

GROVER NEWS

by Jackie Rountree

Joe did jump! John and Margaret did get back!

Morgan did have a pictorial showing. It took a month, but just as I predicted he would, he was showing pictures of his grandson. This was before church. After church, the real thing was on display. It was christening day for David Brandon Morgan, son of Vernon and Pukin'. Buzzer and Linda were there from Charlotte; Joe and Janis from Blacksburg; Mrs. Marlowe, Pukin's mother; a brother; relatives from Whiteville; friends and family from all around. The christening itself has an especial to me, but I really go for all that rallying around of friends in joy. Let's really rally! For you out-of-town MIRROR subscribers-- The baby looks like Vernon-- REALLY!

Last Wednesday, Jan and Billy Hammett, Margaret and Ashley Harry went down to the beach to Tom and Eric Bryan's place. John and Bill and the motorcycle joined them on Friday. Great sport was had by all crabbing in the sleet and cycling on the beach and returning home Sunday.

Boots Cockrell is home from Florida. Guess Thelma Hambricht is still somewhere showing off her pretty pink hat. Speaking of Florida-- Sara and William Hambricht went to Florida in their camper to witness the Apollo 16 launch. They hope to get together with Len and Preston Goforth who are in Florida too to visit their son, Dr. Cobia Goforth. Our neighbors got home again-- not sure where they've been, but they're back within waving distance. We know Charles Duke, John Young, "Ken" Mattingly are on their way to the moon, but can't keep tabs on our neighbors -- Maybe we overdo don't be a nosy-neighbor. Let's keep waving! This goes to Brother Bill too.

Faye Houser took Mary and Roy to visit Mrs. Bertha Davis at the Green Brier Nursing Home in Fallston. Mary, of course, went laden with goodies. Shirley Bolin said she visited her mother in Mooresville Sunday. Her stepfather is recuperating nicely-- anxious to be bowling again. Mrs. Gene Tesseneer had surgery last week in Charlotte Memorial Hospital. She is out of the Intensive Care Unit and in Room 658. Brenda Herndon called to rearrange some plans we had. Her voice is acting up. Said her father in Intensive Care in Cleveland Memorial. Mrs. Ralph Little is on the mend after a fall a few weeks ago. Let's all get our ESP together and concentrate on where she put the wedding picture of Bill's

family. She's misplaced it and can't find it. Bill said his sister's husband in Miami had had a heart attack. And I believe Ted Springer has returned to Terre Haute because of his father's illness.

Mickey Moss' working schedule was changed, so he has relinquished his Scout Pack to Bruce Byars. A lot of thanks to both-- and to Jan, and Nan Jean, and Quint and Carmel--

Revival begins at First Baptist Church April 23. See the neat and nice poster at P.O.

PLEASE, Billy Ray Kiser-- Don't throw me overboard! Don't feed me to the computers! Keep up your mailing list. Billy Ray was NAVY not Army. Anchors Aweigh, my boy, and sail on to victory!

Thought sure we had another visitor in our midst. Then realized it was what's left of Paul Hambricht. Bravo on pounds away!

Went by Friday afternoon to say a Happy Birthday to my favorite Fannie. She wasn't there. Called me the next morning to say she had been at Lucille Kiser's for a left-over supper. Lucille had had a birthday supper for Kim, her granddaughter, the night before. Fannie celebrated all day Friday and again Sunday. She went to Ellis' in Shelby to co-celebrate with Libby's father, Mr. Poston, on his 80th. Thursday was Margaret Harry's (not Mrs. O.J.)

birthday; so we called down to Warm Springs, Georgia to wish wishes to her. Didn't talk to Margaret, but I did to Uncle Grady and to his daughter, Margaret Thompson. There may be some MIRROR readers who know these folks and be interested to know Grady already has turnip greens and onions from his garden. They are all on the go -- and he's wanting to come to his class re-union at Chapel Hill. He's a Tar Heel born and bred--largely down here on the creek.

After not finding Fannie at home, I set out to find Mrs. Jocie Hambricht. Finally found her that night in Room 280B at Cleveland Memorial. It was her 80th. Went up to see Betty Toney on third floor, but Betty had checked in, up, and out already. ATTENTION OLLIE HARRIS: Miss Jocie wants to see you.

Got an early start Saturday A.M. Found Martha Lee about to celebrate her day by washing windows. I apologize Martha Lee. I truly meant to have the needlepoint ready to present it to you as a return gift. Let us now grow too old to give up on me. Was still at Martha's when Dean Westmoreland came by and his kind remarks made Sat-

urday's sun even shinier. It's remarkable how sustaining kind remarks can be. Thanks! And to Frances Green, too, for the kindly comments made when I saw here at the washing place.

Speaking of the moon, being close, and shininess-- Venus and Mars are now close and will be in conjunction on the 22nd. Venus is trying to outdo the moon. She almost does in brilliance.

And, speaking of left-overs-- One Sunday night a few weeks ago Mary C. called me to tell me what an exciting day she had had. Most of her family had come to be with her at church and then Sunday dinner-- each family bringing some food. She wanted me to come eat fragments with her. I've been invited to pot-luck, dutch-treat, left-overs, nose-bag, buffet-- but, this was a first for fragments. Fragments seem so much more humble and hospitable than left-overs-- Just as remnant seems more selective than a scrap. No offense to your leftovers, Lucille.

Back to Miss Jocie-- this time not to Room 280B, but September, 1957. I was just home with a new baby surgically delivered and complications. Glenn's mother had passed away. Mama had returned to Florida. Miss Jocie was coming to our house to help out. She wanted to over-help with my new baby. It was my baby and I wanted to do it all. We lived "up-town" then, but the pear trees down here were trying to see which tree could have the most pears. I got Miss Jocie's attention on the pears and she set about to making preserves. No baby ever got such concentrated attention as did those pears. She talked, sang, hummed, washed, soaked, praised and sugared-- then began to fret that the pears would need turning at a time when she wouldn't be there.... no stirring, just turning. I said I thought I could do that. In a near-terror stricken tone she exclaimed that I MUST NOT get near the dish pans filled with the pears. The baby was still too young. So, I promised to keep my distance. About bedtime, Glenn went over to bring Miss Jocie back to lift her pears up and over. The next day I rocked my baby and Miss Jocie cooked and canned her preserves. I don't know if my staying away from them was the secret of their success or not, but if there has ever been such a thing as perfectly preserved pears, those have to be the ones. May The Lord preserve Miss Jocie well. This time I promised not to stay away.

And I hope to be back here next week with some more fragments and remnants. Let's Keep April Active!



Donna Kiser, Bessemer City, on the move

Horseman's Delight

A good crowd was on hand Saturday at the Kings Mountain Saddle Club's Eighth Annual Horse Show.

Weather was fine for

the show, after being rained out one week. There were some thirty-eight classes of competition combining both Western and English horses.



Nathon Ross getting his 4th place ribbon in the 'Go As You Please Class'



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