effect, she put up a man of her own to do battle with theirs — and her man won.

At this point in the game it was clear that she was outsmarting the Syndicate by going to the people over the bosses' heads. So they have been quietly but ruthlessly counterattacking by trying to stage a corridor-coup within the top-level organization which would squeeze all Mrs. Gandhi's supporters out of it. Mrs. Gandhi's riposte was to seek to force the resignation of party president, Siddhavanahalli Nijalingappa, a key member of the Syndicate. The bosses have now struck back by "firing" her — at least from the party.

Mrs. Gandhi's trump card in all this is the broad-based support which she has built up for herself outside the party organization. This she has done partly by creating an image of herself as a champion of left-leaning popular policies — and of the Syndicate as reactionary right-wing bosses. Her grass-roots sup-

CIRCLE MEETING

Mrs. Robert Wilson will be hostess at her home in Grover Saturday night at 7 p.m. to members of Circle 1 of Dixon Presbyterian church. Rev. Mr. Wilson is pastor of both the Shiloh and Dixon churches.

port still might not be enough to guarantee her retention of a parliamentary majority, given the present makeup of the Indian Legislature. On the other hand, the left-wing splinter parties in the Legislature (including the Communists) might rally behind her to keep her in office. But that could carry with it risks and dangers for Mrs. Gandhi.

The pessimists forecast now a period of confusion and instability, with those locked in the power struggle paying little heed to the national welfare. The more hopeful look for a major realignment of Indian domestic politics, still within a parliamentary framework, among right-left lines. And that, of course, could bring new, healthy life to things.

Christian Science Monitor

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.

Arthur Wright Huffstetter
 Mrs. Dora Mae Powell
 Ransom Pinkney Pruett
 Mrs. Florence S. Shepherd
 Sam Williams
 Mrs. Mattie S. Wise
 Vincent Dewey Bradshaw
 Everette Weldon Bridges
 Mrs. George Gordon
 Sidney Dullin Huffstetter
 Mrs. Cora H. Laughter
 Regina M. Price

ADMITTED TUES. DEC. 23
 Mrs. Ethel M. Crisp
 James Calvin Roberts
 Joe Pinkney Camp

ADMITTED THURSDAY
 William Ivy Roper
 Thomas Kenneth Green

ADMITTED FRIDAY
 Clarence Marion Knox
 Katherine Shirley Lunsford
 Morris Howard Hardin

ADMITTED SATURDAY
 Mrs. Laura Mae Spearman
 Samuel Medford Head
 Mrs. Ruby M. Stroupe
 Mrs. Hubert E. Strange
 Mrs. Richard Clark

ADMITTED SUNDAY
 Mrs. Wilburn Hugh Lackey
 William E. McSwain, Jr.
 Gilbert Dale Patterson
 Mrs. Robert G. Wilson
 Bobby Gene Patterson
 William Samuel Lyons

ADMITTED MONDAY
 Mrs. Charles W. Bolin
 Mrs. Hurley W. Brooks
 Mrs. Laure Ann McEntyre
 Mrs. Emmaline G. Scoggins
 Frank Edward Heath
 Talmadge Sullens
 Harry Lee Taylor
 Mrs. William C. Heffner
 Mrs. Dock A. Hyde
 Dolton Kidd Lowe, Jr.
 Robert L. Mills

ADMITTED TUESDAY
 Mrs. Celis S. Bonds
 Mrs. Flossie S. Cloninger
 Mrs. Frank Lee Blanton
 Mrs. Horace J. Darby
 Beauford Lonzo Dobbins
 Pearl W. Edwards
 Randy Scott Panther
 Thomas A. Tate
 Mrs. Thomas H. Harry, Jr.
 James Monroe Staley
 Mrs. Annie M. Jones

Stroke Fatal To Horace McGee

Bright Rudisill, former citizen who now resides at Blue Ridge Nursing Center, Easley, S. C., has written to the Herald news of the death of Horace McGee on October 30th. Mr. McGee, also well known here, died following a massive stroke. Funeral rites were held on November 1st.

Mr. Rudisill acknowledged receipt of many Christmas cards from home and added, "Best wishes for a joyful and peaceful holiday."

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