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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. Especiall 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 predecossor 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 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 roal . . . it is our understanding that previous attempts have been made; long this line but because of inac- 'Mary Jones' address in Charlotte . . tivity of those in charge nothing was complished . . . but The Weekly's belief is that with the proper and full cooperation on the part of EVERY



FEBRUARY COMMEMORATING 150 ANNIVERSARY OF PATENT SYSTEM.

Chewing The Rag With Lucius Blanchard, Jr.

you and you and you . . .

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Blank need for "mutual likes." The neighthey chanced to spy a young lady between the two towns.

They gave her a litt on the back seat and pretty soon the threesome manner to carry on the fine club 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," hasarded 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 hied themselves to to ask some questions.

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

"Are you Mrs. Jones?" he asked.

Even though we don't take stock are not on the basis of mutual liking in the supernatural, the What Do and interests, and you needn't as-You Thinks, and the like, we did sume poses in the country, Mr. Wilenjoy the story so we pass it on to liams. Your neighbors take you for what you are, doing away with the

were driving home to Charlotte from bors respect your likes and dislikes a week-end in Kings Mountain when in the country, Mr. Williams. You in the country, Mr. Williams. You wouldn't be invited to the oyster hitch-hiker thumbing from a bridge roast if you didn't like osyters, 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 overated.

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 days 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

ent. Why this action or lack of action 7 We do not know. Perhaps the Fathers remembered that the Public Cemetery was being enlarged to take care of the future!

THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY, HERTFORD, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY

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 as-sume 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 si lence or inaction. Gentlemen of the Medical Profession, you are spokes-men for the laity! What do you say?



Her husband is dead.

She's less than 65 years of age so he 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





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 Por-ter 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 ward-robe selected by McCall fashionists, and pre-tested by the Lux lab-oratories. 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.

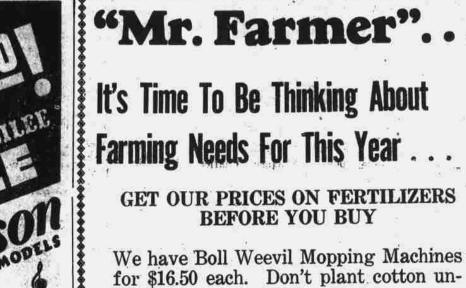
her only son has just come 18 years The Engineers Are Here of age, and so is eligible for WPA The State Highway engineers have

work or the CCC, that is, IF the Three C's enrolls colored boys at the arrived in Hertford to make their April enlistment. homes for the next six months and

Molly does get a quota of surplus to make the preliminary plans prior commodities twice a month . . . a to the letting of the Hertford-Center scrapping of flour, some beans, some Hill road contract. fruit, etc. Molly has no other means, tractor does everything according to but she does have friends; she's been living around with them since her specifications before the State will 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 coun-

try.



less you have one.

Min and marking P

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

ccept the road.

Their job is to see that the con-

TIZEN of Hertford the action taken by the local Club can be a successfal 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 customer in trying to sell his De- and grew sadder and sadder all the live under conditions of filth and partment's "certificate plan" for gress. Even another Congress is not so long as the American budgetary situation does not become a great deal batter or the farm situation a great deal worze. The country of the ideal of the source of the ideal of the country of the ideal of the idea

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 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 Representa-

"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 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.

Williams? It's all right. You probably wouldn't like him anyway, if try.

He wrote a bright piece recently

the payoff; it explained clearly why erected at, the end of a newer Mr. Williams prefers the artificial main?" towering apartments . . .

"One chief joy of living in the city is its privacy," Mr. Williams ob-served. "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

n of the House of Representa-tainly the Senate will not be lied in restoring any parity ents to the Appropriation Bill at providing the money to pay Looking farther ahead, farm in probably would feel safer the continuance of soil conservation payments were supported the conservation payments of the equivalent," which enters into all these plans, the way to make certi-ficate plans, or processing taxes continuance of soil conservation payments were are provided to the setter the soil conservation payments of the pay these plans, the way to make certi-ficate plans, or processing taxes callerly unaccessary is to continue the gradual scaling down of tariffs which give rise to farm relief claims --Christian Science Monitor.

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 estisaid. "You picked up my daughter mate 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, Poor deluded Jesse Lynch Wil- held in check and confined to the liams. Do you know Jesse Lynch sections of their origin. With our lay ignorance of such subjects we aid not, could not be expected, to you live in the country. Because know. But from the dark depths of Mr. Williams doesn't like the coun- our abysmal ignorance we call to the guardians of our health: "Doctors, tell us true, is it dangerous to the Agriculture, is talking to a difficult for Scribner's Magazine. We read it community for large sections of it to way through. We felt sorry for Mr. squaler, without running water or farm aid to the Seventy-Sixth Con- Williams and we wondered who the sewage connections?" And one othpoor fellow thought he was kidding er question we would ask of those to whose professional skill and trained independ we entrust the health of our children. "Is it true that it is dangerous for our children to swim

> We hate to ask the above ques-tions. 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. 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 fine new recreation pier where the water is certain to be polluted by sewage. Furthermore, this intrud-ing gentleman from the State De-partment of Health, Mr. Abell by name, suggests that plans be drawn up to remedy the conditions which to him seem so deployable, and our own Mr. E. Leigh Winslow derstand, commends the se to the Town Fathers. But the fast that less expense own would have be id as not in order at

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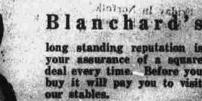


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