

by Mary Alice Hasty

She is a big weman — almost six feet tall. Large bones apparting massive contours of flesh give an immediate and sting effect of solidity. When you see her for the first me you are struck by the sheer size of her, and then your es travel upward to her face and you see how pretty e is. Unlike most big women, she moves with a sure and stely grace, a measured motion of case.

Her keen awareness and love of beauty transform wild wers, berries, or a few green boughs into distinctive aragements at a touch.

Hors d'anneres.

lowers, berries, or a rew green boughs into canalistic transgements at a touch.

Hors doesures, fragile pastries, delicately molded salads — name it — she turns them out as if by magic. Let her put a put of plain water on the stove and I swear it smells delicious by the time it holls.

These are good things, pleasant things. Yet they are only a part of the story. Beneath the calmness, the unbelievable competence, there are torrents of deep and mysterious inhibitions which only those with the ability to scan soul with soul shall ever see, and even then never fully understand.

She is my friend, I doubt I shall ever be hers. There is a gulf between us that she will never cross, I do not see the gulf but I knew it is there. I admire her more than I can express. She sees my countless faults at a glance and without a word reduces me to a feeling of total ineptness.

She is a mother five times. I am a mother two times. It is only because I am a mother that she deigns to share her time with me. She knows we need her so she runs her household with one hand and mine with the other. A remarkable woman.

hen whose huge wings spread out to encompass every little child.

When I organized and taught kindergarten I had to have her with me. I watched twenty-five preschoolers succumb to her charm, and on many occasions burrow down in the softness of her flesh. They never questioned her being there. She was their teacher just as I was, and the only discernible difference between the two of us was brought to light by the priceless remark from Betsy Snipes, age four.

"Mrs. Goodlett," explained Betsy to her family, "is the teacher with the peny tail on the side."

But the roads we travel run side by side, never together. A few years ago she went shopping in another town, a hurried affair to pick up a few things her family needed. She was refused service aburptly. A white man looked at her and said, "We don't sell to Negroes."

In embarrassed confusion she fled the store.

I cried with pure rage when I heard it, and made two unsuccessful trips to the store to protest.

She dismissed the incident with no outward show of emotion other than surprise at my reaction, but the wound was there... one more added to a lifetime of hurt.

Wounds heal, they say. But healed wounds have a way of leaving scar tissue, and scar tissue has a tight, constricting, even abraisive way about it that is foreign to uninjured flesh—or emotions.

Conditions have changed since these few years ago. Our

Conditions have changed since those few years ago. Our sons are in the same room at school and mine wishes he had the strength and speed hers has. Mine unwrapped a gift last Christmas Eve and shouted, "Oh boy! A shirt just like William's!" My five-year-old daughter is furiously jealous of any child who even looks like he or she wants to snuggle down on that soft lap.

But the invisible sulf is branched only by the little.

But the invisible gulf is breached only by the little ones I can only conclude that it is too late for the rest of us



. . . was Glennie Kaye Overman

MISS GLENNIE KAYE OVERMAN WEDS MICHAEL DEAN DANIELS

College place Methodist neth Cox of Boone, Mrs. Don Church Greensboro, was the setting on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock for the wedding of Miss Glennie Kaye Overman and Michael Dean Dani-The attendants were floor-length dresses of candy pink velveteen made with bell sleeves and Empire waistlines.

The Reverend Fred Macon officiated and Mrs Marianne Chamberlain, organist of Greensboro, and Terry Ashe, soloist of Statesville, presented the wedding music.

ville was best man. Monte Ridenhour of Cullowhee, Mike Simmons, Greensboro, Ted Simmons, Yadkinville, Rick Cash and Larry Denny, The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Thomas Overman of Route 2, Harmony She attended Harmony High School and is a January graduate of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro, earning a degree in home economics education. She is employed in Residence Hall Department at UNC-G. Cash and Larry Greensboro. ushered.

of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Eustace
Daniels of Route 4, Mocksville. He is a graduate of
Davie County High School and
expects to be graduated in
June from the University of
North Carolina at Greensboro. He is a member of the American Chemical Society.

Stant, National Dary Cou

People are still being fooled by the old chestnut, "Which is heavier, a ton of feathers or a ton of lead?" They are also being confused by loose and inaccurate use of comexample:

If someone mentions fattening foods, you nod wiself and think of fat meat, sugar, sug

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sweets, starches, potatoes, bread, thing oils, chocolate and so on, but.

There are four basic food groups, for convenience in everyday diet planning. But in scientific nutrition the necessary nutrients are listed as proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins, and water. All are essential in a good diet such as is more or less instinctively enjoyed by normal people, based on the foodstuffs most readily available to them. So now let's look at fats, fatty foods and fatties.

Fats are compounds of fatty acids and glycerols (glycerine-like compounds). They are the richest source of cal-

Fats are compounds of fatty acids and glycerols (glycerine-like compounds). They are the richest source of calories in small bulk, supplying nine to the gram. Some fats, like the fish-liver oils, are rich in essential vitamins. A and D, which dissolve in fatty solvents. Milk is regularly reinforced with vitamin D to provide the 400 I. U. (International Units) recommended by the Food and Nutrition

ute our prejudices for our ood judgment. -- Baptist Ob-

The bride's parents enter-tained at a reception in the

They carried crescents of pink feathered carnations.

Robert G. Pinnix of Reids-

SPARE TIME INCOME

Mrs. Tatum Entertains

On Tuesday at noon, Mrs. E. C. Tatum Sr. entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles Isley and Mr and Mrs. M. H. Ridenhour at an old fashioned dinner at her home on Route 4, Mocksville.

The table was overlaid with a damask cloth, centered with

fellowship hall of the church following the ceremony.

The refreshment table was covered with lace over green and centerd with a white arrangement of snapdragons and chrysanthemums flanked by white candles in silver.

Mrs. J. N. Andrews, Mocksville, and Mrs. Perry Cartner of Harmony assisted in the entertaining.

For the wedding trip to Western North Carolina, the bride wore a winter white wool dress with a navy blue coat and navy accessories.

The couple will be at home at 612-A Kenilworth Street, Greensboro, after February 1.

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guest was ready to depart.
"Goodnight," he said. "I hope
I have not kept you up too
late." (Host yawning): "Not
at all. We have been getting
up soon anyway."

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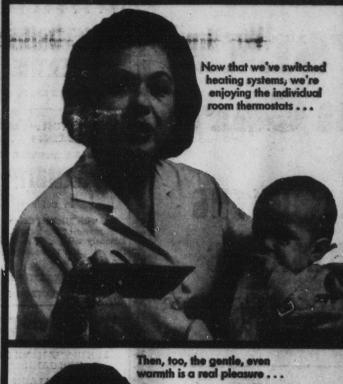
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