

The Chatham Blanketeer

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The First Thanksgiving

The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock about three hundred years ago in the cold winter. They plowed and planted in the spring and God gave them good things. So in the autumn they thought it right to keep a day of thanksgiving to God for His goodness. They invited the Indians to come and keep Thanksgiving with them. The Indians were heathen and did not know about the true God, but they were willing to be friends to the whites. King Massasoit was the chief of the Indians, and he led a band of ninety warriors into old Plymouth at sunrise on Thanksgiving Day. Each Indian was dressed in his best, with long feathers, pretty beads and bright paint.

When the drum sounded, for that was all the church bell they had, the people all went to church. Then the women and girls spread the long table and got dinner. After that Captain Miles Standish had his soldiers drill. They marched around the flying flag and the drums beating, and shot off a cannon.

What would the Indians think of that noise, when they had never heard a cannon fired before?

And that Thanksgiving did not stop with one; it lasted three days. The Indians brought five deer, and the Pilgrims had turkeys, oysters, roast meats, fruits and other good things.

When you are keeping your own Thanksgiving, we are sure you will like to know about the first Thanksgiving Day in New England such a long time ago.—The Picture World.

Through the Mill

Perhaps you often wonder why you do not "get the breaks." Perhaps you feel discouraged when you think of your mistakes. Just tighten up the upper lip. Remember, Jack or Bill, it's only timber straight and sound that passes through the mill.

You think, no doubt, your lot is hard; you seek for things in vain. Good timber must go through the mill to show its perfect grain. The log that never feels the bite of whirling teeth that sting, escapes a lot of pain, perhaps, but isn't worth a thing.

Why worry if the goal you seek seems far away? Just plug along and fine rewards will surely come some day. You'll find that life's a joyful game and holds a lot of thrills. A timber takes no polish till it passes through the mill.

Be happy, you can stand the gaff and bide your time and wait. No timber passes through the mill unless it's strong and straight. The stick that has the twisted grain and makes the planer dull is cast aside as worthless; there's no value in a cull.

So take the works and like it, be you Harry, Tom or Bill, for even knots are polished when a stick goes through the mill. It hurts when your rough edges meet the steel revolving fast, but you'll be perfect timber when you're through the mill at last.—Selected.

Colds and Pneumonia

By OHNA BATES, R. N.

Colds are very contagious. So many serious diseases often start from a single cold. Catching colds may result from several different causes, but chances are better for escaping them if you avoid crowded places where there are always people who are careless. Always cover up a cough or sneeze with a handkerchief, never cough freely into the air.

The symptoms of a cold are: headache, sneezing, aching, chilly and high temperature. You should start at once to doctor a cold. Take plenty of fluids and keep your bowels open. If severe cold results, keep away from the remainder of the family. Always sleep in well ventilated room.

Pneumonia

Pneumonia is a general infection caused from exposure to cold. The symptoms are a high temperature, cough, shortness of breath, pain in sides and chest. The room should always be well ventilated, but free from drafts. In case of pneumonia always force fluids and give the medicines on time and carry out the doctor's orders accurately.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Beulin, Chatham Park, a son, on Nov. 9th.

A Good Thanksgiving

Said old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day, If you want a good time, then give something away"; So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,

And the Shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice; And, since a good dinner's before me, I ought

To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, O see," said the pleased Widow Lee,

"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!

I would like to make someone as happy as I—

I'll give Washwoman Bidy my big pumpkin-pie."

"And O, sure," Bidy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!

Just to look as its yellow face gladdens my eyes!

Now it's my turn, I think; and a ginger-cake

For the motherless Finigan Children I'll bake."

"A sweet cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"

Said the Finigan Children, Rose, Denny and Hugh;

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice

To poor little Lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."

"O, I think you, and thank you!" said little Lame Jake;

"Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful beautiful cake,

And O, such a big slice! "I'll save all the crumbs,

And will give 'em to each little Sparrow that comes!"

And the Sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,

Like old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give some away!"

Thanksgiving

For all Thy precious gifts, dear Lord,

We bless Thy Holy Name, Tomorrow, now and yesterday,

Thou art the same, But for the gift of Jesus Christ,

We feel most gratitude, And under His atoning blood,

Our souls are kept renewed. He is the very Bread of Life,

And on His Word we feed, Thanks be to Him who gives

sweet peace— God will supply our need.

And so Thanksgiving in our hearts,

We gladly keep today, Christ is the Pearl of Greatest

Price, Who ne'er will pass away.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Luffman, a daughter, Hilda Gay, September 25th.

WINSTON OFFICE

"I WOULD HAVE"

"When I was a little boy (of girl) I had to walk for two miles in the cold, rain, and snow to go to school and had old benches to sit on and only one teacher for all grades. If I had only had the opportunity that the children of today have now I would have taken advantage of every minute. I would have studied and made life easier but I've always had to work."

Did you ever hear any or part of the above expressions? Well, are they true? If I have why don't I? Why don't you? You're not too old.

Four years ago in one of our North Carolina colleges there was a daughter, mother and grandmother receiving their diplomas from the same class on the same day. Did they have money. No. When husband and son-in-law had died they still had to have a home, and all wanted a college education, so they rented a house near the school and kept boarders and in that way worked their way through. We can believe them when they say, "I would have."

With books of history, language, eography and other subjects at our very hand we pass along and never turn a page. "What difference does it make if America was discovered in 1342 or 1492, or the earth round or flat? Hit just han't none of my concern." And we select something light, fiction, etc. Not only do we have books, but instructors are ours for the asking—every opportunity is ours.

The American people are called "The Nation of Seventh Graders." The time has been when the people were not to blame, but we who are living today have ourselves to blame. We have the opportunity and "if we would have we will."

MRS. NAOMI EWING

News has been received here of the death of Mrs. Naomi Maxwell Ewing, of Clover, S. C., death following an operation there about five weeks ago. Burial services were held from the Clover Baptist church and interment was made in the Woodside cemetery. Mrs. Ewing was a sister of Edd Maxwell of the Elkin Mill. Mr. Maxwell coming to Elkin this summer where he was a member of the baseball squad. The many friends of Mr. Maxwell extend to him their deepest sympathy in the loss of his sister. Mrs. Ewing leaves to mourn her loss a father and mother and several brothers and sisters, all of Clover.

Very few of the big jobs are held by men who would rather lie cold and shiver than get up for an extra blanket.

Money talks, but all that some of us hear is the echo.