



WEATHER'S FOR BIRDS - This snowy weather's for the birds, but the bird's point of view might be different. This feathered friend, which was probably hunting for food, and a

snow-capped woodpile made for an interesting picture during Friday's light snow in the Kings Mountain area.

Kings Mountain Herald

PUBLISHED EACH TUESDAY AND THURSDAY

GARLAND ATKINS
Publisher

GARY STEWART
Co-Editor

LIB STEWART
Co-Editor

MEMBER OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION

The Herald is published by Herald Publishing House, P.O. Box 752, Kings Mountain, N.C. 28086. Business and editorial offices are located at Canterbury Road-East King Street. Phone 739-7496. Second class postage paid at Kings Mountain, N.C. Single copy 20 cents. Subscription rates: \$12.48 yearly in-state, \$6.24 six months. \$13.52 yearly out of state, \$6.76 six months. Student rates for nine months, \$8.50. USPS 931-040.



Poets Corner



Lib Stewart

So you think you got it rough?

If today's schoolteachers feel their position in society is unduly restricted, they might want to review the "Rules for 1915 Schoolteachers" which were published in the National Enquirer sometime ago and passed on to us by Arlene (Mrs. J.D.) Barrett.

Mrs. Barrett's cousin, Edmund F. Schneider, superintendent of the South Harrison Community School Corp. in Corydon, Indiana, shared some of his pre-1920 research of the history of the public school system in Corydon in a letter to the Barretts the other day, along with these 1915 rules which we reprint.

Schneider plans to complete the early history of the schools when he retires in about five years. The Indiana Constitution adopted in Corydon in 1816 called for free mandatory general education but tuition was charged. For example, spelling, reading and writing cost \$4; English grammar, geography, arithmetic and elocution cost \$6 and there was a \$10 fee for Greek, Latin and higher mathematics.

The 1915 rules for teachers:

- You will not marry during the term of your contract.
- You are not to keep company with men.
- You must be home between the hours of 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. unless attending a school function.
- You may not loiter downtown in any of the ice cream stores.
- You may not travel beyond the city limits unless you have the permission of the chairman of the board.
- You may not ride in a carriage or automobile with any man unless he is your father or brother.
- You may not smoke cigarettes.
- You may not dress in bright colors.
- You must under no circumstances dye your hair.
- You must wear at least two petticoats.
- Your dresses must not be any shorter than two inches above the ankle.
- To keep the schoolroom neat and clean, you must: sweep the floor at least once daily, scrub the floor at least once a week with hot, soapy water; clean the blackboards at least once a day; and start the fire at 7 a.m. so the room will be warm by 8 a.m. How times have changed!

ABOUT THIS N THAT

Mr. and Mrs. Conley Taylor, of 801 Southwoods Dr., asked Ronald Reagan Jr. for his autograph on a recent Saturday when Reagan was appearing with a ballet troupe in Shelby. The Taylors were in King's Department Store when the President's son and daughter-in-law came in and bought a pair of sunglasses. The Taylors described young Reagan as "a very nice young man."

o0o

Kings Mountain High School Class of 1981 signed a huge get well card for Debbie Putnam Thursday and a delegation from the senior class welcomed Miss Putnam home from the hospital. The popular senior recently underwent brain surgery in a Charlotte hospital and is recuperating nicely at her home on Route 4.



GARY STEWART

Driving in snow is nerve-wracking

Webster defines nerve-wracking as anything "trying on the nerves."

Stewart defines it as driving 175 miles in the snow, with two young heads in the back seat that keep bobbing up to look at that "pretty" white stuff.

My driving experiences in the snow have been nerve wracking, to say the least, but I do feel fortunate to have made so many long snow trips without an accident.

The family was driving home from Durham last Thursday morning in snow which the weatherman kept saying "would not accumulate," but, it accumulated enough for us to see six accidents.

We had spent the night at my wife's sister's home in Durham after attending the North Carolina Press Association's Awards Banquet the night before in Chapel Hill.

The weatherman kept calling for snow flurries, but also kept repeating that the temperature would get up to 40 degrees and there would be no accumulation.

So, it didn't bother us when we arose Thursday morning to see a thin covering of snow on the ground. It wasn't snowing at the time and there was no trace of it on the roads.

We headed home about 8:30 and I-85 was as clear as can be. But by the time we got 10 miles down the road, the snow was peppering down and the road was beginning to be covered.

I'm a strong believer that radial tires are as good or better in the snow than snow tires and chains, and we didn't have a bit of trouble driving, except that it was nerve-wracking worrying about the young ones in the back seat and the big tractor-trailers speeding past in the left lane.

For some reason which I've never figured out, the majority of the world's truck drivers think they are the world's safest drivers. But I feel that their recklessness causes more accidents than any other driver's.

All of the six accidents we saw between Durham and Kings Mountain involved trucks, and one near High Point included four of the monsters.

I got my first taste of driving in the snow back in 1965 when I was in my first year as a sportswriter.

Tootie Hill, who was the trainer for the KMHS athletic teams, and I journeyed to Marion three nights in a row with snow on the ground to see the KMHS basketball team compete in the Bi-Conference tournament.

We made our trips in a Corvair and didn't have a bit of trouble. The Corvair, the first new car I ever owned, was super in snow, but for all other purposes it had to be the worst car ever made. During my experience with it, I had such mechanical failures as the clutch pedal breaking off and falling in the floor and springs to break. In most cases, parts for repairing it cost about 50 cents but it took three months to get them.

Anyway, that car finally met its doom when it tangled with a Cadillac which ran the stop light

Reader Dialogue

No ribbons for Vietnam vets

Dear Editor,

I think this has been a wonderful week to remember. A week that will go down in history. After months of agony, mistreatment, tears and pain, our prayers have been answered, and our hostages are free and at home.

I feel that they deserved every yellow ribbon, every TV and radio newscast, all the red carpet treatment that they and their families received. For all that they have been through, in these fourteen months, I'm sure it helps to know how much they are loved and thought of through all this time. I pray for them, that God, loved ones, and friends, will help them in time to get their lives together again. The Bible says, "Greater Love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his Friends," (country) and their lives were truly on the line for their country.

Also in writing this I would like to say, that through all their welcoming, I felt such compassion, as well as pain, and bitterness, for our young boys and men that went to Vietnam. I could not get them out of my heart and mind, as our hostages were treated so wonderful (and should have been) that the men that fought and died in the Vietnam War, came home and there were no TV or radio newscast, no yellow ribbons, no band, no parade, no anything. Only "victims" of terrible circumstances. I could say the least. Men and young boys who went overseas and were whole, came back missing a leg, an arm, or eye, or maybe both, or maybe to be fastened to a bed or wheel chair as invalids the rest of their lives.

The mothers, wives and families are still suffering in one way or another for their young men. I know that all the recognition in the world could never give back to them what was lost, but I think it would help.

We are now being told that there are still POWs in Vietnam. Has our government really forgotten them? Will they ever be released or are they not important enough to save? We have a thirteen year old son and maybe one day our country will need him; I have always been a firm believer in fighting and even dying for your country, but now I am having mixed emotions about it.

Though we didn't win the Vietnam war (and I firmly believe it was because our government would only let them go so far or only do so much) why can we not have a day of prayer and recognition for them and their families, and why will our government not bring our POWs home and at least let

down at the intersection of West Gold and Cansler streets.

Probably my two most memorable snow trips involved trips to and from Taylorsville, N.C., the hometown of my better half.

The first came on New Year's Eve in 1970, when I picked her up from school at Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing and took her home. From the time we left Charlotte until we reached Taylorsville about four hours later, we were in a blizzard-like snow and never got over 15 or 20 miles per hour.

We made that trip without snow tires, chains, radials or anything else but two slick rear tires and a lot of help from the man upstairs.

As soon as we could get within seeing distance of her house, we could see her worried mother eyeing Highway 90 from her kitchen window.

When my head cleared and the nerves settled down, I figured I must be in love with that girl. Why else would a young man be so stupid?

The other memorable snow trip came in the winter of 1977 as we were returning home from Taylorsville.

We had gone up after church one Sunday morning and saw the first flake fall as we were going through Newton. Too close to turn back, we decided we could get to Taylorsville, have lunch and be well on the way back home before it started laying.

It hadn't even begun to lay when we reached her folks' but by the time we finished lunch, it was all over the road.

We started home anyway.

Between Taylorsville and Newton on Highway 16 is a long, high, narrow bridge, which crosses the Catawba River on the Alexander-Catawba County line. On each side are mile-long hills.

We didn't have any trouble until we reached the bridge. When we got right in the middle of it, we discovered traffic was backed up about a mile or more. There was no way to turn around and head back, as the bridge was too narrow to negotiate a turn and the traffic was also backing up on the hill behind us.

Our youngest, Dee, was about six months old at the time and I could just picture him running out of milk, or having nature to call.

We sat on the bridge for about two hours before some area residents began to come and help cars get up the steep hill.

After getting across the bridge, I stopped, let some air out of the back tires, moved over into the left lane and climbed the hill.

After that, we had little trouble (but we moved awfully slow) and we finally arrived home six hours after leaving Taylorsville. The drive normally takes one hour and a half.

The next morning, we got up and couldn't even get the car out of the driveway.

them die on the soil they fought for? Can or will anyone answer these questions, or will they also be forgotten?

Remember how our men of the other wars were greeted? I am only one voice and this may go nowhere, but maybe if others would let the world know how they feel about it, maybe our government would do something.

Diane Barrett
Kings Mountain

Congratulations on award

Dear Mr. Stewart:

I wanted to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your recent award presented by the North Carolina Press Association.

We greatly appreciate the articles and feature stories you and the Kings Mountain Herald have prepared and printed on the Phenix Plant and I hope we can continue to provide you with material which can be used by the Herald.

If I or my staff can be of assistance to you or the Kings Mountain Herald, please let me know.

Sincerely,
BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, INC.
PHENIX PLANT
Charles Kelly, Plant Manager

Thank you for coverage

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the Kings Mountain Creative drama class and club, we sincerely appreciate the publicity and the news coverage of the activities of the Kings Mountain Drama Department in the HERALD. Without your interest and publicity, our play could not have been the success it was.

thank you again.

The Creative Drama Class
Kings Mountain Senior High School