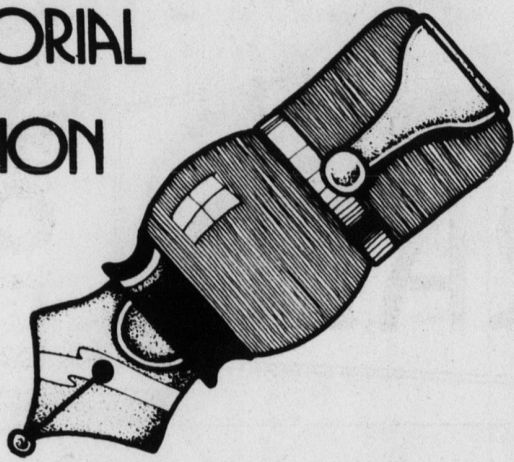


EDITORIAL OPINION



Read good book lately?

Have you read a good book lately? It is amazing even in this day and time that there exists people who are deathly afraid to open a book and begin reading.

There is really nothing to it because it doesn't matter how poorly or how slowly you may read because no one is going to put a stopwatch on you. The main thing is to read, drink in new ideas, expand your interests in life.

If the weekly budget doesn't allow for regular purchases at the book store that's okay, too, because we have an excellent facility on the corner of W. King and S. Piedmont ready, willing and able to supply your reading requirements.

The facility is called Mauney Memorial Library and on the shelves are an extraordinary range of reading matter; fiction, non-fiction, biographies, autobiographies, history, self-help, how-to and how-not-to books. There are books for every age.

This is National Library Week and you are cordially invited to come and spend one hour at the library. It will be a new experience for some and another opportunity to visit familiar ground for others.

See you there. Okay?

A very good point

Kings Mountain's chief executive made a very good point last week in comments on federal and state funding programs.

It's no secret that Mayor Moss has his critics in this community and that the most severe criticisms are over his romance with the federal and state agencies that supply money for community improvements.

The criticism is that the mayor is running Kings Mountain so far into debt that our great-grandchildren will still be paying the bill.

Bull chips!

The funding programs the mayor has been able to swing have benefitted and are benefitting this community tremendously. And as long as the projects for which federal and state grease is supplied are completed there will be no bill forthcoming from the funding agencies.

Think about what has been done and is being done using grant money and compare that to the amount of tax paid locally; We think you'll find this community would still be at square one if it had to depend solely on the taxes from its citizens.

We agree that "being kept" by a sugar daddy agency goes against the grain of many citizens, but there is another way of viewing the situation. Citizens pay more taxes each year to state and federal governments and the funding programs are methods for getting back dividends we pay for a free society.

Hizzoner commented last week that the Small Cities program for fiscal year 1979 has \$85-billion dollars to dole out. He said that budget is going to be spent somewhere in these United States and that he and the city fathers would be shirking their duty to the citizens if they didn't at least try to get Kings Mountain its fair share of the pie.

We agree.

The magic was gone

Last Tuesday was a very different day for me. It was my first trip to Memphis.

I met the young lady who was engaged to Elvis Presley at the time of his death. I met her family, too. Nice people and gracious hosts.

And I got my first closeup look at Graceland.

The magic was gone.

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Last Monday Earl Owensby called to ask if I could make the trip with him. I jumped at the chance even though it meant doing the lion's share of Tuesday's work on Monday afternoon.

Tuesday morning Earl, Mike Allen, EO's corporate pilot, Roger Painter, a free-lance photographer, and I climbed aboard EO's twin-engine Aerostar and roared off from the Shelby Airport headed west.

The Aerostar climbed high and the Auto Pilot took over for a smooth hour and forty minute flight across the Smokeys and into Tennessee.

We took advantage of the time to discuss "The Living Legend," the new feature movie the EO Corporation begins filming in May. We talked about characters, scenes and a hundred other details to be nailed down before the cameras roll.

... Which hotels would be used, the possibility of obtaining use of a large commercial jet to serve as the Eli Canfield company vehicle, which airports to use, the possibility of filming scenes during a show at New York's Madison Square Garden, locating a mansion and grounds to serve as Canfield House and on and on.

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We touched down at Memphis and were met by Jo Alden and her daughters, Ginger, Terry and Rosemary. Also by a photographer - reporter from the Memphis Press-Simitar and a cameraman and reporter from Memphis' Channel five.

In "The Living Legend" Ginger will portray Jennie Loring, the young lady who becomes the love interest for our country-rock superstar hero, Eli Canfield. Ginger, Rosemary and Terry will all portray fashion models in the film.

All of this was stated for the TV news camera and the press during the airport interview and again in front of the Alden home on Royalcrest St. and again in the

Alden's livingroom. Memphis' channel three did the sidewalk interview and channel 13 the one in the livingroom. And after 20 years of asking the questions, it was a strange feeling being the one asked the questions. It was also a great ego booster.

After the Memphis media moved out we settled down for a "nice visit" with the Aldens. It gave me a chance to get to know the young ladies who will portray three of the characters I have created for the film. That's a bonus for the writer. I found out Ginger, Rosemary and Terry all have great senses of humor and immediately an idea for their scenes together gelled. I sotto-voiced the idea with Earl, who flashed a smile and nodded producer approval. Then I discussed the idea with the ladies.

Ginger's character was already established. Her "Jeannie" is a level-headed lady, a person who knows who she is. The character "Freida," her best friend, was already established, too, and Rosemary's personality fit that character to a T. Freida is bright, bubbly and incurably romantic.

Mrs. Alden commented, "We've already started calling Rosemary by the name of Freida."

Terry (and she will tell you immediately that the name is spelled with a "Y" and not an "I") will portray a young lady named Lenora Kelly. Character-wise, Lenora is described as having the poise of a duchess and the grace of a Don Rickles.

The idea for the Alden sister's scenes together is to have Lenora making catty remarks but always with a smile. Freida, being the romantic, is not able to top Lenora's cutting remarks, but Lord knows she tries. Jeannie could whittle Lenora down to size, but she's too much of a lady to dignify Lenora by making comment.

And the whole thing is to be played light and for humor.

"Think you can have fun with scenes like that?" I asked the girls. They enthusiastically agreed they could.

Mrs. Alden again commented, "It shouldn't be too hard for them to poke fun at each other. They've been doing it all their lives. You should hear them in the mornings around here."

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After we said our farewells to the Aldens we found Elvis Presley Blvd. and Graceland.

Two famous Tar Heels died during this week in history.

Charles Brantley Aycock was one of the state's most famous governors, serving from 1901-06. Known as the "education governor," he died on April 4, 1912, in Birmingham, Ala., where he had gone to deliver a speech at the annual meeting of the Alabama Educational Association. At the time he was candidate for U. S. Senate.

Aycock, a Democrat, campaigned for governor on a platform of improving public education. He spent much of his term (before the days of instantaneous state-wide news coverage) traveling through North Carolina, making speeches and forming committees, etc., to sell his program to a citizenry far from united in its desire to spend more money on education.

Aycock was successful, however, in encouraging both local reforms and in prying greater appropriations from a parsimonious legislature. During his term the salaries of teachers were doubled, school terms extended, nearly 13,500 new schools built and three teachers colleges established (Ap-

palachian State, Western Carolina and East Carolina shortly after he left office).

Thomas Dixon Jr., was probably the most versatile, famous and controversial individual ever produced by this state. Yet he died on April 3, 1948, in Raleigh an almost forgotten man, described as the "spokesman for an era that has long since passed." He was 81.

The son of a Cleveland County Baptist minister, Dixon was talented, restless and driven by ambition. (The same holds true for two brothers and two sisters; all five of the Dixon children were listed in Who's Who, an incredible feat never again accomplished by any other American family.)

After early spectacular successes as both lawyer and minister, Tom Dixon, Jr., turned to writing, acting and lecturing. Millions of Americans paid to read his books and hear him perform. Dixon made and lost several fortunes and died nearly penniless.

His most famous works was "The Clansman," now regarded a highly controversial defense of the KKK in the Reconstruction Period. After its huge success as both a novel and play, Dixon considered making it into a movie, although neither feature-length films or films with a plot had ever been attempted. He interested a director and cameraman, D. W. Griffith, and in 1914 the trail-blazing movie, "The Birth of a Nation," was produced. Dixon had an immense effect upon the history of motion pictures (the only major art form developed in the past 100 years) yet today he is described in contradictory terms as "a genius of un-



Gov. Aycock

This week in history

Famous Tar Heels died



ED SMITH

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paralleled brilliance" and "a racist whose work should never have been produced."

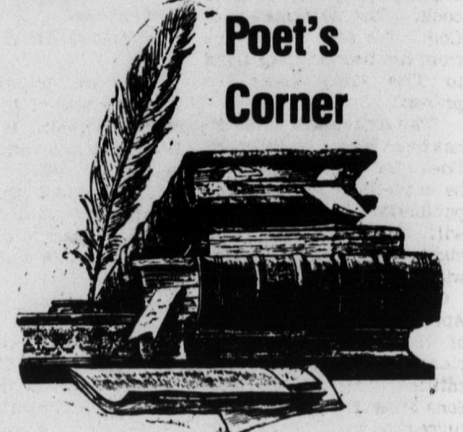
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On April 3, 1865, 1100 Union troops under Col. Isaac M. Kirby entered the state from Tennessee for an attack on Asheville.

On April 6 they were defeated in the Battle of Asheville by local Confederate militia under Col. G. W. Clayton. The battle occurred on ground now occupied by Asheville-Biltmore College. Earthworks used by the defenders are still in existence.

During the same period Union General Stoneman came in from the West and destroyed war supplies and military installations from Salisbury to Asheville, which he occupied three weeks after Kirby's defeat.

Poet's Corner



LET'S SMILE

"There is nothing whatever the matter with me I'm just as healthy as I can be I have arthritis in both my knees, And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze, My pulse is weak, and my blood is thin But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in!"

"Arch supports I have for my feet, Or I wouldn't be able to be on the street. Sleep is denied me, night after night, My memory's falling and my head's in a spin; I'm practically living on aspirin, But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in!"

"The moral is, as this tale we unfold, That for you and me, who are growing old, It's better to say, 'I'm fine,' with a grin, Than to let them know the shape I'm in!"

By MARY HUX
From my selections
Myrtle Goforth

A COOL SPRING SCENE (c) 1978

Red robin took a splash
The day was gray and cold.
To feel the chill in the birdbath
That robin must be bold
He splashed and washed and ducked his bill
He fluttered back and forth,
Ducked his bill and splashed again
He washed for all his worth.

Until his red breast fairly blazed
His feathers took on a sheen,
That robin really took a scrub
I saw that robin clean.
He changed from travel-worn feather-wear
Into a shiny suit,
Then looked about for nourishment
Among the tender root.

He hopped and looked and pecked and hopped
Until he had his fill,
Then used the green, green pads of grass
A napkin for his bill.
Ah, he was making preparations
Before calling to his mate so fair,
For, suddenly on the budding branch
There sat a pretty pair.

VIVIAN S. BILTCLIFFE

READER DIALOGUE

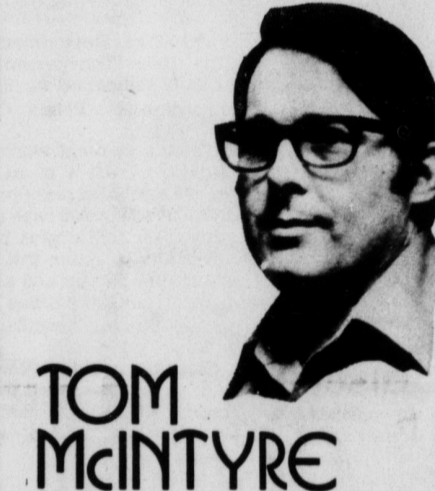
Write for your Record

To the editor,
Everyone should be aware of the May 2, 1978 Democratic Primary Election. And between now and then it would be to the voters' advantage to write for the Congressional Record.

Upon receiving such information you will be more enlightened as to how your vote will carry weight. Examine the contents of the

Record carefully as to what your Senator or Congressman has done for or against your best interests in legislative action. That is if you are interested in clean, honest government.

EVERETTE PEARSON
Kings Mountain



There were hords of tourists hanging on the wall snapping pictures of the two story mansion sitting back on a noll. The daily visiting hours were over at four and as the people came streaming out, Earl spoke to the guard on the gate. He asked to see Vernon Presley. Vernon was away, but Earl was told that Dick Groff, security chief for the grounds, and Charlie Hodges, a long-time employe of the Presley group, were there.

Earl, Mike, Roger and I strolled up the curving drive past the closed-circuit TV camera watching us and toward the mansion with its white stone lions guarding the entrance. Roger began clicking off shots of the rest of us moving across the grounds. Then a kid on a golf cart directed us to the left side of the mansion toward the pool and the memorial site where Elvis and his mother rest side by side.

After twenty minutes of amiable small-talk with Groff and Hodges we left. It struck all of us how unnaturally quiet Graceland was: As I said, the magic was gone and that is sad.

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As the EO Aerostar climbed to 9,500 feet the sun was setting behind us spilling a golden hue over the patchwork quilt below. By the time we flew over Chattanooga the gold had turned to black velvet and

civilization's night lights sparked like diamonds on that velvet cloak. Truly an inspiring view. And a peaceful one.

After passing over the Smokeys once again we could see the glow of Asheville off the port side, Greenville, Spartanburg, Gaffney off the starboard side. And over nose, Shelby, Kings Mountain, Gastonia and Charlotte.

Then came the bad news.

The panel light indicating the nosegear was down and locked failed to come on. Earl and Mike calmly discussed the situation and agreed to fly on to Charlotte Airport and request a fly-by the tower so the air traffic controllers could take a visual sighting on the Aerostar landing gear.

"... You appear to have three landing gear down," came the voice on the radio.

Mike, who spent 10 years in the air force, suggested Roger and I climb into the back seats, buckle in tightly and keep a stiff upper lip.

Earl explained that should the nosegear not be locked it would collapse on touchdown and the Aerostar would skid on its belly.

On the landing approach Earl hit full flaps and the Aerostar seemed to stop in mid-air. "We've slowed to a hundred miles an hour," Earl said. "Normally touchdown is about 125 miles per hour."

Off the port side I could see the fire trucks waiting to follow us down the runway. Mike dropped the Aerostar as lightly as a feather onto the runway, the wing gear slapping the macadam simultaneously, the Aerostar's tail inches above the runway. Then ever so lightly he eased the wheel forward until the nosegear touched down. The nosegear was down and locked.

"... Glad to see you," came the radio voice as we taxied off the runway. All hands were on deck as we stepped off the plane and the fire engines came wheeling in behind us.

"I heard what you said on that airplane, my good man, and I know you're gonna keep your promise to the Lord," I said, reciting the old joke.

"No. I made a better deal," Earl came back with a laugh. "Were you scared?"

I thought for a moment and answered, truthfully, "Not really. It was all too melodramatic to be real." But there was a moment up there when a life flashed before my eyes. It was Earl Owensby's life. Mine has not been that exciting.

**KINGS MOUNTAIN
MIRROR-HERALD**

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