

Cozin Clairence's Corner

I guess everybody is pretty proud of their family tree and I'm just like most everyone else. Mine has always been a source of great pride with me. You have probably heard of the old saying though, about everybody having a skeleton or two in their family closet, Mine's different. We tried keeping 'em in there but there just wasn't room, so, we had to let 'em run loose.

We can all remember the joy it was when we were youngsters to visit Uncles, Aunts, and cousins. I liked the uncles the best. They always seemed to be a lot broader minded. Aunts were, well, they were just aunts and that's about all I could ever say for 'em. Except one. She was sorta colorful, but I didn't realize H-O-W colorful until after I was grown. Things had a little different meaning then.

This one uncle I had that was so fascinating to me was an adventurer, the daring swashbuckling kind. To me he embodied the very ultimate of bravery and cunning. I think he just about represented to me all the fearless men that kept pushing our frontiers Westward toward the Pacific Ocean. He was a big man, physically. I guess he stood about 6-3 in his stocking feet and was about as handle wide across the shoulders. His strength was a source of great pride with him and he frequently found opportunities to demonstrate it.

I'll never forget the time we were about to leave Grandpa's. We had finally managed to get repacked in our shiny new "T" model, all necks had been hugged, and all the goodbys said. Pa had her all wound up and you never heard as pretty a sound as that "I" made when Pa raced the motor. He gave her the spark and we were all braced for the 1925 version of the "scratch-off" which would have, ordinarily left the most beautiful swirl of light brown dust in Grandpa's front yard. But nothing happened. We didn't go any place, at least, not on our first attempt. This sorta embarrassed Pa because he had planned, I know, to depart as impressively as possible. He just sorta grunted, readjusted all the complicated controls, flared his good-bye grin again at Grandpa and Grandma, and made another attempt at launching Henry Ford's pride and joy toward a re-entry into our home atmosphere. After a third unsuccessful attempt to make an impressive departure Pa gave forth with some of his choice epithets. I was always the proudest of pa when he sorta had his dander up. The things he'd say at those times always sounded exciting to me and invariably signaled some drastic activity to follow. Ma was still scolding him for using such "common lan-

guage" in the presence of the children and herself as she and the two girls got out so he could investigate this unparalleled calamity. When he was riled he didn't pay any attention to Ma's scolding and I guess I was so proud of him at these times because that proved to me that he, too, was a man of courage in his defiance of Ma. She was somebody to defy!

As soon as Pa's feet hit the ground my prodigious Uncle Rubin let out an earth shaking roar of laughter. He'd been lifting up one hind wheel each time Pa had tried to take off. We all knew that Pa was in a towering rage but he had remarkable self control, specially when he faced his brother, Rubin. Anyhow, we made it away from there on the fourth attempt. And it was one of the smoothest and quietest take-offs I'd ever seen Pa make. None of us spoke to him till the color of his face got back to normal.

I could hardly wait to get back home to tell all the kids how strong my uncle was. Needless to say, none of them would believe it, but that was kinda unimportant to me. My joy stemmed from the telling.

Yeah, I was real proud of my Uncle Rubin, even though he was supposed to be one of the black sheep of the family. The fact that he was a mean gambler, specializing in marked cards and loaded dice didn't dim his luster in the least. He was a stalwart HERO and a man that would fight at the drop of a casual accusation that he was a cheat. His fists and his brawn were his weapons' never a gun or a knife. Grandma used to lament that he'd probably come home some day with some fellow's initials carved into his anatomy. I learned that he came in on several occasions bearing some examples of the bladed art, but he was always the victor in these minor skirmishes and won the money too.

You can probably understand my boish sense of pride when I tell you that he has been the only member of the family that was ever able to give us any publicity that ever amounted to anything. Yes, sir our family name was in the headlines of all the big State Newspapers when he dispatched two of his adventures to BOOTHILL as a result of their having accused him of using loaded dice in a crap game. Immediately after this melee he had some most urgent business in Mexico, and as far as any of us know he has been a Mexican ever since.

Ma seemed to think we were all disgraced for life. She even talked about our changing our name, having Pa sell out his business, and moving plumb outta the country. This would have been the cruellest blow of all if Ma had prevailed. You



Engagement Announced

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dale McCombs of Murphy announce the engagement of their daughter, Marjorie Ann, to Charles Richard Garland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee Garland of Culberson.

OBITUARIES

MRS. ROBERTA ROGERS

BLAIRSVILLE - Mrs. Roberta Seabolt Rogers, age 54, passed away Friday a.m., Dec. 21, in a local hospital, after an extended illness. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Seabolt of Fannin County, Ga. She was the wife of Mr. F. R. Rogers, a prominent businessman in Blairsville.

Surviving in addition to the husband are two daughters, Mrs. Betty Collins of Blairsville, and Mrs. Louise Lance of Morganton, Ga.; 7 sons, Ray, Charles, Billy, Donald, Tommy, Clark, and Bobby; two sisters, Mrs. Lola Patton, and Mrs. Inda Mason of Blairsville; three brothers, Hobert, Clinton, Hayden Seabolt, all of Blairsville; ten grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Services were held Sunday at 2:00 p.m. in the Blairsville

see, I would have been deprived of the many opportunities I had of giving my version of this exploit to all the other kids that were mighty proud, themselves, of hearing the exciting details from the real live nephew of this brave Mexican.

Methodist Church with the Rev. Ryon Seawright and Rev. Don Sneller officiating. Akins Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

W. P. TANNER

Culberson -- William P. Tanner, 68 of Culberson died Saturday morning December 21 in a Murphy hospital after an extended illness.

Mr. Tanner was a veteran of World War I and a lifelong resident of Cherokee County.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Evelyn Young Tanner; three daughters, Mrs. Frances Mason of Culberson, Mrs. Oma Lee Rich of Douglasville, Ga. and Miss Eva Fay Tanner of the home; six sons, Larry, Grover, John, Carl, Robert and Jack of the home; two sisters, Mrs. Lela Holbrook of Blue Ridge, Ga., and Mrs. Mary Kelley of Culberson; a brother, Frank of Clayton, Ga; and a grandchild.

Services were held at 11 a.m. in Snow Hill Baptist Church. The Rev. Calvin Thompson officiated and burial was in the church cemetery.

Townson Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

ATTEND CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY



First Methodist Church
Valley River Avenue
Clark W. Benson, Pastor



Free Methodist Church
Valley River Avenue
G. K. A. Hoase, Pastor



Messiah Episcopal Church
Peachtree Street
Hamilton C. Witter, Pastor



Murphy Presbyterian Church
Valley River Avenue
Robert A. Potter, Pastor



St. Williams Catholic Chapel
Andrews Road
Father Raymond Dahan, Pastor



First Baptist Church
Peachtree Street
William J. Thompson, Pastor

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