Published Every Tuesday and Friday by the ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING CO. WILLIAMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA



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\$2,00

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN MARTIN COUNTY \$1.50

OUTSIDE MARTIN COUNTY

No Subscription Received for Less Than 6 Month

Advertising Rate Card Furnished Upon Reques

Entered at the post office in Williamston, N. C., as second-class matter under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to The Enterprise and not individual members of the firm.

Tuesday, September 3, 1935

#### Editorial Correspondence

London, S. W. 1., Aug. 16, 1935.

After an 8:45 breakfast at the hotel, went to the old Caledonia market, which covers from 10 to 15 acres, part of which is sheltered and the other part open. The marketplace was covered with tables, upon which was spread everything imaginable-some of it things to eat and some things to wear, much of the latter being second-hand, which gave some sections of the market the appearance of a rummage sale. There were also many new goods, as well as valuable carpets, tapestries, and thousands of antiques of every kind and description. There were many articles evidently from the home of people who have seen better days on sale, doubtless to bring necessary food to the home. If such a display was on sale in the United States, the women would gather from the mountains to the sea to buy. Known as the Caledonia market, it was, in former years, used to auction livestock. Thousands of sellers were there, and buyers literally covered the earth seeking goods

Returned to the hotel for dinner and at 3 o'clock took a bus for the National Museum of Fine Arts, where I viewed many of the world's renowned paintings. Got a good view of London and saw the people gathering in Victoria station to take trains, busses subways and street cars for their homes; and if you have seen Broadway and Forty-Second Street in New York, don't think you have seen all the people in the world, for there are 4,000,000 people who work in London and live in adjoining boroughs, and the city has ample facilities to move them and at low cost The average cost, for both street cars and busses seems to be about 2 pennies. The lines are owned and operated by the city. The independently owned taxicabs are as high as those in America.

There is not so much abject poverty seen here, and nearly everybody appears to be comfortably dressed and cleaned up. Much building is going on in and around the city. The English styles are very different from that of Americans, and I am not yet prepared to say which is the better.

Leave tomorrow at 10:15 for Dover to take a steamer for Calais, France.

W. C. MANNING.

Paris, France, Aug. 17, 1935.

Caught train at 10:50 from Victoria Station in London for Dover. Had a nice 77-mile ride through a farming country; every hill, except a few sandhills, seemed to be solid rock or white sandstone. It was a wheat and oats country, with sheep and cattle on nearly every hillside; no mountains, but considerable hills, and we pased through a half dozen tunnels. We reached Dover at 12:55 and boarded a boat for Calais immediately. We found the English Channel as quiet as a small pond. It was almost covered with steamships.

Left Calais at 3:12 p. m. on the Nord train, landing in Paris at 6:20 after a ride of 160 miles. The country from Calais to Paris is generally flat and almost boggy, covered with very green grass and trees, and, like England, a grain and grazing country. The farmers did not stop work for Saturday evening, but were hauling in and saving their crops. They do not shock their wheat and oats as nicely as the British, who make the shocks almost perfect, most of them in the shape of houses so that it looks as if storm damage would be impossible.

Paris seems to be a much more modern city than London; the buildings are more up to date, and the streets are nice and wide generally, a few of the principal ones at least 200 feet wide, with wide sidewalks on each side and a narrow driveway beside the main driveway. Did not go in a store in London, nor, as yet, in Paris. Found the sidewalks here lined with chairs and tables, with men and women drinking.

Following supper, I joined a party for a walk, and we went about 7 blocks to the Arc d' Triomphe, where the French unknown soldier is buried. It is far more elaborate than the tomb of the unknown soldier in England. A flare of light from a gas jet illuminated the beautiful fresh flowers lying on the marble tomb. Business houses close early in the evening, but the people seem to walk the strets in great numbers, both day and night.

W. C. MANNING.

Paris, Sunday, Aug. 18.

After breakfast and a religious service at 8:45, we left on a sight-seeing bus for a tour of Paris leading to Versailles, the place where the treaty of peace ending the World War was prepared and signed. Of course, we remember Woodrow Wilson's part in formulating the terms of the treaty.

The Versailles Palace is the largest in the world, at one time housing 15,000 people. In two near-by courts were located the stables of the kings, and 8,000 horses were kept there. It is now used by the French

The palace is the most interesting place in France from a historical standpoint. It was first occupied by Louis XIV, then by Louis XV and Louis XVI; also three queens have lived there. The paintings and furniture are marvels of beauty and richness. The palace is surrounded on two sides by flower gardens more beautiful than any I have ever seen before.

There is quite a difference in the French as compared with the English. The former glory in their warriors, especially Napoleon, yet they tell you of his defeat and banishment to St. Helena, while the English seem more inclined to hide their failures and boast of their glories.

A visit to the home of Napoleon is worth a great deal. In addition to the work rooms of the great general, we visited those that reflected much of his family life. We saw the bed in which he slept and that of Josephine, his first wife; also the bed in which he died: his library now stands just as he left it, also his dining room. There is less display of pomp and glory in the home than in the palaces of the English kings. One commendable thing was the steadfast love of his first wife, Josephine, afterwards divorced. Evidently Napoleon never lost his respect for her, nor did she lose her love for him. We were shown the room in which she visited daily after his banishment to the lonely St. Helena Island by the British, Napoleon was evidently France's greatest man.

Our party, which is being conducted by the American Express Company, is faring well. They give us first-class fare at the best hotels. In Paris we are at Hotel d' Iena, one of the best in the city. We also get the best busses for our turs. The roads over here are of the permanent type, generally very crooked, as they also are in England.

W. C. MANNING.

#### At the Ebb of Life

Elizabeth City Independent.

Youth and middle-age laugh at a little group of old men who gather in Old Man Garrett's wheelwright shop on Colonial Avenue every week-day morning and afternoon. Youth and middle-age wonder at a pathetically small group of elderly men who meet every morning for a brief prayer service in an upper room of the Y. M. C. A. building.

Presently youth and middle-age will grow old; and then, suddenly, some day a realization will dawn upon the one grown old that death has slowly but surely reduced his once large company of friends to a pathetically small circle that is narrowing year by year. Youth and midlde-age can make new acquaintances, form new contacts, find new human interests from day to day. But one grows old and it is too late to find new friends, make new contacts, develop new interests. And the new generation is in a hurry and has little time to pause and converse with an old codger who speaks the language of another era and is wedded to a homespun philosophy that is archaic to our modern times. And so, when late in life a man slows down and begins to reflect upon the few human ties left to bind him to this uncertain life, his heart hungers for companionship and he draws closer and can sympathize with his point of view.

The few old men who gather in Old Man Garrett's wheelwright shop in the-morning and afternoons are not subjects for youthful and middle-age mirth; nor the few old men who haltingly climb the Y. M.C. A. steps every morning for a brief half hour of song and prayer. They are hungry souls who see life and all its former meanings slipping away from them, as the shore slips away from a castaway on a raft drifting toward an inscrutible horizon where the sun is going

#### Would Explode Old Theory

Scientists at Cornell University have been experimenting with cod liver oil to determine its nutritive values, and as a result of their efforts another old theory is about to be exploded.

Long before Hector was a pup we were taught that an abundant use of cod liver would make us big and strong, and to that end we have gulped it down whether we like it or not. Back yonder the medicos either didn't know how to improve its taste or gloried in seeing us make ugly faces. But when this medicine is not doctored up to a more pleasing taste, you somehow get the feeling that something has been put into it that hadn't ought to be there.

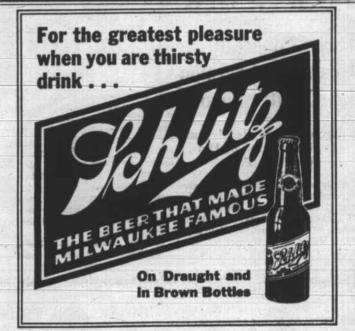
In their experiments at Cornell the professors gave liberal doses of cod liver oil to goats and other aniimals, but they did anything else but wax fat and strong-they just took sick and died. While these scientists declare that these findings have no direct bearing on cod liver oil in human nutrition, they are about ready to recommend a reconsideration of the ancient idea that great gobs of the stuff is good for what ails you. And without demanding further experiment, every youngster we know will say a hearty and enthusiastic "amen."

However, what pesters us most is the fact that semebody didn't think this up some thirty-odd years

### LEGAL NOTICES LEGAL NOTICES LEGAL NOTICES

Martha Roberson, and on the NW by the heirs of John Jones, and more particularly described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a stake in Buck Branch, thence N. 51\* and 35' E. 83.68 poles, thence S. 37 E. 50.08 poles to Buck Branch, thence along the various courses of Buck Branch to the beginning, as shown by a map of same made by Sylvester Peel, surveyor, on the 10th day of December, 1924. Also all that certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in Bear Grass Township, Martin County and State of N. C., containing 83.5 acres, more or less, bounded on the N. by the lands of Lena Mobley, on the E. by the lands of Lena Mobley, on the E. by the lands of J. D. Bowen, and more particularly described as follows, to wit: Beginning where Buck Branch crosses the Williamston and Bear Grass road, thence S. 35 W. 75 poles, thence S. 35 1.2 W. 16 Bear Grass road, thence S. 35 W. 75 poles, thence S. 36 1.4 W. 10 poles, N. 28 1-2 W. 101 poles, thence S. 76 3-4 E. 59.28 poles, N. 44 W. 12



#### HARRISON WHOLESALE CO.

Distributors

Williamston, N. C.

SALE OF VALUABLE FARM
PROPERTY

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon us in a deed of trust executed by T. U. Rawls poles to a stump in Buck Branch to the beginning, as shown by a map of same made by slow of January, 1925, and recorded in Book T-2, page 407, we will. Branch to the beginning as the courthouse door in Martin County, Williamston, N. C., sell at public asset to for cash to the highest bidder the following land, to wit:

All that certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in Bear Grass Township, Martin County and State of N. C., containing 22 acres, more or less, bounded on the NE by the lands of M. G. Taylor, on the SE by the lands of M. G. Taylor, on the SE by the lands of M. G. Taylor, on the SE by the lands of Br. C. Containing 22 acres, more or less, bounded on the NE by the lands of Lans Mobley and Martha Roberson, and on the NE by the lands of Lans Mobley and Martha Roberson, and on the NE by the lands of Lans Mobley and Martha Roberson, and on the NE by the lands of Lans Mobley and Martha Roberson, and on the NE by the lands of Lans Mobley and Martha Roberson, and on the NE Beginning at a stake in Buck Branch, thence N. 51° and 38° E. 28.88 poles, thence S. 15° L. 200 Carporation, and the superior Court, Martin County will be superior Court, Martin County will be superior Court, Martin County will be ginning at a stake in Buck Branch, thence N. 51° and 38° E. 200 Buck Branch, thence N. 51° and 38° E. 200 Buck Branch, thence N. 51° and 38° E. 200 Buck Branch, thence N. 51° and 38° E. 200 Buck Branch, thence N. 51° and 38° E. 200 Buck Branch and under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court, Martin County, in an action entitled "Virginia Ross vs. J. C. Ross Guardian at a stake in Buck Branch and under and by virtue of the superior Court, Martin County, in an action entitled "Virginia Ross vs. J. C. Ross Guardian at a stake in Buck Branch and under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court, Martin County, in an action entitled "Virginia Ross vs. J. C. Ross Guard

## Luck Alone Is Not Dependable

Luck will work . . . sometimes. But to do the things you want to do, the things you plan on doing sometime, you want a more dependable method! You can find it in a savings account . . . and the increased income, the earnings of your saving, will bring you closer to your goal, in less time. We'll be glad to explain how easy it is to start and continue an account! Ask about it!

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