

THE Perquimans Weekly

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1940

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK

SOME SPEAK OUT LOUD: The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.—Psalm 14:1.

A Welcome To Miss Maness

Miss Frances Maness, the new Home Demonstration Agent for Perquimans County, arrived and took over her duties last week. To all appearances she is doing a good job. Especial so, since this is her first experience in Club work.

She is to be commended on the splendid manner in which she has grasped the work of her highly successful predecessor and The Weekly feels that the Board of Commissioners made an excellent choice in filling the vacancy here.

The Weekly welcomes Miss Maness to the community and offers her full cooperation in assisting her in any manner to carry on the fine club work that is being done in Perquimans County.

It's A Start

The local Lions Club has taken the first step toward increasing payrolls in Hertford. They have mapped out a program, drawn up some plans of action and are making preliminary outlines of steps to be taken in order to achieve success in the matter.

Maybe we are wrong in saying this is the first step toward this goal... it is our understanding that previous attempts have been made along this line but because of inactivity of those in charge nothing was accomplished... but The Weekly's belief is that with the proper and full cooperation on the part of EVERY CITIZEN of Hertford the action taken by the local Club can be a successful one.

Of course there are obstacles to be overcome... there is hard work to be done, there will probably be arguments pro and con, but The Weekly believes that the program undertaken by the committee of the Club is one that merits the consideration of everyone and it is highly probable that fuller details will be given out by the committee within a short time.

At least a start has been made. The Weekly stands behind it wholeheartedly because we feel that every person residing in Hertford will be benefitted by an increase in local payrolls.

Certificate Plan—No Sale

It is pretty clear that Henry A. Wallace, United States Secretary of Agriculture, is talking to a difficult customer in trying to sell his Department's "certificate plan" for farm aid to the Seventy-Sixth Congress. Even another Congress is not apt to be much more friendly to it, so long as the American budgetary situation does not become a great deal better or the farm situation a great deal worse.

The certificate plan is another and more easily collectible kind of processing tax. If some "tariff equivalent" is necessary on farm products, this is probably the most cogent and workable way of financing it. But any such tax on the most staple foodstuffs and clothing materials is a tax which must be borne by all consumers, including the least able, and which may reflect unfavorably upon the producers. With prices aided by improving demand and with every penny of tax resources plainly needed for catching up with the national debt, Congress is more inclined to do away with parity payments for agriculture than to levy new taxes for supporting them, as evidenced by the recent action of the House of Representatives.

Certainly the Senate will not be justified in restoring any parity payments to the Appropriation Bill without providing the money to pay them. Looking farther ahead, farm interests probably would feel safer about the continuance of soil conservation payments—which are better accepted in public sentiment than the supplemental "parity" payments—if

MODERN PIONEERS



NEWS ITEM: MODERN PIONEERS TO BE HONORED IN FEBRUARY COMMEMORATING 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF PATENT SYSTEM.

Chewing The Rag With Lucius Blanchard, Jr.

Even though we don't take stock in the supernatural, the What Do You Think, and the like, we did enjoy the story so we pass it on to you and you and you...

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Blank were driving home to Charlotte from a week-end in Kings Mountain when they chanced to spy a young lady hitch-hiker thumbing from a bridge between the two towns.

They gave her a lift on the back seat and pretty soon the threesome became rather chummy; to the extent that she told them her name and gave them her address, a Charlotte address.

Conversation lagged presently and when Mrs. Blank looked around to say something to the girl (we'll call her Mary Jones because that isn't her name) there was nobody on the back seat.

"Maybe she fainted and fell on the floor," murmured Mr. Blank, stopping the car.

There was nobody on the floor either!

"There's more here than meets the eye," muttered Mr. Blank, and the couple forthwith hid themselves to Mary Jones' address in Charlotte... to ask some questions.

An elderly lady answered Mr. Blank's knock at the door.

"Are you Mrs. Jones?" he asked.

"I am," she answered, "and what can I do for you?"

"Have you a daughter named Mary?" Mr. Blank prodded. Whereupon Mrs. Jones immediately burst into tears...

"Come in," she sobbed.

Inside the house Mrs. Jones regained her composure. "You needn't tell me why you are here," she said. "You picked up my daughter on this bridge. Dozens of people have brought me the same story. But I still don't understand..."

"My daughter Mary was drowned at that bridge five years ago," she ended.

Poor deluded Jesse Lynch Williams. Do you know Jesse Lynch Williams? It's all right. You probably wouldn't like him anyway, if you live in the country. Because Mr. Williams doesn't like the country.

He wrote a bright piece recently for Scribner's Magazine. We read it and grew sadder and sadder all the way through. We felt sorry for Mr. Williams and we wondered who the poor fellow thought he was kidding... certainly no one who ever lived in the country.

The piece was called "Back To Human Nature."

One of the closing passages was the payoff; it explained, clearly why Mr. Williams prefers the artificial things—taxi-tootings and friendless towering apartments...

"One chief joy of living in the city is its privacy," Mr. Williams observed. "You don't know your neighbors. No neighbors, no gossip. Your friendships, your intimacies are likely to be on the basis of mutual liking and common interests, not on the accidental circumstances of propinquity. So there can be more naturalness, less artificiality than in the country where you answer for your conduct not to your conscience or your God, but to your neighbor."

It's okay with us, Mr. Williams, but we still feel sorry for you, for what you're missing. All friendships the soil conservation payments were supported by a so-called "tariff equivalent" which enters into all these plans, the way to make certificates plans or processing taxes clearly unnecessary is to continue the gradual scaling down of tariffs which give rise to farm relief claims—Christian Science Monitor.

As to the argument for a "tariff equivalent" which enters into all these plans, the way to make certificates plans or processing taxes clearly unnecessary is to continue the gradual scaling down of tariffs which give rise to farm relief claims—Christian Science Monitor.

are not on the basis of mutual liking and interests, and you needn't assume poses in the country, Mr. Williams. Your neighbors take you for what you are, doing away with the need for "mutual likes." The neighbors respect your likes and dislikes in the country, Mr. Williams. You wouldn't be invited to the oyster roast if you didn't like oysters, but the neighbors wouldn't think any the less of you because you don't like oysters, and they'd still invite you to the barbecue next week.

We live in the country," Mr. Williams. We always have. And all this stuff about "no neighbors, no gossip," tch, tch, Mr. Williams, you have been reading too much. Country gossip is horribly overrated.

A friend of ours grew ill, Mr. Williams. The neighbors didn't call because they knew he didn't like company when he was sick. Nobody was hurt, because they knew he didn't want company.

But six neighbors sent six bowls of beef soup the next day Mr. Williams, because all the neighbors knew he liked beef soup.

See what you've been missing? Everybody ought to live in the country, Mr. Williams... for at least one lifetime.

SO WHAT?

By WHATSO

DANGER! DANGER! DANGER!! Or perhaps there is no danger. Sections of festering filth may well be centers of incubation for disease germs but then we may over estimate the danger. With a medical force of superlative skill it may be that all danger from disease bred of filth and unsanitary conditions can be controlled. Or it may be that the little germs of potential suffering and death are, under the watchful eye of our Public Health Officer, held in check and confined to the sections of their origin. With our lay ignorance of such subjects we could not, could not be expected, to know. But from the dark depths of our abysmal ignorance we call to the guardians of our health: "Doctors, tell us true, is it dangerous to the community for large sections of it to live under conditions of filth and squalor, without running water or sewage connections?" And one other question we would ask of those to whose professional skill and trained judgment we entrust the health of our children: "Is it true that it is dangerous for our children to swim from the Recreation Pier now being erected at the end of a sewer main?"

We hate to ask the above questions. In fact, we hate to ask any questions. We would much prefer to go our way undisturbed and unquestioning—like little children trusting the dear fathers. But along comes a man from the State Health Department and he goes to the Town Fathers and he tells them things. Tells them, we understand, that the utter lack of sanitation in parts of our town is such as to constitute a real danger. Tells them that it will be dangerous to the health of our children to go swimming from the fine new recreation pier where the water is certain to be polluted by sewage. Furthermore, this intruding gentleman from the State Department of Health, Mr. Abell by name, suggests that plans be drawn up to remedy the conditions which to him seem so deplorable, and our own Mr. E. Leigh Winslow, we understand, commends the suggestion to the Town Fathers. But, despite the fact that less expense to the town would have been incurred at this time, the suggestion was dismissed as not in order at the pres-

ent. Why this action or lack of action? We do not know. Perhaps the Fathers remembered that the Public Cemetery was being enlarged to take care of the future!

WE HAVE NEED FOR A BOARD OF HEALTH. Have we such a body? If so, when was the last time that it raised its voice in behalf of the people of Hertford? If we have no such body, then why in the name of decency and humanity, haven't we? The above questions we cannot answer. We have a right to ask them, however. We have a right to expect an answer. One thing we do know. We have three Medical Men in town. Those trained men have moral obligations as citizens to assume leadership in all such questions as we are raising at this time. Mr. Abell has brought a problem to the light. The Town Council appears to be covering the problem with the pall of silence and inaction giving to the public no reason for its silence or inaction. Gentlemen of the Medical Profession, you are spokesmen for the laity! What do you say?

DILEMMA

Her husband is dead. She's less than 65 years of age so she can't get old age assistance. She has no children under 16 so she can't get financial aid for dependent children. Financial aid for the blind would come in handy. But she isn't blind. She's physically unable to work so the WPA is out.

The wind blew her house down last Wednesday night, so she spent Friday canvassing the local stores... asking for something to eat, something to wear, and funds with which to rebuild the wrecked dwelling. No public monies are available to her unless the County Commissioners vote it.

The only bright spot in Molly Coston's black existence is the fact that

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KING COTTON'S MAID



Mary Nell Porter, left, Memphis debutante, who was selected Maid of Cotton in a beltwide contest sponsored by the National Cotton Council, gets a few cotton fashion hints from Mary Lewis, nationally known stylist and former executive vice president of Saks Fifth Ave. As representative of the raw cotton industry, Miss Porter will make a 12,000-mile air tour of the United States, reigning as queen of cotton style shows in 26 major cities throughout the country. Miss Porter will be provided with a complete cotton wardrobe selected by McCall fashionists, and pre-tested by the Lux laboratories. She will be accompanied by a professional stylist, will appear on at least two national broadcasts, and will be the guest of nationally known stars in New York and Hollywood. Her tour opens in Miami on March 4.

her only son has just come 18 years of age, and so is eligible for WPA work or the CCC, that is, IF the Three C's enrolls colored boys at the April enlistment.

Molly does get a quota of surplus commodities twice a month... a scrapping of flour, some beans, some fruit, etc. Molly has no other means, but she does have friends; she's been living around with them since her house blew down.

And, oh yes, if Molly's son does get on the WPA he hasn't any way to get to town to his work, and he lives four or five miles in the country.

The Engineers Are Here

The State Highway engineers have arrived in Hertford to make their homes for the next six months and to make the preliminary plans prior to the letting of the Hertford-Center Hill road contract.

Their job is to see that the contractor does everything according to specifications before the State will accept the road.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lane on Tuesday afternoon, a son.

"Mr. Farmer"...

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