

CONNESTEE NEWS

BY JEANNETTE CISON

Mrs. Charlie Mull and daughter, Pauline, of Brevard, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Hunt.

Mr. Roland Glazener of this community spent Christmas visiting friends in South Carolina.

Miss Bertha Holden of Brevard, spent the holidays visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Holden.

Mr. Rad Nicholson was a Brevard visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Baker

Following Transylvania



This column is devoted to news of men serving their country. Such news is solicited from parents and friends of these men. "Revenge Pearl Harbor"

Pvt. Sims Blanton, of the army air corps, has returned to his base after spending a 15-day furlough here with his wife and friends. Pvt. Blanton has been in the air corps 10 months and is stationed permanently at the air base, Pocatello, Idaho, where he is a DR navigator instructor. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy W. Blanton, of Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Blanton expects to join her husband in the near future.

Miss Juanita McCormick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCormick of North Brevard, is a Red Cross nurse now in North Africa, where she has been six months. She has been in Red Cross service

and children of Brevard, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mull.

J. E. Cison of this section is expecting to leave Tuesday for Camp Croft, where he will take examination for Uncle Sam's armed forces.

Johnnie Cison had the misfortune of getting his hand injured while working at the Brevard Tanning company. Mr. Cison is now in South Carolina with his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Leslie, who is ill at her home.

Uncle Jimmie Raxter of this community suffered two strokes during the past week and is reported as seriously ill.

Those on the sick list are Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Raxter, Mrs. Ila Raxter, Miss Blythe and Mr. Will Hunt.

Mr. Robert Holden, of See Off, visited Mr. and Mrs. Houston Glazener Monday.

about a year and a half. She was a nurse here prior to going into service.

2nd Lt. Robert L. May, Jr., received his navigation wings and commission on Dec. 11, upon completion of the army training at the University of Miami in Pan-American Airways navigation school at Coral Gables, Fla. Lt. May then had a short leave, which was spent with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. May, at Wilmington, and with his wife's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Hardin, in Brevard. Lt. May and Mrs. May, formerly Miss Mary Alice Hardin, are both graduates of Brevard college. They left Brevard for Wilmington, after visiting her parents here for several days.

T. Sgt. Wayne Fullbright has been on a 10-day furlough here with his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fullbright. He is an aerial gunner and will be transferred to Salt Lake City, Utah, from Harlingen, Tex., after leaving Brevard.

Pvt. Dennis W. Terry, who has been on overseas service the past eight months in the Southwest Pacific, sent his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Terry, a Japanese bayonet that he got in his possession during or after one of the battles in that warring zone. Mrs. Terry is very proud of the souvenir and says she's going to keep it until her boy comes home after the war and always after that. It's a rusty-appearing weapon of war and shows much wear and tear. Pvt. Terry is in the field artillery and has been in service three years.

Lawrence A. Holt, Jr., has been promoted from seaman second class to seaman first class, according to information received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Holt, here. He is now stationed at Camp Parks, Shoemaker, Calif.

Aviation Cadet Eugene W. Morris, son of Mrs. K. C. Phelps, of Brevard, has completed his basic flying training at the Lemoore army air field, Lemoore, Calif., and is now ready for the army air forces advanced flying training school before receiving his silver wings. The announcement is from the Lemoore public relations office.

Truman J. Henderson, seaman first class, of the U. S. Navy, is somewhere overseas. He writes the editor of this paper, saying in part, "I enjoy reading the county paper very much. I prefer reading it to any other paper because it is very interesting to read about the different things that happen over the county. Of course I like this place all right, but I long to get back to Transylvania county, the best place in the whole world."

Joe Lee Heffner, former assistant farm agent of Transylvania county, is now in veterinarian service at Santa Ana, Calif., where he is meat and dairy food inspector. In a letter to this paper, he writes in part, "The Transylvania Times is looked forward to each week and gets here in less than a week after publication."



"THIS peace on earth, good will toward men" stuff gives me a pain," Darl said. He laughed cynically, looking down into the girl's troubled eyes. "It gets me how you got hooked into it, Pam. Why don't you look the thing squarely in the face and realize it's the bunk!"

"You must be blind!" Pamela cried. "There are thousands and thousands of people who give things."

"O.K., honey," He smiled. "We look at it differently. The way I figure it, a man never does something for nothing. If he isn't rewarded with material gain, then he's rewarded by having his vanity salved. There's always a selfish motive behind a so-called act of kindness, no matter which way you figure it. But it isn't important. What is important is that it's Christmas and you and I are in love and we ought to think of celebrating."

"It is important, Darl." Her voice was suddenly vibrant. "It's important to me to show you that you're wrong. I couldn't be happy with a man who had those ideas." And then, seeing the expression on his face, her tone softened. "Oh, I know it seems silly to you—quarreling about something so trite. But to me it isn't trite. Oh, Darl, let me show you how wrong you are!"

The streets were festive. Colored lights and greenery showed in every window. Lighted trees were on every street corner. Pam stopped the car while a group of carol singers trooped by. A girl with a tambourine thrust a smiling face against the coupe window. She dropped coins into it and smiled and said, "Merry Christmas."

They left the gaily lighted streets behind. Pam turned into a side



A moment later, a small middle-aged lady came bustling out.

street. She stopped before a house and sounded her horn. A moment later a small, middle-aged lady came bustling out. She carried a basket. Pam opened the door for her, and introduced Darl. Her name was Kimball.

"Well!" said the little lady. "This is nice. I suppose you're the young man to whom Miss Tripp is engaged."

"Yes, we're engaged," Darl said. He wondered what she had in the basket. She was so poorly dressed, so frail and appeared so undernourished. But there was a sparkle in her eyes.

But instead of driving back to the city, Pam drove across the railroad tracks and into the desolate, ill-lighted thoroughfares of Jaytown.

At last they stopped before a dilapidated tenement house. They entered a dark, cold hall, mounted stairs and rapped on a door. A weak voice bade them enter.

The room was warmer than the hall outside, lighted with a kerosene lamp. A woman lay in bed, a child cradled in her arms. Mrs. Kimball matter-of-factly stirred up the fire, produced candles and lighted them. Pamela straightened things in the room with surprising efficiency. The woman in the bed watched from hollow eyes while Mrs. Kimball unpacked her basket, set out a pitifully small supply of foodstuffs, some strings of popcorn, the green bough of a pine tree, an orange, two apples, a bottle of milk.

The sick woman's eyes were eager, grateful as the things appeared. In no time at all the pine bough was arranged on the table, the strings of popcorn draped over it, oranges placed at its base, two candles on either side.

Darl's forehead wrinkled. He saw the glow on Mrs. Kimball's face, the sparkle in her eyes. She was poor. She was doing all she could, and the woman in the bed knew this. She was giving back gratitude and warmth of feeling and love.

They left Mrs. Kimball and drove back to the city. They stopped near the park to listen to the carol singers. Pam looked at him. "Did it mean anything to you, Darl? Do you see what I mean?"

Darl thought of the woman in the bed and Mrs. Kimball. "It's a selfish motive," he thought. "And aloud he said: 'I never thought about it this way before, but isn't it nice we have such—selfish people as Mrs. Kimball and Pamela Tripp?'" Pamela nestled against his shoulder. "And Darl Holloway," she added.

Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

STOP GULLIES AND GROW TREES

Thousands of acres of land in North Carolina are growing gullies which should be growing trees, reports R. W. Graeber, in charge of Extension forestry at State College.

Because of steep slopes, poor soil, and other adverse conditions, much of this land can best be used for growing trees. Many farmers in the state have demonstrated conclusively that erosion may be controlled, gullies stopped and the land put into production on small areas by using materials found on the average farm — plus trees.

Simple methods for the control of gully erosion on small drainage areas, from one to ten acres, are described in Extension Circular No. 225 published by State College. A free copy of this publication may be obtained by writing the Agricultural Editor, State College, Raleigh.

In planning to stop the gullies and plant the trees, Graeber suggests that the grower first consult his county agent. Gullies draining more than ten acres require planning by an experienced agricultural engineer.

Get debts in shape by reducing excessive debts to a safe basis, avoid speculation, build up financial reserves, and invest in War Bonds, agricultural economists advise farmers.

When your doctor asks where you prefer to have your prescription filled, say: VARNER'S, because: Filled only by registered pharmacist; as written and at reasonable prices. (Advt.) ttc

Stop at AMERICA'S TALLEST HOTEL

The MORRISON HOTEL CHICAGO

LEONARD HICKS Managing Director

A PEEK AT THE FUTURE

The chap who designs Greyhound Super-Coaches recently came up with the above idea. It's not built yet, but it will be as sure as Nippon's "rising sun" will set.

Yes, the bus riders' future is bright. Some day you may even travel by Greyhound helicopter if present plans pan out. So don't judge tomorrow's bus ride by what you're gettin' now, when we are short of buses and long on passengers . . . doin' our best to serve the Armed Forces, war-workers and other essential travelers.

Bill—the bus driver

GREYHOUND

HAPPIEST NEW YEAR..

1944

The hum of those Liberators high in the sky is a portent of progress—a glimpse of the reality that, speed the day! lies beyond the turn of the road. Freedom is on the march!

That you may participate in all of the good things that 1944 may bring is our sincere New Year's wish for you.

MITCHEM'S SEAFOOD MARKET

WE WISH ALL OF OUR FRIENDS A VERY HAPPY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

BRYANT'S Machine Service
15 Caldwell St.
BREVARD, N. C.

NEW HOPE SINCEREST WISHES 1944

PROGRESS IS THE KEYNOTE OF THE FUTURE. AND ON ONE POINT AT LEAST WE ARE FIRMLY RESOLVED. WE ARE GOING TO SERVE OUR CUSTOMERS STILL BETTER IN 1944. OUR EARNEST WISH IS THAT THE COMING YEAR MAY HAVE MANY UNEXPECTED BLESSINGS IN STORE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Citizens Telephone Co.

HAPPY New Year 1944

Undue Optimism is hardly justified, but, looking into our crystal ball, we see better days ahead. In the light of this fact we say Happy New Year with the old-time spirit. May the best of everything come your way in 1944.

Brevard Steam Laundry

PHONE 44

Sponge off the slate --- Let's start a spotless page

PYTHAGORAS, when asked what time was, replied that it was the soul of the world. And so it is. Time—precious, priceless—is the span during which we build up enduring friendships, and in our business friendship counts for a great deal. We thank you cordially for yours.

MAY THE SANDS OF THE HOUR GLASS, DRAINING AWAY DURING 1944, BRING TO YOU MANY GOLDEN HOURS OF HAPPINESS AND JOY

Galloway's Cafe

PETE BIKAS, Prop.