
A. N. Carne Dies In ¹⁹⁵⁰ Nebraska Hospital

A. N. Carne, retired Dyer grocerman, died this Thursday morning in a Lincoln, Nebraska hospital, where he had been critically ill since Oct. 18.

Mr. Carne, with his son, Nat Carne and wife, had gone to Nebraska to visit the former's sister. He suffered a heart attack the night of Oct. 18th and has been in a critical condition since. He had been in poor health for some time.

The body is en route to Dyer for funeral services and burial and will arrive via G. M. & O. Railroad Friday evening, Nov. 10th.

Funeral arrangements are incomplete.

If you put a billion \$1 bills one on top of the other, it would make a stack that towered 64 1-2 miles into the sky.

ARTHUR N. CARNE

Services To Be Tomorrow For Dyer Resident

DYER, Tenn., Nov. 10.—Services for Arthur N. Carne, who died Thursday at St. Elizabeth Hospital in Lincoln, Neb., will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 at the First Methodist Church of Dyer. The Rev. D. M. Anderson, pastor, will officiate and burial will be in Oakwood Cemetery under the direction of Baird Funeral Home. He was 65.

Born in Dyer, he spent most of his life in this section. A prominent Dyer merchant, Mr. Carne had been visiting his sister, Miss Dee Carne in Omaha when he died. He was a member of the First Methodist Church.

Besides his sister, he leaves two sons, Dr. John Emerson Carne of Dyersburg and Hugh N. Carne of Dyer; a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Harrison of Dyer and a sister, Mrs. Lina Allen of Humboldt.

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Tribute to A. N. Carne

By W. M. Vaughn

This is my tribute to you Mr. Carne!

You passed away a few days ago. You were in the grocery business when I lived in Dyer. You sold groceries to me and never seemed to worry about the bill. You didn't want "a preacher to go hungry" around you. Nor do I believe you wanted anybody to go hungry where you were. You never complained if the payment on the bill had to be small; you knew everybody; you treated everybody kindly; you seemed to understand.

They know where to find me, if I was in town long—at Carne's Grocery. I liked to come in there because the atmosphere was inviting and friendly, and I liked you and Nat, and I liked the fellows who came in your store. I liked the other stores alright, but yours was my "clearing house."

You knew what was going on in the community. And then, I could nearly always find Uncle George in there, or find out if he was sick, or if he had been in there. He loved you, too, Mr. Arthur. He told me so many times.

Many times you told me who was sick, as you knew I would want to know. Often you would say to me, "Did you know that so and so was sick," and I would appreciate it. Then, you knew when I was a little "down-hearted." You would smile, and in your way, turn minister to me and cheer me up. I first thought it was because you had a preacher brother, then I came to know that it was just your nature to do that anyway.

I remember one day when the bill was pretty high and we were trying to economize at home—a little too much I thought—I came in the store "complaining" about not getting "enough to eat" and you said, "Well, I don't want any preacher going hungry around me." You were kidding me but I knew, too, that you really meant it. Some times the bill got pretty high but you never complained. "What eles?" you would say—mattered not how much I had bought. Nat was that way, too.

You were a good man, Mr. Arthur. You never paraded your religion. You just lived it every day. You believed "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these . . ." and you did that—much more than most people knew!

You got sick, made a comeback—long enough to come again to the store and greet your friends—and we were glad! The last time I saw you, you were in the store and we walked out on the sidewalk together. I was glad to see you. We were glad to see each other. I hoped you were better, and you thought you were, but we don't know every time, do we? Preachers don't know everything anyway, but they do a lot of hoping and praying for those they love.

Then I learned of your passing. I knew that Dyer had lost one of its best citizens. This is my tribute to you, Mr. Carne. You were a good grocer and a good business man, but you were more than that—you were a good man every day—and you knew how to treat your fellowman. You understood; you were kind where kindness was needed; you knew human nature, —and you knew divine nature—for you had partaken of it. You loved your church more than most people knew. You were unassuming, but you were friendly. You were the kind of man that made a man love you and miss you when you are gone.

You wouldn't let anybody go hungry around you. And now you have crossed over the river to rest to "rest under the shade of the trees." And you are safe, Mr. Carne—for nothing ever blows there but a gentle breeze. You, like many others, needed rest, for you worked long hours and were on your feet a lot—serving the public, working as long as you could.

I guess we all appreciated you, Mr. Carne, and maybe you knew maybe you knew it, but I wanted to say this for myself, and I feel sure for many others. You will never be forgotten, for you were a wonderful friend.

So long, Mr. Carne!