

Hertford County Herald

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MEDITATION FOR THE WEEK The hardest ingredient in suffering is often time. A short, sharp pang is easily borne, but when a sorrow drags its weary way through long monotonous years, and day after day returns with the same dull agony, the heart loses its strength and without the grace of God is sure to sink into the very silliness of despair. Give God time to speak to you and reveal His will. He is never too late; learn to wait.

PLAN THE FUTURE AHOSKIE

AHOSKIE has definitely stepped out of the small town class, but events of the past reveal the unfortunate results of failure to plan for such growth as the town has experienced and recent events have impressed still further the need for the community to shake off some of the small town ways that have clung about it. One of these is the failure to adopt a program of what is called "town planning."

As one looks about Ahoskie there are many dead-end streets, odd-shaped blocks, and other evidences of the lack of planning in the building of the town. Likewise, on several occasions within recent months it will be recalled that citizens of certain residential districts have found it necessary to protest against the issuing of building permits for certain types of buildings or businesses in the neighborhood of their homes. It is a difficult thing to lay down rules and regulations about what a man shall or shall not do on his property. The old claim of personal liberty asserts itself and the average fellow will vociferously assert that no one can tell him what he can do with his own property. However, neighbors and the community as a whole have rights, too, and the general good and well being always transcends individual rights.

At the present time the town has no authority to enforce any sort of building regulations, except those that pertain to safety regulations against fire and sanitation, and are without legal right to withhold a building permit for any type of building anywhere in the town that conforms to these regulations. In our opinion Ahoskie has grown to such size that the power of regulation over building construction and the use to which property may be put in certain areas should be strengthened. Residential districts should be protected against the encroachment of certain types of more or less obnoxious business and the town government should be given the authority to restrict certain areas to specific uses.

In other words, we think that it is time that Ahoskie should plan its future; plan it not only for future growth, but for the protection of citizens and taxpayers of the present in the future use and enjoyment of their property in a well-ordered community.

WE HAVE HAD OUR SAY It is hardly to be expected that so big an issue of the HERALD as this one should get off the press and into the mail without some sort of comment about it in these editorial columns. Over in the cover section of the special Historical Section there is a special editorial which gives thanks to the many individuals, subscribers and friends of the paper outside the regular staff of editors, whose assistance and cooperation made this special edition possible. Appreciation of the judgement of the business concerns who saw in this edition a real advertising opportunity, and whose patronage of this issue provided the financial backing for the task—and we want to slip in a plug for our advertisers here: these business concerns whose advertising appear in this edition are concerns which deserve your patronage; for they are the concerns that have

built the foundations upon which our progress, past, present and future rests—is also voiced elsewhere.

Here, then, we want to give credit to the regular members of the HERALD staff to whom credit is due for a big job which, on the whole and without vainglory, we believe to be well done. J. Roy Parker, that half-hunger whose column to the extreme East of this page you read from week to week, was the amateur historian but veteran editor who directed the research and did all the editorial work that gave order and form, out of a mass of fact, folklore, and fancy, to those seventy-eight pages of reading matter and pictures. It was a big job, and to him goes the credit for getting it done. If nothing else, it should prove that there is a lot of life left in the old man yet, half-hungry or what have you.

Then there is also the detail of printing; and when something is to be printed there must be printers who know how to handle linotype machines, arrange types so that they will be pleasing to the eye and properly express the author's ideas, run presses, and sometimes be able to read the author's mind, and under all circumstances meet deadlines and strict time schedules. This edition would have been impossible without the unflagging interest, equal to that of publishers, and the skill gained from years of experience, of John J. Hill, the mechanical superintendent of the Parker Brothers plant, and his tireless, expert, loyal crew of craftsmen: Lee Gatling, J. S. Alexander, Charles Pierce, John M. Chamlee, and others of the mechanical force, including the two Negro helpers, who handled this extra job of producing this large edition, proving their plant and their organization equal to any demands for printing service that the Roanoke-Chowan might require.

And so a big job was done. We wanted to do it because we felt that it was a job that needed and deserved to be done. We hope you like it. If you do, none of us would mind if you would tell us so.

Editorial Comment CLIPPED From Our Exchange.

AFTER THE DELINQUENTS

"It is nothing but right," says the Gastonia Gazette, "that the county commissioners should go after the delinquent taxpayers." Why should one class of citizens be exempt from paying taxes and others not? This makes it just so much harder for those who do not pay. They have to pay not only their own taxes, but the taxes of those who do not pay. Usually, there is about 80 or 85 per cent collection of taxes in the average North Carolina county. If there could be 100 per cent collection, the taxes of the rest of us who pay would be reduced 15 or 20 per cent. Therefore, it is encouraging to see that the county is going after those who can pay and who will not. There are those, of course, who can not pay, but the majority of the delinquents are fully able to pay. In fact, many of them belong to a class far more able to pay than the average.

Mecklenburg county commissioners have been postponing the pressure of collecting from those who do not pay their taxes until the pressure is put on. But now they have made up their minds that they are going to collect some of the past due taxes so that those who pay may not be penalized. The tax rate in Mecklenburg county this year should be 72 cents and if all paid their taxes that is what it would be. But since some do not pay those who pay must pay 15 cents more on the \$100 property value. List of the delinquent payers in this county are being prepared and the advertisements will appear just as soon as possible after they are completed.—Mecklenburg Times.

DANGEROUS TWILIGHT

Recent studies of motor accidents reveal that they occur most frequently not in the dark, as one might suppose, but between 4 and 8 p. m.—nearer 4 in the winter and nearer 8 in the summer—in other words at the hours of twilight. First, the roads are likely to be crowded then with motorists driving home from work. Second, the motorists are not taking the proper attitude toward their tasks—tired after the day's labor, they are using the drive as a means of relaxation and rest; or they are hurrying to get home.—Detroit News.

back boys, hold me back.—Los Angeles Times.

Wrapping in cellophane is recommended to prevent coins from tarnishing. Keeping them from being tainted money.—Toronto Globe and Mail.

Transportation is a commodity that should set at uniform price throughout the country.

We must keep a certain percentage of people illiterate so they may be eligible for jury duty.

Some ladies will find heaven monotonous if they don't get a new-style pair of wings occasionally.

There are no changes of weather on the moon, so there would be nothing to talk about even if it were inhabited.

TODAY and Tomorrow

FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

FLIGHT

I have just flown from the Atlantic to the Pacific between two days. I took a plane at New York airport at 5:45 Sunday evening and landed in San Francisco at 9 o'clock Monday morning. It was as comfortable as riding in a Pullman car. I flew in a "sleeper" plane, with regular berths like those on the railroad. It cost almost exactly what the railroads charge for first-class accommodations on their crack trans-continent trains.

I had not flown for five or six years, and was amazed at the improvements since my last flight. Our average speed in the air was three miles a minute. We flew at a height of 10,000 feet, almost two miles above the earth. We came down at Chicago and Salt Lake to take on gasoline, but otherwise were in the air the whole distance between the oceans. The thought which came to my mind many times as we flew was the Biblical line, that God has made man a little lower than the angels. One who believes in the Divine spirit guiding human thoughts and action could not help feeling that Man's conquest has been made possible by inspiration from on high.

ALTITUDE

Everyone knows that the higher up one goes the less oxygen there is in the air. As an elderly man with a tricky heart, I asked my doctor about the risk before I started this long flight. He had made the same flight himself, and told me that if I got short of breath the stewardess on the plane would give me some oxygen to breathe.

Sure enough, crossing the Alleghenies, we had to rise to 13,500 feet to get over a thick mass of storm-clouds. Every one of the thirty passengers was given a tube through which to inhale extra oxygen from a big tank of the life-giving gas, and none experienced the slightest discomfort.

An air-line pilot who was riding as a passenger told me that the new big planes now being built will have oxygen supplied in the proper proportion. So that flights can be made at 20,000 feet elevation at four miles a minute, and the air will be just like we breathe at sea level.

PILOTS

From my flying shipmate, the transport pilot flying home from a vacation, I learned a lot about the men who navigate the great passenger craft of the air. They are young, but they are far from being "kids." It takes nine years from the beginning of training to qualify a pilot to command a big airliner, as long as it does to qualify to practice medicine.

First, before he can be admitted to an Army or Navy flying school he must have had at least two years at a university. All the commercial pilots are Army or Navy or Marine reserve officers. It takes four years of intensive training for the ambitious young man to get his "wings" from the government. That qualifies him to fly a military plane, but not for a commercial plane, where other people's lives besides his own are at stake.

He has to work as an assistant or co-pilot, perhaps for three or four years, before he is entrusted with mail flights on short and easy routes. Then when he has mastered the science and art of navigating entirely by instruments, and otherwise proved himself qualified, he may get command of a trans-continental or trans-oceanic plane.

STEWARDESSES

Almost as important as the pilot and co-pilot on the cross-country passenger planes is the stewardess, the capable young woman whose job is to prepare and serve meals to passengers, look after them if they are "air-sick," and in general to see to it that they are comfortable. The girls who get these jobs usually stay on them less than two years. By that time they have married either a pilot or a co-pilot or some passenger they have met. Most of them marry men in the air service.

Every stewardess must be a registered nurse. That means she has a good education and has served three years or more in hospital training. She must pass rigid tests as to character, poise, personality and physical condition. To be a stewardess she must be not more than 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh no more than 125 pounds. Weight and height count for something in flying.

I have seldom met two more intelligent, well-balanced young women than the two stewardesses with whom I flew across the country, one from New York to Chicago, the other from Chicago to the Coast.

Great THOUGHTS of GREAT THINKERS

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity, than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.

Fame is something which must be won; honor only something which must not be lost.—Shopenhauer.

The Bible has been my only authority. I have had no other guide in the straight and narrow way of truth.—Mary Baker Eddy.

The whole system, the whole structure of man and of the world, is moulded to be the theatre of the redemption of the sinner. Not in Eden, but on Calvary and in Heaven, which is the child of Calvary, we see realized the whole idea of God.—I. B. Brown.

It is in refinement and elegance that the civilized man differs from the savage.—Johnson.

PA and MA SAYS (Copyright)

Mr. says she don't think Pa will ever make any money. He keeps his hands in his own pockets too much. Pa says he don't think it is best for women to have any fine clothes for they have to go to the places to show them off.

Two Sides

To Every Question

By Lytle Hull

WORLD WAR MEANS WORLD COMMUNISM

There appears, at the moment, to be a lifting of the war clouds which have hovered over Europe for so long. It is during these periods of emotional lull that we should ponder deeply upon the relation of America to the nations of Europe, for in times of excitement and emotional stress the brain does not register as clearly as under normal conditions.

There are legions of honest thinkers who believe that the destiny of American Democracy is dependent upon the present "status quo" in the Eastern Hemisphere, and are convinced that an Axis Victory in a European war would mean the death of our present form of government and to our personal liberty.

They have many bases for their argument, among them that our foreign trade would cease to exist if the British Empire was disrupted or weakened; that our Monroe Doctrine would be shattered, and, principally, that South America, Canada and eventually the United States itself would fall prey to the victorious Fascist-Socialist Powers.

Were these contentions as sound as a clever talker or writer can sometimes make them appear, there would be just one answer from the American people, that that answer would be—instinct military alliance with the European Democracies (even with Russia)—war to the finish at the next aggressive move of the Fascist. That answer would be the only sensible one, for it would be far preferable to risk the evil hazards of war and its aftermath than to suffer the certain loss of our liberty and all the blessings which liberty bestows.

The complete dislocation of every economic, social and political factor, as it now exists in Europe, would, without question, cause temporary confusion and disarrangement in our foreign relations and affairs, but our struggle to assist in the rehabilitation of the wrecked nations of Europe, and their demand for the essential requirements toward this rehabilitation, would build, for this country, world markets never before dreamed of.

The question will arise—"What will you pay us with?" The answer can be found in economic history. Where there is no gold there is its equivalent. The equivalent of gold is produce: produce of the soil and of the factory. Barter and Trade is not a new experiment in economics.

Of what possible assistance, on the other

hand, could we be, if we too had destroyed our economic strength by participation in a devastating world war? We are not a race of giants which can sap its vitality and still remain unimpaired.

Now let us consider those other arguments for our participation in a European war. They are based upon the assumption that the Axis Powers, in the event of their military victory, would engulf, politically, the beaten nations, and would then utilize the armed forces of these conquered people to subjugate the Western Hemisphere.

Is it possible to conceive that one hundred and eighty million Germans, Italians and Japanese could hold in subjugation the other one thousand six hundred million people of one hemisphere and still have the leisure, or the inclination, to "take on" the additional two hundred million on the other side of the world?

But let us stretch our imagination to the uttermost and grant for the sake of argument that Germany, Italy and Japan should endeavor to divide the world between themselves. The echo of world war guns would not have died before they would be at each other's throats over the division of spoils.

How short a period had elapsed after the last war before we trembled in fear lest England and France should tear each other to pieces over their clashing territorial claims in the Arabian Peninsula.

Neither Europe, nor the world, will ever be subjugated through military conquest. France tried it in a very limited way and inevitably failed. England tried it in a small way, outside of Europe proper, and today the British Empire is a group of independent nations allied with each other for physical and economic protection.

There is only one medium of "world conquest," and that is a social and political theory, such as Communism, which knows no geographical or national boundaries. This enemy of mankind is a mental disease of such potent force that, by comparison, the armed might of Fascism is as a child.

This is the enemy which we must fear; this is the horror which must keep us strong, alert and free to act, should our sister nations (God forbid) throw their wounded bodies into her rotten clutches. We will be the only power on earth which can save them then, for war in Europe means Communism in Europe. World war means world Communism.



BLACKIE BEAR LAYS SOME BIG PLANS

Lots of folks who are real planners will tell you that there is just as much fun in making good plans as there is in working them out. You must paint a picture on the clouds, in smoke, on the trees, the wall or something—paint it with ideas out of your mind, before you can work out something on the ground that is just like you want it to be. Blackie would say it is planning your work, and then working your plan."

And Blackie certainly must have been painting a mighty pretty picture in the clouds or in the smoke from his big pipe, for every now and then he would stop smoking and would sit and gaze at the clouds of smoke that he had been blowing up in the air, and then he would almost out his grin Billie Possum. Then he would stick out his big red tongue

like a child does when he is licking syrup off of his own fingers as he smacked his lips with as much noise as Bettie makes when she flips a cake up in the air and it comes down and slaps on her griddle.

Blackie was having such a good time with his thoughts that he got too nervous to sit in his chair and he got up and walked up and down his little porch, and then stopped at the water shaft and took a drink of water. But even that didn't seem to settle him, so he went out to the big oak tree and sharpened his claws on it, just as you have seen a cat do. Back to his chair he came and lit his pipe again, but in a minute it had gone out, for he had forgotten to draw on it. His mind just wasn't on what he was doing, and his eyes

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Roanoke-Chowan Health Column

By DR. THOS. G. FAISON, M. D.

Aching, painful feet are one of the commonest ailments, causing 7 out of 10 persons to suffer from some type of foot trouble. Yet few are ever relieved of their nerve racking affliction. These desperate people either suffer on or travel the expensive way of buying all types of Dr. Skin-You shoes and paying \$10.00 for a \$4.00 pair of shoes.

The physician should pay close attention to his patient's foot aches and pains. They are important. They can be relieved, except in rare cases.

Many people suffer from painful corns and callus of the feet. These painful things are hardened layers of skin thickening over a point of stress or friction. The skin cells due to the irritation begin to grow and pile up. The more they grow the greater the irritation and pain.

The only way to remove a corn or callus permanently is to wear a shoe giving the toes and widest part of the foot plenty of room. Shoe salesmen and fadions will not agree but the shoe should be regarded only as a protective covering of the foot, large and wide enough to be comfortable. Have you ever

noticed a corn or callus on a barefoot person? You have often heard people say that while spending a week at the beach, that their corn or callus got well or better.

Even if your shoes are large enough, it is wise to change shoes often. People who stand and walk a lot find it restful to change at least once during the day. Take a hint from your fat colored cook, who walks to work in one pair of shoes, works in a loose fitting, worn out pair, then changes again to walk home. She seldom has corns or callus growths.

Do not treat your feet or buy a lot of Dr. So and So's Foot powder or ease. See your own physician, who will give you treatment, if necessary, then tell you to buy proper shoes. There is little, if any, real value to any type of so-called corrective shoes unless they are large enough. The army with trained marching troops has practically no corns or callus growths. They do not X-ray the foot, have special arch supporters, or have special built shoes—just shoes large enough for the foot. A pair of shoes that you cannot wear when new comfortably are not large enough.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON VIII AUGUST 20, 1939

BEVERAGE ALCOHOL AND THE COMMUNITY (A Social Aspect of the Liquor Problem)

Golden Text: Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink. Habakkuk 2:15

Lesson: Psal 115-7; Daniel 5:1-5, 17, 25, 28

A Fearless Mouthpiece for God One hears, every now and then, of a Sunday School teacher—it is usually the teacher of a large men's class—who does not teach the regular Sunday School Lesson when it is a Temperance Lesson. One wonders why. In some cases it may be because the teacher himself uses beverage alcohol, but that is rather than the rule, at least one likes to think so. In general, however, it seems to be

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ROY PARKER'S



IT HAPPENED HERE . . . Note to Bertie County commissioners: history has a way of repeating itself; if you don't believe it, stick to your jobs long enough and you will find it out one way or another. You did a perfect imitation of your county boards of earlier days when you went down the hill and climbed back again, to restore to your budget an appropriation for home demonstration work. That procedure is historical over in Hertford. It always worked that way here, too. . . . I don't know what it is; the women of the work. Either is proud enough to give you excuse for scrambling back to the hill, and when you try bucking both there isn't a chance. I am not running your government, nor anybody's else, but I read history, I favor home demonstration work, and love the women. It is evident that you do, too.

WOULD IT PAY TO BE ODD? . . . In Hertford such a decision, and others with sharp divisions in the ranks of board members, might have been easily stated, because of a vote of the even numbered (6) board. That, too, has happened and is recurring with such frequency that sentiment to switch from an even to an odd number board has arisen—and with apparent justification. . . . That procedure has plagued Hertford county on other occasions, too; and a memorable example of the unwieldy membership happened not so many years ago, when a chairman cast his ballot to create a three-member board, with a second vote (the chairman that time) to tie the tie he had thus created. His side won, of course. . . . An even number board can and often does produce frustration.

A HAPPY BOARD . . . While on the subject of boards of commissioners, it is in order to compliment Northampton's on its completed undertaking—the "new" courthouse which The Jackson News, spread over its 14-page special edition two weeks ago. The board's initiative presented the proposal to the electorate and to that group of men goes due credit for the well appointed refodeled and rebuilt courthouse. . . . All share alike in the honor of their leadership, but this column cannot help wondering if Commissioner J. T. Eolton, Rich Square Board veteran, is not the proudest of them all. He has given his county many years of faithful and conscientious leadership and service.

MORE CREDIT FOR SOMEBODY . . . It is

also in order to find out some poster to the folks who have made possible the announced meat packing house in Windsor. The enterprise, according to announcements, is no small affair and will add much to the commercial life of Bertie's capital and its surrounding areas. This column reads of the plans with great delight and rejoices over the coming to the town and section of such a needed project as this one. . . . The fact that the N. C. Department of Conservation and Development assisted the Windsor men in bringing to the Roanoke-Chowan such an enterprise as this might give pause to have-beens and would-be legislators from our area in their hitherto none too strong support of measures appropriating funds for the functioning of the department. This column has never quite understood why legislators from this very section could fail in their support of any state supported movement for development of our natural resources. Yet, it has happened more often than not. . . . We are too much in the raw down here and have too much to gain from a program of development and diversification to join the minority that would tear down such a movement, or plans. It seems to me that politics and common sense both dictate the other course, which is to encourage the expenditure of tax money from the more developed areas of the State for opening up new and diversified interests in our undeveloped areas. . . . New interests, such as this packing plant at Windsor, an others that will surely come, will far overbalance in profit to us the portion of taxes our section might be assessed. . . . This is no hammer and tong paragraph; it is written in earnestness for a more general support of the program of our State Department of Conservation and Development, including the advertising appropriation which has figured so strongly in the work of the department during the few years the money has been available.

HEAVING A SIGH OF RELIEF . . . About

the printing shop that prints your paper this week, sighs of relief and puffs of pride emerge in alternate breaths from those who are doing the job. It is the week of the big paper, 75 to 90 pages; and it must come out, slick, hot, sizzling weather or no and regardless of vacations. It is traditional that nothing except an act of God must intervene to keep the paper from coming out on time; and down town in the printing shop tradition and custom are being faithfully observed. . . . One of the papers that carry this color is The Herald, Ahoskie—is celebrating the Golden Anniversary of its home town by publishing the largest paper and more of them than ever before attempted in this climate. Other small town papers probably have issued papers this size but the crew of none has ever performed with greater loyalty and faithfulness than the one responsible for the printing of The Historical Edition of the Hertford County Herald. (That is no personal puff; the biggest job I have done in the industry was the wiggling I had to perform on my occasional visits to the office, trying to keep from musing up my summer pants as I walked between the rows of papers. . . . papers.)

COMPENSATION . . . The picnic family of newspapers will have at Colerain Beach Friday is not a pay-off for the job that will have been done by that time. Such work

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