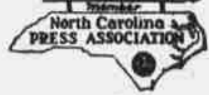


THE Perquimans Weekly

Published every Friday by The Perquimans Weekly, a partnership consisting of Joseph G. Campbell and Max R. Campbell, at Hertford, N. C.

MAX CAMPBELL Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year.....\$1.25
Six Months......75



Entered as second class matter November 15, 1934, at postoffice at Hertford, North Carolina, under the Act of March 1879.

Advertising rates furnished by request.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, resolutions of respect, etc., will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1940

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK

TEST YOUR SINCERITY: If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.—Col. 3:1.

A Rotarian's "No"

The Rotary Club of Reidsville, N. C., is a very unusual organization. Ordinarily any group of a score or more of human beings is pretty apt to include one or more congenial objects to any new thing that may be proposed. The Reidsville club, however, has chosen one of its number to oppose any proposal that comes up, no matter how worthy, on the ground that the group may act too hastily under the spell of misguided enthusiasm.

Such checks undoubtedly are oftentimes salutary. Freedom to oppose is part of the democratic system. On grounds of caution perhaps one should try even to appreciate the efforts of those Senators at Chicago who are trying to tie America's hands behind her back to an isolationist "peace" plank. Possibly something, too, can be said for the mossbacks who object to the cost of a new diving board at the town swimming pool or to spreading an awning at the wagon-yard for folks to eat their lunch under when they come to town on Saturday afternoons.

However, the job of being a civic club's "negative representative" is not one that is likely to be relished. One is too readily reminded of the man who worked up his sales resistance to the point where he refused to accept his own hat from the check girl. Possibly the Reidsville Rotarians may fall back after a while on the wisdom of the wag who expanded a favorite maxim of Theodore Roosevelt to make it read, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead and ask your wife."—Christian Science Monitor.

The Meaning Of Democracy

Today this country stands unified, devoted to the proposition that here, if nowhere else in the world, democracy shall be preserved and made secure.

And the people are coming to realize that the preservation of the democratic system involves more than merely spending billions for military weapons, important as that is. The preservation of democracy means that we must again analyze the meaning of democracy—and again return to those principles on which the nation was founded.

Those principles are simple and basic. Certain powers were given to government—the power over currency, over national defense, over foreign policy, and so on. The balance of powers were reserved to the people. The founders realized that government is a non-producer—that all production and creation must come from the individual. And they realized that strict limitation of the activities of government was necessary if freedom was to live.

In recent years we have been drifting away from true democratic government. We have put government into business. We have all but destroyed the rights of the states. We have gone a long way toward the ruinous theory that government owes everyone a living. We have destroyed local independence, local pride, local self-sufficiency. We have become a nation of beggars, feeding at the public trough.

This has cost us tens of billions in taxes and increased Federal debt. Yet, serious as that problem is, it is the least important phase of the trend. Vitality important has been the change for the worse in the American character—the loss of those traditional characteristics of independence and self-reliance. Dependence always breeds dictatorship. Dependence always menaces liberty, and the democratic way of life.

If democracy is to live, the democratic spirit of self-reliance and independence must come back into our own. Government must again



Chewing The Rag With Lucius Blanchard, Jr.

It's the little things—not the big things—that change the whole course of one's life. Superintendent F. T. Johnson, of the county schools, took up shaving regularly back in Wake Forest when he was included in a group-picture and then saw the picture flashed on a movie screen.

The boys then had a habit of shaving about once a week. Mr. Johnson was caught in the picture while his next shave was still several hours away. He hasn't forgotten how he looked in the picture.

The one coming up is a much deeper subject. In fact it has to do with nothing but depth. Are you one of those children who was brought up to believe the water at the Highway Bridge is forty or fifty feet deep?

This information is probably no more valuable than a Japanese apology, but the water there isn't an inch over 17 feet. The deepest point in the whole river is down behind The Southern Cotton Oil Company—27 feet down.

There isn't a depth anywhere in the Albemarle Sound to exceed 25 feet (except maybe an uncharted hole lurking undiscovered thereabouts).

Depths in the Sound run usually from 16 to 20 feet at the deepest course; 18 and 19 feet are the most popular figures.

All of which makes little difference anyway. Ten feet is over most anybody's head.

And Editor Peele over in Elizabeth City can't push us round like he's been trying to do for the past several days, either. It seems like Mr. Peele is trying to get a columnist named Bost to include Perquimans along with Hertford County as another that has nobody on the State's payroll.

Well, folks, he can just stop it—that's what he can do. He's all wrong anyway. We've got Edgar Morris as a license examiner, and several boys on the Highway Patrol. They all draw pay from the State and that would sort of indicate they are on the State's payroll. At least, we imagine the Man Who Writes Checks on the State Treasury would think so.

We could probably think of others if we tried hard enough, but we just won't be pushed around like that anyway.

But all joking aside, a fellow we like to think about is the one who tears off buttons at the laundry. His must indeed be a gleeful life. Wilbur, if he had a choice of jobs, would take this one above all others. In no other field is there a job like this. Nothing to do but tear off buttons all day long—me here and one there.

We imagine he works out a system; a button from the cuff of a shirt this trip and one from the middle of the front "next" trip. He has an exceptional memory, too, as well as originality; he tears the same collar button from one of our shirts week after week.

Grippers on men's shorts had him stumped for a while, we noted maliciously, but nothing stops him for long; this fellow is versatile. He couldn't tear off the grippers, so what did he do? He bent them—so they wouldn't lock.

We're probably splitting hairs, but it seems there may be a violation of Union Law somewhere in this. Is it permissible (we're asking the Laundrymen) to be confined to those duties given it by the Constitution? Industry and individuals must realize again that they can no longer expect manna from Washington from sustenance. Then that democracy of which we talk so much in ideal phrases will really survive. Then we shall be strong and secure.

dry Workers Union) for the man who tears off buttons also to bend grippers and snaps?

This isn't in trouble-making tenor; we aren't trying to get this fellow in dutch with the Union, however; there is basis here for argument. (One man doing the work of two breeds unemployment. That's the trouble with the nation today. What this country needs is... Well, we won't go into that now.)

But anybody with the cheerful nature this guy is bound to have, quite naturally can take a joke. So one of these days we're going to fool him. We're going to send a shirt to the laundry with no buttons on it—and see what he does with that!

By the way, what do laundries do with all these buttons?

One of the funniest stories we've heard recently concerns a rather near-sighted elderly local lady who lunched not long ago in a neighboring town.

She sat at a table facing a large mirror, and catching a glimpse of her reflection in it she nodded politely in faint recognition.

The figure nodded instantly in reply.

"Who is it?" she asked her luncheon companions. "She looks so familiar, especially the hat. And she spoke when I did."

The other ladies curiously craned their necks in search of a familiar face. It was a Norfolk restaurant, and they finally agreed they didn't know another soul in the place.

It worried the near-sighted lady all through the meal... particularly the hat. (You know how it is when you can't quite place a face or speak a name that's right on the tip of your tongue.)

It was when they got up to leave the restaurant—and the other lady and the hat did, too—that they found it was all done with mirrors.

Whoever knows where the moving picture, "Rebecca," is playing within a hundred-mile radius of Hertford will do a certain vacationing school teacher a great favor by notifying this column where and when.

Seems like she's missed it everywhere it played. "Rebecca" has been shown here at the State Theatre and won plenty of local acclaim.

SO WHAT?
By WHATSO

WE HAD NO CORRESPONDENT AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTION but just the same a bit of truth did leak out from the great conclave of the patriots and some of it will not appear in the formal minutes of the convention. From sources we have no reason to question and from authorities very close to those nearest to them we have received the following exclusive story:

When it became evident that the circulation of air in the auditorium of the great Democratic Convention was not going to be sufficient to clear the atmosphere and keep the delegates from suffering greatly from headaches, one of our foremost economic royalists, who has made many contributions to the science of air-conditioning, went to the great, silent man on the banks of the Potomac and offered his services. "It would be well," said he, "to install a very simple, inexpensive, temporary air-conditioning unit which will add greatly to the comfort and so to the efficiency of the delegates in their deliberations." "No, no, my friend," replied the great and silent one, "we will not bother about the comfort and efficiency. That will be taken care of if need be when the time comes. I have a trick or two

that will be effective in clearing the atmosphere of the convention hall if the air becomes too warm or a bit stale. I have a gadget I call my long distance air control unit—it's a honey!"

So when, as the hours went on and the air became thicker and thicker in the convention hall, the delegates' heads began to ache, their thoughts to become a bit hazy, and everyone seemed a bit dizzy, the call for help was sent to the great and silent one by the Potomac to get his gadget working. At once the right button was pushed, the long distance air control unit went into action. The effect in the convention hall was miraculous. Headaches ceased, all dizzy feelings were done away with, all dim and hazy thoughts were clarified. Each delegate could now see, think and understand as the commanded and commanding draft swept through the great hall. It was effective—the work of the long distance air control unit. But it was not exactly scientific air conditioning! The draft was too unrestrained! Many a delegate caught cold and went home sick or at best indisposed. In fact the dear old donkey which has weathered so many a convention before has not looked or acted right since that fateful moment when the great and silent man of the Potomac pushed the button and started the draft machine.

va., spent the week-end with Mrs. Mattie Simpson.

HURDLETOWN

Mrs. Ernest Stallings and son, Ernest Carey, are at home again after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eiton Ferrell, at Portlock, Va. Ernest Stallings spent the week-end there and accompanied his family home.

Guests in the home of Mrs. Nellie Sumner during the week-end were: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harrell, Jr., and Wilbur Sumner, of Norfolk, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sumner and children of Hertford, and Robert Hurdle. Miss Lina Arnold, of Elizabeth City, spent the week-end with her grandfather, C. C. Symons.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Baccus and children visited his brother, Archie Baccus, Sunday.

Mrs. C. M. Hurdle and son, Eugene, returned home Monday after a visit in Norfolk, Va., with their son and brother, Vivian Hurdle.

Miss Leona Baccus was the Saturday night guest of Miss Shirley Hurdle.

Mrs. Quinton Hurdle and Elinor Glyn Hurdle and Mrs. Z. D. White visited Mrs. Nellie Sumner Saturday night.

Forsythe Will Speak Wednesday At County Missionary Union Meet

The Rev. Paul Forsythe of Gatesville, will deliver the principal address of the day at 11:30 when the Perquimans County Women's Missionary Union meets at Mt. Sinai Baptist Church on Wednesday, July 31st, at 10:30, according to Mrs. I. A. Ward, president of the Union.

At the all-day meeting, Mrs. E. F. Aydtlett of Elizabeth City, will also be one of the speakers. Mrs. Ward said. Mrs. Aydtlett is the Divisional Margaret Fund chairman. Mrs. Ward will preside, and playlets will be given by the Hertford Baptist Church and the Mt. Sinai Church in the afternoon.

Lunch will be served by the hostess church.

WE DO COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING



You Don't Have to Be an Auto Mechanic to Buy a Used Car!

When you buy one of our guaranteed used cars you don't have to buy a course in auto mechanics along with it. All cars are checked and reconditioned before being resold. You can buy with confidence!

Ask About Our Liberal Time Payment Plan

1936 Chevrolet Coach with trunk and new tires.

1936 Ford 4-door Sedan. A good car at a good price.

1935 Chevrolet Coach. Good mechanical condition.

1935 Plymouth 4-door Sedan. Lots of good service in this one.

1939 Plymouth Deluxe Coach. This one is our special for this week.

1935 Ford 4-door Sedan. See this one before you trade.

Towe Motor Co.

Chrysler — Plymouth SALES AND SERVICE

GUARANTEED SHOE REPAIR

Complete Line of

Griffin's Shoe Polishes

Mail Orders Given Immediate Attention - Return Postage Paid
Shoe Rebuilding Done By Qualified Men

Julian Ward's Shoe Shop

BROAD STREET

HERTFORD, N. C.