

THE ENTERPRISE

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



SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Strictly Cash in Advance) One Year \$3.00 Six Months \$1.75 IN MARTIN COUNTY One Year \$3.50 Six Months \$2.00 OUTSIDE MARTIN COUNTY

Advertising Rate Card Upon Request

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. No Subscription Received Under 6 Months

Tuesday, March 17, 1953

Unnoticed

Complacently hiding behind the mistaken idea that the farmer has had easy going during recent years, the leaders of this nation should come out and recognize the serious trend in agriculture.

Secretary Ezra Taft Benson and his advisers should learn and tell why so many are leaving the farms. Mechanization and a few other factors support the exodus, but nine out of ten will readily explain that they are leaving the farm because other fields offer a greater return and a brighter future.

While Americans are leaving the farms in this section, Mexicans are crossing the border into this country by the hundreds of thousands, offering their labor at low rates. Western agriculturists are rapidly gaining an advantage over the eastern farmer.

McCarrahan has stopped immigration, from some countries, but he nor anyone else apparently has done anything about the illegal entry of thousands across the Rio Grande.

The serious trend apparently is unnoticed in those quarters where the American farmer's interests should be protected.

Want It All

Texas, California and Louisiana not only want the land, and the tidelands but also the seas with the possibility that they'll claim the air to the high heavens at a later date.

So far the oil interests, hiding behind the people's clothing, have been careful to claim only that which offers them something. While they are claiming, let them take out the sea to the borders of Russia and North Korea.

Not so long ago, at least two of the states now trying to "pull" the "big steal" complained because Mexico challenged the rights of Louisiana and Florida fishermen to fish just off the shore of Mexico.

Before this nation signs away its birthright, it should make certain a few things. If a submarine or man of war of an enemy nation crowds into that holy territory, who is going to do anything about it?

Of course there is no argument about it, but over in Virginia the federal government is expected to pump sand to build up a land beach. The federal government has even done a little work to improve navigation on Roanoke River.

There are those who want the other fellow to do all the work and then take the reward for themselves. And it is shockingly surprising how many people, in and out of Congress, can be made to believe that that is right by oily money.

Banned Bon Voyage?

In recent years the trend has become almost worthy of a slogan: "Join Congress and See the World." Because in the last decade there has been scarcely a corner of the globe that Uncle Sam's fingers haven't reached into more or less legitimately, congressional junketing has mushroomed with impunity and plausibility.

Any time a Congressman or group thereof suffered a sudden attack of itchy feet, there was always a federal-aid project abroad to be investigated. Washington's dog-days of spring and summer were especially productive of the patriotic urge to dash to distant lands for the protection and preservation of the American taxpayer's dollar.

Now, as House Rules Committee Chairman Allen tells it, there will be no more of such unfrugal frippery. His pronouncement is pronounceable because his committee can, at will, pigeonhole bills requesting clearance and funds for inquiries. The lie is firmly on junkets, he vows, with the pos-

sible exception of the more important safaris by the Foreign Affairs, Armed Services and Insular Affairs committees.

We have it from wildly-cheering sidewalk sources that this is good news. We also have it from smoke-filled rooms, from unimpeachable sources, from authorities who do not wish to be quoted by name, and from usually-reliable observers close to influential quarters, that it is something to be filed far back in the wait-and-see drawer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Red In The Face

Official Washington, now that Chiang Kaishek has bluntly stated his true stand, must be red in the face, so red in fact that Little Joe McCarthy can be expected to step in and start one of those ism investigations.

Laboring forth to end the Korean war, Washington gave Chiang Kaishek and his nationalists the green light to the China mainland. That was some weeks ago. Now, Chiang has bluntly declared he will not send his American-trained and supported troops to Korea or to fight on the mainland.

The value of the American action to loose the Nationalists was questioned at the time. It is now beginning to look not only as an act without value but also a down-right foolish one.

After all these years of sharing at the American trough, it is about time for Chiang Kaishek to fight or else. It is also about time for this country to realize that it has been and is still being played for a first-rate sucker. In other words, it is about time for Chiang to show something for what he has received.

Overworked?

It could be that members of Congress are overworked, but the record shows that the work is not being done in the two legislative houses. A review of congressional activity shows that during the first two months of this year, the Senate was in session exactly 87 hours and fifty-one minutes, while across the way the House was in session 51 hours during the two-month period.

The review goes into right much detail, but does not list the social activities.

Advice From A Distance

After a long stay on the scene of action, General Van Fleet returns to Washington and from the latest vantage point tells "how to win the war in Korea."

Another General, safely back on this side, said he knew how to win the war in Korea. But his plan and the General himself got lost along the way some place.

Happiness

Joy is not in things. Joy, happiness, is the product of right thinking and right acting, and there is no human being in the world who cannot be happy by complying with the law that produces happiness. It is a product that comes back to us from what we send out; no one ever found happiness who did not manufacture it for himself. It is a product of our mental attitude toward others.—Charles Morgan.

Sometimes that which is given with a kindly hand is more acceptable than what is given with a full hand.—Proverb.

The highest possible stage in moral culture is when we recognize that we ought to control our thoughts.—Darwin.

60 Second Sermons

TEXT: "The empty vessel gives a greater sound than a full barrel." —John Lyly.

A certain candidate for Congress was not shy in telling voters why they should send him to Washington.

"I am a practical farmer," he boasted to a farm group. "I can plow, reap, milk cows, shoe a horse—in fact, I'd like someone to tell me one thing about a farm which I cannot do!"

Then, in the impressive silence that followed, a voice from the back of the hall asked, "Can you lay an egg?"

Sweeping statements are not the property of political candidates alone. How many times do each of us make broad, general statements which we cannot prove? And what a jolt we receive when a quiet remark reveals our bombast to ourselves and to others. Someone once said, "All general statements are false, including this one."

Modesty is the mark of a gentle person. It is a becoming virtue which rests gracefully on anyone. In addition, it avoids embarrassing moments and burning cheeks.



KIDD BREWER'S Raleigh Roundup

COMPROMISE . . . Within the next two or three weeks thousands of words will go zinging out of Raleigh as to this plan, this idea and that one for removing exemptions to the sales tax, for cutting appropriations, and for reducing taxes, raising taxes, and leaving them as they are.

But, stripped of idle conversation, the legislative story adds up to this: Beginning this week and continuing for the remainder of the session, the Legislature will mainly concern itself with bargaining with the Governor.

You have a dear friend, a friend for whom you have the highest respect, love, and admiration. You have done him many a favor. He has helped you frequently, too, and is in position so to do again. You would do almost anything for him. But now his requests are such that, despite your love for him, you are not sure you can comply with them. So you plead with him to lighten the load a little—to lift some of the burden he is placing upon you.

Governor Umstead is the friend of the Legislature, and vice versa. Haven't most of his bills—haven't all of his bills for which he has really fought—gone sailing with hardly a whisper of opposition? The Legislature wants to go along with him all the way—and may do so yet—but the burden is heavy and so this week begins efforts at compromise. And it is going to be friendly give-and-take between the Legislature and Governor Umstead until this session of the General Assembly calls it a day.

The Legislature is apparently willing to give Governor Umstead almost anything he wants so long as it doesn't call for an increase in taxes.

That's the way it looks as of this week to an innocent bystander.

FOR IT . . . You may be sure that at least one member of the Legislature is pushing hard for a hefty raise for State employees. He is Richard, Mauney of Cherokee. One reason he believes in good salaries for State workers is that, off season, he is assistant in State Treasurer Brandon Hodges' office.

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY . . . Ever written anything for the Reader's Digest?

L. M. Radford of Marion, N. C., recently received \$100 from this magazine for the following story: "Will you show me something for my diamond anniversary?" requested a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman standing near me in the jewelry store. After examining my diamonds, he selected a man's ring.

"Aren't you going to buy something for your wife, too?" asked the clerk.

"I have no wife—I'm a bachelor."

"But you said 'diamond anniversary' . . ."

The gentleman smiled. "The girl I was engaged to jilted me to marry another man. She drove him to suicide. She married another and bankrupted him. I'm celebrating the diamond anniversary of the day she DIDN'T marry me."

THE ANSWER? . . . To many a North Carolina school principal and county superintendent of schools troubled to desperation with stinking toilets comes news that germicidal deodorant tablets, within less than a minute, knock to kingdom come the smell of an onion, the odor of rotting flesh, and spread to nothing rather intimate nostril-ticklers which hover—like a lover loath to leave—round kitchen, basement, bedroom and bath.

From the Division of Purchase and Contract this week went this memo to all State institutions: "The State of Pennsylvania has been using considerable quantities of this product in their hospitals and tuberculosis sanitariums. This memorandum is to authorize you to purchase this product for the purpose of testing and determining whether or not it is to your advantage to use this product. We would thank you to advise use of any purchase and the quantity of such purchases and would appreciate your giving us a comprehensive report of your test."

Sudden thought: Wonder if there would be any chance for about 150 bus stations in North Carolina to get a few thousand gallons of this wonderful stuff? Also, we have in mind a dozen pet rest rooms which make fresh air smell like ripe peaches.

tor or the basic element of all such tests. The material is available only in Pennsylvania and Florida, so far—now comes North Carolina.

It may be seen that the product—referred to as nuzone—might reduce sharply absenteeism in our schools if sprayed in classrooms with regularity. Results of a test made at Ohio University are: "In addition to the many highly desirable features of the sample submitted for test, it proved to be a very satisfactory agent for disinfection of the air and floor of a dust-contaminated room. A reduction of 90 to 100 percent of the bacterial content of the air was obtained by spraying with a dilution of one part mixed with ten parts of water. Scrubbing of the floor with the same dilution destroyed all of the organisms thereon."

P O O R LAWYERS . . . The House reading clerk reported last week that he heard a group discussing the bill which provides for six more resident judges than we now have. He refused to identify that member of the General Assembly making the cynical remark, but passed it on in toto as follows: "The best definition I've ever heard of a judge is that he's a poor lawyer who knows the governor."

Might be so, but some of the outstanding legal brains of North Carolina today have become prominent through being close to the Governor.

One could name quite a few of them, but outstanding examples are Jeff Johnson of Clinton, now associate justice of the State Supreme Court; Associate Justice E. B. Denny, Gastonia native who got on the State Supreme Court through being the late J. M. Broughton's campaign manager; and of course many, many others. Relatively few judges in the Superior and Supreme Courts originally ran for the posts. They were appointed, then ran, or were reappointed as in the case with special judges.

It has been demonstrated time and time again that the only quick way to jump from lawyer to judge is through helping a successful candidate in a political campaign.

It must also be admitted that some of our ablest attorneys—and you can find them in county fater county throughout the State—have not become judges because they do not lean toward political careers.

LAWYERS IN LEGISLATURE

Mosquito Crop Is Expanding

A discouraging note comes from Dr. Bailey B. Pepper, head of the Department of Entomology of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station. Dr. Pepper believes that the residential and industrial expansion of the country is also expanding the annual crop of mosquitoes.

Speaking in Atlantic City recently, Dr. Pepper pointed out that the past few years have produced a tremendous mosquito problem which is definitely correlated to the rise in living standards. Urban areas and industrial developments have created favorable environments for domestic mosquitoes in several ways. Such developments create breeding areas and supply adequate feeding grounds in the form of pollution of water.

Unfortunately Dr. Pepper has no remedy to the situation, although he believes that people are eventually going to demand freedom from this nuisance—one way or the other. Meanwhile, the only solution seems to be to head for the hills.

"I say there ain't no heaven. I ain't goin' to heaven," he shouted. "Well, go to hell, then, but be sure you get there."

Conceit can puff a man up, but it can never prop him up.

THE OUTLET STORE

Just received a shipment of 200 Easter Dresses for Ladies, Misses and Children. Come pick yours while they are cheap.

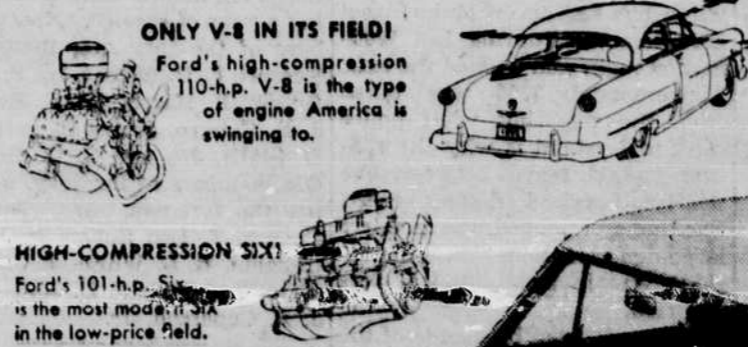
THE OUTLET STORE Washington St. Williamston

Advertisement for The Outlet Store featuring illustrations of women in dresses and text: 'The Outlet Store Is Offering A Big STOCK OF NEW Easter Goods On Lay-Away Plan. You pay only \$1.00 and have your selection put away until Easter. Come and choose your complete Easter Outfit now while our stock is complete. OUTLET STORE Washington Street Williamston, N. C.'

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