

THE ENTERPRISE

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W. C. MANNING
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Tuesday, October 20, 1942.

Working Toward Independence

Headed by Clerk of Superior Court L. Bruce Wynne, the Citizens Service Corps can render a valuable service to the people of this county. Briefly stated, the organization can offer that leadership necessary in this period of stress and strain in building for an independent home front.

For years we have looked to others to feed and clothe us while we piddled here and there, doing those things hardly essential in a real, honest-to-goodness war economy. We have almost squandered our heritage by irregular and in too many cases unwholesome habits, threatening our health and lowering our vitality. Warned of the dangers now present with more certain to strike, many of us can work toward feeding ourselves, making it unnecessary for meat shipment half way across the continent and back again. We can turn to nutritional foods and all but forget the lightning hot dog counter. Carefully selected and well balanced diets will better our health and render unnecessary frequent visits to the medical clinic.

Then there are those other problems directly or indirectly associated with our economy. At the present time the available labor supply is ample to maintain food and feed production, but it will take leadership and willing cooperation to shift the idle to the fields. Then there is a distinct possibility that clerks and others including business and professional can turn to the fields for a few hours or days during the busy season and help relieve any situation created by war or a topsy-turvy ungeared economy.

We have been talking about civilian defense. Surely such talk was not and still is not of an idle nature, but there are other problems—problems possibly even more pressing at the moment than many of the activities on the civilian defense front. If the Civilian Service Corps can, and it is reasonable to believe it can, coordinate our efforts on all fronts, and help solve the problems offered by the backwash of war, then such an organization should receive the support and wholehearted cooperation of everyone.

Mockery

This business of displaying stickers and tags on automobiles and windows is all right, and one is heartened when he sees the little reminders with the assurance that they carry a real meaning. But in too many cases the little stickers are hardly anything more than ornaments, carrying an empty meaning. In other words, the display of the emblems in many cases is plain mockery, adding insult to injury and disappointing to those who are trying to "play the game fair," and sickening to those who have lost loved ones in action.

The little stickers or tags appear quite prominently on some vehicles which are seen plying the streets and highways, hauling their owners and operators to the sporting events, glorifying an unbroken pleasure schedule and conveying every meaning except the patriotic and thoughtful one.

Many of the little signs should be torn from their moorings and replaced with yellow stickers, proclaiming to the world that there are common cheats running wild. It is really disgusting to look behind one of the little patriotic signs and see sugar hoarding, a self-first policy, a glaring violation of those rules and regulations designed to promote the war effort and support the millions of young men in the services.

One little sign would have us "Remember Pearl Harbor," another proclaims the liberal purchase of bonds, and still another tells us to "Slap the Japs with Scrap." That's well and good, but it is mockery when the displays do not remember Pearl Harbor, buy few or no bonds and in their trifling laziness and indifference will not move a pound of iron or raise a finger to help the war effort. How effective it would be to see a little sign slogan on every car and every window, and to really know that those signs mean something. In our wild dash for pleasure, in our conceit and in our refusal to recognize the dangers in this old troubled world, the spirit of real patriotism and the willingness to sacrifice are having a hard struggle

to make themselves heard and seen. One may be assured that the little stickers have a deep meaning in those homes where war casualties have been announced and in those families whose loved ones are treading on foreign soil and facing an uncertain fate.

Until we are ready to give the little stickers and tags a real meaning, it would be well to rip them off and clear them from sight. It is nothing but mockery to keep them there under the circumstances in many cases.

The Truth Sets Free!

By Ruth Taylor.

As the fortunes of war wax and wane all over the globe, there is one battlefield that is under constant fire. Our minds are always in the front line of attack. The poison gas of conflicting, disruptive rumors are daily let loose over our heads. Enemy sappers are constantly attempting to tunnel through from all directions to undermine our courage and staying power. Our morale is under an enfilade from all angles.

Of course when we stop to analyse what we hear we can usually recognize divisive propaganda. We are mature, thinking people. We know from whence stem the stories that tend to make us distrust our leaders and criticize the policies of our government. That tend to make us look upon our fellow citizens as greedy, avaricious men, intent only on their own profit—(be they workers, farmers, or industrialists). That tend to make us assume our neighbors have alien sympathies or ulterior motives depending upon how pronounced their participation in the war effort seems to be.

We can recognize these things as enemy propaganda when we stop to think. Unfortunately there are occasions (and they will be more frequent as the war continues) when we are so tired and disturbed by the press of things, that we won't take time to analyse what we hear—when we will listen with our ears and not with our minds, and when the constant repetition of divisive charges, of slurring remarks, of accusations, of half-truths will find us believing in spite of ourselves. If that happens to enough of us at the same time—it will mean a dangerous break in the line of public morale.

There is one sure way in which we can successfully fight this danger—that is by administering the truth consistently and constantly. We must go directly to the point. We must face each charge as it is made and learn what are the facts. This is the only way in which we can quench fear—because we will be discarding half lies in favor of the truth.

We must guard our speech. Let every thought of divisiveness end with us. Let us have no defeatism, even in talk at home. We must be our own "Rumor Clinic," searching out the "why" of every statement.

We as a nation cannot govern ourselves by deceptions and frouds—we must know the truth—and if we know we are hearing the whole truth we can take it—because we can believe what we are told—not fear something worse. Only the truth can make men free from fear.

Our Share

Christian Science Monitor.

Uncle Sam's tall hat is doffed in respect to a patriotic Montana woman who apparently never thought of stopping when her family had given its "share" to the war effort. A full share it was, too, for her sailor husband went down with his submarine-patrol vessel, sunk by enemy gunfire. But when the insurance money was received, the widow offered it to the Navy to help toward the building of another sub-chaser. Though the gift was declined, the funds undoubtedly will still be at the disposal of the Government, for officials advised that they be used for the purchase of war bonds.

Other instances of selfless giving are coming to light daily, but the country—and the world—can stand a lot more of them. There is an abundance of opportunity for giving, not "until it hurts," as we often are admonished, but until it heals. For there is healing in every unselfish gift, presented not out of hatred for the enemy, but out of love for those whom it is designed to aid. There is healing for a war-torn universe in every love-inspired effort, wherever expended—in purchase of war bonds, in scrap collecting, in essential production, defense duties, and numerous other activities on the home front.

The world needs nothing so much as healing. Let us all give until it heals.

Mind Over Matter

Goldboro Transcript and Messenger.

Preacher A. J. Smith likes to tell how he met Floyd Barden one of those record hot days last summer.

The day started out hot. By the time Mr. Barden got to his office (maybe that was the time when he was walking in) he was burning down. His collar wilting.

That was just a starter. The thermometer kept inching up hour after hour and the humidity pressed down smotheringly.

"I just didn't see how I was going to make it," Mr. Barden is quoted.

"And then I got to thinking about those men out there on the Egyptian desert. The flaming desert. In a heat that normally is unbearable. And the men in tanks, hot tanks, fighting.

"I got to thinking of them and I cooled off. I just about had a chill."

So often that is the case.

If we direct our minds to something besides ourselves we see what a soft spot life has provided us.



Amount of Salt Used In Curing Pork Properly

E. V. Vestal, animal husbandry extension specialist, says it was once the common belief that 50 pounds of salt were necessary for curing a 250-pound hog. Now it is realized there is no need to waste that much salt, and, in addition, the meat will cure out too salty for good eating. Last year, Vestal said, he used 7 pounds of salt, 2 pounds of brown sugar, and

2 ounces of saltpeter per 100 pounds of pork and got excellent cured meat.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned Trustee by Lelia Gainor, dated the 24th day of March, 1938, of record in the Register of Deeds Office in Book P-3, page 490, to secure certain notes of even date therewith, and the stipulations in said Deed of Trust not having been complied with, and at the request of the

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holder of said bonds, the undersigned Trustee will, on the 8th day of November, 1942, offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in front of the Courthouse door, Martin County, at 12 o'clock, Noon, the following described land:

A tract of land in Hamilton Township, Martin County, known as the Redden Gainer Farm, containing 78 acres, more or less; bounded on the South by Vance Roberson land, on the East by H. C. Norman land, on the North by R. H. Weaver land and on the West by Cleve Taylor and

Rawls land.
This 7th day of October, 1942.
R. L. COBURN,
Trustee.
B. A. Critcher, Atty. o13-4t

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