Say You Saw It In

mie Williams Turner, 91, died Friday at 7:10 p.m. at Fran-Ray Home.

Ray Home.

She was born in David County January 11, 1875, to the late J. R. and Sarah Williams Her husband, the Rev. E. W Turner, died in 1959.

Survivors include one son Uba Turner of Mocksville, foster daughter, Mrs. To Miller of Hamptoville; two grandchildren; two green and different two sisters. grand-children; two great-grand-children; two sisters, Mrs. Kelly Jones of Atlanta, Ga., and Miss Floy Williams of Winston-Salem; two broth-ers, Ray and Cary Williams of

runeral services were con-ducted Sunday at 4 p.m. at First Baptist Church, Mocks-ville by the Rev. Fred Barnes. Burial was in Ford Baptist Cemetery. Funeral services were con

Ruff Cartner. Of Enochville

KANNAPOLIS — Rufus (Ruff) Holloway Cartner, 72, of Overcash Avenue, Enoch-ville Community, died at 7-25 p.m. Friday at Western N. C. Sanitarium at Black Mountain. He had been in declining health for several years an seriously ill for three weeks

Funeral services were con-ducted Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock at North Kannapolis Methodist Church by the Rev. Kenneth Moore, pastor, as-sisted by the Rev. J. D. Harris,

A mative of Davie County, Mr. Cartner was the late John Wesley and Mary Gaither Cartner. His wife, Mrs. Mary Benson Cartner, died in April, 1954.

A member of North Kanna-polis Methodist Church, Mr. Cartner had lived in the Kan-napolis area most of his life until six years ago when he moved to live with his daughter, Mrs. Joe Wilhelm in

He was employed by Cannon Mills in the sheet department until his retirement seven

Survivors include two daughters, Mrs. Joe Wilhelm and Mrs. Julian R. Underwood of Charlotte; one son, Harold Cartner of Wilmington, Del.; vo sisters, Mrs. W. C. Grah of Kannapolis, Mrs. W. R. Mc-Corkle of Mocksville; two brothers, L. P. Cartner of Mocksville and L. R. Cartner of Winston-Salem; and eight grandchildren.



BRENDA GALE WATKINS

Watkins - Geter

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Watkins of Coolee

Mr. and Mrs. Samuet Watkins of Cooleemee have aunounced the engagement of their daughter, Brenda Gale to I. W. Geter, son of Fred Geter.

A church wedding is being planned for May 7.

Miss Watkins is a graduate of Central Davie High School and is employed by Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Gater attended R. A. Clement and is employed by Daviels Costruc-



Last week we reminisced about the old school house that met its demise in the 1948s, after many years of noble service. We mentioned not only the building, but personalities, and we even dared to name names.

So when Miss Rosa Tatum's letter arrived (seemingly by return mail) did we quake as we read? What would you do if you had just referred to her as "walking softly" and misspelled "mistress" on top of

and carrying a big stick," and misspelled "mistress" on top of that? The first would probably be forgiven, but a misspelled word used to describe a veteran teacher, never! Good Night,

She thanked me. She really did. And instead of sending a corrected copy of the column with all punctuation errors and misspelled words marked in red, she wondered "... if the teachers succeeded in scaring them (the children) by threatening to call Miss Rosa, and what the children thought."

Well Miss Rosa, be assured that we children did not fear you. Please note that the column used the term AWE; perhaps a better choice would have been RESPECT, because that is precisely the feeling we had, and still have, for you and all the other teachers.

You demanded it and you got it, and consequently you TAUGHT us something, and I don't mean just reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. It was a sense of values, if I may be so bold. You all reached us, Miss Rosa, not because of skillful teaching methods but because of the quality of persons you

We must have been an unattractive little group, because those were depression days, and although we didn't know it at the time our parents worried more about finding food for our stomachs than they did about clothes for our backs. So we our stomachs than they did about clothes for our backs. So we were shabby . . . but clean. At least we started out clean every morning, but those were the days when children walked to school and we walked on unpaved streets, across the branch and through "the hollow," in the bitter cold, in the rain, sleet, and snow, and our feet would be wet (who had boots?), our legs spattered with mud, and noses running. And what do you do when your nose is running and tissues are a luxury instead of a necessity? Why you use your sleeves, what else?

So that's the way you saw us and yet you loved us, stiff sleeves and all. Now I don't recall hearing any of you say, "Good morning children, I love you," but you must have shown it in a thousand diffrent ways or else why would we children still love you all after so many years?

still love you all after so many years?

still love you all after so many years?

You accepted us as we were.

Sure, we thought you carried that big stick, but half the fun of going to school was bragging about how awful the punishment was when we got caught, and then pulling off a few tricky maneuvers behind the teacher's back. We bragged about that hand paddling we got in the first grade all the way through school, but at the same time we were mighty careful not to let it happen again.

I don't need to tell you, a veteran of years in the classroom, that children love authority and discipline. It takes a load off their minds to know that they cannot tresspass beyond certain bounds, and it gives them a sense of security to know that someone cares enough about them to want to keep them safe from harm.

It's as natural to keep testing those bounds as it is to keep

and if the discipline remains constant, the testing and the growing, and if the discipline remains constant, the testing and the growing stop at about the same time. Hopefully, by that time we have reached maturity.

The razing of that old school house didn't affect me in the slightest. No tears were shed and I confess to no nostalgia now nor do I expect any later. As I said last week, the personalities left the everlasting impression.

N. E. Smith Mocksville

MOCKSVILLE - Nathaniel E. Smith, 74, of Mocksville died at 1 p.m. Friday.

He was a retired furniture worker and was born in Surry County, March 10, 1892, to the late John Henry and Elizabeth Warden Smith.

Survivors include his wife, Namie Steward Smith; one sister, Mrs. Lillie May James of Clemmons; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted at 2:30 p.m. Sunday at Chestaut Grove Methodist Church in Stokes County by the Rev. Alex Alvord, and the Rev. Alex Alvord, alex A

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Social Security

Nearly 90 per cent of the Nation's elderly were enroll-ed for the doctor bill insur-ance when social security of-fices closed at midnight on March 31, Mr. Thomas said.

March 31, Mr. Thomas said.
Only 5 percent had turned down the protection which supplements the basic hospital insurance provided persons 65 and over.

Another 5 percent had not made up their minds either way, or else were not aware of the deadline and the need to sign up for the supplementary protection.

Older people who have not yet applied for their Medicare benefits should get in touch with the nearest social security office now, Mr. Thomas said. Persons 65 or over by February of this year who delay signing up until past May 31 will have to wait 2 years for another chance to

The social security district office in Salisbury is located at 105 Corriber Avenue. The phone number is 633-6470. That

he social security district in Florida visiting their son and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Doh Hoover of Orlando, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Milholen and in some Monday through stay from 8:45 a.m. until Daytona Beach.

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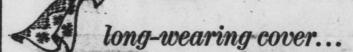
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