

### GLANCING BACK AT BREVARD

Taken from the files of The Sylvan Valley News, beginning 1895

(From the file of Oct., 1906)

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Pauline Fortune and William M. Bradley at the residence of the Fortune sisters next Sunday night.

Hon. S. T. Everett, who has been spending much time this summer at his mountain home in the Davidson River section, returned last Sunday to his home and business interests in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Trantham are the happy parents of a daughter, born Sept. 30, and a Sunday birthday means never to want.

Excavating for the Dunn's Rock building is once more in progress, with indications that the weather will permit its completion at no distant day.

C. M. Doyle is digging potatoes this week, and they are good for sore eyes—many of them too large for market purposes.

This early cold spell has caught the chrysanthemums before they opened, and it looks now as if we should have no flowers this fall.

We learn that several families in the Selica section are preparing to move to the cotton mills in South Carolina this winter. How

long must it be until Brevard will have a mill where our own people can find employment without moving to other states.

Business men who go home at night and leave their business houses unlocked must have unlimited confidence in our guardians of the peace. Tuesday night the watchman found two business places unlocked and had to call Chief Galloway to stand guard while he notified the interested parties.

James O. Bracken, a boy around 13 years old, disappeared from the Thomasville orphanage in August, and is supposed to have run away. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gratefully received by his widowed mother, Mrs. Florida Bracken, of Brevard.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Loftis on Friday last a brand new baby boy. This is their eleventh child.

A. M. Verdery and family have moved to the Aethelwold hotel and will board instead of keeping house this winter.

Mrs. Burch Allison was quite severely hurt this week by stepping on a rusty nail which went through the shoe sole to her foot. She was reported some better yesterday.

Walter Orr, who has been in the passenger service for five years past, will change this week to the freight service of the Southern railway, with headquarters in Brevard.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Puette left yesterday after a sojourn of more than two years among our people, and will make their future home at Lenoir. Mr. Puette has been

### THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



### The Gift Speaks

By SYLVIA SPENCER

I am a gift to the National War Fund.

I sprang from the generous hearts of the American people.

They made me of love for a stricken world . . .

They made me of their need to share the fruits of their freedom.

They made me to go into all the world, To help the needy, the suffering, the wounded . . .

They made me to walk on the battlefields of bleeding China. In the burning cities of Russia, Across Holland's wasted lands, They made me to comfort the widows of Poland and Czechoslovakia.

They made me to stretch my hand to Yugoslavia, Belgium, Norway and Luxembourg.

America made me to feed the shivering, the starved, in Greece.

They made me to march across Europe Side by side with the homeless on the long roads Leading nowhere . . .

I am a gift to the National War Fund fashioned by the generous hearts of the American people.

Through me merchant seamen, tense from the grim convoy vigil, find rest . . .

Through me the wet, the weary, the war-torn soldiers find the cheery fires, the soft chairs; Through me the lonely, the homeless, the foot-loose, find the lights and the music, the friendly word . . .

I am a gift to the National War Fund.

The American people made me from generous hearts— They made me of school children's pennies and dimes. They made me of silver money earned to give away. They made me of dollar bills saved for a rainy day (Oh, never in the history of the world has there been such a rainy day for civilization).

They made me of crisp paper money, of checks and pledges. They made me big and strong and

powerful.

They made me a symbol of freedom—

The Freedom to Give—to help the less fortunate neighbor.

I am a gift to the National War Fund.

I frighten Hitler and Hirohito—

I make Hitler and Hirohito cringe—

They are afraid of me For they know that I bind up the wounds they inflict, I rescue the refugees, Refresh the weary, Minister to the sick, Replant the fields, Americans made me from their hearts.

They made me in every county and town, They made me in every state. They made me to say to the world: World, we have seen no rivers of blood in our streets. We have seen no trail of ragged souls across our land. We have seen no homes cracked and crumbling . . . We have seen no starved children with hungry eyes and swollen bellies.

We have not seen our Churches burned and bombed. Our school and factories ruined. Our gardens, our green parks ground to dust.

We have not seen our men-folk shot against a wall— Our women ravished. Our children tortured. Our cities destroyed.

We have seen none of this with our eyes.

But our hearts see . . . Our hearts know your suffering. Our hearts grieve for your dead. Our hearts mourn for your homes and your cities.

Through our gifts our hearts speak to the world . . .

Our hearts speak: I am a gift to the National War Fund. Americans free to LIVE . . . Americans free to GIVE . . . Made me.

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NO EXPERIENCE

Moss: "I had to fire my new stenographer."

Clerk: "Didn't she have any experience?"

Boss: "None at all. I told her to sit down and she started looking around for a chair."

identified with the business interests of our town, is a believer in the use of printers ink, and his business relations with The News have ever been pleasant.

### An American Soldier Talks

By Edgar A. Guest

Never mind the long speeches, Never mind the verbal flowers! At your duty be as strong As we try to be at ours. Free to come and free to go, Uncomplainingly do your share. Keep the homes we used to know Happy, as if we were there.

Never mind the hero stuff! Medals go to very few. You at home be brave enough For the tasks that fall to you. What of us is asked we'll do— Foxhole grim or sky or sea! To the red, the white, the blue Just as faithful you must be.

Here's the way we see it all: Wars are fought by young and old, Youth to fight, perhaps to fall, Age the lines at home to hold. Never mind the pretty speech! Vain the victories at Rome, Vain our dead along the beach If they break through you at home.

If you look on us with pride, Give us back the pride you feel. We are fighting side by side, You with faith and we with steel. Back us until we reach the goal And our dreadful work is done! Back us, body, mind and soul Until freedom's war is won!

New Year 1944

**GREETINGS**

★

**WE'VE BEEN HITTING 'EM WHERE THEY LIVE, FOLKS, and the future looks a great deal brighter. Here's wishing all our friends Health, Happiness and Prosperity in 1944.**

**Long's Drug Store**

**Have a Coca-Cola = Haere Mai!**  
(BE WELCOME)

... from Wellington to Wilkes-Barre

The Yank in New Zealand quickly wins a friend when he says, *Have a "Coke"*. From the equator to the poles, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*—the tie that binds good neighbors.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY  
Coca-Cola Bottling Co. Asheville—Hendersonville Branch

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

★ **HAPPIEST NEW YEAR ...** ★

1944

\* Another year, another page . . . time to renew old friendships and that resolution which we make each year—to serve our customers still better than the year before . . . .

**NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS TO EVERYBODY HAVE A GOOD TIME AND DROP IN TO SEE US REMEMBER, YOU ARE ALWAYS VERY WELCOME HERE**

**Co-Ed & Clemson Theatres**

"Transylvania County's Entertainment Center"

**1944 GREETINGS**

**TICK, tock! Tick, tock! 1943** is wearing out. Another and, we hope, much better year, is ahead of us. Let us enter it with new zeal, new hope, new objectives. Looking forward, we wish you all the blessings the bright New Year can possibly bring.

**ROSE'S 5, 10 AND 25c STORE**

**NEW YEAR 1944**

**NEW HOPE!**

Paul Revere was born on New Year's Day, 1735. We hail that day! And just as he returned to his goldsmith's work, long after his historic ride, so will we return to the normal occupations of the ways of peace. That day we also hail, looking forward to it with renewed hope.

On this Eve of New Year, 1944, we salute all of our friends. Happy New Year to you!

**Abbott-Knight**  
LAUNDRIES - DRY CLEANERS

BREVARD HENDERSONVILLE ASHEVILLE

1944

**Tidings of Joy to All**

**New Year's is here!**

It is easy to tell. The bustle and merriment; the good fellowship. We are wishing you, and You and YOU all the good things that 1944 can possibly bring.

**Duckworth Motor Co.**  
N. BROAD ST. — — — — PHONE 198