

THE ENTERPRISE

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Tuesday, July 23, 1946

On Joy and Sorrow

By Ruth Taylor I don't like unhappiness. I don't like sorrow.

Who does? No one. But too often when sorrow strikes us we close not merely the windows of our houses, but the windows of our souls. We sit in the dark with our grief. We keep away from the light, from the things that give happiness.

It was Whittier who wrote "The window of my soul I throw wide open to the sun." He had the secret of peace of mind—of joy. He had learned the truth which he expressed in another poem, "God's ways seem dark but soon or late, they touch the shining hills of day."

There is so much joy in the world — if we would only take time to enjoy it. My favorite hymn when I was a tiny tot was "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." It was such a promiseful sort of hymn. No morbid repinings. No carrying over of sorrow, but a knowledge that such things had an end, that happiness could and would follow grief.

If you have ever been seriously ill, you know that thrill that comes when first you realize that you are alive, that health is coming back. So it is with any suffering. It but breaks the shell—it makes you conscious of the beauty in the world. It is as though you were a tight-closed crocus bud that the sunlight is just opening.

In pain you have learned to understand—and to want to share that understanding. The more you have suffered the deeper has become your capacity for enjoyment. It need not be much to make you happy—just the everyday things of life, the beauty around you, the pleasure of work, of companionship, of friends.

I have often wondered how different the

world would be if people felt free to enjoy life. To say "I am happy" and to spend more time thinking of that happiness, no matter how simple, than to ponder on the sorrow that preceded it. A great man once said: "Joy is the grace we say to God."

Be happy. You can be, if you will but open the windows of your soul to God's sunlight.

The Good Samaritan

By George E. Sokolsky It ought to mean something to an American that his country is doing what it can. Maybe it is sentimentality. Maybe it would be good business to strip the countries we occupy, to destroy the economy of the people, to move out foodstuffs.

But we do not do that. The Morgenthau plan proposed that we should, at any rate, for Germany, reduce that country to the lowest standards of living in Europe.

But we have not done that even in our zone in Germany. We have not done it in Japan. We have not done it anywhere.

We fight but we do not steal. Genghis Khan is not our model. We, the capitalists, continue to give. Maybe it is smarter to take than to give, but it goes against our grain to be that smart.

We cannot pick the bones of starving people, even if those people were our opponents in war. We defeat but we do not conquer; we can deliver a knock-out blow and shake hands afterward.

What a blessing is a country that in a few months forgets hatred and feeds its enemies.

Maybe all this is sentimental emotionalism to the materialistic dialectician who reasons only from scientific facts, but we Americans are not scientific. We are traditionalists—and our traditions are based upon such expressions of the human spirit as the Ten Commandments, the Psalms, the struggles of Job with truth, the Beatitudes of Jesus Christ.

Who can say that we are wrong? Certainly not the little boy who is puzzled by the pangs of a gnawing hunger, by the soft bones of rickets, and by the parched mouth of bitterness.

That child cannot understand that he is a warring power and that the peace-loving nations are taking it out on him. Nor can he understand that democracy demands that he is to live his years with a warped brain and a twisted soul.

Nor can any American, really. America's answer to the cry of the hungry is still, Love thy neighbor—even thy enemy—as thyself.

Interference

On a rock bound coast there lived a few, who like vultures, sat around waiting for their prey. Shipwrecks were fairly numerous in that spot, and when shippers proposed the construction of a lighthouse there, the few who preyed upon the misfortunes of others objected, declaring that it would interfere with their business.

Such selfish and murderous practices may enrich a few for a short time, but repeated too often they will strangle free enterprise and democracy to death.

News As Reported In The Enterprise Forty Years Ago

JULY 20, 1906

Mr. N. S. Peel, who recently visited Lake Waccamaw, where he lived thirty years ago, has this interesting story to tell of a Martin county "oldtime" darkey. His name is Henry Cherry and he left this county 30 years ago when he was 70 years old. When living here he was arrested so many many times for disorderly conduct on the streets and placed in jail that he became discouraged and left the county.

He left a family here with grandchildren, and now he has grand children by an entirely new wife on the farm of Mr. Henry Short, who is also a native of Martin County. Mr. Peel says the old man is still vigorous physically and intellectually, cultivates a crop and does a full day's work.

At their home on Main Street Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cook gave a reception on Tuesday night in honor of their guest, Miss Gladys Fleming, of Greenville. Those present were: Mr. Herbert Peele and Miss Olivia Hodges, Mr. Don Godwin and Miss Hannah V. Fowden, Mr. Jack Biggs and Miss Lettie Critcher, Mr. Julius Peel and Miss Louise Fowden, Mr. Richard Suggs and Miss Hattie Kirby, Mr. Hubert Ward and Miss Lucy Gurganus, Staggs, Messrs. Clayton Moore and Wheeler Martin.

Miss Anna Pope left Wednesday for Norfolk, where she has gone on a visit to friends.

It is reported that about a hundred and forty Democrats of Martin County attended the judicial convention at Rocky Mount, Tuesday.

Mr. A. D. Mizell has gone to Virginia Beach to spend several days.

Mrs. Mary E. Bennett and daughter, Miss Mae Bennett, left for Bethel Wednesday on a visit.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Eva Woolard Harrison, deceased, late of Martin County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned administrator at or before the 22nd day of June, 1946, or this notice will be pleaded in court and the estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 22nd day of June, 1946. R. L. Coburn, Administrator of the estate of Eva Woolard Harrison.

NOTICE North Carolina, Martin County, COUNTY OF MARTIN against Leo Slade, W. T. Roberson et al.

The defendant W. T. Roberson will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Martin County, North Carolina, to foreclose the taxes on land in Martin County in which said defendant has an interest; and the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear before L. B. Wynne, Clerk of

the Superior Court of Martin County at his office in Williamston, North Carolina, on July 23, 1946, or within 20 days thereafter to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in this action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This the 23rd day of June, 1946. L. B. WYNNE, Clerk Superior Court of Martin County.

NOTICE North Carolina, Martin County, COUNTY OF MARTIN, Against S. L. ANDREWS and WIFE

The defendants, S. L. Andrews and wife, Andrews, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Martin County, North Carolina, to foreclose the taxes on land in Martin County in which said defendants own an interest; and the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before L. B. Wynne, Clerk of the Superior Court of Martin County

LOTS FOR SALE

FAIR GROUNDS PROPERTY See J. S. Whitley & Son

at his office in Williamston, North Carolina, on Aug. 12, 1946, or within 20 days thereafter to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in this action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This the 11 day of July, 1946. L. B. WYNNE, Clerk Superior Court of Martin County.

HENRY RENFREW PORTRAITURE and COMMERCIAL Photography By Appointment Only PHONE 3252 301 EASTON STREET GREENVILLE

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