

Miss Lora Sleeper Has An Enjoyable Vacation

Home Agent Tells Of Trip To Europe

Dear Readers:

The phone rang at 5:30 a. m. June 21st, and we awakened, realizing we would be parting from many of our group we had learned to like while on this trip. We had our breakfast in Hotel St. Anne at 6:15 a. m. There were 32 leaving us to continue their tour into Italy, Algeria, Sicily and Lisbon. They left us at 7 a. m. Mr. Demeir went with them. We were scheduled to leave at 10 a. m. My roommate was to continue her tour into Italy.

Mrs. Pearl McLeod, of Lexington, Ky., now alone also, was soon asking me to accompany her to London's to exchange some mismatched gloves. It was trying to rain and we hurried into the shopping area. The store was opened at 9 a. m. and the clanging of a bell announced our entrance. This store was on a back street up two flights of stairs and one might hesitate to go there alone. Mr. Landon was in the store and answered the bell by coming to us.

We asked, "Is Miss Frances in?" Mr. Landon said, "Oh, no, no, she my shake hand woman. She come to work when she please, 10 maybe 11 o'clock. What can I do for you?" Mrs. McLeod told him and we came out happy to have two pairs of gloves that matched. Miss Frances was the young lady from Randolph-Macon College we had met in the store on a previous visit. She was in France for the second summer to learn the language.

Our bags were waiting in the hotel lobby when we returned. The time passed quickly as we waited in excited expectancy for the arrival of the bus, that would take us to the station where we would secure a train for Cherbourg. We were soon loaded onto the large bus and going through the shopping section again but this time we were headed toward home. The passengers boarding our train were of interest to us. We looked out from windows on our reserved coaches on some of those who would be with us on our ship.

A little woman with a two-year-old boy wept pitifully and somehow we too were saddened in sympathy for her, though we knew not her real sadness until our journey on the Atlantic had begun.

The train left Paris at 11 a. m. We had our dinner on the train and were in Cherbourg at 3:45 p. m. We had shared our compartment with "Papa Baptiste," as we now called him. In our compartment were Mrs. Bace from Houston, Texas; Miss Nice, from Greenville, N. C.; Miss Priest, from Lincoln, N. C.; and myself. We had enjoyed our visit with Monsieur Baptiste. He had told us much of conditions in France and how the scare and preparation for war had hindered the social progress of France. Our interest was such we scarcely realized we had pulled into Cherbourg. There were many passengers for the Aquitania on this train which we were now leaving. We were concerned more than ever about getting all our baggage aboard.

Miss Talma Buster, home agent from New York State, was at the station. I had met her going over on the Queen Mary, but she was going tourist class. She told me of her interesting visits to farm homes in the English countryside.

I regretted Mr. Baptiste had left us while I was visiting with Miss Buster. We were seen aboard the tender, a ship which would convey us to our passenger ship, the Aquitania. In the hurry and bustle one of our group had her movie camera, which she had borrowed from someone in America, stolen. We were anxious for her to find it, but she never succeeded.

We boarded the ship and were assisted in finding our rooms by the stewards and stewardesses. Miss Priest was my roommate, another one of North Carolina's home agents. It was not long before the ship was pulling out into the Atlantic under cloudy skies. It had rained by spells nearly all day and we wondered whether our journey would be pleasant.

The sound of a gong warned us to put on life preservers and hurry up the stairs to the top deck, where we would learn about our life boat that would become necessary in the case of fire. Such exercise had increased our appetite. We were happy to sit down later to a table for eight with real appetites and good food before us. The same group shared the table that had shared the train compartment, but we had added two home agents from Ohio.

The table steward excitedly in-

All for Love



His proposal rejected by Miss Edith Perkins, 31, Melvin F. Miller, 30, scissor grinder and part-time preacher, chained himself to a tree near her Florissant, Mo., home and went on a hunger strike. He was taken to jail in Clayton, Mo., where he is pictured. Miller then declared he wouldn't eat till Miss Perkins herself brought him food.

formed us we had a stowaway aboard. We observed the young man eating at a table near us. He informed the British officers he was an American out of work and he had been to England hunting work. The officers doubted his story and learned on further questioning he was a Russian.

"What are you going to do with him?" we had asked. "Make him work for his passage over and leave him at Ellis Island until something can be done," was the answer. We did not see this young Russian after the first night.

There were thirty in our party coming back and again we were traveling third class. We were interested in the foreigners headed toward the "Land of Freedom" for the first time. There were three German Jewish rabbis, a German Jewish family and the little woman we had seen in Paris weeping was also German Jewish. We learned she had left Germany and her husband on a promise from the German government the husband would be released after serving six months in a German labor camp. She wept bitterly, believing she would never see her husband. The two-year-old baby boy talked with his mother in the only language he knew, German. He was afraid of us. We tried to have him say, "Good morning." His mother tried to make him say this, but he clung to his sad-eyed mother, refusing us even a smile.

There were a family of Greeks, mother and two children, on their way to America. The family ate in the same dining room and we noticed them the first night. The mother was a refined, timid little woman and our kind stewardess had gone to her room to assist her to the dining room. She could not speak English and our only method of talking to her was by use of gestures. Her hair was plaited and down her back. She inquired of us if we spoke her language and we shook our heads. We understood much from her gestures and realized she was coming to America to become an American like her husband who had come over several years previous. She told the stewardess that when she got to America she was going to "zip" off her long braid, illustrating this by using her fingers like scissors. Some of our group made friends with a German Jewish family. The small girl, about six, was very much afraid of strangers and would not allow her parents out of her sight. The mother explained how neighbors in Germany had disappeared and the child had acquired a fear difficult to overcome. That her parents would disappear the same way sometime. She refused to speak and when we spoke she clung to her mother or father. The mother told us the German government most always separated the family, placing the man in a labor camp for six months before they left for new homes in other lands. She said for some reason the government had made an exception and let her husband come to America too. She believed they were anxious to be rid of him because he had always been a considerate, solicitous neighbor for other Jewish people. His manners made us believe her statements.

All we could do during this first night was enjoy the concert provided for us, read, visit, dance or try our hands at the horse races. It was good to have an extra hour each night coming back. We were unaware of the time changing only as we moved our watches back and this was done for four nights.

The second day of our trip at sea was beautiful. We had rested very well during the night. The Atlantic was smooth and many decided on a sun tan out on deck. We took walks.

Breaking into the front pages of the State Press last week-end the young group of Robersonville girls and boys pictured above well represented Martin County at the recent State convention of Beta clubs in Raleigh.

County Group In Raleigh



Robersonville, N. C. (Special to the Enterprise) — The young group of Robersonville girls and boys pictured above well represented Martin County at the recent State convention of Beta clubs in Raleigh.

Liberty to bend her neck our way that we might better express our affection.

We received disembarkation cards. There were those for foreigners coming to our shores for the first time and those for American citizens. We lined up as the ship was safely in port and officers refused to let us get off the ship until we had produced these cards. Once out we were assembled under the initial letter of our last name. I stood patiently waiting under the letter S for the customs officer. Time was slipping away and trains were leaving me. The officer came and with keen eyes looked at my general appearance.

"Did you buy that coat in Paris?" "No sir," I answered. "Is this all your baggage?" he asked. There were two bags. They were both opened for inspection and the declaration blank of all purchases turned over. He

Study Distribution Of Goods In U. S.

Since it is generally agreed that distribution of goods in this country has a long way to go before it is as efficient as our production system, business is watching with especial interest Thurman Arnold's efforts to get funds for a thorough study of distribution costs. He is understood to believe that, after a preliminary review, he can convince congress it ought to appropriate funds for a deep-digging survey of this situation. Such a study would seek to show where distribution channels are clogged and to spotlight any use of illegal restraints of trade. Distributional problems concerning food would probably command chief interest.

played shuffle board, read the newspaper, books and magazines. The ship was not as large as the Queen Mary though there were two swimming pools and gymnasiums and two movie screens. We went to four movies aboard the Aquitania. They were all good. We saw "The Little Princess," "Wife, Husband and Friend," "Bliss," "The Day After Tomorrow," and "Let Freedom Ring." It was the latter picture that stirred unfriendly feelings toward our English passengers. As patriotic Americans we stood at attention when the "Star Spangled Banner" was played only to be rebuffed by the English passengers. We had looked in their national anthem but ours was strange to them.

There was little excitement on the return, a rainy and Monday, the day before our arrival in New York City. We had a very long language barrier to overcome and we realized it was not so simple as it seemed. We had not seen this young Russian after the first night.

The blanks were to be turned over to customs officers before our baggage was inspected in New York City. The ship captain reported we had made up some of the time lost as a result of fog on the way and we would be in New York City at 9 a. m. We were getting excited over our return home. My roommate and I began packing before we were content to sleep. It was a beautiful moonlight night at sea and romantic couples were taking advantage of it as we strolled around the ship before we went to our staterooms for the night, knowing that tomorrow we would see our blessed land again.

We were up early Tuesday morning to see this ship moving slowly into the distant New York harbor. We huddled in groups about the deck peering out New York skyscrapers as they loomed up on our horizon and wondering which side of the ship we would see the Statue of Liberty. We walked briskly from one side of the ship to the other in a continuous search for "Our Lady Liberty. Someone said it would be ten minutes yet. The ten minutes seemed long but once we saw her we knew the gates of our own land had opened to us. We wished for the Statue of

Guilford 4-H Club Is Named Best In State

Best of the 1,156 organized 4-H clubs in North Carolina in 1939 was the Gibsonville club in Guilford County, according to an announcement by L. R. Harrill, State 4-H club leader of N. C. State College. To this group will go the annual \$100 cash award to be used for club and community improvement.

The American Nitrate Educational Bureau through its North Carolina agriculturalist, H. L. Mearns, makes the funds available for the award. The Gibsonville club, with 42 members, made an outstanding record of continuity and individual achievements. The 24 girls and 18 boys in the club carried 64 projects, and every one of the members completed one or more projects.

Honorable mention was given the Pine-War club in Cleveland County, which was the best club in 1938; the Elon College Club in Alamance; the Copeland club in Surry County; and the Black Creek club in Wilson County.

J. I. Wagener, farm agent, Miss Lora Sleeper, home agent, Miss Frances, assistant home agent, and Mrs. McLeod, assistant farm agent, were the Exhibiting Service staff of the Guilford County club. L. R. Harrill and George S. Williams were judges of the clubs.

My roommate and I had a dinner at 211 even I was alone. The trip had been worth the cost because through it there was a deeper appreciation for our great land, America, and I too could join with others in an annual that I mean remain. There's no place like home.

Share with us
Lora E. Sleeper

DR. Y. H. NEWBORN
OP-TOMETRIST
Please Note Date Changes
Robersonville office, Scott's Jewellery Store, Tuesday, March 19.
Williamston office, Peck's Jewellery Store, every Wed. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Physician office, Laverman's Drug Store, every Friday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted
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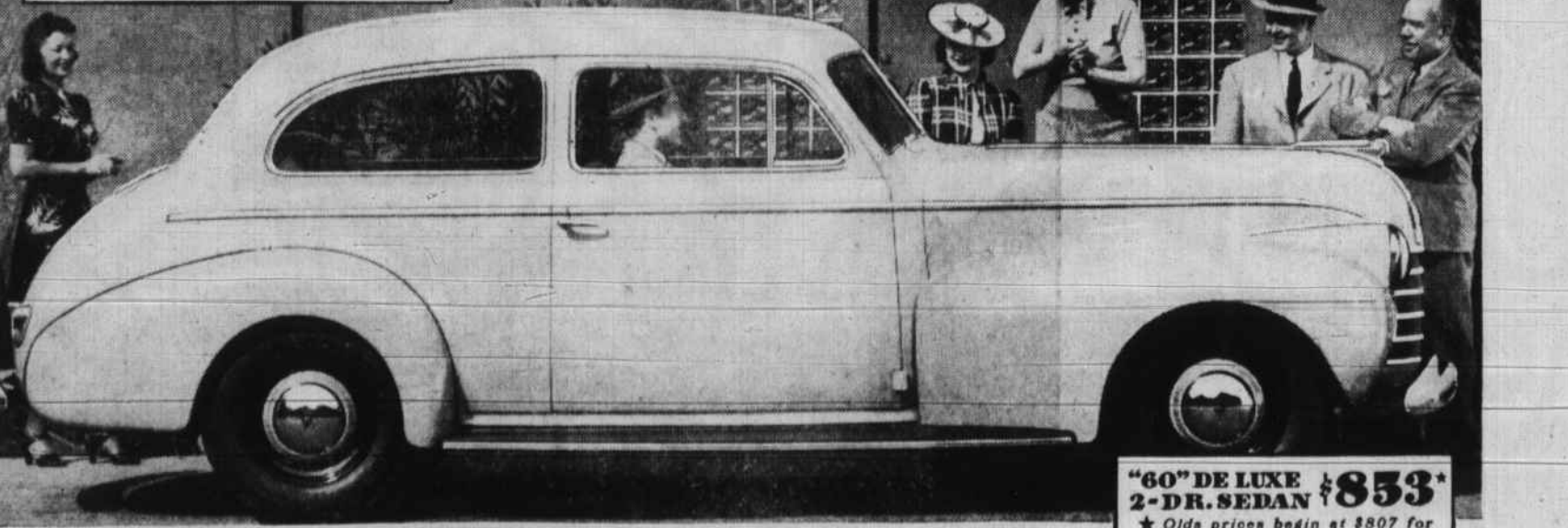
Reita Theatre—Washington

Sunday-Monday	March 17-18	"SIDEWALKS OF LONDON" with Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh
Tuesday	March 19	DOUBLE FEATURE "My Son Is Guilty," Bruce Cabot and J. Wells 'Calling Philo Vance,' J. Stephenson, M. Stevenson
Wednesday-Thursday	March 20-21	"WOLF OF NEW YORK" with Edmund Lowe and Rose Hobart
Friday-Saturday	March 22-23	"MARINE FLY HIGH" with Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Lucille Ball

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