Stewart's Slants

> By Gary Stewart

I Can Do Without These

Things I can do without in 1985:

Poison ivy. I'm back at work following a week off for Christmas. I used part of that week to cut cedar trees to be used for fence posts. As I write this column, my hands, arms, feet and forehead are itching me to death.

Pro basketball, ice hockey, soccer, tennis, track and field, amateur wrestling, joggers on the highways.

Beards, mustaches, long hair, big hats, knee boots.

Music at high school basketball games.

AMN DIRKS

Plant closings. It seems like every day that comes, another plant is closing or cutting back.

Pro football's "in the grasp" rule. It's aimed at protecting the quarterback but in many instances it's taking away offense.

Tie football games. College football is the only major sport that doesn't have a method of settling ties.

Hot dogs. I'm not talking about the kind you eat, I'm referring to athletes who have to give a "high five", perform some kind of dance routine or cut a flip after making a good play.

Spaghetti, rice-a-roni and MJ's biscuits (family joke, folks!).

Dogs that carry off everything that's not tied down.

Scavengers at the local trash dumpster. One of these days I'm going to dump my trash right down on their heads.

Telephone tape machines. Nothing ticks me off any more than dialing a phone number and then having someone say, "after the beep, leave your number or message..."

Kudzue (if that's the way you spell it). They say the State of North Carolina set that stuff out to fill ditches along the roads. If that's the case, the state should have to clean it up and pay for all the damage it's caused to people's property.

Television preachers who spend three-fourths of their air time begging for money.

Politicians who tack their posters to every telephone and power pole in town and then, after the election, don't bother to take them down.

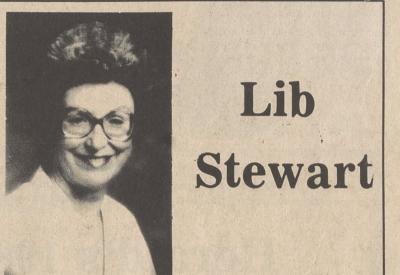
Too Mad To Make New Year Resolutions

Most people I've talked with have, during the holiday season, eaten enough turkey to gobble, enough ham to oink, enough chicken to crow, or crackle as the case may be, and enough fruit cake to make the diet experts fall over in a dead faint. But weren't they good?

Now it's 1985 and high time to get back to normalcy. But at the Herald on New Year's Day we found that some New Year's Eve revelers had ransacked my office and in the process of breaking and entering tore down the blinds and carted away my IBM typewriter which I cannot do without. The thieves left behind, I'm happy to report, a Nikkon camera lying on the desk, my coat, and several other things which wouldn't be worth much to anyone but me. Apparently the thief or theives entered the building through the window of my office which is at the side of the building. Also stolen from another office was a small television set and another typewriter. Thank goodness they left the typewriter in my brother Gary's office and the computerized terminal. All our resolutions to be "nice" this year went out the window when we came to work New Year's Day.

What will 1985 have in store for the world, aterially and otherwise? What, more particularly, will 1985 have in store for the citizens of the Kings Mountain area?

We hope for each of our readers that 1985 will be your best year



ever. But I would appreciate it if you New Year's Eve revelers who visited The Herald would come back to see us and bring my typewriter back.



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