Our View

Thanks, Kyle

Last Tuesday night Kyle Smith called to order the regular monthly meeting of Kings Mountain City Council. Moments later, the new Council was sworn into office and Smith stepped down from the podium, ending a four-year term as mayor.

Kings Mountain owes a great debt of gratitude to Kyle Smith. There is no one person in Kings Mountain who was better suited to lead the city during the past four years.

Kyle Smith resigned from the School Board, which he served very well, to run for mayor. His platform was simple: He wanted the town to change to a city manager form of government and he wanted to see all citizens treated equally.

Smith's first goal was realized even before election day. When the City Board learned that John Henry Moss, who had been mayor for 22 years, would not run again it approved the City Manager form of gov-

After that business matter was approved, the town had a lot of work to do. Smith successfully led the new Council in finding one of the state's best city managers, George Wood, to accept the role of leadership here. Under Wood's and Smith's guidance the city reorganized its entire work force and today all departments are run in a professional manner.

In the midst of reorganization, the city also learned that its utility systems were in dire straits. Thanks to the citizens' passage of over \$9 million in bonds the city was able to rebuild a utility system which is second to none and will serve the town well into the 21st

All the while, Smith kept an open door policy in which all citizens were treated fairly and equally. To Kyle Smith and his administration, the poor man was just as important as the richest.

The transition is now over. The hard work of city employees under the capable leadership of Kyle Smith and George Wood has paid off. Worker morale is at an all-time high. Utilities are in excellent shape. Kings Mountain is ready for growth.

We welcome the new leadership on City Council and wish them well.

As for Kyle Smith, yes, his days as a politician may be over. But his days as a public servant will never end because he's the type of guy that will always do what he can for the betterment of Kings Mountain.

Your Right To Say It

Whitey Bridges will be missed

To the editor:

Whitey Bridges died over the holidays.

A good man.... A special man.

His absence is profound.

And his death is a loss for all of us. I can't speak for everyone, but I think my voice is

typical of his friends and associates. My emotions reflect the norm which seems to have been expressed in these days.

There are certain souls you meet in life who are

Whitey Bridges was just such a man.

He made you smile.

He made you laugh. And he made you reflect.

Now that he is gone, the heavens seem at odds.

In the night-time sky there are many fiery stars. But now, just as in our lives, there is one less sparkle in the darkness. There is a cold void where once there was warmth. And there is a part of us, each and every one, that will be lacking for the rest of our

That is the most fitting eulogy one might fashion for Whitey Bridges.

We loved him.

He will be missed.

Even more so now....

That we are incomplete....

And without him.

Kevin R. Childers Allow interest deduction To the editor:

Since the automobile business is the backbone of the U.S. economy, let's put the auto industry back on its feet. In 1986 the U.S. government stopped allowing interest to be deducted on car loans, and the industry and the economy have been going downhill since. Rather than reduce interest rates or cut taxes, allow interest deduction and stimulate the economy by the only viable method, consumer spending.

Mr. Magic (Dick Howard), Magic Motors, Shelby



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Cartoonitorial



Things to do in '92

I've never been one to make New Year's resolutions. Like a wise man once said, I have plenty left over from last year that I haven't kept yet.

But, in 1992, I'm going to try to:

Exercise more in hopes of getting some of this gut off me. I like the suggestion of a doctor in another paper the other day: He said to start off with 10 minutes a day and then gradually add to it. I would join some of these "mall walkers" but then I'd end up walking a few steps and then stopping to browse.

Let me make this perfectly clear, however. This is not to say that I'm going on a diet. I love to eat and, besides, it's my opinion that these dieters whose weight is forever going up and down like a yo-yo are doing themselves more harm than

■ Cut down on my consumption of "sweetie dopes." Those of you who know me know that's been my trademark for years and it won't be easy. A barber once nicked my ear and said I bled Pepsi.

Look for the positive in every situation. I hope some other folks around here do the same. I reviewed all the 1991 papers the other day for a wrap-up of the year's activities and it seemed like at almost every city council and school board meeting someone was protesting something. People who have a legitimate complaint have every right to make it known to their elected officials. But, some people just like to keep things



stirred up. As another wise person once said, if we are not part of the solution we are part of the prob-

Try not to criticize other people (with the exception of politicians, who are "fair" game, and the Charlotte Hornets, who expect it).

Control my temper. That would make life much easier for my wife, children, and co-workers.

■ Make a concentrated effort to buckle my seat belts and turn on my headlights any time I have to use my windshield wipers. Buckling up may save my life and turning on my lights may save someone else's. (And, it would also make John Weatherly happy. The former Representative from KM introduced the bill which became

There's a lot more I need to do or try not to do - in '92. But, I'm out of space and I feel a Pepsi attack coming on.

Some possibilities for the new year

Here we are about to start another year. Pretty soon you'll begin to see all these pieces in the newspaper and on the tube about the ten most important stories of

Well, here are my top ten headlines from 1991, and I'm going to buck the trend and start with number one:

1. 233 Pound Baby Born

2. Woman Has Baby With Dog Face

3. There Really Is A Man In The Moon

4. Woman Gets Pregnant In Big Toe 5. Marilyn Monroe Was Really From The Planet

6. Five-year-old is Just 2 Inches Tall

7. Aliens From Outer Space Are Living In A Georgia Swamp

8. Talking Dog To Be On Johnny Carson Show

9. Elvis' Grave Robbed

10. Man Explodes On Toledo Street

You may or may not have seen these stories, but they are all valid headlines. I have a habit of scanning those super market tabloids while standing in the check-out lines and I spotted every one of these, and more. Take a look sometimes. They're always good for

There are several things I'd like to see in the coming year. In sports, it would be nice if the ACC could retain the NCAA basketball championship. I could stand another good season from the Atlanta Braves, even if I am a St. Louis Cardinal fan. I would like to see former pitcher Jim Kaat considered for the Hall of Fame. Here's a man who won over 280 games in the big



leagues and I've never heard him mentioned for that signal honor. Wouldn't it be a thrill to see Jack Nicklaus win another Masters golf tournament at Augusta? How about another no-hitter from Nolan Ryan? It would be his eighth. Jeff Mullins is a truly nice man, and a trip to the final four for his UNCC 49'ers would be a great way to end the college basketball season.

Politically I'd like to see someone running for office say: vote for me because I want to give this job a shot, instead of making promises that cannot be fulfilled. It would be nice if the new Russian Commonwealth succeeded, then maybe holdouts such as Cuba would give up the totalitarian ghost. Wouldn't it be refreshing if George Bush, or one of his top people would admit publicly that we are in the throes of a deep recession, and that this country has seen the last balanced budget

until a Constitutional Amendment is passed? The fact is that entitlement programs and interest on the national debt exceed appropriated funds. The real miracle, politically, would be that the National Democratic party nominate a presidential candidate we could vote for.

I'd like to see the stereo industry come up with better names for speakers. Woofers and tweeters sound like dogs and birds. And wouldn't it be terrific if we could get a good small speaker?

Now that Ted Turner and Jane Fonda have become Mr. and Mrs., maybe they could move to Ted's ranch in Montana and stay there. They'd be doing us all a big favor if they'd take Donald Trump and Marla Maples along with them.

Maybe 1992 will be the year when we go back to square one where public health is concerned. The fact is hospitals charge too much, sometime as much as three dollars for an aspirin, and they of it because they know insurance companies will pay without question ing the charge. The end result of this outrageous practice is that companies are forcing employees to bear more and more of the health cost burden. Pretty soon your group insurance cost will out pace you salary.

Doctors need to take another look at their fee schedules as well. Insurance companies are setting limits on major medical benefits these days, and when you file your doctors bills you may find your insurance company will pay 80 per cent of forty dollars instead of 80 per cent of the fifty dollars your doctor charged you.

Anyway, we have a brand new year ahead of us, and I hope 1992 will be you best year yet.

sometimes stranger

It seems that coincidences have played a big role

There are two that I especially like to chuckle about. The first happens to be that I have always wanted to live in a log cabin. That is my dream Well, it seems that I just about have my wish, be-

cause I work at the Herald, and if you drive out Canterberry Road, you'll see our office building, which is, lo and behold, a huge log cabin. The other wish that has come true -- in a fashion -

- is that I've always wanted to live in the mountains. Some people like the beach; I like the mountains.

Well, guess where I work now? You got it. Kings

Ever heard the saying, "Be careful what you wish for, for you will surely get your wish?" Another coincidence that seems almost eerie is

that my room numbers in the dormitories in undergraduate and graduate schools were the same, 251. Who planned that? I'm not superstitious. I am just convinced that somebody up there has a really good sense of humor

Dr. Patrick Roche of Cherryville gave me a book on the beginnings of Habitat for Humanity in which there is a chapter devoted to coincidences. You



might be interested to hear about some of the strange, but good, incidents that occurred in the lives of the people who work with Habitat.

It seems that in 1978, Pat Clark from New Jersey, a friend of Millard Fuller who started Habitat for Humanity, had read a book about the organization and wanted to travel to Zaire to participate in some houses being built there. She told Fuller that she could not underwrite the trip, being a college student on full scholarship and working, also.

Another friend, Diane Scott, began looking into travel expenses and places of funding for Pat. The trip would cost \$1,566. Funding from many sources, some as small as 75 cents, came in to Diane. By the time Pat was ready to leave for Zaire, Diane had raised exactly \$1,567.05.

At the airport, though, Pat discovered she needed an additional \$5 for an unanticipated charge. The next day, the last check to come in had a \$5 donation enclosed.

The way Millard Fuller met his wife was an unusual story, too. During his college days, Fuller was sort of an entrepreneur. He sold advertising, as one of his many jobs, and was selling at a movie theatre one day when he met the girl at the ticket window. He liked her and asked her for her name but didn't have time to ask for her phone number. By the time he got out of the manager's office, she was finished with her shift and gone.

Fuller asked around for her phone number, but no one would give out that information. He decided he would go home and phone every Caldwell in the book until he found Joan Caldwell. He called two Caldwells with no luck. On the third try, he got a girl, but she was not his Joan. But he talked with her anyway and explained his situation. After a lengthy and friendly conversation, Fuller forgot about his mission and began to wonder about the girl to whom he was talking. He asked if he could come over to her house and meet her, and, thus, a romance and eventual marriage was begun.

I've always heard, truth is stranger than fiction.

Sidewalk Survey

and likes to fake us out.

Do you make New Year's resolutions? What is yours?



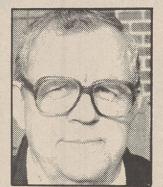
Pam Mathis I don't make them because I don't want to break them



Tony Nguyen Say no to drugs



Alan Rutherford No, because I never keep them.



Tom Waters Trying to get rid of this ham and turkey.



Steven Jones No, I don't.



Louise West Not usually.