

## Opinions

## Your Right To Say It

## Charlie Walker will be missed

To the editor:

At approximately 6:30 a.m. on Tuesday, January 7, the world continued on as if nothing had happened. But, in a small corner of the world at the Kings Mountain Senior Center and at his home, time seemed to stand still as we mourned the passing of our dear friend and co-worker, Charles Walker.

When I first met Charlie, as I affectionately called him, his Yankee disposition scared me a bit. But upon closer inspection and observing him daily, I came to know the caring, special man inside.

To the seniors, he was their answer for any problem that would arise. Charlie helped them with insurance problems, medicare, medicaid and medigap problems, social security problems, SSI and VA problems, hearing aids and doctor problems, food stamps, property tax listing, and the list goes on. He wrote checks for them, wrote letters and read letters to them, but most of all he loved, and listened and cared for them. Their concerns became his concerns and he solved each problem as though it was for the president himself. He would not stop his search for an answer until he had exhausted every avenue possible.

Those who came to see Charlie with a frown of discouragement and distress always left happy, unburdened and smiling. You would have thought he had solved the world's biggest problem, for he smiled from ear to ear as he recounted to Monty Thornburg and I his problem solving for the day. Helping people gave him a bigger thrill than being the richest man on earth could ever have done. He loved his work and the seniors he helped.

He loved the staff at the senior center, too. I felt the love he had for me personally in many ways. On days when I was rushed by deadlines, etc., Charlie always said, "What can I do to help?" and he always made my load lighter though he had his own work to do. He nagged me lovingly to seek an answer to the pain I was having and I now do not have that pain in part because of his caring. He always complimented me on my work and showed appreciation for anything I did for him. We shared a special relationship in our office. Few people can say that they love their work and the people they worked with as I loved working with Charlie. He always made me laugh just when I needed it. He made working fun and exciting. Even the dulllest routine job he could make pleasant. Charlie has also even helped me with personal financial matters and gave me excellent advice. I learned so much from him. Although I called him Charlie instead of Mr. Walker, I had the deepest respect for him and I had absolute trust in him.

The world is a better place because Charlie Walker was in it. They say everyone can be replaced, but I say no one will ever replace Charlie Walker in our office or in our lives. His spirit of giving and doing for others, sharing, laughing, joking, and loving will live on in our hearts and lives forever. His life did make a difference! I loved him and I will miss him, my dear friend Charlie, but our separation will not be permanent for in heaven someday I will see you again.

Sharon B. Eaker,  
Administrative Assistant,  
Kings Mountain Senior Center

## Thanks for help

To the editor:

We would like to thank everyone for being so nice during our fire at Lake Montonia.

When our neighbor's house was burning it looked as though our's was next. Within minutes we had many people to offer assistance, offer their homes for the night. The love, thoughtfulness and kindness that was shown was overwhelming. We thank each of you from our hearts.

Thanks to the Kings Mountain, Bethlehem, Oak Grove, South Gastonia Fire Departments, and the Cleveland County Fire Marshall for a super job well done. These men showed so much concern for our house along with their courage, bravery and kindness. We will always be grateful to each of you. Thanks so much.

We would last like to thank Kevin, our son, for taking over while his dad was absent at the time the fire started. He knew just the right and necessary things to do to vacate our family and the items in and around it. His bravery, love and most of all his concern for all of us will always be remembered. We love and thank you so much.

Our hats off and a big salute to all of you.

Thanks again,  
Christy and Gary Cooke

## Thanks, volunteers

To the editor:

On behalf of the American Cancer Society, I would like to thank all the volunteers and patrons of our annual Christmas gift wrapping for a job well done and their continued support.

This year 84 volunteers raised over \$4,000 for continued work in the areas of education, service and rehabilitation for Cleveland County cancer patients, and cancer research. Our Tarheel State leads the country in cancer research due to the vast number of institutes. For each dollar raised another \$3 will come back to North Carolina in the form of research grants from the American Cancer Society's National Pool of Funds.

This year 26,000 North Carolinians will develop cancer, averaging 67 new cases a day. These volunteers and supporters of the Christmas gift wrap have already made a tremendous difference in many lives.

Thank you again for your continued support of the American Cancer Society and our fight for the elimination of cancer as a major health problem. There is nothing mightier than the sword.

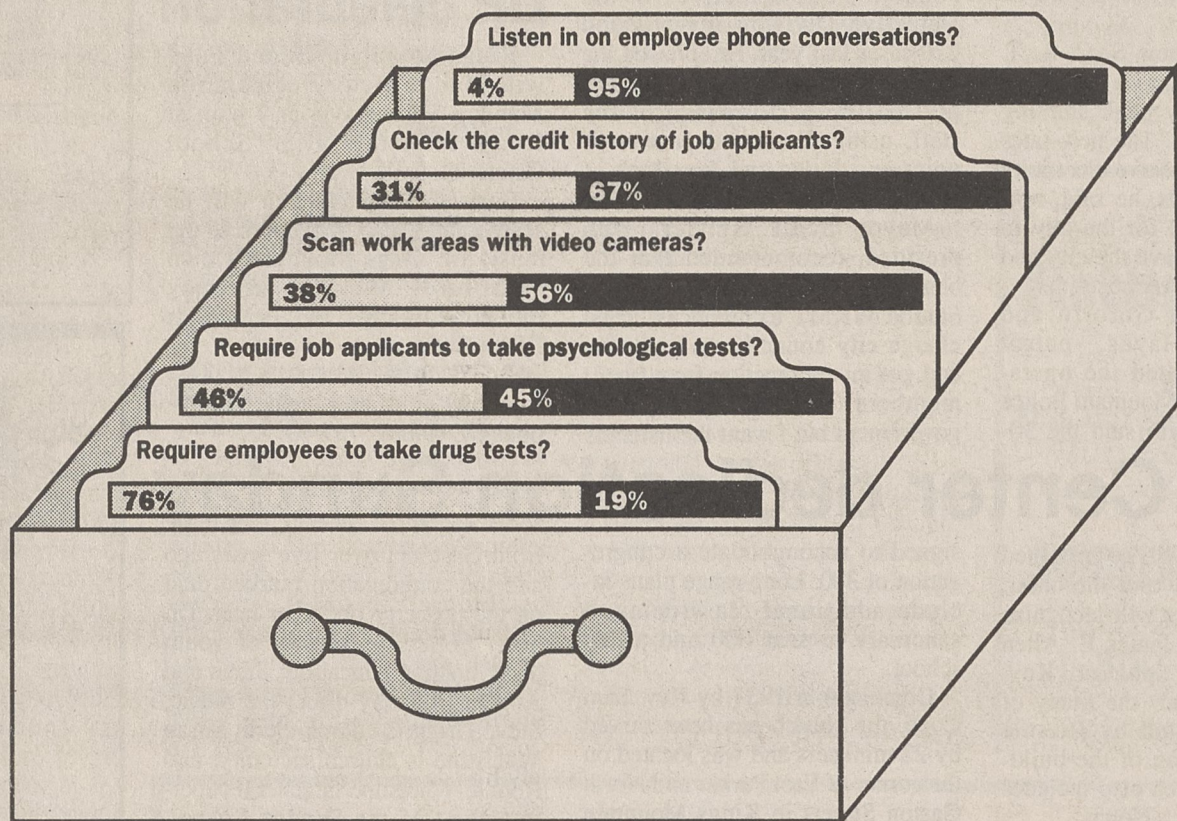
Lou Wray, Executive Director,  
Cleveland County Unit, ACS

## Fast Facts

## Should employers be allowed to:

Time/CNN Telephone Poll of 500 people conducted October 1991

ALLOWED NOT ALLOWED



Source: Time magazine, Nov. 11, 1991

## Our own way of talking

I caught myself using some very bad English the other day.

Moments after last week's paper came off the press, I told a co-worker it was time to start on "anuddin."

Of course, I meant "another one."

Running words together, and entirely mis-pronouncing them, is common to this area. I guess people in every area of the land have their own unique way of talking.

"Anuddin" got me to thinking about some other phrases we use that really sound ridiculous when you think about them. Most of them would make your high school English teacher and Daniel Webster turn over in their graves.

My wife has been trying for 20 years to get across to me that the state of Michigan is not pronounced "Mitch-e-cun." But, her family up there in the foothills of North Carolina can't correctly pronounce night and right. They come out "niet" and "riet."

One of my favorite Kings Mountain words is "backair." It has nothing whatsoever to do with your back or air. It's used thusly: "Where's Darrell?" "He's backair in his office."

Some others:

Cheer - It's not a detergent or something you do when your favorite team scores a touchdown. It's something you sit in.

Dope - It is used as a slang for drug but dope was a familiar word in this area long before illegal drugs came on the scene. It's used to describe soft drinks, such as Pepsi, Coca-Cola and Royal Crown. Some people call them "sweetie dopes."

Taters and maters - Vegetables and fruit which grow in your garden along side the "okri." Taters are good either boiled, baked or mashed. Maters are good in salad but are best when put between two slices of bread and smothered with mayonnaise, salt and black pepper. In fact, I'd love to have a mater sandwich right now, and a sweetie dope to wash it down.

## You'd never call Doc Holliday dead-eye

There we were, on a lazy Saturday morning with nothing to do but watch an old western movie on television. There were four of us and the coffee was good.

The movie was "Gunfight at the OK Corral." The one with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas, not the one with Henry Fonda and Victor Mature (My Darling Clementine).

"Didn't Doc Holliday get killed in that fight?" somebody asked.

"Nah," said another, "he went to a TB sanitarium in Denver, got cured and lived a long life."

I wondered about that, so I looked it up.

It turns out that Doc Holliday didn't leave much of a paper trail. His birthplace, for example, may or may not have been Griffin, Georgia, but it probably was since the earliest authentic document concerning John Henry Holliday is an infant baptismal record on file at the First Presbyterian Church of Griffin.

Holliday was born to Henry Burroughs Holliday and Alice Jane McKey Holliday in the latter part of 1851. His parents were natives of South Carolina.

H.B. Holliday was a former Major in the U.S. Army who served four terms as Mayor of Valdosta, Georgia. He was a gentleman farmer, druggist, furniture distributor and horticulturist who dabbled in plant propagation.

Doc attended grade school at Valdosta Institute, but there is no mention anywhere of any high school. He learned dentistry at a college in Baltimore, but there's no record of which college. Holliday did become a dentist somewhere because he practiced in Valdosta, Atlanta, Griffin, Dallas and Dodge City, Kansas.

Trouble seemed to follow Doc Holliday wherever he went. Upon graduation from dental school, he contracted the chronic pulmonary tuberculosis that would later kill him, and developed a taste for poker and whiskey.

Doc probably left Georgia and headed West after a black youth was killed at a "swimming hole" he

GARY  
STEWART  
Editor



Shuda and oughta - Should have and ought to. Narin or nary-nuddin - Something you never had, or just ran out of. "Gary, give me one of your dopes." "I ain't got nary nuddin."

Flier - This could be a paper being circulated around town, especially during the political season or when some elected officials have taken a retreat at taxpayers' expense. But it's not, really. We often use it to describe something that's beautiful and smells good - a "flower."

Yurin, yores and yorn - Something that belongs to you. "No, I don't want that dope. It's yorn."

Iron - It's a metal, a golf club, and something you press clothes with. But we also use it to describe a possession: "This is yorn, that's iron" (possibly spelled oum).

Pore - It could be a small hole, but it's also used to describe someone who doesn't have much money.

Tar, far and fur - Tar could be something you use to black-top a road. But, to many people it's a round, rubber substance which fits on the wheel of their car. Far is a long distance to travel, but to some it's something that's burning. Fur can be used to make beautiful, expensive coats but is also a long distance to travel. A fartruck with slick tars on it may not make it too fur, which is where this column's heading.

See you next week. This paper's out and it's time to start on anuddin.

Jim  
Heffner  
Columnist



and some of his cronies had staked out as their own. His father witnessed the shooting, but claimed his son aimed over the heads of the offenders, which could have meant Doc actually shot somebody, because his aim was absolutely terrible. It's for sure somebody got killed, and Doc went to Texas.

Holliday hung his shingle in Dallas and practiced quietly until he got to know the local gamblers. It should be noted here that Doc Holliday was a soft-spoken, gentle, well-dressed man until he got liquored up. Then he became a mean, sneaky tyrant who would rather shoot than talk, and he had a hacking cough from the TB that irritated him. Doc was certain he was dying and he really didn't care who he offended when he was drunk.

There were a couple of battles in Dallas. He and a saloon-keeper shot it out with neither of them getting hit. They were arrested and later released. Doc's next fracas, with a fellow gambler, turned into a shoot-out bullets as well. The good doctor missed his man, but he managed to kill a prominent Dallas citizen, which hastened his move further west.

Shooting innocent bystanders seemed to be one of the things Doc Holliday did best. There was another incident, in Dodge City, when he and a bartender traded shots. They stood fifteen feet apart firing away at each other. Doc winged one bystander in the arm and another in the foot. He barely nicked the man he had targeted.

Doc Holliday hit all the boom towns, including New Orleans, Dallas, Dodge City, Ft. Griffin,

## Our View

## Trip a failure

The recent trip to Japan by President Bush and an entourage of high-salaried automobile manufacturers was a failure in more ways than the Republican Party would care to admit.

The Japanese were not impressed by Lee Iacocca and his associates nor were they very impressed with Mr. Bush.

The press had a field day, claiming the Americans came calling with their hats in hand, and they ridiculed the Americans' inability to produce cars that can compete with their own.

To make matters worse, the President's illness came at a state dinner. The Japanese, who take great pride in physical fitness, may view that incident as weakness.

Here at home, Democrats took the opportunity to point out that, if Bush had been seriously ill and unable to carry on with his duties, the country would have fallen into the hands of the vice-president.

President Bush, upon his return, warned the Democrats not to make his health an issue in the coming election. You can bet your bottom dollar that warning will go unheeded.

Regardless of whether the vice-president is capable of taking over the Presidency if necessary, most people in this country have little confidence in him. Perhaps it's time for the powers that be in the Republican party to re-evaluate Dan Quayle's spot on the ticket.

## Labor Dept. failed

The N.C. Department of Labor has fined Imperial Foods of Hamlet, N.C. \$800,000 for the disastrous fire that claimed the lives of 25 workers in September. The company was cited for 83 safety violations, including locked fire doors.

Imperial Foods operated in Hamlet for 11 years. During that time they were never inspected by the Labor Department. Had they been, most, if not all, those violations would have been discovered. It wasn't as if Imperial was trying to hide them. The factory didn't even have a sprinkler system, fire alarm or emergency plan. The exit doors were not lighted or marked with signs.

While it is true there is a shortage of inspectors in the department, and almost impossible to spot check over 150,000 businesses in this state, the fact remains it is the duty of the Department of Labor to ensure workplace safety for everyone.

Guidelines should be made available to all manufacturing plants and follow-up letters or telephone calls might at least remind those in charge that safety inspections are not out of the question.

Meanwhile the state is unlikely to receive any money from Imperial Foods. It appears they may file for bankruptcy.

## Another blunder

If you haven't renewed your handicapped tag, you have until February 1 to do so.

Many people are using tags owned by others or family members who have passed away, thus the renewal is necessary, according to the DMV.

We have no quarrel with that, but we do question why the month of January was chosen for this exercise. During January, all commercial trucks and fleet vehicles have to renew their license plates.

The result has been long lines of wheel chairs and crutches at the license bureaus around the state. Some have even paid others to stand in line for them as they are unable to do so themselves.

It seems to us a blunder on the part of the DMV that has caused discomfort and added expense to a segment of society that can least afford it.

A suggestion: use the mail next time, DMV.

Denver, Las Vegas, Leadville, Deadwood and Tombstone. He filled and extracted teeth, gambled, drank and made a general nuisance of himself along the way.

Doc teamed up with Wyatt Earp in Ft. Collins, Texas when Earp recruited him to help track down a bandit. It could be that the Earp and Holliday families were acquainted in Georgia. There are branches of both around Griffin.

The OK Corral incident occurred on October 26, 1881. It seems Ike Clanton and Earp had some dealings that went sour and so did Doc and the Clantons. Ike and his younger brother Billy had been mouthing off about the Earps around Tombstone, Arizona. At the time Virgil Earp was Chief of Police and his brother Morgan was a special deputy on the city payroll. Virgil deputized Doc and Wyatt and put out the word that the Clantons could have a fight if they so desired.

The Earps, Holliday, the Clantons and Tom and Frank McLowery all came together at 2 p.m. on that fateful day. There are many versions of the fight. It is known that Sheriff John Behan tried to stop the Earps, but they walked right past him. It's further known that Virgil ordered the others to put up their hands. Then the shooting began.

Doc Holliday probably fired the first shot using a shotgun. Billy Clanton, who had his hands up, was killed immediately, probably by Virgil. Doc got one of the McLowery's with a shotgun blast. Both the McLowery brothers were killed early on. Ike Clanton came away with a minor wound, as did Morgan Earp. Virgil was shot in the leg, and a bullet creased Doc's back.

The gunfight lasted less than five minutes and less than thirty shots were fired. The fight has been greatly magnified over the years, but there really wasn't much to it.

Doc Holliday didn't die at the OK Corral. He did go to Denver, but as far as can be learned, never entered an institution. He died in Glenwood Springs, Colorado of tuberculosis on November 8, 1887. He was 36 years old.