

RODANTHE PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cahoon spent Tuesday night in Manteo.
 Miss Barbara Ann Midgette of Norfolk spent the week end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Midgett and family.
 D. B. Midgett, Jr., U.S.C.G., spent the week end here with his people.
 Mrs. Patsy Williams of Manteo visited her brother Julian L. Gray.
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cahoon of Manteo spent the week end here with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cahoon.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Midgett of First Colony Inn, Nags Head, were here Monday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Herbert K. Mid-

gett, Mrs. Ellery C. Midgett and daughter Joni Laverne arrived home Sunday after visiting in Norfolk with relatives and friends.
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred O'Neal left Sunday for Norfolk to visit their children.
 Mr. and Mrs. John E. Herbert, Sr. spent the week end in New York City visiting relatives and friends. Arrived in Norfolk Sunday night and joined the families in a birthday supper in honor of their daughter, Zanania P. O'Neal, and arrived home Monday.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. Arval O'Neal of Norfolk spent Saturday night here.
 Some salt preservative chemicals make wood resistant to fire.

THE HIGHER THE FEWER

There's Always Plenty of Room At The Top
 By NANCY J. MIDGETT

Last week another milestone passed me by or I passed it by. Sometimes I feel that time stands still and that we do the moving from our first squall to our last, which would seem to infer from the way that one year's end runs into another these days that I'm doing some pretty speedy traveling across time.

Now, though the above stated impression of what is and is not in the plan of things, pops in and out of my mind at times, I cannot reconcile myself yet to the fact that the broadening of the posterior portion of my anatomy does not seem to fit in with anyone speeding across anywhere; it seems rather, to be a very evident physical sign of too much slow motion and sitting around. This must be one of these places where our physical and spiritual selves show themselves more obviously as being separate and apart.

The news of the past two weeks, wars and rumour of wars, made me do some thinking back as well as a lot of thought and self-questioning on the present situation. On the present, that I do not agree with the declaring of war as an aggressor; in self protection, yes; or even in the protection of others who I feel would look to me for that protection. I don't agree with the declaration of war by Britain but I would not have voted for, or been a member of the political party to which the present Prime Minister belongs, for in such a situation, the action they took is what I would have expected of the party.

On the other hand, I can understand the action they took, and even on the facts that have been given to the world, and I am quite sure that as in any international situation the facts are never made known to all the world, they acted in good faith as they saw the right thing to do. I think it would come under the second of the reasons I gave above, 'in the protection of others! As I see it, they considered a situation existed that needed more forceful action than words and many words that seemed to have done nothing but inflame the situation more, have been uttered. There also comes a time as with children, when words have no effect; even those same words are turned back on the speakers as a weapon. Then something else has to be done and I can only presume that Britain and France with them, having perhaps information either unknown or disregarded as of lesser importance by other nations, felt that they must "do something, even if it's wrong, as my late husband used to say.

That saying reminds me of another used by a supervisor of mine in the past before World War II; we used to be timed for all our days work and an average per hour was worked out on all jobs done from authorizing new claims, to writing up and auditing cases, summarizing weekly payments in our divisions by the agents, and on and on. When we presented our weekly work sheets we were also supposed to show the number of errors made, both those found by our seniors auditing our work and those found by ourselves. Eventually of course, being regrettably human and in a situation where hard competition produced by this system brought out the 'be top at any price' instinct in some, much cooking of time sheets was found.

I say 'found' and it was mostly on our division, because this supervisor was a wise old bird. She had been through the office from a youngster up like all of us in those days and knew the amount of mistakes even a good clerk made at the pace we worked at, therefore when a time sheet was presented loaded down with quantities of work and practically no errors or even none at all shown, she immediately smelt a rat. She would announce with the air of a judge passing sentence but in a quiet, sad voice, "you know, I've always found that people who make no mistakes, do no work." A roundabout way of saying it but when your mind had chewed it over, you knew what she meant.

And when you think about it, nations are a collection of you and me. The individual, without the mass training of schools, governments, and family life would differ very little world wide, under similar living conditions. But, Lord help us, the you's and me's are the hardest things to reason with; I have more than a little trouble with myself let alone my near relations and I do mean that, Lord help us.

WE LIVE ON THE LONGEST HIGHWAY IN N. CAROLINA

U. S. 64 Stretches 600 Miles From Manteo to Murphy—Mountains to Ocean

By JOHN COREY
 (In The News and Observer)
 Roads made ancient Rome a world empire and roads are making modern North Carolina a great state.
 Our finely weaved cobweb of paved roads connecting our rural areas, towns and cities is probably one of the most extensive in United States.

Reigning over this labyrinth of concrete and asphalt are Highways 64, 70 and 421—the three arteries completely stretching across the state from its Atlantic Ocean eastern boundary to the mountainous Tennessee border in the West.

Longest of these "Daddy Long-legs" highways is 64, extending 600 miles over coastal plain, plateau and mountainous terrain.

Tar Heels possessing bents for discovering physical assets of the state can get their money's worth by trekking over this route in auto. It offers a nearly perfect cross section view of the Old North State.

No. 64 begins on the Outer Banks near Nags Head. It bridges westward over Roanoke Sound to Roanoke Island and hops two ferries to cross Croatan Sound and Alligator River before hitting mainland proper.

It then heads across swamplands of Tyrrell, Washington and Martin counties, slices through tobacco lands near Rocky Mount, bisects the capital city of Raleigh, passes through the hilly Piedmont to Lexington area, joins 70 as one highway from Statesville to Morganton and then hops the Southeastern mountains to Tennessee line.

On the Outer Banks one can take a dip in waters of the Atlantic Ocean at an arm's throw distance from the highway.

On Roanoke Island the famous "Lost Colony" summer outdoor drama plays only a few hundred feet from it.

In Tyrrell County the highway forms the main street of Columbia, a fishing and potato growing center.

It touches the huge pulp mill at Plymouth, goes through tobacco warehouse sections of Williamston, Robersonville and Rocky Mount and passes the capitol at Raleigh.

Straight Line
 The artery makes a practically straight line connection between Pittsboro and Siler City, textile and furniture towns.

It skims by the industrial Piedmont centers of Lexington, Statesville, and Hickory before reaching the mountains.

From Morganton it darts southward toward Spindale, then turns right to Chimney Rock, glances southward again to Hendersonville, the apple center, and then zigzags southwestward.

It traverses beautiful Pisgah Forest and National Forest. Dotting its flanks along the way are the waters of Lakes Sapphire, Glenville, Aquone, Hiwassee and Hiwassee.

At Brasstown the John C. Campbell Folk School is passed. Here skilled natives make handicrafts and practice scientific agriculture under direction of the unique school.

Few miles west of Murphy Highway 64 squirms through Angelico Gap and leaves Tar Heel soil to enter Tennessee.

And if the 600 miles of the route in North Carolina isn't enough to satisfy the traveler's appetite, there's plenty mileage left to be devoured. Highway 64 extends completely across the continent to Pacific Ocean, over 2,400 miles away.

WINTER FERRY SCHEDULES

Effective Oct. 18, 1956 Through May 31, 1957

CROATAN SOUND FERRY	
Lv. Manteo Harbor	Lv. Roanoke Island
5:20 A.M.	5:30 A.M.
8:00 A.M.	7:10 A.M.
9:40 A.M.	8:50 A.M.
11:20 A.M.	10:30 A.M.
1:00 P.M.	12:10 P.M.
2:40 P.M.	1:50 P.M.
4:20 P.M.	3:30 P.M.
6:00 P.M.	5:10 P.M.
7:40 P.M.	6:50 P.M.
9:20 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
11:00 P.M.	10:30 P.M.

ALLIGATOR RIVER FERRY	
Lv. East Lake	Lv. Tyrrell County
5:30 A.M.	6:20 A.M.
7:10 A.M.	8:00 A.M.
8:50 A.M.	9:40 A.M.
10:30 A.M.	11:20 A.M.
12:10 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
1:50 P.M.	2:40 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	4:20 P.M.
5:10 P.M.	6:00 P.M.

OREGON INLET FERRY	
Lv. North Shore	Lv. South Shore
6:00 A.M.	6:30 A.M.
6:30 A.M.	7:00 A.M.
7:00 A.M.	7:30 A.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.
8:00 A.M.	8:30 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
9:00 A.M.	9:30 A.M.
9:30 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
10:00 A.M.	10:30 A.M.
10:30 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
11:00 A.M.	11:30 A.M.
11:30 A.M.	12:00 Noon
12:00 Noon	12:30 P.M.
12:30 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
1:00 P.M.	1:30 P.M.
1:30 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
2:00 P.M.	2:30 P.M.
2:30 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
3:00 P.M.	3:30 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
4:00 P.M.	4:30 P.M.

Facts About Forests



HATTERAS PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wade and daughter Essie arrived home from Washington, N. C. Saturday, after being gone a month. They were accompanied by Mrs. Lynwood Swain and sons, Buddy and Clifford.

Mr. and Mrs. Horton Austin and son Billy visited Mrs. Betty Gaskill at Wanchese.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gaunt and son Eddie returned Saturday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Peele of Norfolk spent the week end here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frazier Peele and Mrs. Eliva Ballance.

Mrs. William Foster and son Willie returned last week after visiting her grandmother in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray D. Gray and children of Manteo spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Damon Gray.

Those who attended the ice show in Norfolk from here were Miss Shelia Gibson, Miss Sonya Oden, Miss Fern Ballance, Miss Mitzie Oden, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Stockton Midgette and sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Damon Gray, Mrs. Perry Austin, Mrs. Nance Jean Meekins were in Elizabeth City.

Mrs. Virginia Austin, Mrs. Susie Austin, Miss Delena Styron were in Norfolk last week.

Mrs. Tom Heald is visiting his family here.

Mrs. Lizzie Peele's Sunday School class entertained her at the home of Mrs. Nettie Gibson on her

78th birthday. The class presented her with a lovely gift. She left last week to visit in Elizabeth City with her daughter, Mrs. Allen Ballance.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Job and Mrs. Frazier Peele visited Mrs. Ralph Burrus over the week end.

The Bible Class met at the home of Mrs. Virginia Austin Friday night with 13 members present.

The book of 1st Corinthians was discussed. Plans were made for the annual banquet to be held at Scotty's Restaurant the middle of December.

The hostess served pumpkin and mince pie, coffee and tea.

Those attending the Youth Rally at Elizabeth City were Rev. Ray Sparrow, Mrs. Virginia Austin, Mrs. Velma Stowe, Ursula Austin, Cora Joan Austin, Jeanie Gray, Joanne Midgette, Eloise Stowe, Elaine Stowe, Sandra Ballance,

Beth Newton, Ruby Fagley, Dale Burrus, Donnie Oden.

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Let Us Bow Our Heads in THANKS . . .

Today, in the spirit of the first Thanksgiving, let us give thanks to the Creator for all the blessings we have received . . . both as individuals and as Americans . . . a free people, living without fear in a free country. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, let us humbly acknowledge our debt to Divine Providence for all that we are and may hope to become. Like them, let us bow our heads in a prayer of gratitude to the Giver of "every good and perfect gift."

With the passing of Thanksgiving, thoughts will once again turn to Christmas. Quinn's, as in the past, is ready to serve you with complete stocks for remembrance of your loved ones.

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What Stands Behind Thanksgiving
IT'S MORE THAN THURSDAY AND TURKEY AND TRADITION
 Consider this peculiar day. Consider it well. For there is nothing like it elsewhere. Here is a holiday that commemorates no hero, celebrates no battlefield. No lobby is behind it; no group or sect or party. It doesn't even fall on the same date twice. Yet Christmas cannot dim its nor 4th of July steal its glory. And all America loves it with a quiet and affection reserved for no other day in the year.
 What makes Thanksgiving different? What makes it beloved? What makes it real?
 Perhaps the answer is simple. Thanksgiving is an affirmative. It is our heart's testimony of a deeply held conviction. The conviction that these things we call free and decent and American just didn't happen to us. We didn't get them because we were wiser . . . or cleverer . . . or even luckier.
 This conviction is the sum of many beliefs and experiences. The belief in the dignity of every human being. We had to fight for that belief in 1776. The belief in a real right and wrong. We had to act on that belief in 1863 and wipe out slavery or perish. The belief in decency and honesty and integrity. We had to live by that belief or fall apart as a people. And finally, the belief that calls for action today: the belief in a responsibility, under God, to our fellow man, wherever he may be.
 Our attitudes as a people testify to these beliefs. Our whole national history is a witness to them. In less than a century they have caused us to abolish human slavery, establish free government across a great continent and bring about equal opportunity for all. We have demonstrated these beliefs in action to bring, in our time, the world's nearest approach to a classless society of free men and women.
 As we give thanks we take stock of these things we believe in. We renew our faith in them. We renew our confidence in ourselves, in our land, our neighbors, our way of life under God. We look ahead secure in the knowledge that our children, in their turn, will bear further and greater witness to the beliefs which have sustained us.
 Of all of them and of that way of life they have made possible, Thanksgiving Day is our joyous affirmation.
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