

Your Best Investment

Think about your Mooresville-South Iredell United Way. Think about the services that share your UW contribution. Think about the people who give of themselves through these organizations. Think about your world without them.

Think about the people who have leadership roles in this appeal to generate \$118,000.



What's in it for them? Right, the same thing that's in it for you.

But they're giving more. All you have to do is give in full assurance your gift will do good. They give and keep on giving. They make their UW donations, and then they take time from their work, and put in work after their work to make giving convenient for you.

The person who asks you to give to United Way believes in what he's doing. Chances are, he's been involved in this annual appeal before. If not here, in other communities.

We complain about waste of our tax dollars on this or that. "They," we say, ought to do something about whatever sticks in our craws. Then we ask for public financing for another project. A most tiresome cycle.

So here we are with our best chance to

be "they." We see the need, we can do something about it, and we can see results before our very eyes. That's a good deal.

We—all of us—are "they." By combining a small amount of our resources we can make a great deal of difference in a great many lives. We can ensure that our private community charity, the Mooresville Christian Mission, remains in place and continues to fill short-term needs that cannot be met any other way. We can help our scouting programs, our rescue squad, our Red Cross chapter, our student-exchange program.

As you read through your Tribune this week, stop and spend a little extra time with Lee Sullivan's sensitive explanation of what Hospice of Iredell County is about. Through your United Way contribution, your compassion is expressed by Hospice care givers. You can't be there, but, thanks to you, they are.

That's the united way made possible only through United Way. Our pre-campaign Facilitators have set examples for us to follow. We know we'd be hard pressed indeed to make a better investment.

Yes, Carl Nichols, campaign chairman, is right. Our community's needs always are greater than our commitment to meet them. Our \$118,000 United Way budget is a minimum; there is no maximum.

So let's use our UW vehicle now in motion to do what Nichols said last week we must do: put the power and influence of our community to work for the betterment of our community.

The Left Hand Killing The Right

The cigarette, that persistent chameleon, is back on the front pages. This time, says R.J.R. Nabisco, the news is good for smokers and still better for non-smokers who must share smokers' space.

R.J.R., whose 1912 Camel was the first ready-made, store-bought, nationally-marketed cigar-ette, ought to know its smokers. It says the "smokeless" smoke introduced last week still delivers the goods and the junk: nicotine, carbon monoxide and the rest sucked from a conventional low-tar cigarette. But this "technological breakthrough" produces very little smoke and no ash or odor.

So, parallel to all the kick-the-habit campaigns and slow-suicide warnings aimed at cigarette smokers runs the latest reason to keep on smoking: you now can smoke without bothering others with secondhand smoke.

You can bet all tobacco companies will find ways to hit the market with almost the same product. Since smokeless smokes use a third less tobacco than regular coffin nails, growers will appreciate any and all efforts to maintain overall consumption of the wicked weed.

Ah, the disadvantages of unbridled freedoms. A less permissive society would not allow these diametrically-opposed propaganda campaigns. Or would they? The rigid Russian government long since outlawed drunkenness, but recently did it hit on an effective preventive measure. It began fitting vodka bottles with reusable caps. It always had assumed that whoever opened a

bottle would kill it, then and there, law or no law.

So we see the most recent "clean" cigarette with the same jaundiced eye we read the warning label we assume the U.S. surgeon general still will attach to it. We see our federal government subsidizing production of a crop our federal government says is the clearest and most present danger to our health. This very crop, The Christian Science Monitor noted recently, "has been implicated in killing more people worldwide than the wars of the 20th century."

The reasoning is simplicity itself: a tax in the hand is worth two "probable" lingering, costly, terminal illnesses. Ditto governments' attitude toward alcohol.

The Monitor recently spotlighted this hypocrisy by explaining that the worldwide tobacco industry spends \$2 billion a year promoting its products. To rub salt into this wound, the U.S. industry is going after the growing third-world market. In July the Senate decided to eliminate from its trade bill an amendment that would have provided \$200 million to promote American tobacco overseas. Tobacco lobbyists are pressuring to put it back.

In truth, then, governments' contradictory positions on such as auto safety, availability of handguns and sales of alcohol and tobacco are little more than extensions of positions of the governments service who are in positions to dictate what positions of governments will be.

Searching For CFC Substitutes

From The News and Observer, Raleigh

There's nothing like the prospect of a skin cancer epidemic to concentrate the mind. After years of discord, an international consensus emerges in favor of limiting the use of chemicals that threaten Earth's vital ozone layer. Stricter provisions would be preferable, but the agreement nevertheless seems likely to prevent much suffering and environmental havoc.

Ozone in the upper atmosphere acts as a shield against the sun's ultraviolet rays. It is vulnerable to compounds known as chlorofluorocarbons, or CFCs, which are widely used in cooling systems, aerosol sprays, packaging and insulation. As the ozone is depleted, more ultraviolet radiation reaches the Earth's surface. A rise in skin cancer cases and damage to crops and forests are the inevitable results.

With those grim prospects, one would think it would be a simple decision to forswear CFCs. Indeed, several nations, including the United States, prohibit their use in aerosol sprays. But the chemicals continue to play an important worldwide role. To restrict them requires short-term economic sacrifice for long-term environmental gains—never an easy step, particularly when some nations might pay a higher price than others.

It was to avoid penalizing poorer coun-

tries, whose developing economies have a greater relative need for CFCs, that a major loophole was included in the new agreement. The delegates who met in Montreal actually decided to let CFC production increase so the demands of developing nations could be met.

The agreement, which still must be ratified by countries that account for the bulk of CFC usage, by 1989 will freeze consumption at 1986 levels. Then, over the following 10 years, consumption is supposed to be cut by 50 percent.

The Reagan administration's support for the Montreal initiative runs counter to its generally dismal environmental record. It could make further amends if, during its remaining months, it were to promote international cooperation on other environmental problems such as acid rain and the "greenhouse effect," which is raising global temperatures. Americans whose minds have been concentrated by the specter of a climate gone haywire surely expect their government to lead the way toward a solution.

Something on your mind?



Letters to the editor welcomed. From anyone.



"NANCY REAGAN WANTS TO KNOW IF WE HAVE A RECYCLING DIVISION."

By Johnny Morrow

Words are the means by which we communicate. They can be written, spoken or signed. Every book that has ever been written is full of them. The same is true with letters. Ditto for TV shows, radio programs and phone calls. An argument is worth a thousand words. A picture is worth a thousand words. Life without words is inconceivable to all of us. Without them, there would be no civilization. There would be no culture, for it has three requirements: thinking, talking, acting. Remove any one, and the other two become useless.

With organized crime on the rise, certain groups are becoming touchy. Those who report the news have, in many cases, softened their words for fear of reprisal. A member of the Mafia is now referred to as a career criminal offender. The armed forces are trying to project a positive image. Today, there are no more soldiers who are afraid to fight. Those fitting this category are said to be philosophically disillusioned. Doctors, hospitals and their collective attorneys claim there are no more mistakes in the operating room, only medical misadventures.

Did you ever consider how many meanings the word "word" has? We can offer a word of advice. We can give someone our word. We can get a word from home. We can have words with an antagonist. We can get the word to go ahead. We can put in a good word. We can be at word with our word. We can learn by word of mouth. We can break our word. We can hang on someone's words. We can have a word with a friend. We can describe something in a word. We can describe something in so many words. I can be a man of my word, or a man of few words. We can take one at his word. We can take the words of someone's mouth. We can listen word for word. We can listen to the word.

When professionals want to know what is going on in our psyche, they give us a word-association test. This is a test in which the person being tested responds to a given word with the first word that comes to mind. There are different categories, but the objective is the same: it supposedly reveals mental preoccupations. Words trigger thoughts, just as old songs conjure up memories from the past. Like smells reminding you of places and sounds bringing to mind events, certain words that are special remain with us forever.

I have two special words. When I was in the first grade, learning to read, the teacher wrote a word on the blackboard. She told us to sound it carefully. I did and, suddenly, my brain kicked in. I raised my hand and proudly pronounced to teacher and class the word "fisherman." Mostly, though, I wondered why they called it a blackboard when the doggone sheet of slate was green. The second word is "perspicuous." I learned it in the eighth grade. We got extra credit if we learned a new word every day. The only time I have ever used the word was in a letter to the editor. Tribune editor Len Sullivan called me up and said it was a new one on him.

Suffice it to say, words are very important to me. I've wondered what it would be like to be stricken with word blindness: a loss of the ability to read, caused by lesions of the brain. Without words, there would be no newspapers. On second thought, the Nabisco Enquirer would only be improved if the print were taken away. There would be no Declaration of Independence, no Constitution, no written or spoken laws. There would be no Bibles, no books, no magazines. There would be no language barriers. I honestly don't believe any of this would matter because without communication, we could not survive—even as savages.

For the sake of argument, let's say we could survive, beginning tomorrow. Johnny Carson, David Letterman, Phil Donahue and all the other talk show hosts would have to get legitimate jobs. Vanna White would have to go back to posing in her underwear. All the T-shirt shops and souvenir stands would be boarded up. All the speedways would be closed. A driver can't race without a number, model name and sponsor on the car. There can be no race at a speedway that has no name, program or concession stand. And which bathroom would you use? Back to reality. Words can be twisted,

their contextual meanings changed and their concepts distorted by the interpretations of others. This can be purely accidental or completely intentional. It's called semantics, which is a polite euphemism for word games. Take the case of a Rolls Royce dealership, speaking on behalf of the entire company. It released a statement to the press that said their cars do not break down. The vehicles just occasionally fail to proceed. What difference does it make when you're stranded on the roadside at midnight?

Those of us who cast our words in print before the public are placing ourselves in a precarious position. Public speakers are a different breed altogether. They can deny what was said, claim they were misquoted or simply say the listeners misunderstood. But the written word is there forever, living proof, undeniable evidence that what we said is what we said—whether we meant it that way or not. It may hang us. Sometimes it vindicates us. But we are always and forever responsible for words we use, the means by which we communicate.

OUR COMMUNITY

IN OTHER YEARS

1912

65 YEARS AGO

A modern school building will be erected at Troutman this year, containing six class rooms 20x30 feet.

Mr. C.G. Smith, has put in a new-fangled meat slicer and can now cut your hams, chipped beef and other meats to your liking. He is well equipped.

Druggist Young, of Troutman, says that town is now going to do some street work, having purchased a unit machine for rounding up the center of the streets.

Mr. W.M. Lentz today bought the entire stock of the Eagle Clothing Company, consisting of pants, boys' clothing and boys' pants, and will move at once into the vacant store room of the Commercial Hotel building, where the stock will be offered to the public at greatly reduced prices.

The stock consists of about \$9,000 worth of clothing. More will be sold about the proposition later.

Mr. C. Troutman, manager of the athletic club, is arranging to pull off a 2 mile marathon race here on the 10th day of May, after the exercises of the old soldiers. All boys in Coddle Creek township are eligible for entry, and those desiring to make the run, will see Mr. Troutman at once and begin preparing for the event. Several very handsome prizes will be offered.

Several weeks ago our Mount Ulla correspondent stated that the baseball clubs in this vicinity couldn't muster courage to come out there and play ball with their well-organized teams. The challenge was accepted by the Mooresville boys, and on last Thursday the team went forth into battle and won a victory of 26 to 6 runs. It was easy, so the boys say.

Miss Nadine Brawley returned to the Presbyterian College at Charlotte yesterday after spending several days here with home folks.

Misses Ruth Brawley and Margaret Rankin are expected home tomorrow night and remain during the Easter holidays.

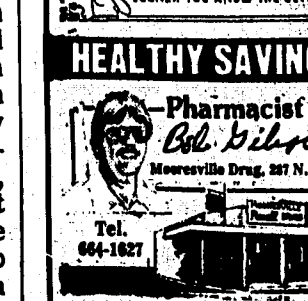
Attorney A.L. Starr spent several days in Catawba county this week visiting his boyhood home.

Mr. T.H. Kerr, of Charlotte, spent Sunday here the guest of his sister, Mrs. C.R. Johnston.

Mr. Conrad Johnston of Trinity spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W.C. Johnston.

BREAST CANCER

HEALTHY SAVINGS



Avoiding a medical nightmare

In the matter of breast examinations, an assertive woman is a wise woman. Beginning at age 50, high risk women should undergo annual mammograms along with a thorough physical breast exam. Mammograms can detect malignancies early, raising the likelihood of successful treatment. Don't neglect early screening, and you will lower your risks of a medical nightmare.

At our Rx-Counter, we have a "Self Examination Diagram" that you may pick up for only charge is that you "do so." So that you will "know so." Your Pharmacy encourages good health, because we care!

SPORT SIDE

That Blue Devil Spirit Is Back

Touching All The Bases: You receive a different perspective of the high school football action from the sidelines, where I am fortunate enough to cover most of Mooresville's varsity games. Here are just a couple of observations realized from Friday night's chilling, 13-7 downing of host West Rowan.

Had Tommy Blakeney been a race horse, he would have been shot on sight. That's how much his weak ankle, turned during practice the week after the Devils' opening game, affected not only his running but also his walking ability. But one could only see his hurt as he knelt on the sidelines during short breathers. He was on the field for most of the game, his injury all but concealed every time he touched the ball. Had it been left up to him, he probably would have stayed in the game for good. A decision by the coaches finally allowed him to sit out the final minutes of play. That may have hurt Tommy more than his ankle.

Tod Alexander wanted to play so bad he could taste it. Never mind that on his arm rested a cast from finger to elbow. Heck, once before, he had donned a similar cast, but he cut it off himself a week later, seven weeks before doctors orders just to get back on the field. This time, though, Alexander, like Blakeney a senior who plays both ways, was laid out of action. It must have took a ball and chain to keep him just from dressing out. Still, there on the sidelines and downed in his away game jersey, Alexander captained a game-long bench jockey corps. After the victory, he celebrated as though he had played a direct part in the victory, and his teammates reacted the same way. I, too, agree that he did.

Ricardo Vargas and Andy Phillips, among numerous others, were sucking up more air than there were mosquitoes, and believe me there were plenty of those miserable blood-suckers to be found. I pity the souls who were out in shorts and T-shirts. Vargas, a senior two-way lineman, and Phillips, also an underclassman who mans a role on offense and defense, played vital roles on both units throughout the contest. Though receiving rests here and there, their combined number of minutes played probably totalled nearly twice that within the game itself. Each were rewarded for the tireless play, as they combined for a couple of crucial turnovers. It was their ability, though, to hit the sidelines for a quick drink of water and knee before eagerly returning to the field that caught my eye.

Then there was John Pinkston and Casey Hott. Know those names? Probably not. They're not every-game players, but they were both called on Friday to spell regulars in tight situations. And each came through with shining goals. So much so, that the coaches may not hesitate to call on them again.

That's the kind of year this has to be for the Blue Devils. They have so many players playing dual roles that the fatigue factor has all but been ruled out. And we haven't even begun conference play yet. As for those substitutes, when their numbers are called, it's a must for them to respond favorably, as was the case against the Homecoming-celebrating Falcons.

It was obvious from the sidelines Friday that the Blue Devils spirit, perhaps missing a beat last season, is back in full strength this time around. I'll wager that it was equally as obvious from the top row of the bleachers, too.

Boiehead Pass Of The Week: Speaking of Friday night, I guess I really can't go any farther without making mention of

my own halftime show, as embarrassing as it may be. I received an omen as to what would take place as star-men Jimmy Hayes, Tommy Hobbs and myself were leaving the restaurant we visited prior to kick-off. I got into the car and slipped the key towards the ignition. Only when the key didn't fit did I realize I was in the wrong car. Johnny can't say a word, though, because he had already climbed in the back seat.

The first half came and went without harm, but the same can't be said about the intermission. With the home team celebrating Homecoming festivities, Tommy and I tossed a football, something we usually do to pass the time, pun definitely intended.

After several spirals, one of Tommy's attempts came towards me spinning much the way a topsided ball rolls across the ground. I figured I'd return the favor and throw it back to him the same way. The only thing about doing that on purpose is that you're unable to fully control the direction of the pass. At the time, I didn't think that would matter. Boy, do I know better now.

The crew of referees, as is the custom, was taking its halftime break on the visitor's side. Each was enjoying a large drink, with all but one of them doing so while sitting. He soon paid the price for that decision.

As soon as the awkward throw left my hand, it was destined to hit the shortest, lightest and oldest of the refs. Tom knew it, too. He started to break over their way and snatch it, but he realized that a diving catch would be in order, and he could have easily wound up in all of their laps. So he stepped back and watched, as I did, in horror.

The ball came down precisely on the drink cup the standing ref was holding, leaving nothing in his hand but a small piece of Styrofoam. The drink spilled all over his white shorts, leaving a huge dark stain. Some of the Pepsi also splattered the other refs.

At first, I didn't know whether to stay where I was, far from the scene of - y crime, or go over and admit my guilt. My conscience won over, and I confronted my victim. He was nice and understanding about the unthoughtful act, twice as much if not more so had the shoe been on my foot. I sincerely apologized, and it would have been believable had Tommy kept laughing long enough for me to ask forgiveness with a straight face.

I regret the results and sincerely hope that when that particular referee looks back at it, he, too, will do so with a smile on his face.

Our Days Will Come: It is now two weeks into Mooresville's first season as a member of the Southland Football League. It's safe to say that the optimism shared by local youth football enthusiasts has dwindled somewhat as all four of our teams have spluttered to 0-2 starts, respectively.

But take heart, Mooresville, for our days will come. This past Saturday, the Pee Wee level Tranz Terminators and Mavericks and Midget division members Civilians and Black Knights all christened their home lives as Southland League members, with the local outfit serving as the host for all eight league games. All four of them fell in defeat for a second straight weekend.

This marks the town's first attempt at fielding teams at the Pee Wee level, which caters to players eight and nine years of age. Both of the local teams also have a couple of seven-year-olds among their ranks. This is the first time players so young have had football at their playing exposure here. As for the Pee Wee teams of other league entries, all of them probably have a couple of players back from last year. Additionally, youngsters in those areas have known for years that once they reach that age, they will play.

The Midgets are in the same boat, even though there has been a league here catering to players within that age bracket for a number of seasons. We're just that much behind the rest of the league presently, and it's going to take us a while to catch back up.

Considering our alternatives, the Southland League is the best thing that could have happened to our youth grid program. It's still my belief that it will work. We just have to stick behind it.

Mooresville's teams won't play at home again until Oct. 24, at which time the two teams within each age division will square off against one another. On the positive side, that means that two of our teams will win, making it one of our better days that surely will come with time.

Volleyball's Volumn Increases As Devilettes Run Perfect Record To 9-0

Though the sounds are the same, volleyball is being heard much more loudly this fall at Mooresville Senior High.

And there's good reason, too, as the bumping, setting, and spiking Devilettes cruised to four more wins last week to hike their record for the season to 9-0, making them the school's winningest squad.

"We'll take as many of them as we can," summed up head volleyball coach Nancy Dilkes, "any way we can."

And so far, there have been many, most of them arriving in the same manner.

Of the team's nine match victories, only three of them have gone into a third and final game. In the other cases, the Devilettes have swept past their opponents in two straight games.

Among last week's four matches, which took place over the span of three days, only one of them was pushed into a third game before the local lassies prevailed.

That three-game came in the week's opener bout Tuesday against host Kannapolis, whose Lady Wonders appeared ready to halt Mooresville's streak with a first-game, 15-11 win.

But the Lady Devils, just as they had the week before against Lincoln, hammered their way back into the match with a 15-11 win in the middle game to force the third and then emerged triumphant, 15-8, in the finale.

The serving of Amy Sines was particularly beneficial in that win, as she collected six points while serving in game one, four points, including the final one, in the second game, and then pocketed five more points in the rubber game.

Janie Gilbert also served while four points in game one, while four additional points were scored with Lorie Key at the serving controls.

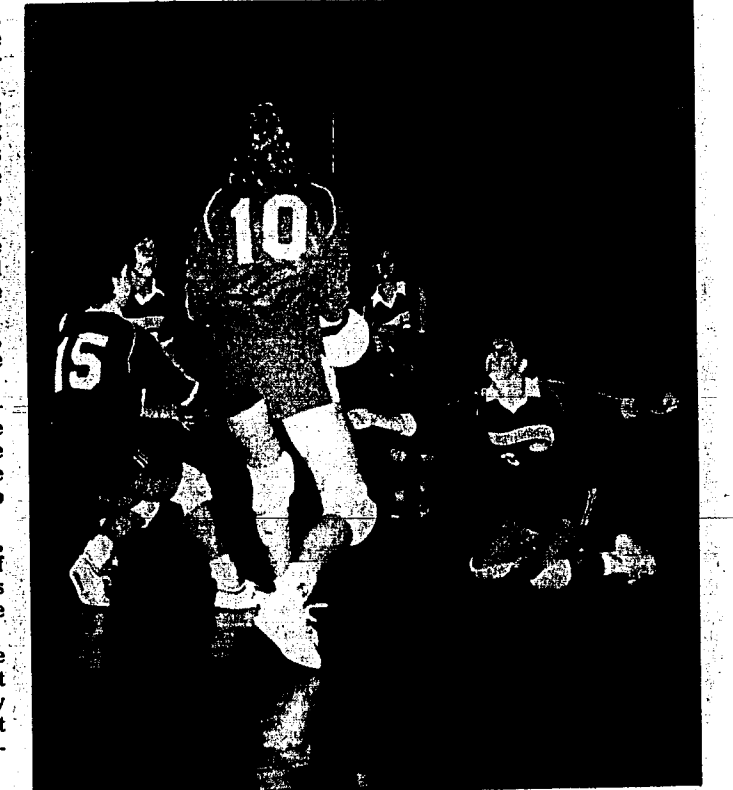
In the second game, Key turned in the top effort of the match by serving seven winners, while Sines added four.

Senior High is slated to return to the volleyball court tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon at West Rowan to face the Lady Falcons again as well as the Lady Spiders from Concord.

That match carries a 4 p.m. starting time.

After that, the Devilettes will engage strictly in Southern District VII Rocky River Conference play, beginning with a home encounter against West Lincoln next Monday.

That match, set to be held in the



Teammates Gather To Receive L. Key's Fisted Bump

serving up four winners in the first game, and Gilbert picking up five and Sines four in game two.

In the match against West Rowan, the Lady Devils upheld their record to the 9-0 level with a straight-set, 15-2 and 15-8 downing of the Lady Falcons.

In that match, Sines served the last five points in game one, while four additional points were scored with Lorie Key at the serving controls.

In the second game, Key turned in the top effort of the match by serving seven winners, while Sines added four.

Senior High is slated to return to the volleyball court tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon at West Rowan to face the Lady Falcons again as well as the Lady Spiders from Concord.

That match carries a 4 p.m. starting time.

After that, the Devilettes will engage strictly in Southern District VII Rocky River Conference play, beginning with a home encounter against West Lincoln next Monday.

That match, set to be held in the

1-HOUR PHOTO

OF LAKE NORMAN EVERYDAY SPECIAL

Second Set of Prints \$1.00

Norman Landing, Hwy. 73

892-8815

JOHN V. BARGER, LTD.

INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENTS

1620 DAVID AVENUE • STATESVILLE, NC 28677 U.S.A.

TELEPHONE: 704-873-0267

CAVIN FUNERAL HOME

644-3343

Cavin Funeral Home has served the residents of this area since 1925. Our staff will answer your questions concerning our services and funeral pre-arrangements without any obligations.

JIM SAPPENFIELD
Funeral Director

MOORESVILLE

I-Mark Markdown!

Now Save Hundreds On New I-Marks!

It's a super I-Mark Markdown going on right now at Interstate Honda in Statesville. We've received a special shipment of these fantastic models and we're marking them down to move them out!

For a limited time only, make your best deal on one of these brand new I-Marks and redeem this coupon for \$500 cash! It's true—\$500 to use toward your down payment or for a cash rebate when you buy any new I-Mark in stock!

Choose from our great stock of stylish, brand new 1987 I-Marks. They all come with a full manufacturer's warranty and come loaded with features—including air conditioning and stereo cassette! Although these cars are brand new, we're selling them as used cars for low "used car" prices—but only during this special sale and only at Interstate Honda.

Hurry, an offer this great can't last long—don't miss your chance to save hundreds!

INTERSTATE HONDA

Use this \$500 toward your down payment or for a cash rebate! Value **EXACTLY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS \$500**

Redeem this coupon for \$500 good toward the purchase of any I-Mark in stock now at Interstate Honda.

Limit one non-negotiable coupon per customer. No dealers, fleet or lease companies. Valid through Wednesday, 9/30/87.

Ed Tatum

From just \$4,501 Only **\$14,992** per month!

This exciting and economical 2-door includes 5-speed transmission, air conditioning, stereo cassette and much more! These I-Marks are brand new and are all under full manufacturer's warranty—but they'll be sold as used cars at low "used car" prices.

60 months terms at 11.9% APR with approved credit and \$1,195 down, cash or trade, plus your \$500 coupon for a total down payment of \$1,695. Tax and tags are extra.

INTERSTATE HONDA

I-77 at US 70 Statesville 704/873-1891

Goals, ambitions, dreams, adventures, wishes, aspirations, objectives... should all start with a plan —

A SAVINGS PLAN!

THREE COMMON, BUT INCORRECT BELIEFS ABOUT SAVING...

- If I can't save a lot, it will never be of value
- If I don't know exactly what I'm saving for, I shouldn't save.
- If I wait until I earn more, I can save more.

WRONG ON ALL ACCOUNTS!

- Save now and save regularly, no matter how little. It will add up and you will be surprised at how steadily a little becomes a little more.
- If you have a dream or goal of any kind, it's a good reason to save. Even though you may not know exactly how you will use the savings, there will be a need — and you will be prepared.
- Don't wait until you are earning more. Or for a more convenient time. Or until all the bills are paid. Or any other future time. Start now. Start small, if you must, but start. Your savings account will grow, right along with your goals and dreams.

Learn more about the different savings plans available to you. Stop in and see us today.

Citizens Savings AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

149 East Iredell Avenue
Mooresville, North Carolina 28115

Mooreville Tribune

P.O. Box 300, Mooreville, North Carolina 28115
147 East Center Avenue, (704) 844-3334

ESTABLISHED 1922
BY MICHAEL (1922-1948), FOUNDER

A PAPER NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

ROY H. PARK CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
LEONARD BRADY EDITOR
DAVID CHAMBERLAIN GENERAL MANAGER
NICK CARBONATO ADVERTISING MANAGER
LEO SULLIVAN ASSIST. GENERAL MANAGER
LEO SULLIVAN NEWS EDITOR
JANITA DAVIS SOCIETY EDITOR
LARRY SULLIVAN SPORTS EDITOR

MEMBER NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION