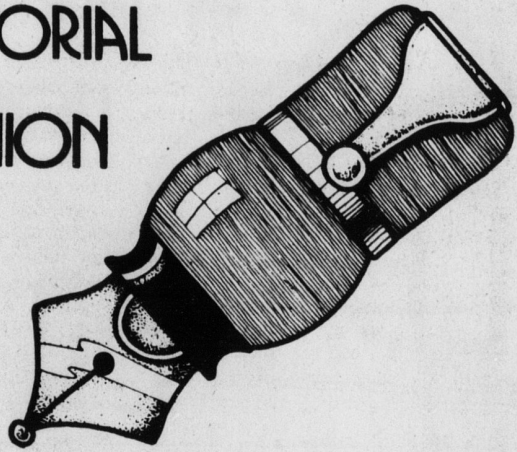


# EDITORIAL OPINION



# A letter to Santa

## Here's encouraging news

Reports are that Kings Mountain Senior High Principal Forrest Wheeler has taken some steps toward bringing about a little more order within the hallowed educational halls.

A few teachers, it is also reported, have taken up the standard and are applying firmness where needed to make sure all of their students have an equal opportunity to hear the text.

Hats off to them. Not only have they done themselves proud, but they have performed a service to the students who have acted out of line at times and to the numerous eager students who have seen their own time and effort wasted because of a ruckus.

Suzanne Britt Jordan, an English teacher at N. C. State University, has some commendable ideas on the subject of education that all educators and administrators could at least consider.

In an article published in Newsweek Mrs. Jordan points out that teachers should become once again, fearsome and awe-inspiring in the classroom. She says that schoolmasters and administrators cannot change until they "shake off the guilt, the simpering, apologetic smiles and the Freudian theories."

She says the schools' function is not to probe tender psyches, not to feed and clothe the homeless and not to be mama and papa, but to teach.

To teach. That's it in a nutshell.

But sometimes it becomes necessary to get the attention of certain students before they can be taught. It's like the old joke about the farmer who whacked his mule between the eyes with a two-by-four. He got the animal's attention, then issued the orders and the mule complied.

One senior high teacher was forced to apply the same method recently. However, he got the attention of his disruptive students by warming their backsides. It is ridiculous that a teacher is forced to resort to this, but that teacher, in fact, was teaching a valuable lesson. Once the student receives his diploma and marches out to face the world, he or she is going to discover there will be more backside warmings in store. If this situation is faced and the lesson learned early enough, a person will have the knowledge to avoid as many of life's paddings as possible.

We, as a community, should thank Mr. Wheeler and his teachers for reinstating a bit of authority and, hopefully, making it become respected once again. It is a start, however, and not at all the end.

## Commandments of Christmas

**EDITOR'S NOTE** — Each year we have published "Ten Commandments for Christmas" at the beginning of the Christmas season as an assist in preparation for this great festival. We clipped the following from Gideon Magazine a number of years ago.)

### FOR CHRISTMAS— THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

- Thou shalt not leave Christ out of Christmas, making it Xmas for this is the sign that thou art lazy minded and spiritually listless. To most minds "X" stands not for Christ, but for the algebraic unknown.
- Thou shalt not value thy gifts by their cost for verily many shall signify love that is more blessed and beautiful than silver and gold.
- Thou shalt give thyself with the gifts. Thy love, thy personality and thy service shall increase the value of thy gift a hundred fold and he that receiveth it shall treasure it forever.
- Thy shalt not let Santa Claus take the place of Christmas. In many homes Santa Claus supersedes the Christ Child and Christmas becomes a fairy tale rather than a sublime reality in the spiritual realm.
- Thou shalt not burden thy servant. The shop girl and mail carrier and the merchant should have

thy consideration.

Thou shalt not neglect thy church. Its Christmas services are planned to help spiritualize the Christmas season for thee, thy child and thy household. Remember the church is a symbol of what we are fighting for.

Thou shalt not neglect the needy. Let thy bountiful blessings be shared with the many who will go hungry and shiver with cold unless thou art generous in their time of want.

Thou shalt be as a little child, Christmas is the day of the Christ child. Not until thou has become in spirit even as a little child are thou ready to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

Thou shalt prepare thy soul for Christmas. For verily most of us spend much time and money getting gifts ready and few seconds in getting our souls ready.

Thou shalt give thy heart to Christ. Let thy Christmas list have Christ at the top and thy heart as the gift. For in so doing thou are as the Wise Men of old, and verily thou shalt find thyself born again on Christmas day.



### Poet's Corner

#### A GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a priceless gift  
That cannot be bought or sold,  
But its value is far greater  
Than mountains made of gold.  
For gold is cold and lifeless  
And can neither see nor hear  
And in the time of trouble,  
It is powerless to cheer.

It has no ears to listen,  
No heart to understand,  
Cannot bring you comfort  
Or reach out a helping hand.

So, when you ask God for a gift,  
Be thankful if He sends,  
Not diamonds, pearls or rubies  
But the love of real, true friends.

MYRTLE GOFORTH

It's difficult to believe, but the time has come once again to write a letter to that jolly old elf — Kris Kringle.

In the past I have written, tongue-in-cheek mostly, about the trials and tribulations of your's truly concerning the Christmas season. It's only natural because I am much more of an expert on personal trials and tribulations than on anyone else's.

Like everyone else, I have had my triumphs and tragedies during the past year. Of course in all honesty my "tragedies" are best defined as small disappointments. I sincerely hope everyone else can say that.

All in all life has been pretty good to many of us if we only stop to consider. It's like the late Maurice Chevalier once said after reaching his 70th or so birthday. Someone asked him how it felt. He replied "when you consider the alternative it feels great."

So, instead of asking Santa for gifts for myself this year I've decided to put in a few words for some other folks.

Are you listening, Kris?  
Good.

Let's start with Rob Goforth. At 3:30 last Thursday morning Rob was convinced that his house was haunted. There was something going "bump in the night" in his domicile. Rob called the police for help.

The "ghost" turned out to be a squirrel. So, Santa, give Rob a quart of courage so he can control himself long enough to do his own investigating next time he hears strange ghostly noises in the middle of the night.

Next, Santa, is Al "Flea" Grigg. Please give him a deck of Bicycle playing cards loaded with Aces and Kings so he can hit Blackjack everytime he deals.

Margaret Walker, 319 Scotland Dr., needs a little help, too, Santa. The street in front of her house is awful dark at night. She's asked the city for a street light, so you might give her request a little boost to the powers that be.

And Santa, the Kings Mountain Woman's Club is in a pickle. They placed several barrels in front of their club on E. Mountain St. to collect paper and



### TOM McINTYRE

aluminum for their recycling project. Well, Santa, some culprit has made off with the barrels. See what you can do to replace them, huh?

And talking about replacing things, let me put in a good word for The Mirror-Herald. Somebody absconded with her newspaper sales rack last week. It lasted longer than we thought it would, but I guess that's because it was not nailed down. That probably confused the thief.

There is a woman in the Bethlehem Community, a member of the Bethlehem Baptist — I don't know her name — who called on us in hysterics over a recent article. For her I'd appreciate it if you could stuff her Christmas stocking with some tranquilizers.

Now let's consider Thomas H. Barnette. He owns and operates the Park-In on Hwy. 74 west of town. What he needs, Santa, is a sense of humor. Poor fella, he never has any fun. I'm only jesting, Santa. Thomas is okay in the humor department. Just make sure he never loses it.

There are a couple of vacancies in the religious community, Santa. Well, one vacancy now and another expected at the end of the year. Both of them are Lutheran. It would be nice, Santa, if the

replacements for the Rev. Robert Allen and the Rev. Glenn Boland turned out to mean as much to the community as they did and do. Let's face it. We need all the help we can get.

Now, there is a tall order for you to consider, Santa. New life in the Central Business District.

Sorry to put this burden on your head, old fellow, but there isn't much being done in other quarters to interest outside businessmen and merchants in settling down here.

If you could do something in this area it would mean a great deal to a lot of people in this community.

Such a present would mean bustling business here.

By the same token you can do something to make business lousy for the firefighters, police officers and rescue volunteers during the coming year, if you get what I mean.

At the same time see if you can't do something to set the rip-off artists and criminal-minded citizens on a more constructive path. And if that fails, then bless them with an abundance of car-buncles on their feet so they can't get around so good.

And to our young Mormon Missionary friends, make their roads mostly downhill. It isn't easy to cover an entire county on a bicycle.

For our good friend George Lublanekzi, always make sure the coffee is tasty and hot.

And, Santa, not wishing anyone bad luck, but make sure something appropriate occurs to the next merchant who writes "Xmas" instead of "Christmas" on his store windows.

While on this point, how about hovering over Texas long enough to give Madelyn Murray O'Hair a little peace of mind about religious scenes and activities. If she has peace of mind then she won't drive the rest of us nuts.

Santa, Baby, this list could go on forever. But by this time I think you got the general drift of what I am trying to say.

In general make this one a Merry Christmas. One that will spill over in essence and feeling throughout the coming year.

See you, Christmas Eve.

# The flight of man

One of the most famous events in North Carolina history took place on December 17, 1903 — the first recorded flight of man.

Orville and Wilbur Wright's invention rose from the sands near Kill Devil Hill at Kitty Hawk.

The event transcends state history, of course, and is a memorable event in the history of all mankind and his eternal reach for the skies. It is regarded, specifically, as "... the first powered flight of a heavier-than-air machine." The brothers from Ohio not only made a name for themselves in history, but also brought special attention to North Carolina as their testing ground. A national monument and museum now mark the site of that historic flight.

The brothers had previously made over a thousand successful glider flights at Kitty Hawk, over a three-year period. They selected the spot because of its isolation, its sandy, open ground and constant winds. They spent several months a year at Kitty Hawk, then returned to their bicycle shop in Dayton to earn a living and make further experiments in motors and designs.

A total of four successful powered flights were made that morning of December 17 in a one-and-one-half hour period. Orville (by a toss of the coin) made the first, then Wilbur. A handful of men from the nearby life-saving station were on hand to carry the machine back to its starting point and place it on the guide-rail. The historic first flight was accompanied by little emotion or celebration (Orville had already described it as "inevitable"). It was not true that — as a Norfolk paper wrote the next day — Wilbur had run along side shouting "Eureka!"; as Orville left the ground.

The longest flight that day was 852 feet, and lasted for 57 seconds. It is ironic that today hanggliders on nearby Jockey Ridge exceed that performance on almost a daily basis."

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### ED SMITH

Clyde R. Hoey, Governor of the state (1937-41) and U. S. Senator, was born in Shelby, on Dec. 11, 1877. As a boy he worked as a printer's "devil" (assistant) on the old Shelby "Aurora." After learning the trade he moved to Charlotte to be a typesetter on the "Observer", but returned to Shelby to take over a bankrupt paper, becoming editor and owner at sixteen!

Reading law in his spare time he passed the bar, and was elected to the state legislature at 20, before being able to vote for himself." Hoey served in the U. S. Senate from 1945 until his death in 1954.

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Samuel Johnston was born in Dundee, Scotland, on Dec. 15, 1733. Coming to North Carolina to serve as assistant to his uncle, Royal Governor Gabriel Johnston, he remained here to practice law, then switched sides to back the American cause of independence. He later served as Governor



himself, and acted as chairman of the convention which ratified the U. S. Constitution and brought this state into the Union.

-00-

On Dec. 13, 1862, the Fifty-Fourth and Fifty-Seventh North Carolina Regiments — both new and inexperienced — participated in the bloody Civil War battle of Fredricksburg. According to the North Carolina Historical Almanac, the Fifty-seventh lost 250 men in less than half-an-hour.

## READER DIALOGUE Appreciation

To the editor,

Just thought I would drop a line to express my appreciation to the city for the new Christmas decorations.

The decorations are unusual and very pretty. I know the city employees worked hard putting up the decorations because I saw them at work.

JANE MOREHEAD  
Kings Mountain

## A Christmas story

It was Christmas Eve; and after Bobby had carefully hung his stockings by the fireplace, he went off to bed. Usually Bobby did not like to go to bed early, but tonight he was eager to get to sleep so as to be sure to wake up early to see his gifts.

For their Bible reading that day Bobby and his father had read Jesus' own words to His friends in John 15:22. Five words had stayed in Bobby's mind, and he kept saying them over until he fell asleep. They were the words, "If I had not come."

It seemed as if he had not been asleep any time when a cross, harsh voice said: "Get up, get up, I tell you! It's time to get up."

Thinking about the skates he wanted, and the flashlight and the books for which he had been wishing, Bobby got up and hurried into his clothes

and went downstairs. But all was still. No one was there to greet him; no stocking hung by the fireplace; no wreaths were in the window; no splendid tree was there.

Hurrying to the door, Bobby looked down the street. The factory was open, and he could hear rumble of the machinery. He grabbed his hat and sweater and raced down the street to the factory door, and there stood a grim-looking foreman.

"What's the factory running for on Christmas? Asked Bobby.

"Christmas?" asked the man. "What do you mean? I never heard that word. This is one of our busy days, so clear out."

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