

Eisenhower Is Expected To Lead Big Cross-Channel Invasion At Early Date

General Marshall To Remain On Job As Chief Of Staff, Rumors Say

Washington — It is now possible to reveal that Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower will lead the cross-channel invasion which may come within the next 90 days.

Allied chiefs already have agreed on the choice of Eisenhower to head up the mightiest united nations enterprise of the war. The decision was made after President Roosevelt decided that Gen. George C. Marshall, who frequently had been mentioned for the job, would be most valuable in his present post of U. S. Army chief of staff.

The army and navy were pleased by the decision which keeps intact Mr. Roosevelt's winning war strategy team of Marshall, Admiral William D. Leahy, chief of staff to the president; Admiral Ernest J. King, commander-in-chief of the U. S. fleet, and Gen. Henry H. Arnold, commanding general of the U. S. Army air forces. These four men, comprising the U. S. joint chiefs of staff, have operated as a unit since March, 1942.

Marshall, who accompanied Mr. Roosevelt to the Cairo and Tehran conferences, returned to Washington last week from a round-the-world inspection tour which included conferences with Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

Soon after his arrival Marshall conferred with Mr. Roosevelt, Leahy and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson.

The tremendous responsibility confronting Eisenhower is empha-

HOME-MADE LIME SPREADER BUILT

A home-made lime spreader has been designed by the agricultural Engineering Department at State College which utilizes materials which can be found in almost any junk yard, reports David S. Weaver, head of the department.

It consists of a hopper with a rotating plate directly under openings in the bottom of the hopper. The rotating plate is driven through the gearing, which is found in the rear axle of a discarded automobile. Old tires, now worn for any use on a car or truck, may be used on the machine.

The spreader, which costs on the average, about half the price of a commercial spreader may be used for handling lime and certain fertilizer materials in fertilizing pastures, meadow strips, and in distributing lime for a wide variety of crops.

Growers wishing to build a home-made spreader should write the Agricultural Engineering Department, State College, Raleigh, for a free copy of Plan No. 254.

sized by the grim forecast of a high government official that the next 90 days will bring American war casualties in an amount three times greater than the present total of about 131,185.

Write the Agricultural Editor, State College, Raleigh, for Extension Circular No. 270 if you wish information on the care and simple repair of household equipment.



THE BEST Christmas EVER
By RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

WHEN Dr. Wade turned away from the telephone his face was grave. Sara, his wife, came into the living-room quickly. She had been standing in the hall, listening.

"Hugh, you can't go! You can't! It's Christmas and the children are all coming home, and oh, it will simply run all our plans!"

"Now, now," Dr. Wade said. He slipped off his house jacket and moved around the tree that sparkled with gay ornaments and bright tinsel and strings of popcorn. From the closet he brought his overcoat and overshoes and his cap with the fur-lined earlaps. Sara watched him desperately. Once she glanced toward the window. Snow hissed against the glass. Wind howled about the eaves.

Dr. Wade stood by the door and drew on his gloves and picked up his bag. He looked down at his small wife whose hair was streaked



... The young wife lay, her face white and drawn.

with gray, whose eyes were anxious and desperate, but proud and loving. A smile rested lightly on his lips as he waited.

Sara bit her lip and looked away. When she looked back again her eyes held nothing but affectionate reproach. "You—you—" she said, and stood tiptoe and kissed him.

Dr. Wade backed his coupe out of the garage. He was glad that he had taken the precaution to put chains on the night before. With a storm like this the street department would be hours getting the roads clear.

In the village Dr. Wade stopped and went into Cy Anderson's store to make some purchases. An hour later he stopped the coupe at the foot of the logging road that led up to Bald Ridge. Even with chains it would be impossible to go farther with the coupe. So he produced snowshoes from the rear compartment of the coupe, strapped them on, tied a canvas pack on his back, tucked his kit under one arm and started up the road.

The storm had increased rather than lessened in fury. Frequently—more frequently than he liked to admit—Dr. Wade had to pause to rest, turning his back to the wind.

It was two hours later when Dr. Wade saw the blurred outline of the cabin. Ordinarily the trip would have taken him less than thirty minutes. He knocked and the door opened at once. He stepped inside and leaned against the wall, breathing heavily. Slowly he became aware of the warmth. Life came back to his muscles. He looked up and smiled.

Young Brad Jones was watching him, wide-eyed, dumb gratitude in his face. Behind him his young wife lay on the bed near the stove, her face white and drawn, biting her lips to keep from crying out.

Dr. Wade had delivered hundreds of babies, but this one was different. It was different because it was Christmas and a storm raged outside, and his children were coming home and he wasn't going to be there to greet them. It was different because he had stopped in Anderson's store and bought some things that brought tears to Mrs. Jones' eyes, and made it impossible for young Brad to speak.

It was late afternoon when Dr. Wade started for home. The storm had abated, but the wind was colder, sharper. Now that it was over the doctor's thought leaped ahead, to his own home and his own children. He was sorry he hadn't been there to greet them. He and Sara had planned so many surprises.

Sara met him at the door. She helped him off with his coat and brought his slippers from before the fire. Her eyes were shining.

"The children didn't get here. The storm held up the train. They phoned from the station. They'll be here any minute, and we'll both be on hand to greet them. Oh, it's going to be the best Christmas ever!"

Dr. Wade smiled and thought of the expressions on the faces of young Brad Jones and his wife. "Yes," he said, "the best Christmas ever." And his chin fell forward on his chest and he slept.

Sara looked at him. "Oh, you—you—" she said lovingly and tiptoed out of the room.

Pisgah Forest

—COMMUNITY HAPPENINGS—

By Mrs. C. F. Allison

CHRISTMAS QUIET HERE

The holidays were quietly but enjoyably spent in this section with the children being well remembered by the school and churches. On Tuesday afternoon at the school house the school grade mothers were in charge of a Christmas party and carol sing, during which delicious treats were given each child. Members of the Davidson River Presbyterian Sunday school enjoyed a tree, gifts and treats on Dec. 19th and the Baptist Sunday school observed the same on Dec. 26th. Of course, a number of children enjoyed the party give by the Ecusta Corporation in Brevard on Thursday afternoon.

We missed the many absent ones, but we tried to make our Christmas merry for them and as we go into 1944 our best wishes are extended to our editor and his force, our readers, friends and especially to the boys in the service for a New Year filled with happiness, hope and peace.

H. D. CLUB MEETING

The January meeting of the Home Demonstration club will be held at the home of Mrs. J. P. Cheek on Tuesday, Jan. 4th, at 2 o'clock. Every member is urged to be present as plans for the new year will be outlined and officers and committees selected.

PERSONAL MENTION

Holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Galloway were Miss Delphine Galloway, of Chilhowie, Va., Pvt. Bill Galloway, of Fort Jackson, S.

C., and Mr. and Mrs. Dee Wilson, of Brevard.

Aunt Sarah Orr, mother of D. H. Orr, where she makes her home, observed her 86th birthday anniversary on Dec. 24th, and Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Anderson were her guests on that day.

Robert (Dobbin) McCrary, who is employed in Frost Proof, Fla., spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer McCrary.

Ralph Sentell, of the army air corps, Courtland, Ala., is spending a 10-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Sentelle.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gasperson had as their holiday guest the former's brother, Henry, of Avery's Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Corn and son, Thomas, of Atlanta, Ga., spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barrett and Mrs. Belle Corn. C. L. left on Tuesday for Camp Croft for army induction examination.

Ray Marshall, who is employed at Wilmington, spent the holidays here with his family.

Mrs. Jake Parris, who underwent a major operation at Transylvania community hospital, will return to her home on Thursday.

Clarence Ramer spent Tuesday at Camp Croft for army induction examination.

Junior Monteith spent the holidays here.

Mrs. Nellie Corn has been ill with flu, also Bobby Morris, Mrs. R. V. Allison and Millard Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Holden had as their holiday guests, their daughter, Miss Eugenia Holden, who is employed in Atlanta, Ga.,

and Mr. and Mrs. Fay Holden and daughter, of Atlanta.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cathcart and son, Don, spent Christmas day with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cathcart and Mrs. Livesay in Spartanburg, S. C.

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THROW YOUR SCRAP INTO THE FIGHT.



WE can hardly wish you 366

SUNNY days during 1944.

but we can and do wish you 366

HAPPY days. We hope that the

coming year brings you more true

happiness, true friendships, and

more opportunities than any year

that has gone before.

* * *

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★ The first Union Flag of 13 stripes was unfurled by George Washington on New Year's Day, 1776. This is another good reason for rejoicing at this time, for Old Glory is a symbol of freedom wherever it waves.

So, Happiest New Year to you, and God bless you, one and all!



Farmers Federation

EAST MAIN STREET

BREVARD, N. C.



With the Hun on the way out, there is unusual cause for rejoicing this New Year's of 1944. So, let us make merry in the fullest sense of the word.

We wish you a flappy New Year, and look forward to greater service to all of you in 1944.



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