

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, SEPTEMBER 13, 1940

SOLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.—1 Cor. 13:8.

We still haven't heard of any direct progress being made toward building a gymnasium for Perquimans County High School. Let's get this idea going. The sooner the start the less time it will take to get it.

Plans are rapidly taking shape for the second annual Perquimans County Fair. Remember the date and plan to spend at least part of the week visiting the fair, and be sure to take advantage of the merchandizing specials that Hertford merchants will offer during Fair week.

Our congratulations to Superintendent Johnson on the smooth opening of the school term. The renovated Hertford Grammar School is certainly a nice looking structure. While we still believe that an entirely new building should have replaced the old one, we must admit the Grammar School has had a fine "going over" and its appearance is now a credit to the town.

According to news reports the Hertford football team opens its 1940 season two weeks from today. Let's all mark a red circle on the calendar for that day and make it a point to go out and boost for the home team. Win or lose, they deserve the support of the entire community.

Thoughtfulness

There can be no doubt that the Negroes of Elizabeth City, who participated in the rioting scene in that city on Monday evening could have learned a very good lesson in thoughtfulness from those officers called to preserve the peace.

It is regrettable that such things happen... but happen they do, and the manner in which the police, firemen and coast guardsmen conducted themselves deserves the praise of both the White and Colored Races in this entire section.

Without question a powder keg was on hand that had it been ignited, the results would have been a blot on the State of North Carolina. Had those officers rushed into that mob, as they might have done had the same situation occurred elsewhere in the South, it would have been a sorry night for the entire city.

It certainly can be hoped that the group of Negroes who fostered the scene Monday can see the light in the lesson of thoughtfulness that was portrayed by those White Officers in Elizabeth City.

SO WHAT?

By WHATSO

CITIZENS, YOU ARE JUST VOTERS! Why should you want to know anything? It won't do you any good if you do. This is the way it is even the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the U.S.A. knows just exactly what he has with which to defy the world! Very little real and accurate information has trickled even into the halls of Congress, much less outside the city of Washington. Furthermore, there appears to be but little understanding of the fundamental problem of rearmament even by the Squire of Dutchess County. Not so very long ago we were to wake up some morning and find that we had 50,000 airplanes! Now, the same source seems to be of the opinion that if by the end of the year we are in a position to turn out 86,000 planes a year we will be doing right well! The best authority we have seen quoted, however, states that 60 planes a day by "next fall" is what you can expect. Well, count 366 days to the year and multiply that by 60 and see what you get. At the present time, according to what seems to be reliable information,

Chewing The Rag With Lucius Blanchard, Jr.

STALK WHITE didn't really care who was parked in his lane the other night, but he did know—and is concerned over the fact—that snakes usually travel in pairs. (There's a little sense in this so far, but you'll get the drift as we go along.)

"People park there at all hours," Mr. White said, but there's something he wishes to warn them about. Those who parked in Stalk White's lane for a necking bee one night last week—if they left the car—were in almost as much danger as Dick Tracy usually is.

The following morning Mr. White drove out of his lane and stopped long enough to kill a three and a half foot diamond back rattler where the unidentified car was parked the night before. The snake had five sets of rattles and a button, the Commissioner-elect said. He added, for the benefit of those who park there, that snakes usually travel in pairs. (There's the connection.) You can be pretty certain for the next several days, at least, the dead rattler's mate is somewhere in the neighborhood.

THE WORM is the lowliest of all creatures. Yet when he turns, things of a revolutionary nature are supposed to happen. But what actually takes place when the worm turns? If he's on a hook does he bite the fish, or does he climb off the barb, back up the pole, take the fisherman by the scruff of the neck, stick him on the hook, and say "Now, see how you like it, you x! \$!x!x!! (three or four censored words here).

Personally, we'd like to see a worm turn if only for the novelty of the thing. Nothing is ordinarily quite so insignificant, so harmless, so unobtrusive, so eager to crawl out of man's notice as the worm. He is pitifully content never to see the light again, to burrow under a damp board and stay there forever.

You can hardly blame a worm for sometime wanting to turn. Suppose you were a worm, suppose all your friends were worms (if they are, just pretend you hadn't noticed). You and your friends have been under a nice damp board all winter. It's true you've been playing a few hands of poker and had several drinks, but

information, we have less than 300 first-line planes and only 59 of these are heavy bombers. As of September 4th, less than 1,500 modern fighting planes have been ordered for delivery during 1940 and 1941. Of this number only 176 are heavy bombers. However, the most damning statement that we have found coming from Washington is that the Army High Command is still developing experimental planes and "types for mass production have not yet been finally decided upon." If there is really a crisis right around the corner, as we are made to believe is the case, then such delay as we are witnessing is criminal. If, however, there is no immediate crisis and the Administration is crying "wolf" for political purpose, then such action is deserving of more contempt than our limited vocabulary can express. One thing does stick out though with all the obviousness of a sore thumb—there is a great lack of efficiency in Washington or there is an equally great super-abundance of politics!

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. MAYOR AND VENERABLE TOWN FATHERS! Your Financial Statement published in last week's Weekly is worthy of a special salute. For the first time, so far as we have

without raising a disturbance about it (we've never heard a worm's neighbors complain about the noise). In fact there is nothing more noiseless than a worm—with or without drinks—they don't even hiccup.

So there you are, under your board and bothering nobody when a couple of fellows decide they want to go fishing. That's all right with you. It makes no difference to you that they want to go fishing... but when they decide on worms for bait that's where the rub comes.

With no compassion, with no consideration as to your opinions on the matter, and without even the common courtesy to ask "do you mind if we use you for bait?" they unceremoniously haul you from under the board and dump you in a can, a can that smells of stale beans at that.

Then they stick you on a hook, not even remarking that "this is going to hurt you more than it does me." And to add insult to injury, they blame you that the fish don't bite.

We'll take the dog's life every time for ours. Is it any wonder that the worm wants to turn?

OUR OBSERVANCES of last week in this department on the alarming decrease in Perquimans County's population has brought no end of comment.

And any number of crackpot theories on keeping the population at home.

We have a solution, too. A very simple one. All we need to keep Perquimans County population in Perquimans County is industry. Without industry it just can't be done.

Neither is the Mystery of the Missing Population a great problem. A look around you will show that the older people are still here. It's the young people who are missing. This year, this month, even this week, the youth is leaving in greater numbers than ever before.

Perquimans County is in grave danger of stagnation. There's no need to say "it ain't so." The facts and figures speak for themselves.

Without an injection of industry, Perquimans County is doomed. Industry is the only cure.

been able to discover, a Town Government has seen fit to publicly report to the citizens of Hertford the financial condition of the Town. We appreciate it. Really, you know, the people of Hertford are interested in what is being done with their property and their money! But this is the first time in, lo, these many years that the local administration has reported to the citizens. At

NOTICE

Beginning January 1, 1941, this Bank will close at 2 o'clock every day—including Saturdays.

We find this change necessary on account of wage and hour legislation.

HERTFORD BANKING CO.

ANNOUNCEMENT NEW ELECTRIC RATES BY THE TOWN OF HERTFORD

This rate is available to residences only and is effective regardless of the number of electrical appliances. All power used through one meter. This is a trial rate and subject to change.

Minimum	\$1.00 per month
First 20 K. W. at	10c
Next 100 K. W. at	5c
Next 50 K. W. at	4c
Next 50 K. W. at	3c
All over at	2 1/2c

Stove Rate Remains the Same

Any assistance which we may be able to render is at your disposal. We shall be glad to discuss your electric problems with you.

THE TOWN OF HERTFORD

times, no doubt, the Mayor and the Fathers did not dare to report the truth; that these came the things when the Exclusive Club of the Elected did not consider that the public was worth reporting to. We are glad those days are in the past and if the voters have any common sense at all they will never allow such days to return.

There are one or two questions and a couple of remarks we would like to indulge in but time and space forbid. However, we are of the opinion that the Town may be proud of the condition shown in the Financial Report. The fact that during the year we have constructed sidewalks, built a public pier for bathers and carried out most praiseworthy improvements in the Public Cemetery, makes it even more apparent that we are not being governed carelessly and our tax money is not being handled in a slipshod manner.

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF FINANCIAL REPORTS we may remark that we do not know whether a municipal government is or is not required by law to publish a financial report. We do know, however, the "County Fiscal Control Act" of 1927 does require the Counties to publish an "Annual Budget Estimate." We have never seen one published by Perquimans County. Many citizens would find such a budget of interest. The voters of the County have a right to such information. We wonder why they do not get it. Concealment often gives rise to suspicion—sometimes justified, sometimes not!

SMALL TOWN BOY MAKES GOOD! We knew you'd do it, "Whitey" White! It reads like a romance—a success story raised to the heights of the impossible! Just a humble usher in the little old town theatre was "Whitey" White when the call came from the big city. He was stepped up to manager of the great movie house. Just one night was he a mere manager. The next day he was promoted by the sheer force of circumstances to be Overseer of Theatres for the whole city! Some boy, our "Whitey." He'll hit the top if it takes riots to get him there.

HOSTESS TO BRIDGE CLUB Mrs. Henry Clay Stokes charmingly entertained her bride club Thursday evening at her home. Those playing were: Mesdames J. O. Felton, T. L. Jessup, Charles E. Johnson, George Barbee, Henry Clay Sullivan, Misses Helen Morgan, Mary Sumner and Elizabeth Knowles. High score prize went to Mrs. Fel-

ton, low to Mrs. Jessup and Miss Sumner received the floating prize. A salad course was served by the hostess.

MORE ABOUT GOD

(Continued from last page) and explained that because liquor is so closely aligned with politics, liquor talk has been taboo in the Church. But Sunday, during the hour dedicated by President Roosevelt and Governor Hoey to Peace and Prayer, Mr. Munns was striking at the commercial amusements he said are jeopardizing the institutions of the American Home.

"When the home is broken, the bedrock of civilization is gone," he said, and pointed out that few American families have breakfast and dinner and supper together, that commercial amusements have taken the place of home amusements, that some member of the family is always anxious to get away to some other sort of amusement, and thereby the American home is in jeopardy.

Mr. Munns gave a short address. The larger part of the regular Church hour was given over to a special patriotic program arranged by Mrs. B. G. Koonce. The program featured the singing of "God Bless America," by Mr. Monds, a solo by Katherine Jessup, special selections by the choir, the Boy Scout Salute by the local troop who sat in a body in full uniform, and "To the Flag," by James S. McNider, Jr., troop bugler.

There were readings by Bertha Chappell, Alice Roberson, Elizabeth Knowles, Mrs. H. C. Stokes, Mrs. Resser Brinn.

USED CARS
that won't let you down!

BEFORE you trade for that Better Used Car SEE US. We have all types and models... Guaranteed not to let you down.

Ask About Our Liberal Time Payment Plan

1936 Plymouth 4-door DeLuxe Sedan.	1936 Chevrolet 4-door Coach. A real buy.
1938 Plymouth 4-door DeLuxe Sedan, with trunk.	1937 Plymouth 4-door DeLuxe Sedan. A-1 condition. New tires.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK

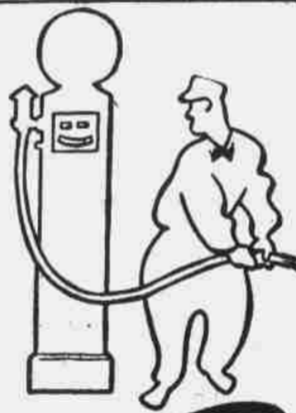
1933 Chevrolet Master Coupe \$95.00

1941 Plymouth! Now On Display

PLYMOUTH IS THE ONE FOR '41

Towe Motor Co.

Chrysler — Plymouth SALES AND SERVICE



Puts more miles in every tank—
The NEW 1940

Solvenized PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

PURE-PEP GASOLINE

You pay money for gasoline.

You get mileage from gasoline. The more mileage you get from it, the less it costs. The more performance you get along with that mileage, the more you get for your money.

That's why so many people around here have switched or are switching to new 1940 Solvenized Pure-Pep.

This pepped-up modern motor fuel actually weighs more, gallon for gallon. It therefore gives you more power, gallon

for gallon, and stretches out that power into extra miles.

And, in addition to all these new features, you get the chemical bonus that makes this new gasoline distinctly different from any other. It's Pure Oil's famous chemical combination that works as you drive to reduce excess motor carbon.

It still costs no more than regular—at out station where you see the big, blue and-white Pure Oil sign.

To purge your motor of excess carbon, QUICKLY, get a Solvenized Tune-Up Treatment—takes only 30 minutes... costs only \$1... money back if not satisfied.

Winslow Oil Company

Hertford, N. C.

Be sure with Pure

