

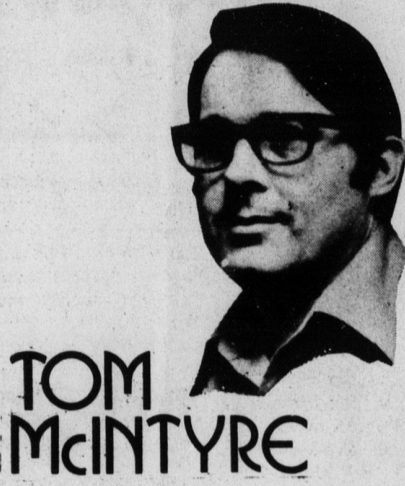
Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones....

I have a wish.
I want to be ambulatory and sharp-witted at the age of 82. That's the second part of the wish. The first part is I want to reach the age of 82 — and then some, but only if the second part of the wish is granted.
What made me dream up the wish was chatting with John William Gladden of Kings Mountain. True, Mr. John is a bit hard of hearing, but that's why he wears those jinkuses in his ears.
Anyone who knows John Gladden knows that he is an active worker in the American Legion. He even attended the first national convention held in Chicago in 1933.
"I had an alternative reason, though," he said. "I was an insurance salesman at the time and I thought it might help me make more sales contacts. It did."

On the front page today there is a story with Gladden's feelings about President Carter and Gen. Torrijos' treaties concerning the Panama Canal, so we won't get into that here. But I thought it might be of interest to know what a U. S. Soldier made way back in the teens of this century.
During the first three months of Gladden's duty in the Panama Canal Zone he earned \$15 each month, less \$1 for his laundry. The fourth month he made private first class and got a raise in pay to \$18 per month, less \$1 for laundry. As a corporal he earned monthly \$21, less \$1 and as sergeant his monthly wage was \$30, less \$1.
Of course, that was before Federal income tax.
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Mayor John Moss said he was awakened about

2:30 the other morning by a concerned citizen. Under other circumstances the mayor said he would've been slightly put out at such a late call. But this one made him chuckle.
It seems the citizen was puzzled why several guys were prowling around the sewer outfall below his home. Taking no chances, the citizen had armed himself before checking out the wee hour prowlers. He even fired a shot into the air to get their attention.
Turns out the "prowlers" were employees of W. K. Dickson Engineering and they were taking random samplings of waste flow, a program that must be done at odd hours around the clock.
"I could just picture Dickson's employees when that citizen fired a shot and yelled at them," the mayor said.

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Get your name in the papers and sometimes it makes you an instant celebrity.
My name has been appearing in print for — oh, my God! — 20 years and after I got over the initial shock I never really gave it much thought.
But, now friends and acquaintances from Shelby and Kings Mountain have seen my name in print in newspapers other than ye olde Mirror-Herald and it causes them to comment.
"I didn't know you was a playwright," one fella said. "Branching out ain't ya?"
"Well, you know, times is hard and every extra buck counts," I replied.
"This girl who's gonna be in that movie you're writing, what's the chances of me getting on the set for a close look at her?" another cat asked.



One lady sent me a message. She has decided to become a movie star and has selected this one to make her debut.
A gent from beyond Shelby called to say he had seen my name in the Shelby Star and that he was writing a book and wanted to know how to go about getting it published. I told him how I went about it, but I had to wish him luck 'cause mine never got published.
This movie I've been signed to write is called "The Living Legend." It's the story of a country-rock superstar. And it will be different from

anything Earl Owensby has done so far because it is a love story.
Did ya hear that, Fred? McIntyre's writing a love story! Har-de-har-har!
I can write a love story. I know about love. I didn't become the father of four lovely daughters through hate.
By the way, "that girl" who will be in the picture is Ginger Alden, Elvis Presley's fiance. And yes, she looks better in person than in a picture. She breaths. A picture don't.

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Tommy Barnette swears and declares he has discovered the truth about Dr. Sam Robinson.
"You've always heard about doctors burying their mistakes, ain't you? Tommy asked. "Well, I got the goods on Dr. Sam. He uses his wife as an accomplice."
Tommy said Mrs. Dr. Robinson pulled in at his place on Hwy. 74 west the other day — the day the high winds hit the area. "I remember it was the same day I watched a chicken lay the same egg eight times. Dumb chicken didn't have sense enough to move," Tommy said.
"Anyway she pulled in and told me she had something for me to sell," Tommy continued. "Then she took me out to her car and opened the trunk. There was something wrapped up in a sheet in there. It was a darn skeleton. Now, I've been known to sell most anything that can be sold, but I drew the line there."
Tommy said he figures that skeleton either belonged to one of Dr. Sam's patients or to some man who got caught out in that high wind. "Well, the wind was blowing hard enough to blow all the meat off a man's bones," he said.
Another source indicates the skeleton belongs to the KM Senior High biology class and Dr. Sam had agreed to make some repairs on "Mr. Bones."
Wait a minute, Tommy. A chicken laid one egg eight times?
"It's the gospel."
What happened to the chicken."
"Poor critter finally died of exhaustion"



THE KIND OF HEART I WANT

I want a heart of truest love
Like that of God in Heaven above,
A heart of pity when I see
My fellowman has need of me;
A heart that prompts my hand to give
And for the good of others live;
A heart that's tender, kind and true
And lead me right in all I do.

I want a heart of mercy great,
A heart forgiving men of wrong,
That fills my life with joy and song
A heart that will not hold a grudge
And won't complain although I trudge
The hardest road that felt have trod,
If it but leads me up to God.

I want a heart that loves the right;
That leads me in the path of light;
A heart that helps my eyes to see
The good in you as well as me;
A heart in which there is no pride
In which my loved ones can confide;
A heart that's humble, gentle and just
That God can bless and man can trust.

I want a heart that's full of truth,
That blesses both the old and youth;
A heart that will not harbor sin
But keep the pure enthroned within
A heart of thankfulness and praise
Where sweetest peace forever stays;
A heart that sings while others fret
In which there is no sad regret.

Author Unknown
MYRTLE GOFORTH

A SLAVE TO BENEVOLENCE

She gave away the flowers
She gave away the fruit,
And while the husband slept
She gave away his suit.

She gave away her blouse
She gave away her skirt
And ripped up her kerchief
Tied up a hurt.

She gave away her boots
She gave away her socks,
And the sheets to a neighbor
When the kids had chicken pox.

She gave away the flour
She gave away the meat
When the husband growled for dinner
There was only a cookie sweet.

So she gave away the table,
The husband folded with despair,
And watched her give away
The ribbon in her hair.

The spirit of benevolence
Followed her to the grave,
Every dove in the world
Has to have a slave.

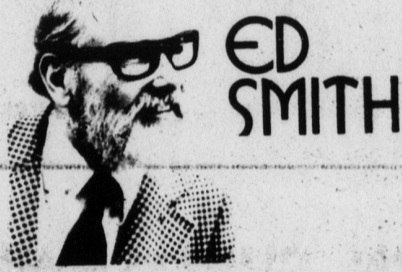
VIVIAN STEWART BILTCLIFFE

It happened this week in North Carolina history

It was a most unusual invasion fleet, bent upon an unusual mission: a life or death struggle between former countrymen for possession of a few square miles of largely unproductive terrain.

It was the Battle of Roanoke Island on February 7, 1862. And as unimpressive as it may sound now, it was really a struggle for control of all northeastern North Carolina. It was Union General Burnside's idea. Instead of waiting months for the Navy to build its own fleet, why not collect a fleet of vessels and experienced volunteer seamen from all along the Atlantic seaboard and rush the invasion of important Southern objectives?

So, the 7,500 Northern troops sailed for the assault on Roanoke Island in a weird collection of tugboats, ferries, yachts, fishing vessels and excursion steamers. The Southern defenders (Many colorfully but impractically garbed in the uniforms of African Zouaves) were largely unprepared and, with 1,500 men, badly outnumbered. After a two-day battle the garrison surrendered,



leaving control of the important Albemarle Sound area in Northern hands.

The world's most powerful radio station, operated by the U. S. State Department's "Voice of America", went on the air for the first time on February 8, 1963.

Named in honor of North Carolina-born newscaster Edward R. Murrow, the station boosted a short wave power of five million watts. It was located near Greenville, N. C., with three sets of transmitters located in a triangle some 23 miles apart. Its location in this state was arrived at after much scientific study to find a spot that would insure the best electric condition for worldwide reception. Programming (at that time in 28 languages) was originated from studios in Washington, D. C.

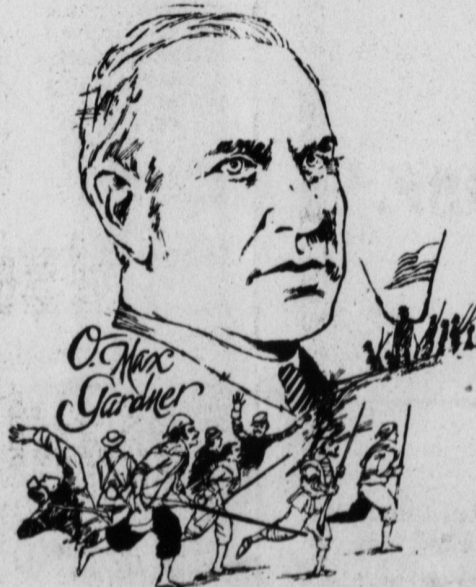
James Iredell of Edenton was appointed by President Washington to be a member of the original U. S. Supreme Court on February 10, 1790. Iredell, a noted lawyer and judge, and former Attorney General of the state, was quite pleased with the honor until he learned that his duties required him to ride a circuit of 1,900 miles at least twice a year! In those days the Supreme Court justices were required to make appearances in courts from Boston to Savannah.

Iredell County was named in his honor. His son, James Iredell, Jr. became governor of North Carolina.

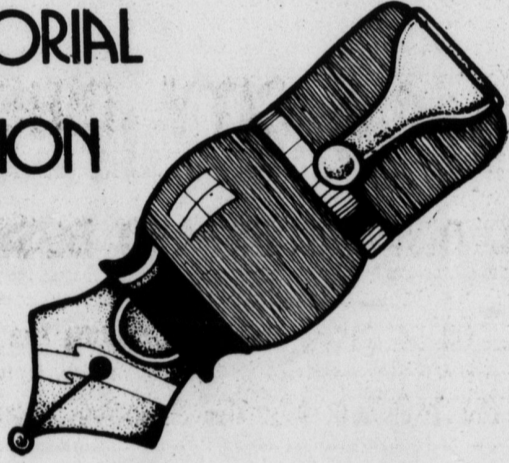
O. Max Gardner of Shelby died on February 6, 1947, shortly after his appointment by President Franklin D. Roosevelt as Ambassador to Great Britain.

Gardner was probably the strongest political figure in the state in the period between the Great Depression and World War II. He served as governor during the difficult period from 1929-33. Although his administration was necessarily one of financial retrenchment, Gardner achieved a landmark consolidation of the state university system, as well as the adoption of the secret ballot in all elections.

As an alumnus of both U. N. C., Chapel Hill, and N. C. State, Raleigh, he had interests in both schools and had achieved the unique distinction of acting as captain of the football teams at both institutions.



EDITORIAL OPINION



Salute Boy Scouts

Six years after the Boy Scouts of America began in this country, the Congress of the United States granted a charter on June 15, 1916, to the youth organization.
Both Congress and Scouting's founders agreed on a principle that has made Scouting the success it is today. The Congressional act states: "That the purpose of this corporation shall be to promote, through organization, and cooperation with other agencies, the ability of boys to do things for themselves and others, to train them in Scoutcraft, and to teach them patriotism, courage, self-reliance, and kindred virtues, using the methods which are now in common use by Boy Scouts."

The key words, "cooperation with other agencies", recognized the values of offering the Scouts program to community organizations to use as a part of their own youth work.

Now, nationally and locally, Scouting has been adopted by many national and local religious, school, service, fraternal, civic, labor, and business groups.

In the Piedmont Council, there are over 400 community organizations that use the Scouting program and provide facilities, supervision, and leadership for their Cub Scout packs, Scout troops, and Explorer posts.

During the 68th Anniversary Celebration of the BSA in February, it is important to remember that these community-minded organizations make it possible for younger boys and young men and women to have the advantages of the Scouting program.

The Piedmont Council, which serves Alexander, Burke, Caldwell, Catawba, Cleveland, Gaston, Iredell, Lincoln, McDowell, Polk and Rutherford counties and its 4,400 volunteer leaders assist the community organizations through training, advancement supervision, program activities, program literature, opportunities for a year-round outdoor program, and direct service to Scouting units.

The community organizations that use the Scouting program and the Piedmont Council are to be commended for their important contribution to the youth of our area.

The Piedmont Council is an United Way Agency.

READER DIALOGUE

Special thanks from Bob Hayes

An Open Letter to Kings Mountain Citizens:
There are no words to express my sincere, heartfelt appreciation to the hundreds of citizens of Kings Mountain who sent cards and 51 floral arrangements to me while hospitalized at Kings Mountain Hospital on Dec. 19th for seven days. To the nurses on East Station, the entire staff of Kings Mountain Hospital and Dr. Sam Robinson, I am most grateful for your excellent care and concern.
I am still recuperating at my home and looking forward to returning to work on the Kings Mountain Police force as soon as I am physically able.

Needless to say, I am a very lucky man. The Lord was really looking after me that evening that I was shot four times and wounded while assisting on an arrest.

I count my blessings every day for friends like all of you.
SGT. BOB HAYES
Kings Mountain

It's your turn to pitch.....

It's your turn to pitch. Yes, you, to pitch to your senator, congressman, governor.

To set forth your views on what America's energy policies should be in letters, telegrams, phone calls, and face to face.

In the effort to reduce this country's over-dependence on foreign oil, there have been too many long, slow curves in Washington and state capitals. Too many screwballs. When what is really needed is to bear down on fundamentals.

Get the ball over the plate fast and hard. Decide as citizens what needs to be done, then do it!

Improving the energy boxscore means cutting out energy waste, but conservation alone is not enough. To fuel the economy and provide new jobs, we also need action to find and develop new supplies of energy within the United States. That means cutting the red tape that holds back off shore drilling for oil and gas, blocking wider use of coal, and delaying construction of badly needed nuclear power plants.

And it means encouraging investors to put up the hundreds of billions of dollars in risk capital that will be needed, not discouraging them with punitive legislation.

Many people understand this, and believe so, that more energy supplies can be provided within the framework of reasonable environmental protection, many of the polls are showing that residents of coastal communities favor expanded offshore drilling.

So take the mound. Let your elected representatives know how you feel. Your pitch can help make the year 1978 the year of energy.

EVERETTE PEARSON
Kings Mountain

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