THE
Perquimans Weekly

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1940

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK

HOLD FAST TO THESE BLESSINGS: I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.—I John 2:14.

This and That

It is beginning to look as though nothing short of a hearing before the proper authorities is going to force the Norfolk Southern Bus Company to give Hertford's Town Board any satisfaction regarding a bus station for the company's patrons.

A letter, written and mailed to the Norfolk Southern Bus Company by the Board, is as yet unanswered. Could this be an oversight . . . or neglect . . . or could it be that the bus company considers Hertford in such a minor light that they deem it unnecessary to even have the courtesy to answer the Town Board in their complaint?

The importance of additional payrolls for Hertford seemed to be a chief topic of conversation all over town during this past week. What with conditions in general being what they are (and have been for the past several weeks) folks are realizing that an extra $1,000, $2,000 or $5,000 in payrolls in this county would have made a BIG difference in business here during the past six weeks.

Let's not stop with the conversation . . . talk will not remedy the situation one iota. Action and work alone will bring production and manufacturing to Hertford . . . and with that, payrolls.

We read where other towns are gaining new plants . . . and we wish we were gaining instead, but you can rest assured that those other towns are not sitting back waiting for the manna . . . they are going after it and if Hertford wants additional payrolls we, too, will have to go after them.

The Sanitation Problem

Here in Hertford, we have many things that we can rightfully be proud of:

We have a beautiful river.

We have beautiful Churches.

We have a beautiful old Courthouse.

We have progressive business houses.

We have many beautiful homes.

We also have a very deplorable sanitary condition.

Perhaps deplorable isn't the word for it; perhaps it should be described in the terms that would actually show the unhealthy condition that exists within certain sections of the Town limits.

The condition as reported to the Town Board by a member of the State Board of Health on Monday night was anything but good. The State official made suggestions and recommendations to the Board but these were deemed inadvisable at this time.

Perhaps the solution to the whole problem could be solved by the County Commissioners and the Town Board creating a Pubic Health Department here that would be empowered with enough authority to clean up the existing conditions and see that it stayed clean.

Another Lift For The Farmer

One of the most encouraging signs on the horizon of the American farmer, faced as he is with the persistent "agricultural problem," is the way in which industry in this country is laboring to find new uses for farm products and to increase the current use of these products.

All over the country, in industrial research laboratories, the process of turning farm products into new materials is going on at a tremendous rate. Every new success in this field means a lighter burden, a lessening of his surplus, for the American farmer.

A recent example offers an interesting case in point:

Four or five months ago a plant was opened in the South to manufacture cigarette paper from American grown flax fiber. The cigarette paper market up until now has very largely been in the hands of foreign manufacturers, and hence farmers abroad have produced most of the raw materials going into the making of the paper. Thus the possibility of selling the raw materials for America's annual consumption of about 163 billion cigarette papers has been virtually closed to our farmers.

Now, after years of experimentation, a blend of midwestern and California fibers has been converted into a paper to match the European product.

The flax straw purchased from the farmers after the seed has been threshed out nets the farmer up to $4 an acre where it formerly cost him about $1.50 an acre to destroy the straw.

The first factory going into operation to turn out this paper already employs 700 workers and is at present being expanded. Meanwhile, wider areas are being explored for the proper flax fibers to take care of an expected increase in production.

Thus American industry and American research have scored again for the farmer — turning a formerly waste material to the uses of production and a higher standard of living for all concerned!

SO WHAT?

By WHATSO

SALUTE TO HERTFORD, fairest city of the fair, cuddled in the arms of the beautiful Perquimans. The Town Clerk did a good job for us on the air last week. Something of the past he told us, of strong men and dauntless women laying the foundations of this community in the garden spot of the world on which the blessings of a Divine Providence have been lavished without restraint. Of the present, too, he spoke; of our fine schools and good churches. (No notice was taken of our Grammar School Building nor of the empty pews in our churches—perhaps he had not noticed them lately!) Then on into the future. What of the future? What plans for the years to come? What arrangements are being made for the development and expansion of our fair and forward looking city? The City Fathers have spent long hours of deep thought on the subject and the future is provided for—the Public Cemetery has been enlarged. The most beautiful "City of the Dead in Eastern Carolina" is ready for the future!

"HAVE YOU SEEN 'GONE WITH THE WIND' YET?" "Not yet." "My, my, you better hurry! Only one more week in Norfolk! You know the picture will be cut when they show it in the smaller places! They couldn't afford to show it at lower prices unless they did cut some of it out. And they couldn't cut an inch without detracting from it!" The above is a fair report of a conversation that can be heard several times a day in any small town within a hundred miles of Norfolk. Where did it start? Who wrote the original script? Who was the Vice-President in Charge of Propaganda? The author of clever propaganda does not parade in public with a brass band. Curiosity on that point must remain unsatisfied. But those of us who cannot afford to go to Norfolk to see the really great picture, "Gone With the Wind", may rest quite satisfied on this point. The picture will come to Hertford and all way stations the country over and it will not be cut. The producers want to, and are planning to make twenty-five million dollars on that picture. That amount of profit cannot be collected from the larger centers alone. The little places are far more numerous than the big places and small town money is just as good as any in the realm. Mutilated pictures mutilate the gate receipts. Hertford will see "Gone With the Wind" just as it blew out of Hollywood.

LINCOLN AND JACKSON. Well, we have celebrated Jackson with Jackson Day dinners and oratory, Lincoln, too, with food and vocal exhaust. All the little ward politicians, giving off the odor of tainted ethics, and all the bigger boys, trying to look and sound like statesmen, rent the air with party slogans. Said Andy to Abe, as they looked down from the heights, "Which Party did you belong to, Abe?" Neither one of those Parties they are talking about, Andy. Which one did you belong to?" "I'm up in the air as much as you, Abe. I didn't belong to either of those political inconsistencies." "Well, well," saith Abe, "Tell you what we'll do, Andy, let's get together on that pink cloud yonder and send them a message. They sure need leadership."

Stockyard Enjoying Better Business

The auction sale date at Perry and Hollowell Brothers Livestock Yard in Winfall has been changed from Mondays to Tuesdays, at 10 A. M.

The last two sales of livestock, according to W. G. Hollowell, manager of the enterprise, have been the largest since the stockyard opened.

Chewing The Rag
With Lucius Blanchard, Jr.

News is news . . . and most local news of interest will be found in the news columns of this paper.

But this is a column of opinions; Wilbur's, mine . . . and yours, if you care to express them to us by word of mouth or by letter. This is where Wilbur and I curl up with our pet peeves and finally emerge with a lot of stuff that may or may not agree with your opinions on the same matter. Our views are not necessarily those of The Perquimans Weekly and even though sometimes we get at loggerheads with the editor, we respect his opinions too.

And if your views are different, we also respect them. It was Voltaire, we think, who said, "I disapprove of what you say but will defend to the death your right to say it."

Them's our sentiments, too . . . and we can't help it that Vol said it first.

So, with Voltaire's magnanamous thought still in mind, let's put the finger on somebody. Most of those who yowl for more factories and more payrolls invariably end their recitations with "why doesn't Hertford do this or that?"

"Hertford," mentioned in this sense, is a vague term and indirectly leads back to the person who makes the statement; meaning "why don't I do this or that?"

So, while the city council has nothing more pressing to do than to bandy words with the bus company over a minor violation of local traffic law that can't make a thimble-full of difference ten years from now, let's put the responsibility on this holy body to lead us into the paths of more industry.

If the council can squirm from under this responsibility and put it on other shoulders, then all well and good. At least we made a start . . . and that's something. Maybe the council can shift Our Burden to the Rotary Club or to the Lions Club. That's fine; each in turn, must either shift the responsibility or do something about it.

While everybody is asking everybody else why "Hertford doesn't do something about enticing more businesses to these hallowed precincts, we see Plymouth and Windsor grabbing up all the manufacturers in sight . . . and this will make a difference ten years from now, or even one year from now.

At this point we are prompted to wonder why the council doesn't bend its efforts in this more important direction. To put it delicately, we wonder why the council piddles while Rome burns.

And since unconstructive criticism is a waste of everybody's time, here's something we think the council could do. Maybe you disagree. That's your privilege.

But the council could—

Publish a booklet, giving all the information that could possibly be important to a prospective manufacturer. It could put in pictures of all the most attractive locations in the town and adjoining the town. It could put in an aerial photograph of the whole section and mark with "X" the river, the railroad and U. S. 17. It could set out the tax rate, the power rates, the number of unemployed. All these are important to those looking for locations.

There, we've placed the responsibility. Now you make 'em act or shift the burden. A move in any direction is a start.

It was a spine-chilling sight at first . . .

Summon up this picture in your mind and you'll see why; you're driving along a rather deserted highway at a rather late hour. Suddenly your deadlights pick out a sprawled figure laying in the center of the road . . . right on the black line . . . and a bicycle draped around it.

Littleton and Clara Gibbs, Carlton and Anne Perry, Coach Jim Johnson and Whitie White were driving across the Sound for a late supper last Monday night . . . and their headlights revealed this scene about a mile the other side of the bridge.

Gibbs slapped on the brakes . . . just so they could move the body to the side of the road and tell the coroner whether it was a white man or a Negro. The women shivered and the men got out of the car manfully.

But the poor guy wasn't dead . . . he was sleeping peacefully. Very peacefully. He was blotto, plastered, soused to the gills, four sheets in the wind; apply any term you choose to a complete state of Drunkenness.

Evidently he drifted off to dreamland just where the bicycle bucked and threw him . . . in the center of the highway.

The motorists finally got enough sense in his fogged skull to find out where he lived.

Good Samaritans. They probably saved his life by carrying him home . . .

"Mah mammy done tole me not to have nothing to do with Yankee trash, but you-all, Mistah, is so nice to po little me" . . .

These lines are quoted from a recent movie. They purport to be a statement from a simpering Southern girl to a Northern gentleman. She was talking to one person, mind you, not a roomful.

Wilbur J. Pinfeathers, critic de luxe and champion of lost causes, sickened at another of Hollywood's nauseating attempts to reproduce the Southern accent. As usual, Hollywood's interpretation of the Southern drawl sounded more like the lingo of a Mississippi shanty coon, though even he would not have used "you-all" when addressing one person.

"When", sighed Wilbur, "if ever, will motion picture moguls learn that the true Southern accent is a thing of beauty . . . not a mumbling mess of monotonous monotones muddled into miserable mimicry as is meted out by the movies."

LOOKING AT WASHINGTON

By Hugo S. Sims, Washington Correspondent

Now that the Democrats have selected Chicago as the scene of their National Convention, the Republicans will consider the situation, especially the Democratic maneuver of leaving the time of the Convention to be determined by Chairman Farley. Thus, when the GOP committee gets together, it will have to decide whether to fix the time, as well as select the place, for the Republican Convention. If the time is fixed, then the Democrats will have the opportunity to defer their Convention until after the Republican nomination is made.

President Roosevelt's suggestion that the convention be held later than usual in order to save the country a prolonged political contest will apparently lead the Democrats to set a late date for their convention. Until the Democrats meet, it is very apparent that there will be considerable doubt as to the nominee and no one will know whether the Democrats will renominate the President. Political experts think that this uncertainty might handicap the Republican nominee in getting his campaign into high gear. Obviously, the Republican nominee will have to develop his own campaign without being able to concentrate upon prime issues until the Democrats name their candidate.

President Roosevelt insists that he will make known his position in regard to a Third Term whenever he desires to do so. Meanwhile, there is no use of changing our previous prediction that he prefers not to run and will likely retire unless his candidacy, in his opinion, is necessary to maintain the reforms of his Administration, or the international situation becomes so threatening that there is something like a spontaneous demand for him to run among all factions of his party.

The President, as the reader knows, is not tied to tradition and his intention to retire is based upon personal preference. At the same time, he is proud of the accomplishments of his terms of office, convinced that they are necessary for the well being of democracy in this country, and, consequently he will not hesitate to run again if such a course seems necessary to the continuance of the so-called New Deal policies.

The strife between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. shows little signs of ending. Plainly, the leaders of both groups of labor are anxious to convince the parties and candidates of their power and of the impotence of the other faction. The recent criticism of the Democrats by John L. Lewis was promptly countered by praise from William Green and the Federation warned candidates that the backing of the C. I. O. would be a "kiss of death."

While the C. I. O. has been generally regarded as a strong supporter of the Administration, the recent Lewis blast against a third term for the President reveals dissatisfaction on the part of the bushy-haired leader who feels that his organization has not been getting its just due. By contrast, the American Federation of Labor leadership, which has generally tended toward the support of the Republican Party, indicates something like sympathy for the Roosevelt Administration.

The T. N. E. C., popularly known as the Monopoly Committee, has been looking into the handling of reserve funds by the large insurance companies of the country. Some weeks ago its report was submitted to the officials of the insurance companies in order that any mistakes as to facts could be corrected. Meanwhile, considerable pressure has been exerted to prevent the publication of the findings of the Monopoly Committee in regard to the insurance situation. While the report will probably be made public, the Committee insists that its inquiry has been factual rather than punitive and that its entire purpose in regard to insurance, as well as other economic activities, is to ascertain the facts that exist in the economic structure of the nation.

SNOW HILL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrell and family, of Richmond, Va., were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Harrell. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrell joined them for the day on Sunday.

Mrs. Moody Harrell and Carolyn Dean Harrell spent Monday with Mrs. G. W. Gregory, at Woodville.

Ralph and Moody Harrell spent Saturday at Great Bridge and Deep Creek, Va.

James Harrell and Clifford Lane were in Hertford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Benton and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrell enjoyed a candy cooking at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moody Harrell on Monday evening. Chinese checkers were played.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Harrell and family visited Mr. and Mrs. George Eure, at White Hat, Friday evening.

Mrs. Jeff Pierce is reported sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrell were in Hertford Monday afternoon.

Carolyn Dean Harrell spent Sunday with Lois Faye Benton.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Harrell and family were in Elizabeth City on Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Cartwright is reported to be very ill.

Moody and Ralph Harrell were in Hertford on business Tuesday morning.

"Movies are educational."

"Yes, I took my wife to one and she learned that she needed three new dresses."

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to our friends and relatives for the beautiful floral designs and for their many expressions of kindness and sympathy during the illness and death of our mother, Mrs. Charney Umphlett.

HER CHILDREN.