

## Your grandchildren will thank you

It smarted when I read in last week's Mirror-Herald that Senator Ollie Harris will again vote against the Equal Rights Amendment. He gave as his reason that the majority of persons he has asked in his 25th Senatorial District (Cleveland, Gaston, Lincoln and Rutherford Counties) were against it. The question is -- when did he ask?

Certainly he did not ask the working woman who has to support a family and is consistently paid less than a man for the same job; certainly not the thinking woman who has the ability and the desire to fill a management post but is often denied that opportunity.

The 1979 legislative session has just opened in Raleigh. Why not join the intelligent fight for Equal Rights in North Carolina -- beneficial to men also. This may be done by sending a landslide of letters or cards to our Senators and Representatives. They are as follows: Senator Ollie Harris; Marshall Rauch; Helen Marvin, Representatives Robert Z. Falls, Jack Hunt, Edith Lutz. Address all: Legislative Building, Raleigh, N. C. 27611.

Your grandchildren will thank you for your foresight today.

HAZEL H. FRYER  
Kings Mountain

## Where is my runoff storm drain?

To Any Soul Who Will Listen:

At Halloween I noticed to my dismay, that the long promised cemented water runoff, needed for erosion of my land by a misplaced or mis-applied storm drain, was definitely nowhere to be seen.

I sat in my pumpkin patch and shed woeful tears of dismay as I realized that the Great Pumpkin had forgotten my needs. Not wants sir, but needs. By spring who knows, the erosion on the north west side of my house could be well on its way to becoming the great Kings Mountain Canyon, and I am not prepared for any tourist this season.

Thanksgiving came and went, still not a drop of cement for which I could give thanks. Still the Rock of Ages stand, better known to you as a cement culvert. Bible Belt or not, culvert or culprit I do wish some turkey somewhere would get his feathers together and remedy this situation.

Ahhh!, but of course with Christmas so near Santa could surely help, so over I went

for a visit and placed my order with the dear old soul.

"Santa, please sir, could I have a crock or two with a few dabs of cement? I have really been a very good Person, besides with the spring rains I get this terrible urge to swim up stream. You've just got to help me, please!

Alas and alack the 12 days of Christmas are almost gone, a freeze is upon us and not a crock is to be seen anywhere.

Maybe the old boy got a hernia trying to lift it by himself, I've heard tell that the elves are now part of a union and will only lift so much before it is out of their classification.

Some cement!, oh please Great Universe, my kingdom for some cement, or a bridge across the moat which ever comes first.

Yes Virginia, I'm afraid Santa is in Spirit only, because I ain't got no crock now how!!

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## Guest Column

## Let deer shoot first

By MICHAEL F. WENDLAND

We were up North the other weekend, in the woods of Ogemaw County. It was one of those glorious early autumn weekends. The sugar maples were just starting to turn, the sky was blue, the air crisp. Then we saw it -- a deer blind.

Archery season is under way now. In a few weeks, rifle season opens. As many as a million Michigan people take part in the annual hunt. I used to be one of them. I've killed deer, duck, rabbit, pheasant and all sorts of other animals, but I quit when I had trouble explaining to my 11-year-old daughter how hunting was a sport.

AND I REMEMBERED how beautiful the animals were. I now also realize that the pro-hunting claims from the \$2 billion-a-year hunting industry make little, if any, sense.

It's not just deer. Even the animals that hunters call varmints -- rabbits, racoons, squirrels -- are being blown away in the state's forests. My family and I tramp through the woods almost every weekend, and we delight when our camp is "raided" by a couple of racoons at night.

A couple of Sundays ago, a short item appeared in a Detroit newspaper offering instructions on how to bag squirrels. Since squirrels are not nocturnal beasts and like to sleep at night, the hunter gets to the woods before sunrise and patiently waits for the animal to wake up. Then, when the squirrel pokes its head out of its nest, it's an easy kill, so the story advised.

The morning the story appeared we were up North. The treetop chatter of the squirrels stirred us out of our sleep. The forest is their home, not ours, and we were grateful to share it with them. To us, they are animals, not varmints.

Hunters don't like to use the term "kill" -- they "harvest" animals. They also call them "game", explaining that what they are really doing is sparing the animals a cruel death from starvation by keeping the populations in line.

+ Fact: Biologists and others who study animal behavior have filled volumes establishing that animal populations are a direct result of habitat.

+ Fact: In Michigan, the Department of Natural Resources, has cleared trees from hundreds of thousands of acres of woodland for the express purpose of creating new growth near the ground, where deer can easily browse. Thus, the lush new browse terrain creates larger deer populations.

+ Conclusion: It seems, therefore, we artificially create large deer herds for the sole purpose of slaughtering them.

I'VE SOLD MY GUNS and replaced them with a camera and a long lens. On our most recent trip into the woods, before the rest of the family was up, my daughter and I crept from the warmth of the camper and made our way to a deer blind we had spotted the week before.

Shortly after the sun rose, we saw two doe grazing in a nearby clearing. We shot two rolls of film before they became frightened and, white tails flagging, bounded back into the safety of the trees.

Then, before going back for breakfast, we left a note for the unknown hunter who had constructed the blind.

Using fingernail polish my daughter had lifted from her mother's purse, we painted on the gun rest inside the blind:

"Don't shoot deer . . . unless they shoot first."



## Radar may not read right

By DIANE CLARK  
Copley News Service

The former police officer took a radar unit out of the trunk of his car, placed it on his dash and turned it on.

The car was in a parking lot. He picked up his nearby CB radio mike and began whistling from a low to a high pitch.

Suddenly the radar speed readout for the target vehicle went from 0 to 33 to 47 to 65. Yet there were no moving cars around.

"The manufacturers try to get you to believe that radar is foolproof . . . it doesn't make a mistake . . . but it isn't foolproof," said Rod Dornisfe.

He is an ex-San Diego, Calif., policeman whose tips on handling traffic tickets are detailed in "The Ticket Book" he recently authored.

He maintains there are many ways radar can be altered accidentally -- or purposely.

Dornisfe recently demonstrated for me four different radar units, including those most commonly used by law enforcement officers, and the latest in handgun technology.

(Dornisfe specialized in police products when he left the force to publish a national police trade magazine which he has since sold.)

Each of the radar units he used was triggered by something other than a car.

In the two cases we mentioned it was the officer's own radio and fan that triggered the radar reading. Yet, he could possibly mistake such a reading for that of a passing car. There are other things that could trigger an inaccurate reading:

- The use of a CB radio in a passing car could cause the officer's radar to register, say 71 mph, while the car is really going the legal 55 -- meanwhile, the officer would have thought he'd gotten an honest reading.

- An incorrect speed could be registered for a target car that was doing 55, when a third car the officer is unaware of clicks its CB mike or perhaps warns, "Smokey's coming."

- Moving tree limbs, swaying signs, birds, airplanes, power lines and power transformers also can play havoc with a radar reading.

Radar equipment can even read itself if the officer accidentally turns the

antenna toward the readout unit. Dornisfe demonstrated this with an antenna that looked like a megaphone.

Just turning it 15 degrees from the window toward the dash caused a 15 mph reading; 25 degrees registered 33 mph and 45 degrees triggered 45 mph.

If an officer sloppily switched an antenna from sighting rear-approaching traffic to face an oncoming car he might get a reading from his own antenna that he could mistake for the car's reading.

Also, the antennas have switches that are supposed to be set in either a "stationary" or a "moving" position, depending on whether the officer's car is parked or driving while monitoring traffic.

If the switch is on stationary and yet the officer's car is moving, the readout will be that of his or her own car. So as he speeds up to overtake someone, the high speed that "locks in" the radar meter is his own -- not that of the person he's flagged down.

Once again, this can simply be an honest mistake.

Dornisfe emphasizes that he is not trying to accuse traffic enforcement officers of manipulating radar but rather point out the possibility of inaccuracies and the "potential" for manipulation.

For instance, anyone who really wanted to produce a false reading on the radar unit could purchase radar unit calibrating (tuning) forks.

Depending on the tuning fork used when it is struck, the radar unit will read anywhere from 25 to 105 mph in 5 mph increments. Dornisfe took a tuning fork, struck it against the turn signal and 65 mph appeared in the target-car radar readout space as if by magic.

Some of the most sophisticated radar unit models have a stopwatch function. When used as a stopwatch the time clocked appears in the target-car readout space and could be confused by a motorist for an mph reading instead of a "time" reading.

"This stopwatch function opens Pandora's box," Dornisfe said. "The possibilities of abuse are endless."

Dornisfe, based on his research, estimates that radar readings are inaccurate about 30 percent of the time and feels that officers are not thoroughly trained in the operation of radar and thus aren't aware of its

weaknesses. He is convinced that motorists who believe they were not traveling as fast as they were "clocked" in a speeding violation should go to court and challenge the citation.

## Poets Corner



JANUARY  
(C) 1979

Let's keep the heart and spirit merry  
In the cool arms of January,  
For she too will not tarry  
But very soon will carry  
Us on into February.

Each month glows with its own beauty  
Each month must do its duty,  
All too soon each must pass;  
So let us not grow weary  
'Tho we think the days are dreary,  
How very green the grass!

Let's enjoy the pretty snowflakes  
If snow is what January makes,  
With the snowflakes swirling down;  
Covering over with a coat of white  
Continuing on into the night,  
Without the slightest sound.

Let's welcome the redbirds at the feeder  
Tell January how much we need her,  
To make us Welcome Spring;  
After January's Winter show  
When roses we shall know  
And find violets in a ring.

VIVIAN BILTCLIFFE

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## White plague is still with us

It was called the Great White Plague in 1918. It terrified people so much that those who had it were avoided and families of patients with the disease were ashamed. A total of 70 percent of those who developed tuberculosis in 1918 died of the disease.

Today, there are twelve drugs to treat T. B. Now nobody need die of it. The numbers of those who develop T.B. in the U.S. have dropped from one in every 700 persons in 1918 to one in every 7,000 persons, according to Dr. Roy Berry of the Tuberculosis Control Program, Division of Health Services, Department of Human Resources.

The leading cause of death in 1918 is still a serious disease, but it is a disease that can be cured with treatment, Berry said.

Now patients in any stage of T. B. are put on medication for two years or longer. Once the medication is begun, the disease usually becomes non-infectious quite rapidly. The person taking the medication can lead a normal life. Except for those with advanced cases of T. B., hospitalization usually lasts from one to three weeks. If the disease is seriously advanced, hospitalization might last several weeks or more.

The change in tuberculosis treatment is a relatively recent development. In the late 1940's and early 1950's, there were only two drugs to treat the disease. Streptomycin was discovered in the late 40's and was administered by injections. The disease grew

rapidly resistant to the use of this drug, but once other drugs were developed it was discovered that the disease could be cured with a combination of drug treatment, Berry said.

Before the discovery of the multiple drugs in the 50's, the methods of treating the disease were less sophisticated.

The only hope was to give the patient absolute bedrest for a period of many months, fresh air and wholesome food. Later, different kinds of surgery were developed. One type was lung collapse, others were lung removal and the removal of ribs, Berry said.

Patients, in the early days, were sent to sanatoriums to sleep on open air porches in all seasons of the year. When first admitted, they were confined to absolute bed rest and were fed plenty of nourishing foods.

Because of the fear of the disease, the sanatoriums developed their own dairy herds and dairies. They grew their own food, raised their own pigs, and basically kept their contact with the outside world to an absolute minimum.

Fear of the disease by the general population was so great that when trains passed by McCain, N. C., the site of the state's first sanatorium, it is said that passengers would cover their noses and mouths with handkerchiefs until they were through the area.

In 1910, eight years after the sanatorium at what is now McCain N.C. was opened, a brochure was published emphasizing the strengths of the place where the patient could spend his or her convalescence in the "open pure air where no screens are needed to keep out flies or mosquitoes" where windows could be dropped to cover the bottom half of the casement in case of high winds -- but never shut winter, spring, summer or fall; and where the view by moonlight in winter is described:

"There is a wind. -- I have heard it rustling the dry leaves on the oaks . . . And this wind, it is strong. It bends the branches of the trees, it rustles the leaves like any other wind; and yet it is good to feel it blowing. There is no bite in it; coming over the sands and through the pines it has been filtered and tempered till it caresses one's cheeks as a mother touches the face of her baby.

"It is good to be here. There is health and strength here for me."

The disease is transmitted through the air, although it has never been as contagious as the common cold or flu. It is usually found in those who live or work in crowded conditions with poor ventilation, a common condition in 1918.

Today there is little reason to fear T. B. It can be cured with modern drug therapy. In today's society, those who are at the most

risk of developing T. B. are the elderly, who may have had the germs for T. B. lying dormant in their bodies for years; the diabetic, who, in general, is less resistant to disease; and, the alcoholic who also tends to be less resistant to infectious diseases. In North Carolina, T. B. is found more often in the black population than in the white population. It is theorized that there is less natural immunity to disease among blacks in the population, Berry said.

Today the treatment of T. B. is taking place in general hospitals, out-patient clinics and homes. There is no longer the volume of patients to require several sanatoriums. The mainstay of treatment is proper medication. If the patient requires hospitalization, there is need for a separate room or ward with air exhausted to the outside to avoid cross-infection to other areas of the hospital. Under these conditions, the disease can be safely treated in the general community hospital.

## What's your opinion?

We want to hear your opinion on things of interest to you. Address all correspondence for this page to Reader Dialogue, Mirror-Herald, P. O. Drawer 752, Kings Mountain, N. C., 28086. Be sure and sign proper name and include your address. Unsigned letters will not be published.