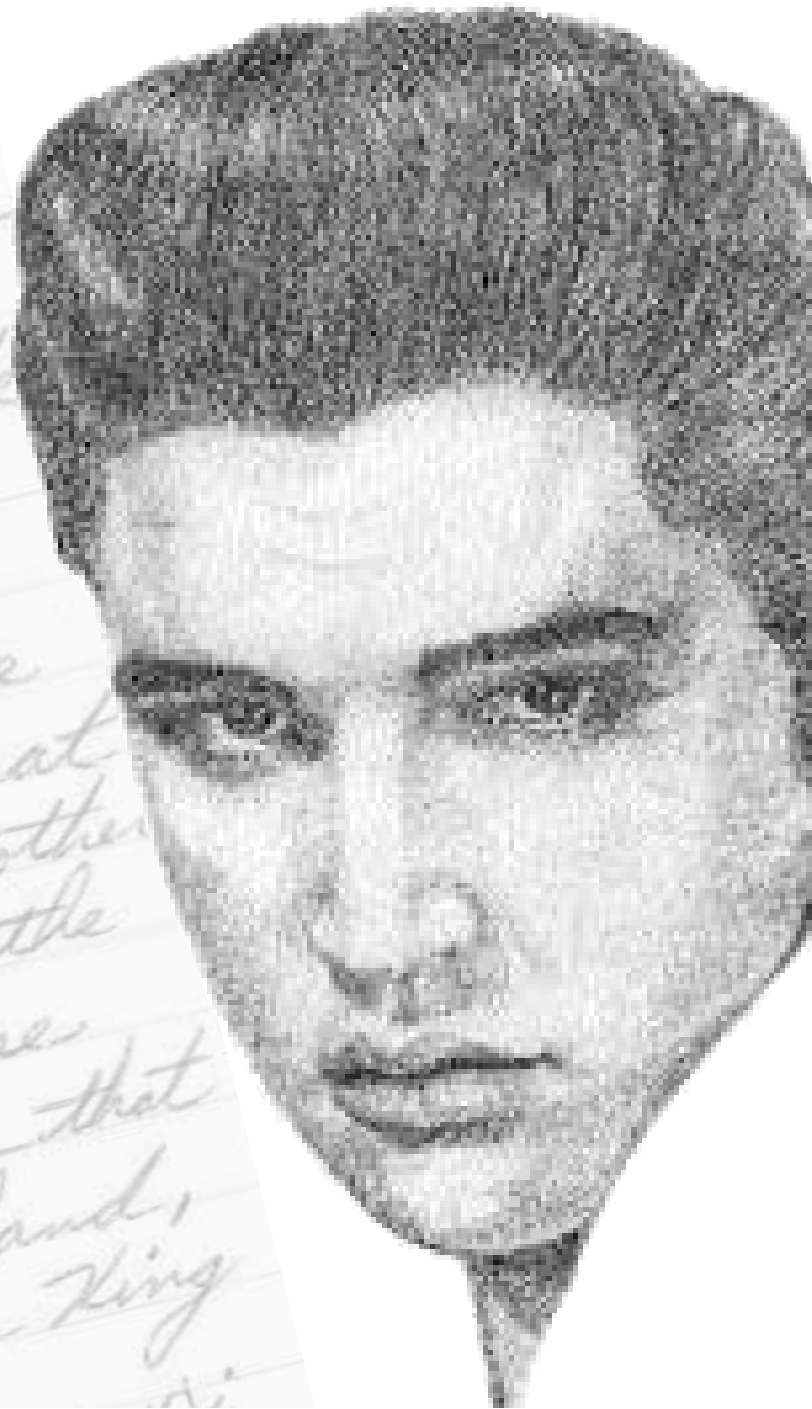


Whenever my son
Elvis, the Next Generation)
combs his hair back
like Elvis, the girls at
school chase after him.
James, who is eight years
old, is invited to the
Philadelphia Summers Parade
on New Year's Day 1997!
Each year a picture
of the handmade costume
James will be wearing at
the parade. James's mother
spent a lot of time making the
Elvis jumpsuit. We are
all huge Elvis fans that
been to Graceland,
to the King

Letters to Elvis
Real Fan Letters Written by
His Faithful Fans



St. Martin's Griffin M New York



Dear P.K. McLemore,

I also had done some cleaning in my garage last year and came across a letter. It was a letter to Elvis Presley. I was 14 years old then. It never got mailed because it got lost. It's a short letter but I would like you to put it in your book.

P.S. If you could, I would like to know when and where the book can be purchased when it's done.

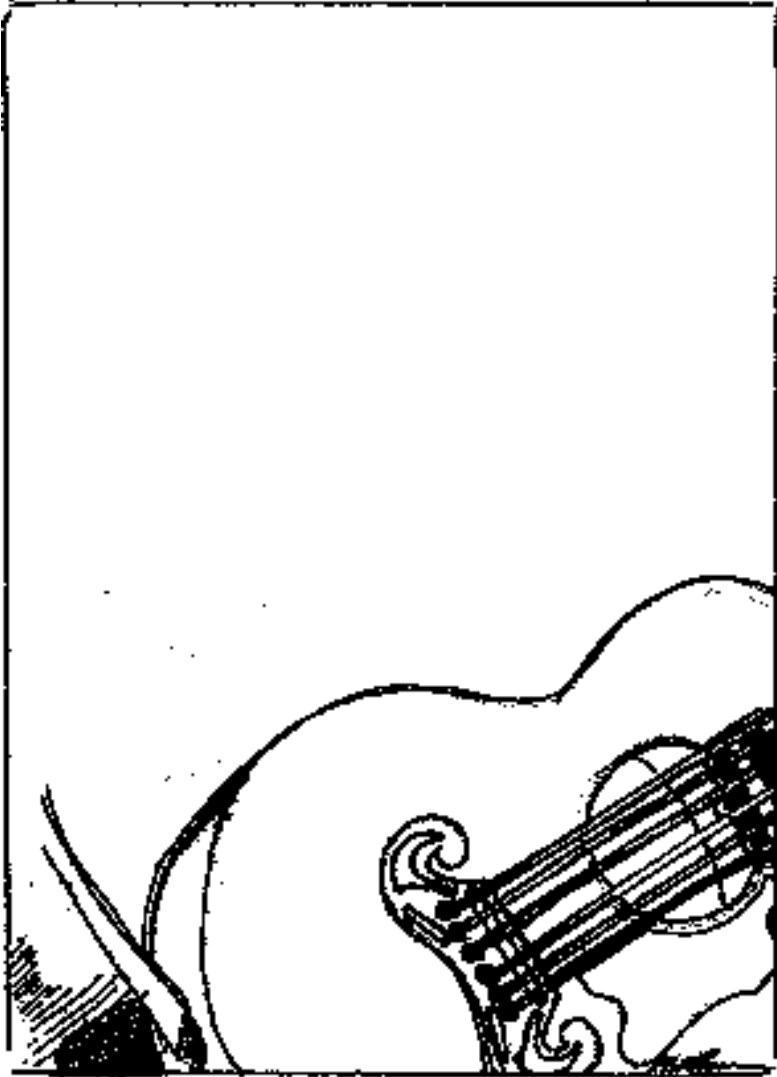
Sincerely

Mathew Johnson
Franklin, Indiana

Elvis fan forever
May the king live forever in our hearts.

T.B.
Dear; Elvis Presley
June 12, 1976
Haverbank 10/16
Jill Lewis
My name is Mathew Johnson I am 14 years old I live in Franklin Indiana. I have been listening to you for about three years now and you are the greatest in the world. I will love your music till the day I die. I just wanted to tell you that you are loved by thousands of fans, and keep up the great work. Elvis you are the King of Kings. LONG LIVE ROCK N ROLL.
I am a fan sincerely
Mathew Johnson
T.B.
ELVIS IS KING
We All Love You Elvis
Haverbank 10/16
T.B.
That's what name
Haverbank 10/16

Soundtrack to My Heart



Carving his name in our hearts and minds was easy, all he had to do was sing. But he did more, so much more than any other performer of his time. A popular magazine gave him the name “The King of Rock and Roll” and we made sure it stuck.

Elvis recorded a song that made him the real symbol of beauty and youth for the whole world to enjoy. This song was “Love Me Tender.” When he took center stage and crooned the words to this song, the tender melody drew every girl to his feet and they fell hopelessly in love with him. Every song he sang thereafter became the soundtrack to their hearts.

Trying to find something to say about a man we called The King is next to impossible if not impossible, but to read Beth Radtke’s letter as she tells her story of how her mother’s love for him was passed down to her and how she held onto that love for more than thirty years. These are the words of fans who loved him from the start. Kary Brown from the University of Illinois proclaims that she is happy to have him be a part of her life. He was there for her in the good times and the bad times and she lives by the quote “Life and living aren’t the same thing. Life is more than just drawing breath.” Pam Hinna took him to her heart at seven years old and he’s remained a major part of her life today.

Elvis may not have realized why so many people made such a big fuss over him, but when God was giving out all the good stuff I think he let Elvis come through twice because he seemed to have just a little more. We may never fully comprehend why

Here is a copy of a letter I wrote to Elvis after seeing him for the first time. He responded with a thank-you note and autographed photo. (They are now in my safe deposit box.)

June 12, 1972

Dear Elvis,

ALAS, AT LONG LAST I FINALLY SAW YOU IN CONCERT SAT. JUNE 10TH AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

I AM NOW ON CLOUD 9,000.

I cannot eat, sleep, drive or function at all. I have been a devout fan and admirer of you since the first day you hit the scene in the fifties. I have never liked music by anyone else. I have lost lots of boyfriends through high school (only because they were all jealous of you). I have spent all of my allowance on your records, I worked three part-time jobs in school just so that I could continue buying all of your music and anything else that I could get my hands on. I was in high school through the fifties, was later married in 1960 (to a soldier no less) and believe it or not he does look a lot like you, but not nearly as handsome. I have traveled all over in hopes of seeing you someday (I never gave up). I lived in Washington, DC, Virginia, Oklahoma, and now in NJ. When I heard you were appearing at the Garden, I immediately arranged to take a day off work in order to go to the city and get as many tickets as I could. You see, all of my friends are also fans of yours. (I wouldn't think of having any other friends of course). Needless to say our tickets for seats were all the way up to the sky, but I purchased a pair of high-powered binoculars so that I could see you as close as possible. Girls were being dragged and/or carried out by the NYC PD, the day was the most exciting day of my life (more so than my wedding day).

Incidentally, my husband accompanied me to your concert and he did not care that much for you UNTIL HE SAW YOU AT THE GARDEN and now he is a great fan also and even admitted to me that I have great taste. Before he would not allow me to play your records while he was home. I always had to wait for him to leave so I could play your music. This did not make me happy and I threatened to divorce him if he didn't straighten out and let me have a life too.

I returned to my job today . . . A big surprise was waiting for me. I had worked for this crummy building contractor for one year and he did not mind my taking a day off, but the idea that I had gone to get tickets to see you. I am so furious that I hope he can't find another secretary to replace me. But in the end result IT WAS WORTH LOSING FIFTY JOBS. I love you more than life itself and I can't wait to see you in concert again. Keep coming to NYC. When my husband sat there and watched the Garden fill up to capacity, he decided that you had to be great for so many followers to be there admiring you and screaming and yelling.

I LOVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE AND THE WAY YOU PLEASE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER, NOT FOR WHO YOU ARE. When I was young I used to dream of being Mrs. Presley, like all other teenage girls I suppose. YOU have made the greatest impact on people and the music business, not only rock 'n' roll, I enjoy every song that you sing. You have a magnetism like no other. I will close for now. I hope you never stop singing, you truly make this world a better place, there should be more in it like you, but there could never be another to replace you, I'll spend my whole life through " LOVING YOU."

Your #1 Fan

Marjorie Fossa
Montclair, New Jersey

Dear P.K. McEntire:

I was happy to receive your letter explaining your unique and exciting opportunity for anyone who is a true Elvis fan.

I cleaned out the contents of my scrapbook that I have of Elvis and I could not part with a single item, only a postcard from President Jimmy Carter telling me he appreciated my view. My view to him in February of 1978 was to declare January 8 as a Legal Holiday in memory of the Greatest Singer of all time.

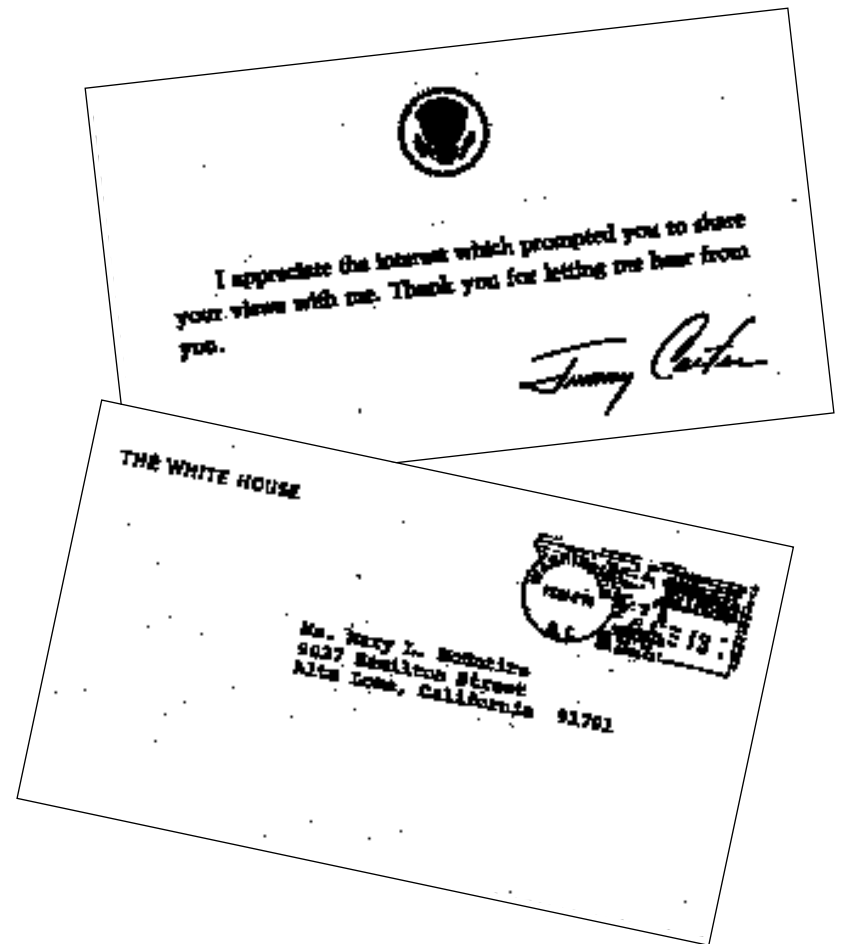
I became a true Elvis fan in 1958 when I first heard the song "All Shook Up." My son and daughter grew up with Elvis Presley music playing in the home all their childhood. My sweet husband went along with my holding Elvis Presley as an idol. My whole family was influenced by Elvis Presley, not only for his singing but just as an individual.

I was fortunate to see Elvis on two different occasions and the last time was the year before his death. They can print all the bad things they want about Elvis and I will not believe them. From 1958 on I always kept up with Elvis by reading any magazine or paper that had his name in it. He was a wonderful human being and I will always remember him in that way.

Thank you for allowing me to express my feeling about Elvis Presley, and "Yes" he is truly a KING!

Sincerely,

Mary L. McEntire
Redding, California



More Than Just a Meeting



We meet thousands of people in our lifetimes. Some have a lasting impact on us and something changes forever. We've all experienced it. What starts out as an ordinary day turns into a moment of magic that stays with you forever. Sharing the moment with others and reliving it through the telling is often the best way to experience it all over again. After all, who can forget their first roller coaster ride or their first kiss? I know these are things I'll always remember.

Everybody dreams of meeting their idol, the one person who you hold up as your hero. To some it's a rock star, to others an athlete, but very few people actually get the chance to get up close and personal with the object of their admiration.

During his incredible career, Elvis met many of his fans and each one came away with a special something to keep in their heart. To see him was a fantasy come true. To hear him sing was like cool air being blown on your face on the hottest day of the year, but to meet him was the ultimate dream.

On the next few pages you'll meet some very special people who shared their special moments with us.

Susan Garcia still remembers that day when she was eight and a half months pregnant and had the opportunity to sit and talk to Elvis for a while. It was a magic moment in her life and remains an unforgettable memory of the man she idolized.

Carole Cotter's letter especially moved me. On a vacation with her mother in Sun City, Arizona, her dream to see the Grand Canyon brought her face to face with The King.

I'm sure there are thousands of people who may have met Elvis, but I can only write about what I know. I hope that when I write my next book, I'll be able to include more of them.

Dear P.K:

I do have an "Elvis" experience which I will try to relate to you. In 1968 or 1969 my mother and I were visiting my aunt and uncle in Sun City, Arizona. While touring the Grand Canyon area, we met a waitress who said that she had seen Elvis in the area while he was working on a movie. Well, needless to say I was elated. I had always been an Elvis fan and this was too good to be true. So, on our way home to Illinois we traveled back through the Sedona, Arizona area and asked at the Chamber of Commerce about where we might be able to see Elvis. They only said that he was filming on the Bradshaw Ranch a few miles south of Sedona. So—my mother and I proceeded to travel south and came across a general store where we were told to turn in toward the ranch. We asked directions at the general store and they said we needed passes in order to get in to see Elvis. However, that didn't stop me, even though my mother was somewhat skeptical, but being a good sport, she let me pursue my dream of meeting Elvis. After a very, very, very bumpy stagecoach-type road into the ranch (oh, I forgot to mention that a couple of little old ladies had asked my mother and me if they, too, could follow us—of course we said sure—but it wasn't long on that old bumpy trail before we looked back and found that they were no longer in our rearview mirror). That didn't deter mother and me—we forged on and pretty soon we came across a couple of Yavapai County sheriff's deputies who were standing guard on the entrance to the ranch. After a few minutes of chitchat and finding out we were all the way from Illinois, they decided that they were getting hungry. Since MGM was serving lunch at the ranch, they too were invited, and now so were we. So, one of them drove mother and I down to the filming location where we discovered that they were still filming. We were told to be very quiet while they finished up and then the big moment came—my knees were shaking—(oh, I also forgot to tell you that I had saved one picture in my camera for a picture of Elvis—What Optimism!!). Elvis walked out around the set and the sheriff that was with me said it's okay, go ahead and ask him—so I did—"Elvis can I take your picture?"—"Yea, sure, go ahead"—I'll never forget it—he sat down—put on his cowboy hat—smiled and YES—I took my one and only picture. YES—it actually turned out too—and here it is—ENJOY!!

Sincerely,

Ms. Carole Cotter
Rockford, Illinois



PHOTO DONATED BY CAROLE COTTER
ELVIS CIRCA 1969
BRADSHAW RANCH, SEDONA, ARIZONIA

Dear Elvis

I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoy your music and your movies. They were such a big part of my childhood. I remember when the afternoon TV movie (the 4:30 Movies) ran Elvis week—we always watched. My dad was such a big fan of yours. To him, you were the greatest, much better than the Beatles.

Anyway, I just wanted you to know that every time I hear one of your songs, or see a movie, it brings back memories of a time of innocence, youth and hope for the future.

*Didi Bekins
Staten Island, New York*

