

Next week proclaimed vocational ed week in KM

WHEREAS, the City of Kings Mountain is engaged in an academic development policy; and

WHEREAS, the City has attracted many new and expanding industries during the past few years; and

WHEREAS, the City is committed to continue to seek high technology jobs which will require new skills for our citizens; and

WHEREAS, many of our citizens have not obtained the necessary skills and training to find employment in new industries; and

WHEREAS, the State of North Carolina is committed to the concept that vocational-technical education is an essen-

tial component of balanced growth and economic development and represents a viable educational chance; and

WHEREAS if economic development is to continue, and if Kings Mountain citizens are to benefit from it, plans must be developed and action taken to guarantee that they possess the education and skills to take advantage of new high-paying jobs; and

WHEREAS the Department of Community Colleges and the North Carolina Vocational Association in cooperation with local public schools, Community Colleges, Technical Colleges and other interested organizations have planned a "FORUM ON VOCATIONAL EDUCA-

TION" to be aired on Educational Television at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday Evening, February 12, 1981;

NOW, THEREFORE, by the powers vested in me as Mayor of Kings Mountain, I do hereby proclaim

The Week of February 9-14, 1981 as Kings Mountain Vocational Education Week and do urge all Kings Mountain Citizens to join in the recognition of the important accomplishments of local schools, Community Colleges, Technical Colleges, and other organizations for individuals interested in personal development.

John Henry Moss, Mayor



Photo by Lib Stewart

PROCLAMATION - Mayor John Henry Moss affixes his signature to a proclamation that next week is Vocational Education Week as Myers T. Hambright, left, and Rev. M.L. Campbell look on. Campbell is chairman of the KM Schools Vocational Advisory Committee.

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February is the holiday month

Here we are well into February, and time still taking off like a supersonic jet airplane, well into what is sometimes known as the holiday month.

February is Valentine's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, and Washington's Birthday, and just recently Groundhog Day, though I've never heard of it being observed as a holiday. In this region of the U.S.A., Mr. Lincoln's birthday doesn't get much note either.

The Herald Hallmark Gift Shop is in good shape for Cupid's Day this weekend. It seems that the Valentines get nicer and prettier every year and the gift line offers various suggestions, all to keep the man of the house out of the doghouse.

As is generally acknowledged, St. Valentine's gets its name from a Roman Christian who was an expert in converting the pagans in his day. A slightly aged Compton's Encyclopedia thinks that the start of Valentine's Day was an effort of Christians in Italy to make proper a holiday the pagans already celebrated, the feast of Lupercalia. Supposedly, the Christians couldn't halt the custom, so like modern



Lib Stewart

folk they compromised. St. Valentine was supposedly a Bishop of Rome who was so eloquent of speech and able at persuading the pagans to Christianity that he made the Emperor jealous. There is also the story that the jealous emperor used his royal prerogative to have Mr. Valentine's head chopped off, a sad end for the old boy in the year 270 A.D.

Thus we have Valentine's Day with its symbol of Cupid as the leading figure, and young folk today are still exchanging Valentines and older ones too are using the excuse to wax romantic.



Poets Corner

HEARTS

There are hearts of many colors
Each carry a different name,
The heart of gold is the heart desired
The heart that knows most fame.

Hearts are subject to change
Just like a weather vane,
Sunshine makes for merry hearts
Hearts can be dampened from the rain.

There are kind hearts, selfish hearts
Brave hearts a-few,
Broken hearts, bleeding hearts
And hearts born a-new.

The faint heart, the foolish heart
Hearts joined together,
And then there is the stable heart
That never minds the weather.

I would choose the merry heart
For merry hearts are few,
If you have a sad heart
I have a heart for you.

Vivian S. Biltcliffe

FOOTBALL WIDOW

Well, the football season is a thing of the past.
Our long, lost husbands we'll see at last.

For buried in front of that mighty T.V.,
From August til January, that's where they'll be.
The psychologists tell us we must grin and bear it.
That football is the sportsworld's greatest hit.

Men love that sport beyond belief,
But for most women it's a season of grief.
But we're smart enough not to make them choose.
Between "us" and "it", we'd surely lose.

Elaine Grice Wade

LOOKING BACK

(From the Feb. 14, 1952 Edition of The Kings Mountain Herald)
Past Commander Paul Mauney presided over the regular monthly meeting of Otis D. Green Post 155 at the American Legion Friday.

Social and Personal

New teacher in the Intermediate MYF at Central Methodist Church is Mrs. Jim Dickey.

Bowls of japonica, jonquils and dish gardens added a festive note to the home of Mrs. Jay Patterson when her guests were members of the Contract Club and two additional guests, Mrs. Aubrey Mauney and Mrs. H.C. Mayes.

Mrs. O.W. Myers is in New York this week on a buying trip for Myers Dress Shop.

Moffatt Ware Jr. and Robert and Hugh Neisler, students at Blue Ridge School for Boys, spent the weekend with their parents.

Mrs. Walter Harmon was hostess to Circle 7 of Central Methodist Church at her home Monday.

Reader Dialogue Congrats on award

To The Editor:
Congratulations on your recent award for feature writing presented to you at the N.C. Press Association meeting.

This is indeed an honor and one I am sure you deserve. I look forward to our continued fine association in 1981 and certainly appreciate your interest in our Southern Bell operation.

May the Kings Mountain Herald maintain the fine coverage of news in our area.

Sincerely,
Sam Davis, Manager-Public Relations
Southern Bell, Gastonia, N.C.

Jimmie Hall had a record-breaking rookie year

This week somebody asked me about Jimmie Hall. He's a Belmont boy who went on to stardom in the major leagues.

I met his wonderful mother, Velma, recently at Catawba Pharmacy. Jimmie's now living and working in Rocky Mount.

Jimmie grew up in East Belmont. Velma and the late Mr. Hall have four sons and four daughters. I had the privilege of coaching two of them, Howard and David, in Little League.

I remember when my late father, R.P., Mr. Hall and I used to go together to the Gaston Post 23 Legion baseball games when Jimmie played with that team. In 1953, Jimmie and Post 23 went to the national finals before falling to San Diego.

Two of his teammates on that great '53 team were Harold Stowe and Gary Cannon. All of them were in high school when I was.

Jimmie played second base. Harold was a star pitcher. Gary was a heckuva fine catcher.

I covered all of their games that year (Crash Davis was the coach) except for the Legion World Series in Yakima, Wash.

I had traveled by train with the team to Ponchatoula, La., for the sectionals after Stowe had shut out Richmond, Va., in the regionals at Sims Park in Gastonia. The team boarded a train shortly thereafter and headed for Louisiana.

I would have covered the World Series except for an illness on our sports staff.

Harold also went on to college baseball stardom at Clemson, later being named to the Clemson Hall of Fame in sports. This past fall, one of his former teammates, Doug Hoffman, was installed into the Clemson Hall of Fame. Harold also played professionally—briefly with the New York Yankees.

But getting back to Hall, I read a column recently from the January, 1964, edition of Baseball Digest, one of my favorite publications.

Sandy Grady, a redhead who once wrote for the Charlotte News, had written an article about Jimmie after a fabulous '63 rookie season. Grady was working with the Philadelphia Bulletin at that time.

The Baseball Digest story was entitled, "The Catawba River Clouter."

Grady wrote, in part:
Life is not exactly a summer festival in Belmont, N.C., a textile hamlet baking on the red-clay banks of the Catawba River. By day you do your shift in the cotton mill and stay out of the sun. By evening you

Dwight Frady

Frady's Views



rock on the porch and drink ice tea and discuss the catfish, dreaming the summer days away in the brown river deeps.

Ah, but there was new recreational zip in Belmont last summer. At dawn, the 5,000 tenants stampeded for the screen doors, flipped open the Charlotte Observer, and thumbed down the Minnesota Twins' box score. If the agate print included the magic line, "HR-Hall," all day the looms in the mills ran merrily as madrigals.

Obliding townsman, Jimmie Hall. He hit baseballs at such a hilarious pace, the big-mouth bass were practically doing The Twist along the Catawba banks. And in those chillier metropolises to the north, Minneapolis and St. Paul, the carpetbaggers readily conceded Hall the Rookie-of-the-Year award. At 25, you see, he was too young to be mayor.

Not since Bo and Mamie broke up had the American League a fresher conversation piece than Hall, who struck 33 homers after the Twins discovered him hiding behind the water cooler in early June. Hall is a scientific curio. He is built like a tennis player (6-0, 175) but has a shot-putter's oomph.

"I guess I might be working in the cotton mill, but my daddy wouldn't let me," Jimmie Hall was saying one night recently. "The

man from the Senators gave me \$4,000 when I got out of high school, but many's the time since that I thought I'd give up baseball and go home to the mill."

Behind the bantering, boyish, river-slow drawl, Jimmie Hall wasn't kidding. Possibly no one since Maury Wills has pulled such a disheartening tenure in the bushes before arriving in the big leagues with such a splendid crash.

"I've got nobody to blame but myself," said Hall. "I had two shots in spring training at this club and couldn't impress anybody. I guess I had some bad luck in the minors—a hernia operation, tonsillectomy, infected kidney. But heck, I wasn't cutting the mustard. Best break I got was going into the Army."

This isn't recruiting propaganda, said Hall. "I'd thought some about quitting baseball. In the Army I sorta took stock. I didn't have much chance in the old days—they had Killebrew, Allison, Lemon and Sievers on this team. When I got out, the outfield had an opening. I knew I had to make it now or never."

Hall is one of the blooming marvels a reporter finds in Florida every spring but can hardly believe. The Twins put him in the Rookie League and he hit baseballs past the orange groves. They kept him on the big league roster—"they took me Nawth," Hall calls it—only as a caddy for Harmon Killebrew. A strong thrower, Hall was to be used to replace the Killer in the late innings.

Now Hall may become the most successful caddy since Francis Ouimet. On June 8, Manager Sam Mele stuck Hall into center field. He struck a homer and two singles, and you couldn't dislodge him now for all the bass in the Catawba River. Hall, who resembles Johnny Callison in figure, face and skills, socked most of his 33 homers on the road, and broke the American League rookie record of 31. Some guy named Ted Williams did it.

"I'm not gonna worry about that stuff and start pressing," said Hall in the final weeks of the season. "I can't get the big head when I think I was trying to make this club only yesterday. If I start takin' my eye off the ball, all this fuss will die down quick."

Not in Belmont. The grits taste like caviar when the line appears, "HR-Hall," and they swear if you dip a bucket into the Catawba it comes up brimming champagne.