

Opinion

JIM HEFFNER

Columnist



What ever happened to fox tails?

Can anybody tell me why people attach all kinds of signs, bumper stickers and other pieces of junk to their automobiles these days?

It seems to me the whole thing started a few years ago when somebody invented that stupid little yellow triangular sign that reads "Baby on Board."

In the first place, if the car has a baby as a passenger, the sign should read "Baby Inside." Baby on board suggests a train doesn't it?

The latest of those little yellow signs is "Presby Baby on Board." I wonder how they know the baby is a Presbyterian, or even a protestant. Have they asked the kid?

My reaction is always the same. I don't give a hoot if there is a baby on board, nor do I care about its religious affiliation.

One takeoff on the baby on Board sign was "My husband is in the trunk." Now what's that all about? How silly can you get?

How about all those golf hats in the back window? Some people insist on placing golf hats, or baseball caps in the back window, one on each side of the car. They must be matching hats. What is the significance of that?

I guess about the dumbest thing I've ever seen is that stupid looking little stuffed animal in a Charlotte Hornets uniform clinging to a side window. All of them remind me of the two midgets employed by the Hornets; George Shinn and Tyrone Bogues.

The most ridiculous item I've seen in an automobile is that crown so many people carry on the dashboard. I haven't figured that one out yet. What is the crown supposed to signify? All it tells me is that the driver is a royal goof ball.

Bumper stickers and personalized tags are getting out of hand, too. Check them out the next time you go for a drive. In quick succession you're likely to see: "My Son is an Honor Roll Student," followed by "My Son Beat Up Your Honor Roll Student." The obvious progression is, "My Husband Kicked the Stuffing out of your Husband for Allowing your Son to Beat Up our Honor Roll Student." And on, and on and on.

A bumper sticker that gets under my skin is, "Don't Blame Me, I Voted for Bush." Don't blame him for what? The first one of those I saw was after Tricky Dick beat George McGovern in 1972. I knew a guy from Massachusetts who had a Don't Blame Me, I Voted for McGovern sticker. Since this guy was a mental midget anyway, I didn't blame him for whatever it was I wasn't supposed to blame him for.

My other car is a Rolls Royce." Now that one is hilarious. You always see it on the bumper of a beat up old clunker. I put that sticker right up there with, "Don't laugh, it's paid for."

Some bumper stickers, I'll admit, do make me smile. My favorite is, "How's My Driving? Call 1-800-Who Cares." Believe me when I tell you I cleaned that one up. Then there's "I'd rather be Driving a Titleist," "This Vehicle Protected by Smith and Wesson," and "Die Yuppie Scum."

I've come up with a dandy bumper sticker, and I'm selling them for \$5 each. The sticker reads, "I live in a leper colony." That ought to keep the tailgaters off your bumper.

If people would just remove all the junk from their cars, they'd get much better gas mileage.

I wonder what ever happened to fox tails and white mud flaps?

Cartoonitorial



Seniors, and all, need to discover the 'soul' and 'what for?' of life

May is graduation month for many high school and college students in Kings Mountain. I join the families, educators, and community leaders in congratulating all of our graduates. For each, it represents some level of achievement and sacrifice that hopefully has prepared them for their future plans.

One of the questions that we inevitably ask a graduate is, "What are you going to do?" That seems appropriate to us, since graduation marks the end of one stage of life and the beginning of another. Our question implies that it is time for the graduate to do something. It is sometimes an embarrassing question for the graduate because they honestly don't know what they are going to do. Perhaps that is because none of their plans have worked out as yet. Maybe it is because they really don't know what to do. It is nice for those who have plans worked out and a clear sense of direction as to what they want to accomplish, but graduation is not necessarily a signal that all of that has been worked out for every graduate. Indeed, there are many who graduated long years ago that are still wrestling with the question, "What are you going to do?"

Another question that comes to mind that is not often asked is this: "What for?" Maybe the answer to that question seems obvious at first: to earn a living, to better one's self, to have opportunity to travel or advance or whatever. I have to admit those things were important to me when I was a student years ago. My father only had a tenth grade education, which was enough for his generation. But he wanted me to get more education so that I might have an opportunity for a better quality of life than he had. There is nothing wrong with that.

Since then, I have taken that question to another level of thinking. I have met the goals that my father had for me and found that they aren't as fulfilling as one might be led to think. There is a greater 'what for' that everyone needs to consider as they seek to live out their dreams. Jesus of Nazareth talked about it with his disciples by posing this question: "What does it profit

REFLECTIONS ON RELIGION AND LIFE

Rev. Harold Schwantes
Pastor
Central United Methodist Church
KINGS MOUNTAIN, NC



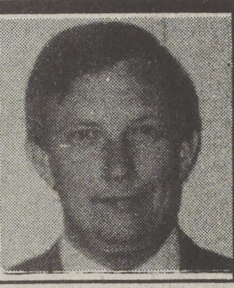
someone if they gain the whole world, but lose their soul?" Somehow each senior (and the rest of us as well) need to discover the 'soul,' the 'what for' of life, if there is to be a lasting fulfillment, or any sense of fulfillment at all.

A few weeks ago, a friend of mine died after a five-year fight with cancer. He was 48 years old and left behind a beautiful family. During his long battle with cancer, he told his pastor, "I have never heard of a dying man saying, 'I wish I would have spent more time at the office.'" In his brief years, my friend had a clear sense of 'what for' such that he lived a full life with family and friends as well as fulfilling his responsibilities to his employers, his community, and his church.

My wish for the seniors of 1996 is that they will quickly grasp a clear sense of the answer to the question "What for?" as they continue in their quests of life. I truly believe that when they have answered that question, all the others that may be asked at graduation will be answered as well.

BOB McRAE

Superintendent
Kings Mountain Schools



Let's try to be excellent

In this my last column for the school year I want to say thank you to The Herald for being so generous in allowing me this space. The folks at the paper have done this each year I have been superintendent and also did it while I was high school principal. I count the opportunity a privilege. My sincere gratitude goes out to them. Thanks also to those of you who have been kind enough to mention your appreciation for the columns.

This will be a shorter summer than usual in regards to vacation. Teachers will report back to work the first of August, and students will be in school on August 12. I think we have an excellent calendar in place and look forward to the focus it places on instruction.

In today's column I want to do two things. First of all, I congratulate the class of 1996. We wish you well and want you to know that we will miss your presence here. Thanks for all the good things you have done. Be proud of what you have accomplished and soar to even greater things. God bless.

Secondly, I want to use a poem to issue us a challenge for next year. Some of you may have heard me share it previously. If we really want to be excellent, the message of the poem should tell us a great deal about what we must believe. I hope the message will stay in our minds as we prepare for and go through the 1996-97 school year.

There once was a pretty good student
Who sat in a pretty good class
And was taught by a pretty good teacher,
Who always let pretty good pass.

He wasn't terrific at reading,
He wasn't a whiz-bang at math;
But for him education was leading
Straight down a pretty good path.

He didn't find school too exciting,
But he wanted to do pretty well,
And he did have some trouble with writing,
and nobody had taught him to spell.

When doing arithmetic problems,
Pretty good was regarded as fine;
Five and five needn't always add up to be ten,
A pretty good answer was nine.

The pretty good student was happy
With the standards that were in effect,
And nobody thought it was sappy
If his answers were not quite correct.

The pretty good class that he sat in
Was part of a pretty good school,
And the student was not an exception;
On the contrary, he was the rule.

The pretty good school that he went to
Was right there in a pretty good town,
And nobody there ever noticed
He could not tell a verb from a noun.

The pretty good student, in fact, was
A part of a pretty good mob,
And the first time he knew what he lacked was
When he looked for a pretty good job.

It was then, when he sought a position;
He discovered that life can be tough,
And he soon had a sneaky suspicion
Pretty good might not be good enough.

The pretty good town in our story
Was part of a pretty good state
Which had pretty good aspiration
And prayed for a pretty good fate.

There once was a pretty good nation,
Pretty proud of the greatness it had,
But which learned much too late,
If you want to be great,
Pretty good is, in fact, pretty bad.

-Osgood

Let's try to be very good; in fact, excellent!

Renee Byars

Your Right To Say It Say It

Let's recognize police officers for a job well done

To the Editor:
Cleveland County Lodge 18 Fraternal Order of Police Auxiliary needs your help in recognizing and thanking our law enforcement officers for a job well done. Our officers have given up many hours from their own families, and for little pay, to make Cleveland County a safer place for all of us, our children and our grandchildren to live and play in.

May 15 was recognized as National Police Officer's Memorial Day.

On Wednesday thousands of law enforcement officers gathered in Washington, DC to honor their fellow law enforcement officers who gave the supreme sacrifice while protecting us, the citizens. The slain officers names will be engraved on the Law Enforcement Memorial and will never be forgotten by their families and fellow law enforcement officers.

Should we wait for our officers to be killed before we recognize him or her for the work they are doing? I don't think so. Let's all take part in National Police Week and do something special for our officers. Take time to say "thank you" to the officers, write a note and mail it to the Police Department, Sheriff's Department and the Highway Patrol. Churches could recognize our officers through special prayer Sunday.

Never let them walk alone!

National Police Officers Week is May 11-18 and

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Keep all letters brief and to the point. Letters in excess of 600 words will not be accepted. Letters may be edited for spelling, length, libelous or slanderous statements, good taste, or any other reason.

Type and double-space them if possible. If not, write legibly. All letters must be signed in ink and include your full name, address and telephone number.

Mail letters to The Editor, P.O. Box 769, Kings Mountain, NC 28086.

SIDEWALK SURVEY

• By Lib Stewart

What are your plans for Summer?



TABATHA CARMAN
11th grader
I'm going to hang out with my friends and look forward to being a soon-to-be senior in high school.



TASHA ADAMS
12th grader
I'm going to Atlanta, Ga. for a vacation and then visit some college campuses and start looking for a job.



STEPHANIE BRITTIAN
12th grader
My graduation present is a Cruise to the Caribbean and then I plan to work with my mother at First Choice Mortgage Co. in Gastonia and attend Cleveland Community College in the fall.



GINGER PARKER
12th grader
I'm going to the beach and then to work at Piedmont Labs in Shelby.



STACY BROWN
12th grader
I plan a trip to the beach after graduation, then it's to work and to college this fall at Isothermal Community College.

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