

Scott Proclaims Thanksgiving

Governor Scott has proclaimed Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 24, as a "day of reverent remembrance for North Carolinians of all faiths and creeds."

"Let us be humble before our Maker," the Governor said in a proclamation, while we count the bountiful blessings which he has bestowed upon us."

The Governor's proclamation: "Thursday, November 24th, is hereby proclaimed as a day of reverent thanksgiving for North Carolinians of all faiths and creeds."

"Let us be humble before our Maker while we count the bountiful blessings which he has bestowed upon us."

How Is It With You?

It seems to me they're building staircases steeper than they used to. The steps are higher, or there are more of them—of something. Maybe this is because so much farther today from the first floor to the second floor, but I've noticed it is harder to make two steps at a time any more. Nowadays it is getting harder to make one step at a time.

Another thing I've noticed is the small print they are making lately. Newspapers are getting farther and farther away when I hold them, and I have to squint to make them out. The other day I had to back half way out of a telephone booth in order to read the number on the coin box. Music in my church hymnal looks like grapes on a vine, so I sing by peering over my brother's shoulder. It is obviously ridiculous to suggest that a person my age needs glasses, but the only other way I can find out what's going on is to have somebody read to me, and that's not too satisfactory, because people speak in such a low voice these days I can't hear them very well.

Everything is farther than it used to be. It's twice the distance from my house to the bus stop now, and they've added a fair sized hill that I never noticed before. The buses leave sooner too, I have given up running for them, because they start faster these days when I try to catch them.

You can't depend on bus schedules any more, and it's no use asking the driver. I ask him a dozen times a trip if the next street is where I get off, and he always says it isn't. How can you trust a driver like that? Usually I gather up my bundles and put them in the back seat. Here in America we are enjoying the gift of which the angels sang the night of our Savior's birth, "peace on earth, good will to men." We are inspired to promote understanding and better human relations among our neighbors and all people that some day such a gift may come to the entire world.

"We realize that ours is a land of opportunity as we compare the advantages, comforts, and privileges of our time with the hardships of our pioneering ancestors who observed the first thanksgiving proclaimed not too many years ago by Governor Bradford of Massachusetts. The spirit of these few settlers with their Indian friends is an American heritage to be cherished."

"The Lord blesses those who use talents to advantage. He expects us to be mindful, diligent, and industrious in applying skills and knowledge. He has placed in our care valuable resources to be used for the common good and to the glory of God. We North Carolinians pray for this guidance as we endeavor to use the benefits of His bounty in this State for the fulfillment of His great purpose—the good life for each and every one."

"May we install in our children and our children's children love and appreciation for the Lord and deep gratitude for His goodness toward us."

on my hat and coat and stand in the aisle a couple of blocks away, just to make sure I don't go past my destination. Sometimes I make doubly sure by getting off at streets ahead.

A lot of things are different lately. Barbers no longer hold up a mirror behind me when they've finished so I can see the back of my head, and my wife has been taking care of the tickets lately when we go to football games. They don't put the same material into clothes anymore either. I've noticed that all my suits have a tendency to shrink, especially in certain places, such as around the waist, or in the seat of the pants, and the laces they put in shoes nowadays are much harder to reach. Then, too, construction is different. These fangled materials they are using—pipes made of straw and molasses—or something. They seem to bend and have leaky joints—maybe that's the reason my Doctor's bill is so high.

Even the weather is changing. It is getting colder in winter, and the summers are hotter than they used to be. I'd go away if it wasn't so far. Snow is heavier when I try to shovel it, and I have to put on rubbers whenever I go out, because the rain we get today is wetter than the rain we used to get. Drafts are more severe too. It must be the way they build windows now.

People are changing too. For one thing they're younger than they used to be when I was their age. I went back recently to an alumni reunion at the college I graduated from in 1943—that is, 1933—I mean 1923, and I was shocked to see the mere tots they're admitting as students these days. The average freshman class couldn't have been more than seven years old. They seem more polite than in my time though—several undergraduates called me "Sir" and one of them asked me if he could help me across the street. On the other hand, people my own age are so much older than I am. I realize that my generation is approaching middle age. (I define this age roughly as the period between 21 and 110) but there is no excuse for my classmates tottering into a State of advanced senility. I ran into by old room-mate in the bar and he's changed so much that he didn't recognize me.

"You've put on a little weight, George," I said.

"It's this modern food," said George. "It seems to be more fattening."

"How about another martini," I said. "Have you noticed how much weaker the martinis are these days?"

"Everything is different," said George. "Even the food you get is more fattening."

"How long since I've seen you, George?" I said. "It must be several years."

"I think the last time was right after election," said George. "What election was that?"

George thought a moment—"Coolidge," he said.

I ordered a couple more martinis. "Have you noticed these martinis are weaker than they used to be?" I said.

Pearls are most frequently found in oysters that are unhealthy, overcrowded and plagued by parasites.

UNION SERVICE

The Thanksgiving union service will be held tomorrow (Thursday) morning at 9 o'clock at Southport Presbyterian church.

BUILDING NE WHOME

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Redwine are building an attractive new home in Shallotte. The building is of brick.

STARTS 7TH BOAT

Lewis Spaulding, colored, has started work on the 7th big shrimp trawler for the Lewis J. Hardee fleet. The Sea Wanderer was completed two weeks ago and is now in commission.

HOME FROM COLLEGE

Halstead Holden of the University of North Carolina and Miss

Rose Marie Holden of Greensboro are spending Thanksgiving with their parents at College.

What is it worth...



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Admission—14c and 30c
Two Shows Nightly—
Effective October 8, 1st Show
will start at 7:00 P. M.
Saturday—1st show starts
at 6:30 P. M.

Thurs., Fri., Nov. 24-25
"MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE"
Cary Grant - Myrna Loy
ALSO—Cartoon

Saturday, Nov. 26—
"FAR FRONTIER"
(In Color)
Roy Rogers and "Trigger"
ALSO—Selected Short

Mon., - Tues., Nov. 28-29
"SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS"
In Technicolor
Joel McCrea, Alexis Smith
and Zachary Scott
ALSO—"Daffy Duck Cart."

Wednesday, Nov. 30
"SERGEANT YORK"
Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie
Two Hours and Fourteen
Minutes of Good
Motion Picture.

—COMING—
"MY DREAM IS YOURS"
In Technicolor
Jack Carson - Dennis Day
and Eve Adren

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