

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

By CAROLYN LLOYD

Recently a picture of a Hungarian woman refugee, weeping as she accepted a cup of coffee from a Red Cross worker, seemed to leap at me from the newspaper as I drank the second cup of breakfast coffee. Suddenly I was struck with the magnitude of my blessings. That cup of coffee in my hand could grow cold, but there was plenty more where that came from. I didn't have to stand shivering in the cold, grateful for a handout from a stranger. While I sat in my warm kitchen, fretting a little because I had to leave it and go to work, that woman stood homeless in a strange land, with only the possessions she could carry in her hand. More than likely she had left behind in Hungary men of her family who had only a slight chance for survival in their fight for freedom. While tomorrow is uncertain for us all, she knew that her tomorrow could bring nothing but heartache.

This Thanksgiving I shall try to keep that woman's face before me if the temptation to belittle my blessings should beset me. It is good that once a year, at least, we are forcibly reminded to give thanks for the little things. It is easy enough to be grateful for the big blessings, but most of us overlook the everyday ones that count most. We complain about having to go to work when we should be grateful that we can earn a living, as well as contribute something to society by performing a necessary task. Human nature being what it is, it is sometimes impossible to see the silver linings but perhaps for just one day we can forget to look at the clouds.

This Thanksgiving is as good a time as any to resolve to be thankful each day for the everyday comforts that make life so much

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STORK SHOWER GIVEN FOR MRS. ROBERT FUQUA

Mrs. Robert Fuqua of Manteo was honored Thursday evening with a stork shower at the home of Mrs. Lizzie Dough near Manteo. Hostesses were Mrs. B. R. Etheridge, Mrs. Carlton Etheridge, Mrs. Gordon Riddick, Mrs. H. A. Glynn, Mrs. Lee Dough, Mrs. James Groce and Mrs. Desmond Rogers. Refreshments of ice cream, cookies and salted nuts were served.

Among those present were Mrs. Wynne Dough, Mrs. Alice Paschall, Mrs. George Twyne, Mrs. Lucretia Etheridge, Mrs. Gladys Wilson, Mrs. Cecil Berry, Mrs. Leonard Midgett, Mrs. Alfred Leitner, Mrs. H. A. Glynn, Mrs. Ruby Womble, Mrs. John Ward, Mrs. Robert Shannon, Mrs. Fred Basnight, Mrs. John B. Etheridge, Mrs. Charlie Shannon, Mrs. Mae Harrell, Mrs. W. R. Knight, Mrs. Mary O'Neal Mann, Miss Estelle Meekins, Mrs. Lizzie Dough, Mrs. Minnie Whittington, Mrs. B. R. Etheridge, Mrs. Desmond Rogers, Mrs. Lee Dough, Mrs. Maggie Creef, Mrs. Carlton Etheridge, Mrs. Leonard Rogers, Mrs. Camille Podolski, Mrs. Bertha Baum, Mrs. James Groce and Mrs. Clarence Beals.

easier than it once was. For oil heaters, and electricity, and hot water—and myriads of other creature comforts; for every day of reasonably good health; for friends. This Thanksgiving, too, we should be particularly grateful for the things we haven't had, such as hurricanes. There certainly won't be any dissenting voices on that one.

It seems like a good time too for me to say a personal "Thank you" to those people who have taken the time and trouble to write me about this column. Those letters deserve individual answers, and one day my good intentions may win out over a natural tendency toward procrastination. In the meantime, believe me, each letter and each comment from readers makes me proud and at the same time humbly aware of the necessity for improvement. They make me grateful, too, for the opportunity of keeping in touch with old friends and making new ones. A recent letter from an ex- pupil of quite a few years ago, for instance, served to remind me that a teacher's pay is not always in cold cash alone. Such pay doesn't buy groceries but does do wonders for the morale. Perhaps I should say "thank you", too, to those who find this column dull or unnecessary, but are polite enough not to say so—at least in print.

Thanksgiving—1956. At first I thought it may seem a travesty, since much of the world is troubled; yet it should serve to take us even more aware of our individual blessings and to make us have faith that there will always be some cause for the observance of such a day.

AMERICAN THANKSGIVING IN FAR AWAY JAPAN



BEDTIME STORY—Thanksgiving or all year round the world over, the Army is a family affair, with its dependent children becoming cosmopolites at an early age. At the Tokyo Army Hospital, Private First Class Dorothy M. McBane of Saxapahaw, N. C., WAC medical technician in the pediatrics ward, interests her patients.

BEWARE OF THE DANGERS OF NIGHT TIME DRIVING

Raleigh.—"Beware of the darkness in nighttime driving and walking—it hides danger!"

Tar Heel motorists and pedestrians were advised this week to heed the warning of Major W. B. Lentz, chief of the State Highway Patrol's transportation and communications division.

"The hours of twilight and dark bring danger on our roads and highways, not only to motorists but also to pedestrians," he said.

Major Lentz pointed out that the National Safety Council estimates that the mileage death rate in an average year is three times as great at night as in the daylight hours, and further stated that almost half of North Carolina's 1955 traffic deaths occurred at night.

"The hours particularly fatal are from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m., when people are rushing homeward from work, tired, fretful, and impatient, and then out again later for some appointment at which they always seem to be late," the patrol executive said.

The answer? Major Lentz says there are several right answers to the question

of night traffic hazards, and all of them simple but effective.

"One of the answers is good walking habits, and alertness and caution in crossing the street," he said. "Another one is good driving habits—driving carefully to offset the poor vision brought on by twilight and darkness and keeping a sharp lookout for pedestrians and children on bikes as well as for other cars."

Major Lentz particularly stressed the fact that night hazards also claim their share of young bike riders, who fail to equip their bikes with a good headlight, and tail lights or reflectors thus making them more visible to motorists by trimming them with white or reflectorized material.

"I think the best way to sum up the message of what our state program in traffic safety is doing is to stress the rule which should be the creed of every motorist, especially at night: 'Be Your Brother's Keeper.'"

Paper made from papyrus stalks was invented some 4,000 years before the Christian era, says the National Geographic Society. It was partly superseded by vellum and parchment, which gave way in the 10th century to the type of paper used today.

A MULTIMILLION DOLLAR HOLE IN THE GROUND TO BE REOPENED IN NEVADA

Washington. — A multi-million-dollar hole in the ground is to be reopened.

This is the Comstock Lode in Nevada, producer of vast wealth in gold and silver during a lusty period of American history.

One of the richest mining areas ever developed, the Comstock helped finance the North in the Civil War, provided the basis for several American fortunes, rejuvenated San Francisco, and lifted California from a depression, the National Geographic Society says. As operations declined, the Comstock left on its doorstep one of the most famous of ghost towns, Virginia City.

Modern Methods to Try Again The Consolidated Virginia Mining Co., one of the best-known names on the Comstock in its biggest boom period, the 1870's, recently announced it will resume work, developing with modern methods low-grade ore deposits unprofitable in earlier days.

Discovered in 1859 by a group of placer miners, the lode lies between two rock faces in western Nevada. It was formed perhaps 60 million years ago, geologists believe, by the upwelling of subterranean fire and steam. These earth fires still burn beneath the lode. Water as hot as 170 degrees Fahrenheit, gushing into the shafts, stopped deep mining efforts at the 4,000 foot level.

The men who worked these deep mines, sometimes in niches so hot their bodies had to be sprayed with cold water, sought boisterous recreation on the surface.

Culture and Decorum

Although more decorous than many mining camps of the period, Virginia City had its moments of excitement. Memorable was the opening of the first opera house, which, with its successors, was to provide a showcase for such stars as Modjeska, Joe Jefferson, Buffalo Bill, Lotta Crabtree, and Edwin Booth.

Two feuding mine superintendents attended the opening in tailcoats and Colt revolvers, which they soon put in use. Their friends joined in the fusillade across the orchestra, puncturing a few diamond-studded shirt fronts and the new curtain, embellished with a genuine hand-painted representation of the Lakes of Killarney. Luckily, no one seemed to carry more than six shots when in evening dress. The battle subsided, and the show went on. No one was seriously hurt.

The history of the Comstock is laced through with stock details of all kinds; battles under the earth between workers of adjoining mines; and such tactics as in-

fluencing the market by confining the miners underground to stimulate a bonanza.

Gold and silver from the Comstock started many men toward wealth, among them George Hearst, father of the late pub-

lisher William Randolph Hearst. But the group that profited most consistently from the Comstock was the brokers who handled the stocks of the various mines. More than 50 of them acquired substantial fortunes.

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