



Water Wheel

On an assignment given him by the Brevard Camera Club, Jim Brennan made the photo shown at left of an old water wheel on Kings Creek.

Jim submitted the photo to Popular Photography widely known photography magazine. The photo was accepted and appears on page 83 of the November issue. A Kodak Jr., was used to make the shot.

The Origin Of Thanksgiving

By Mary Sue Thorne

We feel that it would be sacrilege to let the Thanksgiving season pass without briefly reviewing the story of its origin. We all know it so well that many of us have forgotten the simple things for which the early settlers were thankful. We are so far removed from that time that it hardly occurs to us that it is worthwhile to give thanks and be grateful for things so trivial as the simple everyday necessities of life and life itself.

Some 327 years have passed since our forefathers gathered their meager crops, the only fruits of their year's labor, and got down on their knees and gave thanks to God that their lives had been spared and that they had been blessed. They had the lowest standard of living at that time compared to present standards. They had given up what physical comforts they had in Europe in their quest of a new way of life. They were searching for a way of life in which they as individuals would be free—free to worship as they liked, free to govern themselves, free to express their opinions and free to pursue happiness.

So it was that in their quest for freedom a shipload of people landed at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts. The first winter there was merciless. The Colonists suffered dreadfully from severe cold, starvation, sickness and death. When spring came, nearly half the Colonists had died. But the few who were left knew not the meaning of giving up or turning back, they carried on. They planted crops and in the fall they were harvested.

The Colonists counted their blessings of the year and saw that they were many. They planned

a festival of Thanksgiving. Days were spent in the preparation of meats, vegetables and fruits. They also had guests, about eighty friendly Indians who had helped them to survive during the winter came bringing their contributions of wild turkeys and venison.

This Thanksgiving was not merely a feast, there were prayers and sermons and songs of praise. Three days passed before the Indians returned to their forest and the Colonists to their tasks.

Let us count our blessings of the year and give thanks for them. Let us be thankful for our bountiful physical comforts and thankful that we can share them with those who are less fortunate. Let us be thankful for the freedoms which are our heritage and that we have so far escaped the diabolical forces which threaten them with destruction and rededicate our lives to their preservation.

OUR PILGRIM DAD

In the good old days of Plymouth, when Daddy wanted meat, he didn't fumble with his coin, then travel down the street to find the butcher shop—oh, no! He always had the goods.

He'd take his gun and powder horn, and travel to the woods. He'd creep in wooded thicket and listen till he heard the plaintive peep or gobble of a big bronze turkey bird. He'd aim that flintlock musket, its percussion filled the air, and when the smoke had cleared away, his feast was spread out there.