



BEING HUMAN CREATURES

When Williamsburg the capital city of the colony and dominion of Virginia from 1669 to 1779, was restored a few years ago, a collection of recipes for foods served during that period was compiled and printed in the quaint style of the day.

"The Williamsburg Art of Cookery or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion" with the sub-title "Of Virginia Hospitality" and begins as follows:

"The inhabitants are very courteous to travellers who need no other recommendation but the being human creatures. A stranger has no more to do but to inquire upon the road where any Gentleman or good Housekeeper lives and there he may depend upon being received with hospitality."

Much has happened in the 161 years since Williamsburg was the leading city of Virginia. A continent has been settled and developed and a standard of living achieved so high that people in what is called "moderate" circumstances now enjoy more comforts and conveniences than did the Royal Governor himself!

Out of the simple agricultural beginnings of Colonial days has developed a system of free enterprise, typical of the American spirit of freedom and independence, that is the envy of the world.

The dust streets of Williamsburg were crowded with the coaches of the "gentry" on special occasions in 1779. In the year of our Lord 1940, 4 out of 5 families of the United States have their own automobiles and travel farther in a day than the most favored of their colonial ancestors could travel in a week!

The foods the average family enjoys regularly today are more varied and health-giving than the delicacies which heaped tables of the Governor's Palace on the days of the great balls. And as for the conveniences that modern industry has given to the average woman, such as electric lights, mechanical refrigeration, washing machines and vacuum cleaners which give her greater freedom than the great ladies of old times possessed, they weren't even dreamed of a century and a half ago!

However, although industry has changed the outer aspect of our lives almost beyond recognition, we still have many of the characteristics of those early Americans. It is no longer important for us to be so "courteous to travellers" as it was when settlements were few and far apart. But our response to need is as spontaneous and whole-hearted as theirs was then.

The recent unprecedented response to organizations for the relief of sufferers in those lands less fortunate than ours is evidence of this. The inhabitants of this country still need no other recommendation for giving generously of sympathy and assistance to those in any kind of difficulty than their "being human creatures."

by the natives as an epic drama at the birthplace of the nation. All gate receipts are used to improve the production and the Roanoke island site as a memorial to the first American pioneers.

"I Am Blind—Please Do Not Run Over Me" If you ever spend Saturday afternoons on the downtown streets in Hertford, you've probably seen this sign on a young Negro man who walks hesitantly along the thronged sidewalks selling parched peanuts.

"I am Blind—Please do not run over me."

The sign he wears is intended not so much for motorists as for pedestrians; Cleophas Roscoe Boone holds to a mortal horror of bumping into "white ladies" and being mistaken for a drunk or a fresh Negro before he can explain his condition.

He won't bump into anybody if other pedestrians will give the sign a little clearance space. Bill Elliott painted the sign for him and Cleophas is properly grateful.

And he's proud of the fact that his peanuts usually find a ready market here in Hertford on Saturday afternoons.

"Many people tell me I parch the best peanuts they ever tasted, Cleophas admits with a little prodding. He's equally glad that peanut sales keep him from being a complete burden on the charities . . . and he never begs.

They told him at the Blind School not to beg, and Cleophas hasn't forgotten it.

But about the peanuts again, the blind Negro prepares them himself at his mother's home up beyond Beech Spring. He can move about the yard and buildings there easily with the aid of a walking stick.

The English he uses is high above the average for other members of his race. And so are his manners; probably one of the reasons his peanut sales are so satisfactory.

Cleophas Roscoe Boone will never become a complete public charge . . . because he doesn't want to. Not so long as people obey his sign, and do not run over me."

Four Get Fines For Violation Of Cotton Quota Four men, charged with conspiracy to defraud the government of cotton marketing quota penalties due on the marketing of excess cotton, pleaded guilty and were fined in United States District Court at Brownsville, Texas, on June 7, according to word received here by L. W. Anderson, secretary of the Perquimans County AAA Committee.

The defendants were Lloyd F. Elliott and Bryan W. Long, partners in the Electric Oil Company of San Benito, Texas; William C. Mycum, also of San Benito, a bookkeeper for the gin company, and W. R. Wardlow, a cotton producer.

Elliott and Long each received a fine of \$10,000, of which \$1,000 is to be paid in 70 days, with the remaining \$9,000 of the fine to be suspended for three years, conditioned upon good behavior and payment of the

\$1,000 as specified. Mycum was fined \$1,000, payment of which was suspended for three years conditioned upon good behavior. Wardlow was fined \$2,000, payment of which was suspended for 3 years conditioned upon good behavior.

The criminal action resulted from misuse of cotton marketing cards, the falsification of ginners' and buyers' reports, and failure to submit reports, as required by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in administering the cotton marketing quota program.

The government reserved the right to enter civil suit to recover cotton marketing penalties due.

State College Textile Graduates Are In Demand

North Carolina Boys Slow to Realize Opportunities State's Largest Industry Offers

The Textile School of North Carolina State College has established an enviable record for training young men who could go into the textile industry and render useful service, but North Carolina boys have been slow to realize the tremendous opportunities for success which the State's largest industry offers them.

Approximately 20 per cent of all the cotton spindles in America are located in North Carolina's 600 textile plants which produce a diversified line of cotton, silk, rayon and woolen fabrics that touch every phase of human life. These plants furnish employment for more than 160,000 people and in every one of them there is from one to a dozen or more positions that a college trained man might aspire to.

In commenting on these facts recently, Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, Dean of the Textile School, said that in 1940, as has been the case for many years, the requests for graduates of the State College Textile School exceeded the number of men in the graduating class. Of the 65 Textile graduates at Commencement, three-fourths of whom were North Carolina boys, a large percentage have accepted positions with North Carolina textile organizations, while some have returned to their native states or accepted positions with commission houses in New York, or with large rayon plants located elsewhere.

Dr. Nelson also said that the completion of the new textile building during the past year, the installation of a complete woolen unit, and the addition of considerable new equipment in other departments of the Textile School makes State College one of the best equipped institutions in America to give instruction in the manufacture and processing of textile products. He said that with its increased facilities the Textile School would continue to do everything in its power to serve the textile industry, and North Carolina boys who are looking for an opportunity to attain success in their own home state.

—And Earth Has No Resting Place

"Dark is the Wilderness and Earth Has no resting place . . ." A plump Negro woman just back from the hospital in Durham and "feeling much better, thank you," was singing the dismal song to the accompaniment of music squeezed from the groaning bellows of a 98c accordion by the nimble fingers of Solomon Whedbee.

To paint a clearer picture of the whole scene, the location is a typical one-room shanty house down beyond New Hope on the sound road. The woman, Solomon's sister, sat just inside the doorway peeling potatoes while the scent of boiling clothes on a too-hot stove drifted lazily over her head to mingle shockingly with the odor of honeysuckle and warm dusty air.

Solomon sat on the lower doorstep, and even though a Hollywood director hadn't just placed them there, a little black boy in tattered overalls and straw hat lounged on a shelf below the window and a tan hound dawg managed to lift his head from the hot dust of the dooryard just long enough to determine whether the visitors were friend or foe.

Finding the effort too great to justify a decision he allowed the eye he had opened to close again and collapsed back into the dust with a sigh audible even above the strains of "Dark is the Wilderness and Earth has no resting place."

It was a special occasion; one of the few times Solomon plays the accordion since his wife tragically departed this "Earth that has no resting place," on a snowy morning three years ago.

Solomon, we've neglected to tell

you, is seventy-four years old and has spent many of these years in total blindness.

Being blind wasn't so terrible until he lost his wife. She had been a constant companion, guiding his unseeing footsteps, preparing his meals, and nursing him through terrible periods of despondency. They lived alone.

But one morning early in March three years ago, while the snow was ten inches deep outside, his wife was building a fire and leaned too close to the stove. Her clothes burst into flame.

She screamed Solomon's name and rushed outdoors to smother the searing flames in the snow. Smelling the scorching flesh and cloth, Solomon stumbled out after her.

Solomon thrashed about in the snow trying to find her, while her cries grew louder and more anguished.

But he couldn't see . . . and by this time her clothes were in a light blaze. Soon the screams weakened and presently even the moans ceased while the desperate husband sobbed and prayed.

Neighbors came after a while and led him back to the lonely house.

Maybe old age soon forgets the later happenings and remembers only those of long ago—pleasant memories associated with younger days when a whole life was before it—

—but anyway, Solomon was playing the accordion again.

. . . the sun was warm and all was right with the world, though "Dark is the Wilderness and Earth has no resting place."

But if Earth does have a resting place, and it isn't in this dusty cabin yard on a hot summer afternoon, then we don't know where it is.

PINEY WOODS NEWS

Miss Margaret Raper returned home Sunday after spending two weeks with her aunt, Mrs. W. D. Perry, at Bethel. Miss Marjorie Proctor, Vance Proctor and Dewey Perry, Jr., accompanied her home.

Miss Mary Chappell spent the week-end with Miss Mary Lina Raper.

Mrs. Shelton Chappell visited Mrs. W. W. Chappell Friday afternoon. Miss Midge Long spent the week-end with Miss Agnes Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Raper, their daughter, Mary Lina, and Miss Mary Chappell spent Saturday in Elizabeth City, and visited Mrs. E. D. Raper.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Chappell and son, Milton, Mrs. E. N. Chappell and son, Thomas, and Emerson Asbell visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Raper Sunday evening.

W. W. Chappell visited his son, N. W. Chappell, at Belvidere, Saturday afternoon.

Harry Chappell is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Chappell.

Jim McNider and Tom Nixon were visitors in the community Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Ward and children, of Ryland, visited Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chappell and Mrs. Mary Chappell Thursday evening.

T. S. Chappell is improving after being sick last week.

BURGESS NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Parker, of Roanoke Rapids, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Parker over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Matthews visited Mr. and Mrs. John Dave Hobbs, near Small's Cross Roads, Sunday.

Miss Ruth Hollowell was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walton Lane, last week.

Little Miss Rosa Nelle Clarke, of Wilson, spent Wednesday and Thursday with her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Bannight.

Miss Lucy Mae Lane has returned to her home after spending some time with her sister, Mrs. John Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston E. Lane visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jordan, Sunday.

Everbearing Berries Grown In Mountains

Everbearing strawberries are providing an excellent source of income to Western North Carolina farmers who find a market in the mountain tourist trade, reports H. R. Niswonger, Extension horticulturist of N. C. State College. The largest planting in the State is to be found on the farm of J. M. Hartley of Linville in Avery County.

Mr. Hartley has three acres of one and two-year-old plants of the Mastodon and Gem varieties, Niswonger says. He expects to market a total of 5,000 quarts by fall from these plantings. An average of 2,000 quarts per acre is normally harvested from the first crop of the new planting. Some of the more vigorous hills will produce from 80 to 120 berries to the plant, and 48 of these will fill a quart cup.

C. B. Baird, Avery County farm agent, reports that everbearing strawberries are sold to tourists and local mountain hotels at a price of 10 to 15 cents per quart in the summer, and 20 to 25 cents per quart

in the fall. Niswonger recommends that everbearing berries be grown on a ground, which should be cleared the fall and burnt over to kill forest weeds and trash. The ground is plowed in March and the plants are in April. Plants are secured from an old planting, which is never allowed to remain more than 10 years. The plants are set 12 inches apart in three-foot rows.

All blossoms and new runner plants are pulled off until the first of June, and the fruit for the late crop develops from August 1 to as late as the middle of October. The following year, the original planting produces berries for the early crop, beginning to ripen June 1, and extending into July. In this way, two crops a year are harvested from the same planting.

HELEN GAITHER CLUB MEETS

The Helen Gaither Home Demonstration Club met Thursday, June 20, at the home of Mrs. C. L. Dail. The president, Mrs. C. P. Morris, presided over the meeting, which opened with the song, "We're Glad We're Here," after which the Collect was repeated in unison.

Miss Maness gave an interesting demonstration on table linens.

Those present were: Mrs. John Corprew, Mrs. C. P. Morris, Mrs. John Lane, Mrs. J. T. White, Mrs. W. A. Russell, Mrs. B. W. Thatch, Mrs. Milton Dail, Mrs. T. E. Madra, Mrs. W. O. Hunter, Mrs. C. L. Dail, Miss Mary F. Dail, Miss Frances Maness, and three visitors, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. W. F. Madra, Jr., and Miss Addie Reed.

The hostess served delicious refreshments.

WE DO COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

666 checks MALARIA in 7 days and relief COLDS LIQUID TABLETS SALVE-NOSE DROPS symptoms first day TRY "SUB-N-TIN" A WONDERFUL LINIMENT

TAYLOR THEATRE EDENTON, N. C.

Friday, June 25— Spencer Tracy in "EDISON, THE MAN" With Rita Johnson and Lynne Overman

Saturday, June 26— (Returned By Request) Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda in "JESSE JAMES"

Monday - Tuesday, July 1-2— Vivian Leigh and Robert Taylor in "WATERLOO BRIDGE"

Wednesday, July 3— George Raft in "HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY"

Coming July 4— "SUSAN AND GOD"

'The Lost Colony' Opens 4th Summer Season June 29th

A Hundred Thousand Expected to Come This Summer to The Birthplace of Nation

Manteo, N. C.—The fourth summer season of Paul Green's magnificent historical drama "The Lost Colony," opening at the huge Waterside Theatre, Roanoke Island, June 29th, will inaugurate the 363rd anniversary celebrations of the founding of the Roanoke Island colonies and the birth of Virginia Dare—first English child born on American soil.

Described by leading critics as a drama depicting the Birth of American civilization at the Birthplace of the Nation, "The Lost Colony" is considered the nation's foremost attraction. Time Magazine declared that Author Green "infused into the dreams of his lost colonists his own living dream of democracy. His scenes range from the humorous to the heroic. . . ."

This year's cast of 200 actors, singers and dancers will be composed mostly of natives of Roanoke Island, with a Lost Colony Chorus of thirty from the Westminster Choir College. The entire production is under the direction of Samuel Selden, who has headed the Lost Colony for the past three years. He is assisted by a group of directors from the Carolina Playmakers.

"The Lost Colony" will be presented nightly from June 29th through July 7th. Afterwards it will be offered every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, with the show starting at 8:15 o'clock. With more than a quarter million persons having seen it during the past three years, inquiries indicate that 100,000 will make a pilgrimage to this birthplace of the nation before the 4th season closes September 2nd, 1940.

Thousands of comfortable rooms with bath and other modern conveniences are now available on Roanoke Island and nearby Nags Head at one dollar per night per person. There are several new hotels, restaurants, inns, and tourists homes, all serving delicious meals at moderate prices. Every effort is being made to keep the quaint and colorful atmosphere of this little island village.

Visitors to Roanoke Island will find, in addition to "The Lost Colony," countless other historic shrines. Across the sound is Wright Memorial—Birthplace of Aviation. At Fort Raleigh one will find a restoration of a 16th century village in the thatched roof, rough-hewn juniper log tradition of pre-colonial America. Fort Raleigh Museum has a unique collection of Americana, with drawings, maps, Indian relics.

"The Lost Colony" is sponsored by the Roanoke Island Historical Association as a non-commercial venture, with State Senator D. Bradford Fearing as president. Paul Green wrote the drama gratis and solely for presentation on Roanoke Island.

Advertisement for Westinghouse Tru-Zone Cold refrigerators. Text includes: 'MY NEW WESTINGHOUSE KEEPS FOOD BETTER.. with TRU-ZONE COLD!'. It lists features for staples, meats, and vegetables, and states 'IT'S COMPLETELY EQUIPPED' for \$99.75. The ad is for HERTFORD HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO., HERTFORD, N. C.