

THE ENTERPRISE

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Tuesday, June 27, 1950

Peculiar Reward

We dare not argue with the ballot box, but we can't help but feel deep down in our hearts that that great humanitarian, Frank Graham, received a peculiar reward at the hands of the people last Saturday.

His years of unselfish labor and devoted services were ignored and rebuked. His efforts, so forcefully advanced in the name of education, brotherhood and a better way of life for the masses in North Carolina, were trampled into the dust by a relentless foe who placed the Ten Commandments into reverse and marched on in trickery and contemptible cunningness.

In defeat, Frank P. Graham stands today, in the eyes of the world, a far bigger man than does the nominee in victory.

Surely, Frank Graham, after years of devotion to all that's good and noble in the sight of God and righteous men everywhere, must be hurt in his heart like others who knew him, followed him and worked with him for years. But, knowing him as we do, we are convinced he carries no grudge in his heart. While we share the feeling of infamy heaped upon his head, we do not feel sorry for Frank Graham; we feel sorry for the people, all the people of North Carolina. We do not and cannot expect in a generation or more a greater champion of the people's rights to offer for public office. The tenacles of the corporation eagle now firmly grip the people, and all they can do or expect is to squirm and suffer and plead without response.

But those who believe in fair play and who value real Democracy must not and will not give up the fight.

An Empty Victory

Basing his campaign largely in the racial question and other issues foreign to the subject at hand, Willis Smith, the Raleigh corporation lawyer, gained, at the most, only an empty victory at the polls last Saturday. And he'll go to Washington next January not necessarily as the true representative of the people, but as the protégé of regrettable trickery and unsavory politics.

Mr. Smith goes to Washington with two strikes against him. He has to placate the malcontents—those who voted the Republican ticket in past elections—and he'll have to make some gesture to placate the Democratic ticket upon which he advanced his claim for the senatorial nomination. While he has promised little or nothing when it comes to the basic issues, he has pledged himself to the preservation of Southern Democracy. Without telling just what that is, Mr. Smith goes to the Senate with little or no prestige, little or no influence—just one little vote.

He is sympathized with his new task even though he aggravated the difficulties of that task. And while he goes there against our wishes, we readily recognize the mandate of the vote count and accept him as our senator, too, and sincerely hope and trust he'll act in the name of all the people of North Carolina.

The Real Basis For Security

The concern expressed over economic security in the future has been expressed in the voices of millions and in enacted laws. It is good to be interested in the future, to make certain there is no uncertainty about our wellbeing in the declining years when we have to turn to others or other sources for support.

But economic security is void without basic spiritual security. Many of the world's goods may be at one's disposal, but without the security which comes from an enduring faith there's little insurance against vicissitudes.

Boy, That's All Right

During the four years the Flue-Cured Tobacco Cooperative Stabilization Corporation, 507,000,000 pounds of tobacco were bought to protect the producers in the market. Up until a few days ago, the organization had sold 427,000,000, leaving eighty million pounds on hand.

All money borrowed to finance operations in 1946 and 1947 has been repaid with interest. Reports are not complete for the last two crops, but indications are that the tobacco now on hand will move "satisfactorily".

More than 370,000 farmers participated in the program. They were not exposed to the whims and fancies of monopolies when they unloaded their tobacco on the warehouse floors. The market was stabilized, and while it appears that the government will not lose in going along with the farmers, it could take a loss and still come out on top with the satisfaction that it had done something to keep well on towards a half-million farmers from being kicked around.

Some call such governmental action socialistic. We pay a premium for insurance just in case something happens. Well, it hasn't hurt this country to insure against unstable markets.

When the tobacco stabilization outfit can accomplish as much as it has and with such little cost, Oh Boy, we're all for it.

We'd Go Further Than Mr. Jones

Labor.

Jesse Jones, former head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, urges Congress to end Uncle Sam's agency for lending money to business. We'll go along with Mr. Jones on that, and make a further suggestion, which he may not like.

During all the many years in which the R. F. C. was run by Jones, it was a "sacred cow," because he was a big banker from Texas, and anything he did was "okay" with Big Business. It was only when Jesse was eased out, apparently much to his indignation, that he and "Wall Street" suddenly became critical of the R. F. C.

Now here's the suggestion: After ending the R. F. C., why shouldn't Congress have a thorough study made of the doing of that agency since it was established in the Hoover Administration, and let the American people know all the circumstances about how and why their money was lent to each of the business and financial firms?

No such study and report to the people has ever been made. And, all through Jones' regime, the R. F. C. refused to let newspaper reporters or anyone else see its records, on the ground that the "details" must be kept "private" between the lending agency and the concern that got the loan.

After all, it was the people's billions of dollars, and why shouldn't the people know all about how their money was used?

Being Played For a Sucker

Spain's butcher dictator and a few of his followers in this country apparently are playing Uncle Sam as the World's No. 1 sucker.

While offering his nation as a "bulwark" against communism, Franco is doing a thriving business with Russia, shipping in vital materials.

It all settles down to one thing, Franco turns to Russia in the name of Spain's economy, forgetting all about the ism. At the same time he uses the isms to support his begging at Uncle Sam's door.

Inconsistent

The cement and steel manufacturers want a base point price for their products, making the price of cement the same for the man living in sight of the plant and for the man living hundreds of miles away.

The railroads come along and want to fix rates by sections, and the South has taken one terrible beating for years under the discrimination lash.

When it pays the big boys to establish a base for prices, that's what they work for, and when it pays to fix prices by sections then that's what they work for.

Hard To Explain

Reports state that farm equipment sales are "off" and that new car sales were down, but prices for those items are holding up.

When farm commodity sales drop prices tumble; in fact, they tumble even when sales hold to high or record levels. It is hard to explain how prices hold firm in one field and tumble in another under similar or identical conditions.

Something To Think About

While Willis Smith failed to carry his home county in the recent primary, Frank Graham carried his home town by almost twelve to one.

It's hard to fool the homefolks, and the strength of the two candidates in their home communities is something to think about.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Stealing Coal for Old Mother, Or How to Doll Up a Snowman

By BILLY ROSE

If the man who was yard detective at the East River tugboat terminal 40 years ago will drop around to my office, I'd like to present him with a pair of down-front tickets for the show playing at my theater.

What did the yard dick do to rate these front-row ducts? Well, I can't answer that one without sketching in a bit of my bumptious background...

The year Senator Taft's pop became President, the Roses were living in a railroad flat on the lower East Side—four rooms in a row, each with a window that leaked cold climate. Our central heating system consisted of a squarish stove in the kitchen, and the cost of coal being what it was (15 cents a bag), it was seldom that the home fires were burning.



Billy Rose

Most of the time I went around the house with a lady's stocking stretched over my ears, but when it got so blustery that even that didn't help, I would stick an old flour bag into my pants, ease my way into the yard back of the tugboat terminal south of Manhattan bridge, and swipe as much coal as I could carry from the piles used to fire the boilers of the tugs.

Then, as now, I was built close to the ground and just as all get-out, so I usually got away clean as a dinker from the yard detective—an oyster-faced little man whose idea of a good time was to catch two coal thieves at once and knock their heads together.

One murderously cold February, I was stuffing an old sack with choice chunks of anthracite when the dick sneaked up and caught me black-handed.

"Don't ya know what happens to kids who steal?" he said. I could have told him they get warm, but decided not to.

"Don't tell me—let me guess," he went on. "Ya got a poor old mother and unless ya bring home some coal she'll catch her death of cold."

"How'd ya know?" I said. "I also suppose yer old man

hasn't worked in six months." "It ain't that long," I said, "but he don't make much even when he does work."

"A dozen times a day I hear the same story," said the yard detective. "I know it like I know my name."

Suddenly, to my unbelief, he handed me the bag of coal and walked away. "Don't let me catch ya again," he said. As I got to the gate he yelled, "Wait a minute," and scaled a silver dollar in my direction. "Maybe this'll help out."

I picked up the buck, floated out of the yard and kept floating until I came to a vacant lot on Rivington street where a bunch of my pals were making a snow man.

"Did ya get it?" one of them asked. "Nothing to it," I said.

We used two lumps for the eyes, a large chunk for the nose, a few smaller pieces for the mouth, and there was enough left over for a row of buttons down the front and a belt clear around the middle.

What did I do with the dollar? Well, there was a little cutie on Rivington street who had never given me a tumble, and so I offered to buy her a hot chocolate at Slickin's drugstore.

"You mean you got money?" she said. "I not only got for hot chocolate," I bragged, "but for movies and after, maybe, ice cream."

"That would be peachy," said the little doll, flashing the kind of smile that in later years 'had to give up diamonds to see..."

Well, there it is, the nasty little secret I've been harboring for 40 years. I won't go as far as to say it's been keeping me awake nights, but—well, I'd feel a lot better if the old yard detective were to pick up those down-front ducts.

North Carolina has approximately 42 billion board feet of standing sawtimber, or 12 per cent of all the saw-timber in the South, and 3 per cent of that in the Nation.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of Robert Gee, Sr., deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against this estate to present them to the undersigned within twelve months from date hereof or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

All persons owing any debt to the estate will please make immediate payment.

This 12th day of June, 1950 Bruce Gee, Administrator of the estate of Robert Gee, Sr. je 13-20-27 jly 4

SPECIAL PROCEEDING

North Carolina, Martin County. In The Superior Court Before the Clerk

Rosa Staten Vs. Thurston Davenport, Leora Davenport, Oecenia Davenport, Robert Davenport, Lillie D. Hardy, Lena D. Hardy, Clifton Davenport, and Lizzie Davenport.

The defendants will take notice that a Special Proceeding, as above entitled, has been instituted before the undersigned Clerk of the Superior Court of Martin County, for the partition of lands described in the petition, which has been filed in my office. The defendants will further take notice, that they are required to be and appear before me in my office in Williamston, N. C., on or before July 22, 1950, and answer or demur to the said petition or the petitioner will apply to the Court for the relief prayed in the petition.

This June 15, 1950. L. B. Wynne, C. S. C. je 20-27 jly 4-11

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed to the

DAIRY TALK

HOW FAR CAN YOU TOSS A BULL BY THE TAIL, DICKY? THAT DEPENDS, DAISY-ON HOW MANY GLASSES OF MILK YOU DRINK FROM TAYLORS DAIRY



TAYLORS DAIRY

Phone 3188 Grade A Pasteurized Dairy Products DAIRY BAR & PLANT Houghton St

it the request of the holder of said notes, the undersigned substituted Trustee will, on the 30th day of June, 1950, at 12 o'clock, Noon, in front of the Courthouse door in Williamston, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property:

A house and lot situate in the Town of Hamilton, N. C., and known as the Charlie Mann lot, being on Front Street, running West to Blake Watson line, thence South along Watson line to Lafayette Station line, thence East along Lafayette Station line to Front Street, thence North along

Front Street to the beginning Containing 1-2 acre, more or less, and being the same lot as situated between the Masonic Hall and Lafayette Station's lot. This 30th day of May, 1950. B. A. Critcher, Substituted Trustee. je 6-13-20-27



Advertisement for Pepsi-Cola featuring the slogan 'MORE BOUNCE TO THE OUNCE' and '2 FULL SERVINGS IN EACH BIG 12 oz. BOTTLE!'. Includes an image of a Pepsi bottle and a coupon for 25c plus deposit.

SLAB WOOD FOR SALE CHEAP. Dial 2460 Williamston Supply Co.

Saving is believing

You can get even greater economy... up to 15% with Ford Automatic Overdrive



and Feeling is believing too!

'Test Drive' the 'Fashion Car' of 1950 AT YOUR FORD DEALER'S. A 'Test Drive' and you'll hear the quiet... you'll feel the getaway power of Ford's V-8 engine... you'll learn the safety you get with Ford's 35% easier-acting King Size Brakes.