## DEATHS

## Rites Held I.B. Henry

held at 3 o'clock at the First Bap-Mrs. Jennie Liner of John B. Henry, m. Wednesday at Dellwood road liness. Rev. L. G. the church, asmil W. Townsend, First Methodist

pallbearers were: nd Gilmer Moody, d O. Chafin, Joe Lee Liner.

a native of Hayhe daughter of Garrett Liner, amily connection and circle of

three sons, David ned at Naval Base James W. Henry. and Fred Henry, inters Mrs. Chas. and Miss Eliz-Waynesville; one children.

the flowers were: thine Cabe, Miss Miss Marie Prott. well, Mrs. P. H. Duvall and Mrs

llome was in arrangements.

#### MALLES NICHOLS

als, native of Hayremned from rela-

survived by his gagement first-" Jer Miss Ella Medmunty; four sons Price, Jack and Concord; three lavel Horton, Mrs. both of Concord, Nell Nichols, of

#### ANN INGLE

two-year old and Mrs. George To home of her following a short

cervice was held dednesday morning conducted by the mas, pastor of the thereb. Burial was n at Sunny Point

de the parents are thon, Charles, Dale and two sisters.

### THOMPSON

wes were held on men at the Moriah near Edneyville. for D. H. Thomp-Haywood county of Polk county who Clyde for the past and died at 7 a, m.

licy, pastor of the Raptist church, ofwas in the church

n is survived by his ver Miss Tinna Mc-J. H., Mac, Horuild, and James, all Norman and Glenn He; three daughters, Hallifield, Chesnee, Brown, of Inman, Hendricks, of Forister, Mrs. Emma lls Springs, and 24

cal Home was in arrangements.

### amuel Cabe ged From Navy

Cabe, Seaman first nesville, who has past 25 months in mong those recentfrom the navy at the

was an investigator Revenue Departme he entered the headquarters in He has been serving and took part in the ation in April of this

to wear the Amerlibon, the Asiaticlibbon, the Philipmedal and the Vic-World War II. period of service in wife and children oir home here with rents, Mr. and Mrs.'

imas Cantata nted At Baptist ach In Hazelwood

cantata, entitled irol," by Frances Shippresented at 7:30 at d Baptist church. The d on the song, "The

Mrs. Sam Knight

he cantata. The public

invited to attend.



PEOPLE on the snow - packed downtown streets were scurrying home. Wretchedly Private Kane nunched his shoulders deeper into his Army coat. It was Christmas Eve-and his last furlough. What should be do with himself? And he didn't even have a bed.

A sign on a door read "Bundles for America," and he went in. At Burial was in a desk a woman was warning. "Miss Rigsby, don't shove the candy into these stockings too bard. The net tears."

"I'm sorry." Miss Rigsby's hands fluttered. "I-I guess I don't do much good." Private Kane figured she must be seventy.

The young woman urged, "You'd better go home now. It's dark. You've helped a lot, really." She informed Private Kane, "Homes Registry-244 Market Street-will get a room for you." Then added, "Merry Christmas."

At the door he stood looking out. Merry Christmas! That was a laugh. Christmas meant home and he'd never had one. Not that he hadn't appreciated the orphanage. H. Liner, of But he was to be shipped soon and sisters, Mrs. O. perhaps-perhaps he might never Mrs Sallie Justice; know what a home was like.

His Army buddies were mittens knitted by mothers, sweaters by wese, Miss Mary aunts. They whisked out family pictures, pictures of sweethearts. And he-he had nothing! His chest hurt him, and his cough was harsh. "Liniment's good for that, sol-

dier." It was the little lady. Her black hat set high on her head. He

thought, her ears will be cold. "Rub your chest and put flannel over it." Her hands made a darting gesture to push his collar close about and in Concord, on his neck. She was the kind who in following a short mothered everybody. "You-you could sleep at my house," she said timidly. "You-maybe have an en-



"You could sleep at my house," she said.

helped her into a taxi he regretted his impulse to accept.

The driver stopped in front of a toy of a house. Snow peaked the fence posts and was like crushed diamonds on the walk. She opened a door into the kitchen, and Private Kane looked around at the fancy lamp with glass prisms, the elegant silver canister on the worn red and white checked tablecloth. "Where's everyone?" he asked.

"I live alone." Her blue eyes were apologetic. "I told you you'd better go on and have a jolly Christmas Eve-"

He lifted a stove lid on the range, A red glow flickered. He dumped in coal and opened the drafts with an authoritative flip. "It'll be cozy in no time. Better getcha some

coal." "You shouldn't have all this trouble," she protested. "Trouble!" A wry grin twisted his lips. "Say, don't take off your coat,

We're going to shop." Private Kane and Miss Rigsby selected carefully. He stopped before a fir. "Let's buy it." Private Kane smiled as he set his purchases down at the door. "You wait here a minute." Of course, he reminded himself, this was only make-believe

having a home. Just the crumbs. He had bought her a fleecy blue scarf when he asked her to wait. Back at the house he set the table. The silverware was carved with cherubs. "Gosh, that's swell hard-

After supper they trimmed the tree. "Tinsel's a little tarnished," she said. "Oh! The angel!" She held it tenderly. "Pa always fastened it on the very top."

His eyes lingered on the lamp, the tree, the silverware. Gosh, the quiet of it! Crumbs to remember. "You -could have a room of your ownshe stopped. Then, 'H-if you wanted to come back here. After the war, I mean." She pushed a round fat object into his hand. "It was Pa's. I want you to have it." Private Kane sat up. "Me?" he breathed. "Me." The watch was heavy and solid. He turned it over, observing the grand manner in which it was carved. "Thanks, Aw,

"Merry Christmas," she beamed. "Merry Christmas to you." Once more his eyes swept the Home! Why-this wasn't crumbs. This was bread!

Hot Breads

With hot breads, use a proportionally smaller pan or the bread will become too crusty; with muffins, put a little water into the unfilled cups of the pan as a protection.





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