

Kings Mountain Herald

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Today's Bible Verse: Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled. St. Matthew 5:6

EDITORIALS & OPINIONS

Remember your family. . .

Mrs. W.T. Weir, chairman of the city's grounds beautification project for the new City Hall, wrote this editorial.

Men, women, families in Kings Mountain, here is an opportunity to include the names of your forebearers in an appropriate record of the builders of our town.

This handsome, new million dollar building, (the new City Hall) will serve as the Governmental Center for years to come.

Let's pay tribute to those who made Kings

Mountain what she is today by engraving their names on the memorial plaques to be placed inside the vestibule. Make it a record of many of those who laid the foundation for 1980, as well as of more recent citizens.

For \$150., the name of an individual or Mr. and Mrs. Will be engraved on a metal strip to be attached to the plaque. A matching plaque for honors is planned also.

Contact any member of the beautification committee or call 739-2563.

Open meetings law. . .

North Carolina has a new Open Meetings Law. Enacted by the 1979 General Assembly, the new law took effect October 1. Its purpose is to make certain that the people have ample opportunity to keep up with the deliberations as well as the decisions of their elected and appointed representatives in government, particularly local government.

Too often, we fear, the crusade for open meetings is seen by the public as something the news media champion for their own self-interest. Yet, the rules for openness in government are devised to give every citizen—not just

newspaper reporters or TV camera crews—access to the workings of our government. We journalists tend to exhibit the most interest in these rules because we are frequently the only representatives of the people to attend meetings of public bodies.

Let us take this occasion to peruse some of the rules set forth by North Carolina's revised Open Meetings Law—not only to remind citizens of their "right to know," but also to remind governmental officials of certain obligations to voting constituents and tax-paying employers.

A frequently-observed misconception among local government officials is that a board may conduct "work sessions" where citizens are unwelcome because minutes won't be recorded. North Carolina's Open Meetings Law declares that a public body holds an "official meeting" whenever a majority of its members are present to take action.

The only time the general public may be barred from a meeting of a public board of committee is when the board of committee votes to meet in "executive session."

Another provision in the revised law codifies a 1978 court ruling that prohibits public bodies from making decisions by secret ballot. From now on, board members may vote on an issue by written ballot.

For the most part, local governing boards have tried to follow the spirit if not the letter of North Carolina's Open Meetings Law. We trust the members of our various county and municipal boards will continue to be open in their deliberations as well as their decisions.

SMITHFIELD HERALD

Good parade despite rain. . .

Although the rains came and the crowds were smaller than usual, Grover citizens can be proud of the 1979 Christmas Parade which was staged Thursday afternoon by Grover Lions Club. Everyone along the route enjoyed the floats, pretty girls, bands and the appearance of Santa Claus.

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Pearl Harbor recalled. . .

Friday was the 38th anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

It was also Civil Defense Day, but the anniversary didn't get as much attention as press, radio, and television customarily records eventful days of history.

This reminds that events of history are somewhat like a person's birthday.

Each succeeding birthday of a child is important with cake and ice cream but the anniversaries diminish in importance at age 12.

Sixteen is very important, for a youngster passes the milestone that lets him or her drive a car.

And, age 21 is important, for it is the age a boy becomes a man, at least legally, with all the privileges, rights and responsibilities that the law implies.

After that, it's the round numbers that seem to be important to the men. We ladyfolk find 39 is very important, and some decline to leave it, often for years.

Thus, Pearl Harbor Day may be relegated to the same category of less noticed birthdays, but we hope not by everyone.



Lib Stewart

At least one Kings Mountain citizen, Bill Lane, thinks Pearl Harbor Day is a good time to talk about American unity and suggests that as Americans banded together 38 years ago in support of their government, so they should today in the face of the Iranian crisis.

This is why Mr. Lane is asking citizens to fly the flag until the 50 hostages are released. He reports he's had several callers asking where a flag can be purchased in this area.

The American Legion Auxiliary has about five flags left over from a special shipment Unit 155 obtained for an Americanism project several months ago. The flags are suitable for mounting on a residence and can be obtained by calling Orangrei Jolly at 739-8929 or Unit President Clara Rhea at 739-4081.

Uncle Harley. . .

The Reader's Digest sometimes has a section that's called "My Most Unforgettable Character." Let me tell you about one of the most unforgettable characters I've ever met.

Most of you probably know him. He's Harley Wells, a 75-year-old who grew up in Kings Mountain, spent about 30 years in the service and now lives in the Old Soldiers Home in Washington, D.C.

Several years ago Harley came home for a couple of years, purchased a small house trailer and located it next door to my home. That's when I got to know Harley, although I'd known about him all my life. He and his brothers grew up in the same neighborhood as my father and his family.

Harley's a big man, about 6-1 and over 200 pounds, red-faced and usually during the wintertime wears a big coat and toboggan. Being from Washington, he loves the Redskins and hates protesters. "You can see a protest everyday in Washington," he says, "and if you don't like what they're protesting you can walk around the corner and find another one."

He loves to talk about the old days. He bud-died around with my uncle, the late Ben Stewart, who died many years before I was born. I often wish I had known Ben. According to most people who knew him, including Harley, he could throw the heck out of a baseball.

Harley used to have an old white horse and big Collie dog named "Breadbasket," which was the smartest dog I've ever seen. He was almost human in that he would do exactly what Harley told him. The dog often came down to my house and as long as he was down there was just as gentle and loving as he could be. But if you walked into Harley's yard without him knowing it, you'd better look out 'cause that dog was going to get you.

"Breadbasket" disappeared not long after Harley returned to Washington to live and to this day no one knows what happened to him. "I still



GARY STEWART

miss that dog," Harley told me the other day" and if you're familiar with the love he had for him, you'd understand why.

It's this time of year that Harley returns to Kings Mountain for a week or so to visit family and friends, and usually the first thing he wants to know when he comes in is "when's the Grover Christmas Parade?" Going to Grover's no big deal for most people, but it is for Harley, because he can remember a time when it was a booming place.

George Blalock and I were sitting in Blalock's Grocery about 6:10 a.m. last Tuesday. I was about half asleep when George said "Look coming here!" I looked up and in walked Harley with a big "Ho, Ho, Ho." Remembering a time when a youngster in our neighborhood begged him for a birthday present, I said, "Tomorrow's my birthday, Uncle Harley, and he replied "Uncle, Hell. I've had 75 birthdays and ain't nobody got me nothing."

And, sure enough, it wasn't over five minutes until he asked when the Grover Parade was. When he found out it was just two days 'til lineup time, he started getting excited. He and my father, George, left out at 2 p.m. Thursday for the parade which was set for four.

But, that's the main thing about the Grover Parade. "You have to get there early, walk the streets and eat peanuts and look up Grady Cash," he said. He managed to do it all, and the cold and rain that kept most people away didn't dampen his spirits a bit.

Tell them to keep oil. . .

I'm sick and tired of reading about Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

I can't spell their names. I can't pronounce their names, which look like the result of some drunk playing around with alphabet soup.

I don't understand their ideas or their philosophies and what's more, I don't want to.

How we ever got into the mess with Iran, I don't understand, but if we ever get our hostages back I think we better assess our entire foreign policy philosophy and I have some suggestions:

(1) Tell the Shah he will have to move to some other country. After all, what has he ever done for us except raise the price of oil and sell us a few pistachio nuts. (When I discovered pistachio nuts came from Iran, I dumped mine in the garbage can. Then that night I went back out in the cold and rooted through the garbage and retrieved them. What the heck, I might as well get something out of that country.

(2) Stop immigration into this country. We have enough foreigners here now as it is. They come here, go on welfare and increase our taxes.

(3) Stop selling wheat to foreign countries. Everybody hates us so let them find their own food. I would rather see our country give away food to the starving people in Cambodia than to sell it to Russia or to some other country who probably never pay us for it anyway.

(4) Stop all foreign aid to all countries. These countries end up hating us, bombing our embassies, destroying our flags, etc. We can use

I'M THANKFUL

I'm thankful for the daily blood,
Collected from our region spread,
For volunteers and donors so good,
For chapters that I have led.

I'm thankful for each heart that sings,
With love of fellowmen it sees,
For sharing which the donor brings,
For all bloodmobiles like these.

I'm thankful for ourwork and rest,
For meeting goal when daylight ends;
Of all my thanks, this is the best;
For Red Cross family and friends.

CLEVELAND COUNTY CHAPTER AMERICAN RED CROSS

JUST THINK

Just to think what might have been
Gives my heart a fright,
To think if Jesus had not come
To Bethlehem that night.
If the shepherds had not heard
The angels sweetly sing,
Had they not been told about
The birth of Christ the King.
We can be sure there'd be no hope
Nor ever would there be
There'd be no children singing
And no lighted Christmas trees
I'm thankful we can light our trees
And hear the children sing
Since this we do to celebrate
The birth of Christ our King.

CALVIN WRIGHT Kings Mountain

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

What makes a merry Christmas
From dawn til close of day?

Garland Atkins



This money to help our own country.

(5) Deport all Iranians, whether they have a valid passport or not.

(6) And have a few remarks for Khomeini but I can't print them here—not even in this paper. And we will print almost anything.

As far as the hostages, where is John Wayne when we need him. He could take the dirty dozen, walk right down the streets of Iran and bring those hostages back alive.

It seems like the harder we try to work with other countries and to help them, the worse they treat us. I really think we should begin concentrating on our own country's needs and let the rest of the world do the same.

The more we help other countries, the more they despise us.

Let's keep our wheat, tell them to keep their oil and do the best we can without it. We could make it.

I know I could live the rest of my life without pistachio nuts.

I like popcorn better anyway.



Poets Corner

Is it the tree that proudly stands
With lights and trimmings gay,
And all the magic packages
Beneath, in fall so bright?
Is it the sparkling soft snowflakes
That clothes the world in white?

Perhaps the rich aroma
That wafts from kitchen door,
Or sounds of Christmas carols
Mixed with the city's roar?
The joy of having loved one,
Together for awhile,
The handclasp of true friendship
Or a neighbor's ready smile?

The stars that shine in children's eyes
When Santa Claus they see,
The story of the Christ child
And of the Wise men, three?
Ah yes, much Christmas happiness
Each one of these imparts
Entwined and held so tenderly
By love within our hearts.

MYRTLE GOFORTH