

THE ENTERPRISE

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A Prayer For Christmastide

By Ruth Taylor. O God, Giver of all gifts, we beseech Thee to let Thy spirit descend upon our hearts this Christmas Day. We thank Thee for the great and manifold mercies already bestowed upon us.

A Prayer For Peace

Make wars throughout the world to cease; The wrath of sinful man restrain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!

So Much For So Little

The Petroleum Industries Committee comes up with some interesting tax figures for the motor vehicle owner. The committee explains that the typical vehicle owner in 1952 will pay \$118.81 in taxes.

Who's Responsible?

Pointing out that work in the National Production Authority department could not have been "undertaken or carried on" without the valued help of experienced businessmen, an industrialist intimates that the work handled by others would have been a failure.

government is right or wrong, but because the action does not benefit us directly and us alone.

A Valuable Gift

In searching the store counters for holiday gifts, every motorist is urged not to overlook a precious gift—a gift of safety during the remainder of this year and in all the years ahead.

The gift does not have to be purchased, but it has to be cultivated. Just exercise a little more care in driving and in walking.

Our Daily Bread

By Ruth Taylor. "The history of the world is the record of a man in quest of his daily bread," so wrote Hendrick Van Loon.

The price of wheat has been responsible for more wars than has patriotism. It is the instinct for self preservation that causes war—that causes strife of any kind.

The civilization of the world started in the fertile valleys of the Mediterranean—in Egypt and the valley of Mesopotamia—and were laid waste in war by hordes of the hungry from less fertile regions.

While hunger does not now drive people in companies from their homes and pour them into other lands, any threat which excites the old hunger fear, arouses the war spirit and stirs the migrating impulse.

Indeed, the small nations have all had the urge for food to back up their patriotism. More new nations have been formed by the price of potatoes than by the policy of self determination.

"The history of the world is the record of a man in quest of his daily bread." It is part of our daily prayer.

But—, we say — "give us this day our daily bread." We pray "us" and "our". That is our religion. That is our civilization.

Philanthropists or Robbers

The scandals in the revenue department pose a question. Some of the guys gave away so much of the taxpayers' money that they are to be rated right along with the top philanthropists.

Reversed

A brief dispatch coming out of Washington says that the Navy has begun to rate officers on ability to cut waste.

It would seem as if the Navy has reversed itself, but it is god to know that at long last a sensible approach is being taken in at least one governmental department.

The taxpayers just grin and bear it when billions are spent for defense, and they'll dig up the cash. But it simply isn't fair or reasonable to expect the taxpayer to accept all the wanton waste and brass hat tactics thrown at them these many years.

There May Be A Better Way

The practical man is the adventurer, the investigator, the believer in research, the asker of questions, the man who refuses to believe that perfection has been attained.

I hate to see things done by halves—if it be right, do it boldly, —if it be wrong leave it undone. —Bernard Filipin.

CHURCH NEWS

CHRISTIAN

John L. Goff, Pastor. Bible School 9:45. Classes for all ages. Exum L. Ward, Jr., Supt. Morning worship and celebration of the Lord's Supper 11:00.



By Willard Olvan Persing

The reassuring weight of the nickels and dimes in his pocket took the bite out of the raw Saturday afternoon.

After enjoying this sense of prosperity for a few seconds, he remembered that he'd have to hurry if he wanted to hide the Christmas present before his mother woke up from her nap.

He started to whistle, but his attention was caught by little Sammy Farr, big-eyed with excitement and fright, running toward him.

"Hey, Jimmy!" called Sammy. "They took Mike!"

Jimmy heart sank. He knew who they meant, but he had to make sure. "Who took him?"

"The dogcatcher, Mike tried to run away, but they caught him down at the corner."

Little Sammy wiped his nose on a ragged cuff. "I didn't have time to hide him like we always do."

"I shouldn't have left him down here by himself, but I didn't want to wake Mom up." Jimmy sat down on the step and buried his face in his hands.

Then he straightened up; he had three dollars in his pocket, three dollars all his own, that he had earned by running errands, selling junk, and saving the few pennies that his mother had give him for candy.

If he bought a license for Mike, he wouldn't be able to buy the new nurse for his mother, but he could buy a nice handkerchief or something with the fifty cents that he would have left.

A boy of eleven couldn't cry in front of a seven-year-old so Jimmy blinked away the tears that came when he thought of fuzzy, playful Mike being tossed into a pen full of big snarling dogs.

"I wonder if they'll feed him good?" A sense of shame kept returning when Jimmy thought of his mother's shabby old purse.

She'd had it as long as he could remember, and he had seen her step several times to admire the shiny black one with the gold-colored clasp that was an Hoffberg's window. He had been looking forward to Christmas morning when she could carry the new one proudly to church instead of hiding the old one's shabbiness by tucking it under her arm.

It just wouldn't be right to spend that money for Mike's license.

"Come on, Sammy, if you'll keep it a secret, I'll let you go with me to buy Mom's present." Maybe he could leave the purse

down to the kitchen and cleaned it as best she could, and then called in Burt.

"It's been in the attic for years," she explained. "Mother had it a long time ago. And you know some Currier and Ives prints are worth fortunes."

Burt scratched his chin and scrutinized the barely distinguishable signature. He nodded slowly. "You might get something for it at that," he said. "It's a Currier and Ives all right, and it's sure enough old."

"Oh, Burt, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could! Why, it would just solve everything!"

Burt grinned. "Well, there's no harm in trying. More I look at it the more I think it might bring a price. Tell you what I'll do: I'll call Moe Avery. He's a collector and he'll buy it if it's worth anything."

So Burt went to the phone and called Moe Avery. "He'll be here



By Richard Hill Wilkinson

Mrs. Southern was desperately in need of money, and so when she came across the Currier and Ives print she thought right off that it might be possible to sell the picture to a collector for a considerable sum.

The painting was dusty and fly-specked and engraved in a faded, unrecognizable script.

They talked about the prospects and possibilities, both pro and con, undergoing various sensations of hope and fear and optimism and misgivings, until finally the door bell rang and Burt admitted Moe Avery.

Moe was a brisk and efficient little man. He greeted them briefly, and then produced his glasses. "How long?" he asked. "Has this print been in your family?"

"Oh, ever so long," said Mrs. Southern. "I—I've rather lost track."

"Hum," said Moe. "You've been saving it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Southern. "We've been saving it."

The collector removed his glasses, carefully returned them to his case and put the case into his pocket. His face wore a doleful expression. He sighed heavily.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that I can't offer you enough to make it worth your while to sell. I'm sorry."

She said, striving to keep her voice under control: "Just a minute, Mr. Avery. We do need the money, and I've gone to the bother of carrying it way down stairs—"

Mr. Avery hesitated. "No," he said presently. "I can't do it. It would be robbery. Tell you what, I'll call a collector friend of mine and send him out."

Mrs. Southern felt a little panicky. What if the collector friend couldn't pay them anything? "All right," she said.

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the painting. in an hour's time," he told his wife a moment later. "We'd better not get too optimistic though. Probably turn out to be worthless."

"Oh, Burt, you don't think it will! Why—why I'd be satisfied if it brought \$50!"

"Ought to bring that," said Burt. "Ought to bring more! However, no use in getting optimistic."

Mrs. Southern sighed. "Fifty dollars!" she said. "Think of it. Just think of all the things we could do. But there. As you say, I wasn't get optimistic."

"That's best," Burt agreed. "They talked about the prospects and possibilities, both pro and con, undergoing various sensations of hope and fear and optimism and misgivings, until finally the door bell rang and Burt admitted Moe Avery."

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ter all. Mr. Avery knew them and was bound to be sympathetic. The collector friend might be merely an excuse.

Mr. Avery looked from one to the other of them. "Well, all right, since you insist. But don't feel insulted at my low figure. I realize what you have here, all right. Don't mistake that. But ready cash is scarce, and it's the best I can do."

Mrs. Southern had visions of \$3, even \$2. The suspense was making her nervous. She said: "Well, what is your offer, Mr. Avery?"

"The collector took a deep breath. 'O. K., now, remember and don't

can offer right now is \$1300.00. 'Thirteen hun—' Burt tried to catch his wife before she hit the floor. But he missed. She was conscious again when the doctor arrived.

"She'll be all right," the doc said, "in a few minutes. Must have got a slight shock. . . . Well, I'll be running along. Merry Christmas."

"Thanks," said Burt. "Yeah, Merry Christmas. Yeah, Merry Christmas. . . . You! MERRY CHRISTMAS! You bet!"

Fresh mash should be added to poultry feeders at least twice a day.

Cotton production in North Carolina is estimated at 600,000 bales for 1951.



The practice of holding "open house" has been a Christmas tradition through the years.

The Saxon lords threw open the doors of their great halls to peasant and noble alike during the festive season and all enjoyed

Yule log was dragged upon an open fire pit and festivities lasted until the embers alone remained.

The same custom was followed in the pre-Civil War South. The slaves often soaked a log in the cypress swamps long before Christmas so that it would burn slowly, and extend their Christmas freedom.

"Open House" during the Yuletide season is true mark of democracy and a realization that he who was born on Christmas day came to save all men.

Advertisement for Woolard Furniture Co. featuring a large illustration of a house and the text 'Greetings 1951' and 'HARRISON SHOPPE'.

Advertisement for Critcher Shoe Co. featuring a Christmas tree illustration and the text 'a Merry Christmas' and 'CRITCHER SHOE CO.'.

Advertisement for Baker Oil Company featuring a group of children illustration and the text 'JOY TO ALL' and 'BAKER OIL COMPANY'.