

## Kings Mountain Herald

GARY GREENE  
Publisher

GARY STEWART  
Managing Editor

DARRELL AUSTIN  
General Manager

ELIZABETH STEWART  
News Editor

MEMBER OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION  
The Herald is published by Herald Publishing House, P.O. Box 752, Kings Mountain, North Carolina 28086. Businesses 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 25 cents. Subscription rates: \$12.60 yearly in-county, \$6.30 six months, \$13.65 yearly out-of-county, \$6.85 six months. Student rates for nine months, \$9.45. USPS 931-040.

### The Tomb Is Empty

The Bible warns all who will hear to avoid self-effort to decipher the mystery of the hereafter. Those who fail to heed the warning fail themselves.

This powerful Easter message is one that ministers will be using from the pulpits during Holy Week services arranged by Kings Mountain churches and congregations this week. Good Friday services and Easter Sunrise services, as well as regular worship services on Easter Sunday, are expected to be well attended.

This Easter in the 88th year of the 20th century the message is the same. Man, dealing with man, unfortunately, is not dealing with the Prince of Peace.

The message of Christmas, the birth of Christ, and of Easter, the resurrection of Jesus from the grave, are the hope of the individual and of the world.

The Herald reprints today St. Mark's account of the first Easter from Mark 16:1-8.

"And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and Salome had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

"And very early in the morning the first day of the week they came into the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

"And they said among themselves, who shall roll away us the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

"And when they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away; for it was very great.

"And entering into the sepulchre they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment, and they were affrightened.

"And he said unto them, be not affrightened. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. He is risen. He is not here, behold the place where they laid him.

"But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee. There ye shall see him, as he said unto you.

"And they went out quickly and fled from the sepulchre for they trembled and were amazed, neither said they anything to any man; for they were afraid."

### Turn Your Clock Ahead

If you arrive at church Sunday morning and everyone else is leaving, you can be sure of one of two things:

Either they're trying to tell you something, or you've forgotten that Daylight Savings Time began at 2 a.m.

So, the best thing you can do is turn your clock ahead one hour before going to bed Saturday night.

Daylight Savings Time officially begins Sunday at 2 a.m.. You'll lose an hour of sleep this weekend but will gain it back when Eastern Standard Time comes back next October. In the meantime, you'll have an extra hour each afternoon when you get home from work to take care of all of those chores that have been piling up during the winter.

## LOOKING BACK

(From the March 29, 1967 edition of the Kings Mountain Herald: Looking Back in Tar Heel History, by Ed Henry Smith).

On March 19, 1865, the largest military engagement ever to take place on North Carolina soil, the Battle of Bentonville, began in Johnston County. A confederate force of 30,000 men under General Joseph E. Johnson, attacked General W.T. Sherman's union army of 60,000 men.

The three-day battle cost 4,200 casualties in dead, wounded and missing and ended in a stalemate.

It was the last time in the war in which confederate troops took the offensive. It also marked the only major effort to oppose Sherman's army north from Atlanta.

On March 20, 1663 King Charles of England issued a charter granting the territory known as Carolina (in his honor) to eight lords proprietors in colonization and development.

Extending southward from Virginia and as far west as "south seas" the original grant took nearly half of the continental U.S., exclusive of Alaska.

On March 21, 1862, the town of Washington, N.C., was captured by federal troops under General Burnside.

On the same date in 1865 General Sherman's forces took Goldsboro, the chief military objective of his march north from Georgia because of its importance as a rail juncture.

### Letter Policy

The Herald welcomes your letters to the editor for publication in each Wednesday's paper. We ask that you follow these guidelines when presenting letters:

Make the letters brief and to the point. Type and double-space them, if possible, but sign them in ink and include your entire name, address and telephone number for verification purposes.

The Herald reserves the right to edit the letters for spelling, good taste, libel, or any other reason, and reserves the right to reject any letter for any reason.

Hand-delivered letters will not be published. Mail all letters to Letter to the Editor, P.O. Box 769, Kings Mountain, N.C. 28086.

### GUEST COLUMNIST

ROBERT L. WILLIAMS

## Sugar Hill's Big Event Of The Year

(EDITOR'S NOTE - Between Fallston and Cherryville, a road winds through a tiny community called Sugar Hill, and on virtually any given day there may be three or four cars and a stray dog or two on the road. But for only one day every year, each Easter Sunday morning, for four hours the highway is jammed with hundreds of local residents taking part in a ritual that is two centuries old and stems from ancient Greek and German customs. The event is the annual egg fight, in which men, women, and children from throughout the area gather at dawn for the unique celebration that occurs in this region only in Sugar Hill. Robert L. Williams has contributed this tongue-in-cheek article on his experience at the annual ritual.)



Egg Fight Draws Hundreds

Several years ago when R.M. Newton of Belwood asked me if I planned to go to the Sugar Hill Egg Fight, I admitted I had never heard of the event. In truth, I suspected some sort of bad yoke, much akin to the ghostly Indian head of Casar, a sort of variation on the old shell game.

"Not chicken, are you?" Newton asked. "Arrive at Sugar Hill early Easter Sunday morning—around 7 a.m."

Years passed and I always planned to attend the annual egg fight, but something—usually sleepiness—kept me from going. I am not one to go to bed with the chickens and get up with the roosters, and somehow fighting eggs didn't seem to be much to crow about, especially at daybreak.

Last year I went. I rose early and drove over to Sugar Hill, which is a suburb of Fallston, to see what sort of activity the locals had hatched up. If you are interested in going, read on.

The first thing I learned is that the annual Sugar Hill Egg Fight is taken very seriously. There were people there of all ages from toddlers in strollers to men and women 80 years old and better. And all were there to fight eggs.

And there were eggs in abundance, all dyed and decorated, some hand-painted. There were hen eggs, guinea eggs, and talk of a goose egg or two, and one man claimed he had a snake egg he wanted to pit against other reptilian embryonic ova. He found no takers.

At 6:30 a.m. the lonely highway that winds past the site of the old Sugar Hill School was totally deserted except for me and a pair of German Shepherd dogs, both of which eyed me as if I might be an ambulatory omelet. I weighed the advantages of getting out to scout the terrain and possibly petting the dogs against listening to the static on my car radio. Static kept me clinging to the inside of the car until reinforcements arrived.

By 7 a.m. the highway was impassable. People came from the nearby houses, arrived in shiny new cars, old pickup trucks, station wagons, and bicycles. In half an hour the place was jammed with combatants and their weapons.

Most arrived with eggs in baskets, in styrofoam supermarket egg containers, in cardboard boxes, paper bags, plastic shopping bags, pockets, and sacks. Some had them packed neatly in cases in the backs of their cars, and one enterprising man had the entire back of his pickup truck devoted to his great egg expectations for the day.

I asked a neatly dressed man—he looked like a good egg—how long the fight had been going on.

"I don't know," he said. "I've been coming here for 63 years, and I used to hear my grandfather talk about going. The tradition is about 200 years old, I'm told."

How did the Sugar Hill Egg Fight get started? No one seemed to know, other than that it was originated by German settlers who brought the tradition from the old country and con-

tinued it here. One old idea is that the egg is symbolic of the spring season, and it holds the promise of new life. As locals joined the celebration the Germanic influence was lost, and today men, women, teenagers, grandparents, visiting relatives, and curious visitors find the egg fight to be unusual and wholesome recreation.

And what I expected to be a wild goose chase turned out to be more than an event with the magnitude of a hollerin' contest or a chitlin' strut. It celebrates spring, heritage and hope.

I asked several people how many eggs people typically brought to the affair.

"I brought six dozen," one man said. "I would have brought more but I sold a local man 35 dozen to bring here."

One man admitted that he had hauled 125 dozen—1500 cackleberries—to the fray, not to be confused with Flay, about seven miles distant.

Incidentally, and this is gospel truth, there was for a time a beauty shop at Flay which was managed by a woman named Sue. The name of the salon? You guessed it: Sue-Flay.

Antoehr man said he had brought five bushels of eggs to fight.

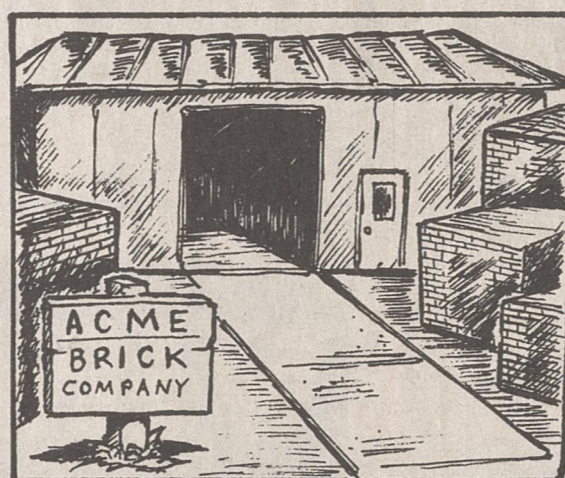
My next question was how one goes about staging an egg fight, other than throwing rotten eggs at one another. I quickly saw that it was all good clean fun. One person holds a dyed egg so one end is exposed in the person's hand. Another person holds his egg in his hand and taps it against the shell of the first egg until one egg breaks. Then the damaged egg is turned so that the sound end is exposed and another attack commences. If both ends break, then the victor claims that egg as part of his day's spoils.

All eggs, by the way, are boiled until they are hard. Within half an hour the highway was filled with people holding basketfuls of broken hen fruit.

Preparation for the event starts months before the actual fight. Some people obtain crushed oyster shells to feed their chickens in an effort to have the biddies produce eggs with very hard shells. Others experiment with various ways of

Turn To Page 8-A

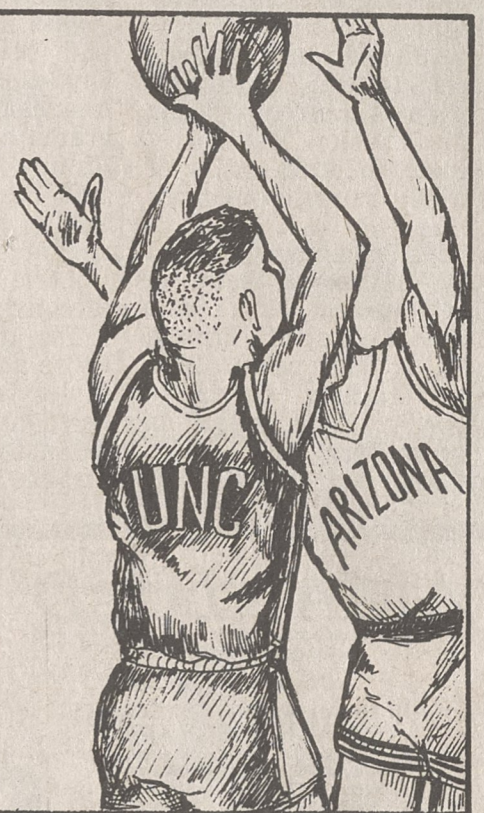
## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BRICK ...



MAKING A BRICK



LAYING A BRICK



SHOOTING A BRICK



## Our hat's off to you

Congratulations to... Kings Mountain High's Anthony Hillman, who finished second in the recent state 3-A wrestling tournament at Chapel Hill... Courtney Denise Moss, West School fifth grader, who was first place in the DAR history essay contest... Kenneth Wright of Grover, semi-finalist in the N.C. State Merit Awards program... Bill Pressley, named "Outstanding Young American" by the South Carolina Jaycees... Kevin Mack, George Adams and John Moss who will join the late Jake Willard Early as the first inductees into the

Kings Mountain Sports Hall of Fame at its April 11 banquet at the community center...

Area volunteer firemen who were honored for their long years of service to the area at an appreciation banquet last week at the fire museum...

Kathie Ladd, new manager of the Kings Mountain Federal Credit Union... Jerry Bowen, who recently completed his 20th year of service to Kings Mountain National Military Park...