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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
 Martin Harmon Editor-Publisher
 Miss Elizabeth Stewart Circulation Manager and Society Editor
 Miss Debbie Thornburg Clerk, Bookkeeper

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT
 Frank Edwards Allen Myers Paul Jackson
 Rocky Martin Roger Brown Ray Parker
 * On Leave With The United States Army

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE
The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Psalm 19:1

A Holy Harvest Thanksgiving -

We, in this section of our country, have used the term, "harvest", primarily to mean the harvest of grain and produce on the farm. We think of it in terms of wheat, corn, rye, tomatoes, potatoes, pumpkins, and the like. In other words, we have been a rural oriented people, for the most part, here in North Carolina.

With this type of crop, of harvest, there can be poor crops and poor harvest, too. There is, in the language of scripture, the "tares" among the crops. Everything we reap is not good. But we do have it and in some cases we have not planted it. It has just blown our way. But in most cases, the poor harvest has been because of poor or bad seed.

As with the harvest of material crops, we can never expect nor should we expect a harvest of perfect crops when our seed and our planting has been poor seed and poor work.

If we expect to reap a harvest of love and devotion in family life we must sow the type of seed from the beginning of our family existence. We must labor at the job of making our home one in which love and devotion are experienced. Simply because we stand before the altar and a minister or before a Justice of the Peace and say the words, "I do," does not insure that we will "live happily ever after."

If we expect to have a life of happiness, of love for brother, of faith, of devotion, if we expect to have a full life spiritually speaking, we must work at it. We do not drop into a harvest of love, friendship, of faith, and as the Apostle Paul puts it so accurately in Philippians, the things that are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely and gracious. We must have planted the seed in the planting season of life.

It is as true as that night follows day that the man who reaps peace and long-suffering, a life with Christ and love of God, must begin that process early in life. He must plant the seed to correspond to the harvest he wants to reap.

We need not expect to reap peace that passes understanding when we have sown the seeds of the whirlwind.

In this season of Thanksgiving, which I believe should be a great deal longer than one day, a whole year, it is the belief of the writer that we should attempt to look at our own life, our harvest as of this date and see what it has been. And if it is not what it should be to look for the problem within, for the people does lie within us, not without. And in finding the problem we will be much closer to finding the solution. If there is unhappiness, if there is no joy, if there is no willingness to forgive, if there is no desire to help another man in his difficulties, something is wrong and we need to find the answer. We need to look into our own background, into our past life, and our present life to see what kind of seed we have been planting.

If we have neglected Christ, if we have refused to have anything to do with him, we can expect to have the kind of harvest resulting. If we have no desire for religion, no desire for Christ, we need not expect the harvest of "peace that passes understanding."

There are two kinds of people in our society today that miss the benefits of the Holy Harvest of Life: the kind who are able to see what makes the harvest and who do nothing about it. They are so obsessed with making their own kind of life that they have no time for anybody or anything else, they are obsessed with their own concerns until they care nothing about the other person. The other kind are those who have a little knowledge of what it is all about and they are satisfied with the little bit of knowledge they have, they have their names on church rolls, they occasionally send in a small donation, and they think

Finally, Water

A person trained in the craft, had he the knowledge, could fabricate an interesting and exciting novel on Kings Mountain and water.

In the early twenties drought-plagued Kings Mountain spent \$100,000 abortively digging wells. In 1927-28, a progressive city administration built the Deal Street Filter plant and York Road reservoir over strident opposition that found families split on the issue. (A telling anti contention was the late Dr. J. G. Hardis, warning that dogs would be swimming in the drinking water. Then - Commissioner I. G. Patterson recalls one irate citizen who stuck a finger under the Patterson nose and crying, "You're bankrupting us!")

The 1928 project, it was thought would assure Kings Mountain a potable water supply for generations. Just 15 years later, Kings Mountain was in water crisis again. Recommendation at that time by engineers and the State Board of Health was to go where water was - Buffalo Creek. The Herald supported the recommendation and lost. Long-term the professionals were right, as was proved in a decade after the Davidson Lake expansion. On the side of the successful opponents of Buffalo in 1954 is the fact that the annual city budget at that time - unabated by natural gas sales and profits, was less than a half-million dollars per year. Conversely, the 1954 cost of today's Buffalo project would have been perhaps 60% of today's estimated \$3.5 million and municipal bonds could be sold for half today's interest cost.

No pun intended, that is water over the dam.

The happiest fact is that as of Friday, November 13, 1970, Kings Mountain has in service potable water sources capable of producing six million gallons daily, a two-million gallon storage tank on Cherryville Road and a million gallon storage tank at the Buffalo Creek treatment plant.

Kings Mountain "got by" by teeth skin through 1) the Cherryville Road tank, enabling weekend catch-ups, and 2) the Lord's providence who brought sufficient rain in its season and spared us from major fires, and even the flood disaster in the late summer occasioned only minor delay in the time-table for bringing Buffalo into use.

Final chapters in this intriguing story are yet to be written.

Several properties remain to be acquired.

And the question of employment of Buffalo Lake as a recreational mecca remains.

Almost everyone agrees Buffalo Lake's recreational potential will be utilized.

The question is "when" not "if"?

they have paid their way into life. They bring their donations to the church or to society but it is truly not sufficient. Then a day comes when they think they have been mistreated in the church and off they go. They find little difference because they found little reality when they were in the church. They heard a dim sound, but never got close enough to hear Christ say, "Lovest thou me?... Feed my sheep."

The Holy Harvest is reaped by those who say to God and mean it, "Here am I, use me." They are the ones who work at the business of being Christian every day. They reap the life for the seed and they have sown. This is my definition of Holy Harvest. — (Rev. N. C. Bush, Pastor, Grace Methodist Church)

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

By MARTIN HARMON

Veteran's Day, initially Armistice Day, celebrating the end of fighting in World War I, then consolidated to include other service celebrations, was on November 11 for the last time.

Congress, in its questionable wisdom, has decreed that Veteran's Day hence be celebrated on the first Monday in October.

The designation "questionable" is advised. The movement to change traditional holidays to Mondays undoubtedly will prove a boon to the varied segments of the travel industry, the camping grounds, fishing grounds, motels, and the oil companies. All good.

Creation of more long Friday-Tuesday holiday weekends will add to the highway accident toll of smashed cars, maimed and mangled bodies. The National Safety Council, with plenty of reason from the facts, opposes this departure from the calendar, as do traditionalists who feel "us do traditionalists who feel July 4, not July 5, 6 or 7.

Every seven years the Gregorian calendar the world employs repeats itself, dates of the month matching the days of the week. Thus 1970 calendar matches dates to dates for 1963, the year President Kennedy was killed, 1956 when General Eisenhower was re-elected President, 1949 when President Truman was inaugurated after his upset victory over Governor Tom Dewey, and 1942, when on Sunday, November 8, Allied Forces invaded North Africa in the first major offensive against Hitler and Mussolini. The successful African landings on the Allies at Casablanca on the Atlantic, Oran and Algiers on the Mediterranean enabled Winston Churchill to make his famed November 10 address in which he exhorted the air-blitzed Britons at home and the battered forces of the British Commonwealth around the globe.

Mr. Churchill, in his impeccable rhetoric and prose declared, "I did not become the King's First Minister to superintend the liquidation of the British Empire."

I was at Algiers, our ship having been berthed at dockside that morning after beating about Algiers Bay Sunday and Monday dodging bombs from German Stukas and Junkers 88's.

Mr. Churchill's speech was not popular aboard our ship nor with other American personnel who, at that moment, could not have cared less about the British Empire, being far more interested in unloading cargo and, in the words of PT boat expert Commander J. H. Bulky, "getting the hell out of there." Sample of this haste was performance of the lads aboard my ship USS Almaack, who manned the davits unloading cargo. They were dropping 40-millimeter ammunition from 25 feet, an were flirting with an explosion which could have blown up the ship.

Shortly after Mr. Churchill's speech, I was standing on the quarterdeck when a lighting of bulld unprepossessing looking British Navy lieutenant came aboard and asked to see the executive officer. I summoned Lieutenant-Commander McLean, Academy '24, and repaired to the wardroom for a cup of coffee. A few minutes later the Exec came in. "You know what that British Lieutenant wanted?" he inquired. "No Sir." "He is skipper of a trawler and captured an Italian submarine. He wanted us to take his prisoners off his hands because he has no room for them."

We didn't either. A cargo ship has limited personnel quarters and the billets vacated by the 150 men of an army ordnance unit we deposited on the Algiers locks were already filled with survivors from personnel transport USS Leedstown, damaged Sunday afternoon and finished off the Germans 24 hours later.

Today, Thursday, November 19, 28 years ago, I had seen a lot of war in the brief space of eight days - November 8-15: 1) At dawn USS Thomas Stone, with Dr. John Hamrick of Shelby aboard as a navy medic and a torpedoed; 2) A Stuka had passed low between us and Leedstown, both our Oerlikon's firing like mad - result, Leedstown's raiideck starboard rooms riddled by our fire, our port main-deck riddled by theirs; 3) A moon raid revealed a bomb aimed at our stern and my gun station. "This is it," I said mentally. The near miss was close enough to shake the stern of the 562 foot ship; 4) Shortly after 3 a.m. Sunday 15 November as I was retrieving my life jacket from the starboard wing when a small carrier HMS Avenger blew up to be gone in two minutes with 17 survivors of 578 men; 5) A minute after Avenger blew, Almaack took a torpedo



Viewpoints of Other Editors

EERIE AERIE COUNT

The last embattled remnant of New England's bald eagle population continued its slow decline this summer.

A National Audubon Society survey found only 11 young eagles in 30 Maine nests. In some respects the count represents an improvement either in nesting methods or eagle production over the low of 1965 when four young eagles were fledged from 53 known nests.

Neither count, however is encouraging. What both mean is that Maine eagles are producing too few young to maintain an eagle population in New England. If eagles were not such long-lived birds, the remnant colony would have disappeared. The 1970 census, for instance, disclosed that pairs of eagles were tending 22 nests in which no young were produced. The physical condition of those eagles may have reached a point where reproduction no longer is possible.

Through the long period of decline which has gone on at least since World War II, eagles have proved remarkable indicators of what is happening in our environment. If one tests eagle eggs or eagle flesh for almost any contaminant, the poison can be found and often in suspiciously large doses. The latest alarming contaminant has been mercury. Sure enough, tests have shown significant amounts of mercury mixed up with eagles. Before that, the presence of such questionable chemicals as DDT, dieldrin and PCB's had been confirmed in eagles.

Each September one can see a few bald eagles migrating south over such important hawk-watching points as New Hampton and Bristol, New Hampshire; Mt. Tom, Massachusetts; Sakonnet Point, Rhode Island; and Danbury, Connecticut. But these birds are migrants, most of them coming down from Canada to escape winter.

Massachusetts Audubon Society

port beam and ships, leaving us dead in the water, the engine room a shambles, four dead, five badly burned; 6) At 0836:30 I logged the death of SS Ettrick, a British merchantman, unfortunately steaming with her water tight doors open - a pin drop would have reverberated over our silent ship as Ettrick, settling slowly by the stern for five hours, went to her last resting place 200 fathoms down.

Today, 28 years ago, I was a non-patient guest at the British hospital at Gibraltar awaiting arrival by tow of wounded Almaack, hospitably entertained with low tea mornings, high tea afternoons, and a spot of sherry before lunch. Fellow shavetail Dave Cole, a classmate of Bill Fulton's at Erskine College, and I shared quarters with the Exec. He took the bed, we manned the pallets.

On return to Gibraltar, we had temporarily quartered aboard an aged P & O wooden passenger ship SS Moutan, got off just five minutes before she sailed. I was abhorring the prospect of being bound for Britain with nothing but the clothes on our backs and money in our jeans.

Chief Engineer Daily had a more philosophical view. The Moutan bar vented Scotch-and-Sodas for 10 cents. Quoth former merchantman Daily, "I'd wouldn't have been so bad, we could have kept at rosy glow all the way to Liverpool for eight doi

AND LOOKING TOWARD 1972

This was the election, full of quirky crosscurrents, in which the presidential hopefuls for 1972 survived better than did some of the much-touted issues. Among the Democrats Senators Muskie, Kennedy - and now Senator Hubert Humphrey - won their races handsly, though the Muskie and Kennedy totals were moderately less impressive than last time around.

Senator Muskie benefited nationally by the last-minute exposure he received when called upon to make the Democrat's closing campaign speech, in effect in reply to President Nixon. Again the public heard a low-key, reasoned voice amidst the tumult. For Ted Kennedy the fact that a Kennedy can always win in Massachusetts left undisputed the question whether the country as a whole has forgotten or will forget Chappaquiddick.

Mayor Lindsay, whose possibility of turning Democrat has been avidly discussed lately, saw the two candidates he endorsed and favored, Messrs. Goldberg and Goodell, go down to deep defeat in New York State, which proved - if anything - that the Lindsay charisma is not precisely transferable.

The Democrats, trouncing many Republicans in governorship contests across the nation, were setting up power bases which would help them, but hardly be decisive, in 1972.

For the Republicans there will be many a post-mortem as to whether President Nixon was politically astute and forward looking to pitch his campaign so solely on the issue of law-and-order and alleged Democratic permissiveness. Perhaps his wide barnstorming did as much as could be done to finesse the troublesome issue of inflation-recovery.

Governor Reagan won reelection impressively, so the Republicans have an understudy on hand in the highly unlikely event that the Nixon - Agnew team falters in the next two years. Several of the Republican congressmen running for Senate seats, including photogenic George Bush of Texas, went down to defeat; Mr. Bush will not be replacing Mr. Agnew in the vice-presidential spot in 1972.

Christian Science Monitor

WONDERLAND

Washington long has had things in common with Alice's Wonderland, mixing a great deal of fantasy and absurdity with occasional kernels of common sense. Now the comparison may be getting too close for comfort.

In any case, police in the city's Virginia suburbs now are trailing a white rabbit - or, rather, a fellow who likes to go around toggled out in a white rabbit suit. The other night the bogus bunny approached a parked car and tossed a hatset in the car's window, fortunately not injuring either of the two occupants.

Of course that sort of fellow must be restrained. And we do hope those policemen have better luck than Alice.

HOSPITAL LOG

- Aaron Huskey
- Coley Jones
- Mrs. Robt. W. Moses
- Larry Wayne Propst
- Eldice Alexander
- Wm. Banks Barber
- Mrs. John T. Bell
- Chas. Boheler
- Mrs. John Boheler
- Chas. P. Bridges
- Mr. and Mrs. Hubert G. Clemmons
- Robt. A. Dickson
- Willie Erwood
- Hugh C. Farris
- Clarence E. Gladden
- Alonzo Kale Goins
- Peggy Gunnells
- Mrs. James A. Hamilton
- John A. Hancock
- Mrs. Homer Kilgore
- Ray A. Kirby
- Eldridge G. Mitchell
- Mrs. Mimmie L. McClain
- James Jasper Oates, Jr.
- Bobby E. Pennington
- Mrs. Mimmie W. Phifer
- Mrs. Ray Price
- Mrs. Alveria Schuler
- Mrs. Bobby D. Scruggs
- Mrs. Annie B. Self
- Samuel P. Williams
- Martin L. Wilson, Sr.
- Mrs. Nolan T. Aldrich
- Mrs. Elizabeth B. Smith
- Mrs. Ester M. Barber
- Mrs. Seaborn M. Echols
- Joe Lee Harmon
- Hubert W. Message
- Mrs. Amanda C. Ross
- Mrs. Bobby Gene Shuford
- ADMITTED THURSDAY**
- Mrs. Paul Davies
- Rt. 3, City
- James Wm. Franklin, Jr.
- 1827 Pindlay St. Gastonia
- Mrs. Ervin Gordon
- 216 Walker St., City
- Mrs. Kermit L. Smith
- Lakebrook Rd., Charlotte
- ADMITTED FRIDAY**
- Grover L. Brock
- 104 E. Washington Ave, Bes. C.
- Mrs. Ethel L. Hoffman
- Rt. 2, Bessemer City
- Mrs. James H. Hestickler
- 402 York Rd., City
- Carl B. Jones
- 415 Stroupe Alley, City
- Mrs. Robert N. Keenum
- 1106 Spencer Ave., Gastonia
- Laura Jane Laws
- Rt. 2 Box 182, City
- Mrs. Eugene Logan

"I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE"

What a long and glorious span of years! A personality that will not soon be forgotten. A man of sincerity, a man with a christian mind and heart, a man dedicated to the improvement of his community, a man with a purpose in life, one to be trusted and admired.

Positive imprints have been left in the lives of we Kiwanians who knew and loved him for the example he set. His 24 years of perfect attendance is particularly noteworthy in that these came after his retirement from the railroad.

The Kiwanians Directors have elected to leave his chair vacant for our next 4 meetings in honor of one who meant so much to us. His passing leaves a void in our club.

(from the Kings Mountain SINAWIK, Publication of the Kings Mountain Kiwanis Club)

IMPATIENCE

"The question of what women can do and what they cannot do well is one that has been much debated of late, and it is safe to say the facts and arguments laid before the public in the course of the discussion have done much to shake the belief, once so universal, that women are adapted to doing nothing well but the domestic duties of the household."

"There is a great variety of occupations which women have begun to claim as fields for individual effort from which no intelligent, refined man would seek to exclude them. These occupations in no way injuriously affect the qualities admired by the other sex. They may and ought to be made as remunerative to women as to men..."

Wall Street Journal

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