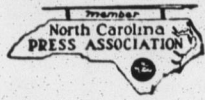


The Chowan Herald

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1943

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

THE PROTECTION OF A GREAT FRIEND: Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

Another Job Well Done

Chowan County, it will be noticed on a front page story in this issue of The Herald, has again done a splendid job in purchasing war stamps and bonds. With a quota of \$29,700 for the month of January, just about five times the amount, \$145,456, was invested in America, which sum is not to be sneezed at in a county the size of Chowan.

This splendid record reflects not only the patriotism and wisdom in sound investment on the part of Chowan people, but also the persistent and whole-hearted interest in the county's war effort on the part of J. G. Campen, chairman of the county war savings staff. To say the least, Mr. Campen is delighted with the report, but he also realizes that there must be no let-up in the purchase of bonds. "This is war business," he says, and he hopes the county will continue to promptly meet its quota until victory is assured.

Mr. Campen has done a splendid job as head of the county war savings staff and he is sensing no little degree of satisfaction because of the cooperation of the people as a whole, who are investing so generously in bonds to help pay the war bill.

Three Cheers For Boy Scouts

February 6 to 12 will be observed as Boy Scout Week when the whole nation will pause to salute the organization which has contributed no little in both the present and the last war toward ultimate victory. But scouting does not rest on its laurels. The praises which Scouts so justly deserve for their countless services to their country only spur them on to greater endeavor.

Scouting is training for a way of life, the kind of life America chooses to lead, the kind for which her sons are fighting across the seas. On those fronts, and on the front at home, the qualities which Scouting stands for—courage and character—assure us of Victory and a lasting peace.

Approximately 400,000 Scouts in America are 15 years, or older, many of whom may change ranks to the armed forces before the conflict is over, and the youngster who has been a Boy Scout will undoubtedly make a better soldier or sailor.

Boy Scout training produces men—men of character and decency, men who cooperate for the common good, men who have known freedom in the fields and on the waters. Discipline and devotion are not new to them, and initiative is at the core of their being. This being true, have we in Edenton shown the proper interest in the little troop of Boy Scouts struggling for existence? Are the boys convinced that Edenton as a whole is interested in them? Has Scoutmaster Overman had the proper and actually necessary cooperation on the part of assistants he needs?

The boys have a creditable cabin, thanks to one of our former citizens, but simply a cabin and a group of boys in itself cannot be considered a real Boy Scout troop, any more than any kind of a house can be termed a home. It takes something more than merely four walls, a roof and a few human beings.

The Herald desires to pay tribute to the Boy Scouts on this, another birthday of their organization. May it live long and wax mightily for the good of us all.

Veterinarian On Job

With the need for veterinary service in Chowan County so apparent, it is encouraging to note that Dr. G. L. Gilchrist has decided to enter private practice here. Dr. Gilchrist arrived in Edenton over the week-end and entered upon his new duties Monday morning. He was, until this week, employed by the North Carolina Department of Agriculture and because of his previous work has come in contact with problems which, no doubt, are common in Chowan. He was one of the three veterinarians sent into Chowan County recently to study the hog situation when conditions became alarming, due to the loss of so many hogs.

Dr. Gilchrist is interested in the welfare of farmers and is very desirous to be of service to them. At present he has no office, but can be reached at the home of John F. White on West Church Street, where he will be temporarily located until permanent headquarters are arranged. He is anxious to meet farmers and help in solving their problems in his particular field, and with the proper cooperation the county may again be rid of the present hog diseases, as well as prevent developments in the future which could be equally or more disastrous than the financial loss experienced this year by hog growers.

"30"

In newspaper parlance "30" means the end and among writers these two figures appear at the end of a story when it is completed. "Thirty" appeared Sunday to the career of Harvey W. Thomas, who for a number of years, and until he was obliged to enter a Wilson hospital, adopted Edenton as his home. Mr. Thomas was a veteran newspaper man whose peer has never worked in Edenton, at least in the past twenty years. In his time he traveled extensively, was well read and was one of those individuals who could participate intelligently in a conversation on almost any subject.

He was a man of means in his time and though meeting with financial reverses, he was still generous to a fault. He was kind-hearted and many of his charitable deeds have never been made known. With it all he was only human and himself admitted his short-

HEARD and SEEN

By "BUFF"

Appearing to be no end of mistakes in The Herald of late, ye editor joined the "parade" last week and gumbled up a story. As a result, the gals in Pender's store were about to mob me. It came about when I wrote a little story about Horace Hurdle leaving as manager, saying that he had held the position for several years and was succeeded by J. P. Chesson, Jr., a clerk. The ladies made me to understand that Mr. Hurdle succeeded Francis Benbury as manager when the latter entered the army several months ago and, too, that Mr. Chesson was assistant manager and not a clerk. I should have known that, for in the Pender store the customers wait on themselves and are therefore themselves the clerks. Gosh, if I ever have to write anything about those gals I'm going to be darn sure I get straight with this little business. Anyway, if other businesses are like a small newspaper, a title doesn't mean much, for here's an editor who instead of sitting at a desk, all dressed up, cleanly shaven and eating the news, is obliged to do just about a little of everything on down to janitorial jobs.

Jack Mooney probably has gotten some local Red Men in a jam. Jack is the new sashem of Chowan Tribe, and in order to boost attendance, adopted a scheme of sending cards to members who were absent at the meeting to the effect that they were greatly missed and hoped they would be able to be present at the following meeting. The first batch of cards went out late last week and as a result some members had to do some explaining. In a number of instances members' wives saw the card and forthwith asked, "Where were you last Monday night? You told me you were at lodge." A few of the fellows said they tore up the card before their wives saw it. Anyway, we men just have to stick together, so to help out some of the boys, I'd like to say that through some mistake cards were addressed to members who really were present at the lodge meeting. Honest, Missus!

Chowan County Commissioners are a very considerate group of fellows. On Monday Commissioner Lonnie Boyce was suffering with a severe toothache and apparently was determined to sit through the meeting. It was obvious that he was in much pain and one or two times during the meeting Chairman Mint Warren told Lonnie he could be excused if he wanted to visit a dentist. Finally, the hurting Commissioner decided he would go and have the tooth yanked out, and it was then that the entire Board asked if they should accompany him to the dentist's office. He went by himself, though, and returned to take part in the last stages of the meeting.

Some of the Edenton old-timers may remember C. W. Byrd, who is now president of the Davidson Cotton Mills at Davidson, N. C. Mr. Byrd is one of the newest subscribers to The Herald and in a letter this week had this to say:

"I have just received a sample copy of The Chowan Herald and enclosed is my check for one year's subscription."

"I spent my early boyhood in Edenton, leaving there when I was around 17 years old. That's been more than 40 years ago. Since that time I have passed through only two or three times. In reading one of the current best sellers 'Men of Albemarle,' my interest in the delightful old town has been revived, hence this subscription."

"It was interesting to see the names of Jack McMullan, Richard Dixon and Ferner Hobbs in the paper you sent me. These boys' attended the old Edenton Academy when I did. I haven't seen any of them in 40 years, but it is good to know that they have apparently been successful."

Jimmy Earnhardt, who has been confined to his home about a week having an argument with the flu, must be getting better. I haven't seen him, but the Missus says he's getting cranky because, he thinks, he's not getting enough to eat. Well, when a sick guy begins to get fussy it's a pretty sure sign he's getting better, or at least that's the information I've had around my home already.

Thank goodness, there's no rationing of energy and as a result, it was an unusual sight Monday-morning to see T. B. Williford, O. C. Davis and Walter Wilkins parading down King Street loaded down with fishing poles, oars, paddles, bait and whatever else is needed (outboard motor not needed now) to go fishing. The trio piled in a boat near W. D. Pruden's home, rowed a spell, fished a while and caught three fish. Think I'll try my luck tomorrow, but I'm going to fish in the bath tub at home. It should be just about as much fun, according to the way the devilish fish have been acting of late—if there are any around to do any acting.

During these days of rationing, if a fellow has any money to carry at all, it is almost necessary to have two wallets—one for the money and another for all of the bloomin' cards, coupons and the like necessary to drive an automobile, buy stuff to eat, operate a boat and so on. It's a mess and sometimes embarrassing, as one local fellow can vouch for. This fellow went to the post office to cash in a book of war savings stamps for a bond and when doing so, planked a book down on Postmaster Cal Kramer's desk. Friend Kramer picked up the book, gave it the once over and remarked, "Why you're in the wrong place—this is a coupon book to buy liquor." The fellow at once realized his mistake and, after fumbling around in his pockets, finally produced the book of war savings stamps and, of course, secured a bond.

Which reminds me of a little mixup I had in the bathroom Sunday morning. It was when attempting to gargle my throat that I got hold of a bottle of shampoo instead of an antiseptic. Taking a pretty good swig, it didn't take long to discover the mistake and you can take it from me, shampoo lotion tastes quite different from the way it smells. There was a spell of gagging and spitting going on for a while.

Some of the workers at the U. S. Marine Corps Air comings. He fell in love with Edenton upon his arrival here and numbered not a few of our citizens as his best friends. He would have liked to return to Edenton but "30" was "written" before his hope was realized.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"I Waited Two Hours For Her. So I Guess She Threw Me Down"

Station have become very much attached to Edenton and the folks who live here, and one of these is W. S. Oliver, who has severed his connection at the base and will, in a day or two, go elsewhere. My first conversation with Mr. Oliver over the telephone gave me the impression that he was hard-boiled and might be pretty hard to get along with, which when meeting him personally proved to be exactly the opposite. We've gotten along fine and Mr. Oliver said of all the construction jobs with which he has been connected, little Edenton appealed to him more than any other. Here's one who regrets seeing Mr. Oliver leave the old burg, and there are others who feel the same way about it.

Some friend of mine, no doubt reading in this column from time to time about chitterlings, this week went to the trouble to mail me a piece touching upon the subject which was entitled "Chittlin' Strut," which appeared in the News and Observer and was written by The Rhamkatte Roaster (Editor Josephus Daniels). Here's the piece, but it has not yet converted me to eatin' the things:

"Last nite I cudden help recallin' agin the 100-year-old Bosting lady who when asked by Dr. Eliot what had interested her most in her long life, answered 'Vittles,'" said the Old Codger as he dropped in this morning in a mellow mood.

Asked what brought that celebrated remark to his mind, the Old Codger said:

"I wuz invited out last nite to a chittlin' strut. You don't know what that air? You shore air an ignorant editor. I'll tell you. A chittlin' strut air the name given by Rhamkatters to a chitterling supper. Maybe you don't like chittlin'? Then you ain't a natural-born oldtime Rhamkatter. From time out ov mind it has bin a favorite dish hereabouts. Properly cooked an' seasoned, it air a dish dear to the heart ov a real Rhamkatter. If you don't believe it, cum over to my shack an' my sole woman will cook you sum chittin' that will make you thank God fer the room you hav on the inside ov you."

The Old Codger paused as if in memory enjoying his feast of chitterlings, and then he resumed:

"It wuz a swell supper. It began with tomato juice (grown an' fixed with the place), chittlin's, spareribs (browned to a turn), com pone, homemade butter (not a trace of oleomargarine), persimmon beer (non-alcoholic), coffee an' baked apple (grown on Rhamkatte trees) an' rich cream from the spring-house. Nothin' cent the coffee what wuzent grown on the place. I wuz in New York once an' a city chap a-tryin' to sell me a bill ov goods tuk me to Delmonico's an' set me up to a seven-course dinner ov things with French names, but it cudden hold a lite to that Rhamkatte chittlin' dinner."

It was sort of a shock to read in the papers Monday morning that Harvey Thomas had passed away in Wilson. He kept things livened up in Edenton while here and though not a few objected to many of his stories written for newspapers, the fact remains that, as a newspaper man, he was the best who ever struck Edenton, especially since the writer has been in Edenton, some 20 years. Friend Thomas made The Herald office his headquarters, where he was a familiar figure for several years. He time and again criticized The Herald editor and while some of the

LOOKING AT WASHINGTON

By HUGO S. SIMS

Parley A Casablanca Results To Appear Later

The meeting of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill in North Africa, where the leaders of the two democracies and their staff officials, contemplated the war situation indicates in a dramatic manner, the spirit of cooperation that exists between the two nations, now common allies in two wars.

There is no way to know what plans were laid for future military activities, or whether anything more was done than to confirm previous decisions as to the course that the English-speaking people will follow in making war upon the aggressors.

The fact that the President emphasized that nothing but the unconditional surrender of Germany, Italy and Japan will be satisfactory to the United Nations ought to put at rest any false ideas that the wily leaders of these nations may have of negotiating a premature peace.

The absence of Joseph Stalin, Premier of Russia, was duly noted, with the explanation that the Soviet Chief-tain had some important work at home. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that the Soviet Government is, and has been, fully informed as to Anglo-American plans and that no basis for misunderstanding exists.

Naturally, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was not present but emphasis is laid upon the scope of aid that will be extended to the Chinese in waging their war against Japan.

One may readily conclude that the President and Prime Minister discussed both of the wars in which their nations are engaged. Consequently, since Russia is not fighting Japan it would have been rather singular for the Soviet dictator to sit in on the conferences. However, strange things have happened in this war.

Generous Aid To Russia Planes, Tanks and Food

The lend-lease operations undertaken by the United States in March, 1941, represent one of the great episodes in the history of the present war and cannot be duplicated in any previous war.

Eight months after the policy got underway we began to extend assistance to the Russians, who had been attacked by the German army in June, 1941. Since that time we have shipped to the Soviet more than 3,200 tanks, almost 2,600 planes and 81,000 trucks, jeeps and other military motor vehicles.

Some of the shipments have been lost at sea, says Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., administrator of the lend-lease, who adds that our aid to Russia in 1941, with food shipments "rapidly growing in importance."

It is interesting to note from his recent report that the United States has shipped more planes to Russia than to any other war theatre, including the British Isles. Moreover, the British have sent to the Russians 2,600 tanks and more than 2,600 planes.

Considering the fact that the United States and Great Britain are engaged in two wars and that both had to start from scratch in equipping their own armed forces it would seem that they have extended generous assistance to the Soviet government.

Jeffers' Criticism Untimely. Armed Forces Come First.

The charges made by Rubber Administrator Jeffers that army and navy officers are curtailing and interfering with war plant production represents an unusual example of what not to say.

There naturally exists differences suggestions went in one ear and out the other, some of his advice was heeded and no doubt had its influence in helping The Herald to have just a little better editor, though the veteran newspaperman had a mighty poor subject to work on.

of opinion as to exactly how the nation should meet all the problems of the present emergency but there is little to be gained by such remarks.

We frankly prefer to submit the fate of the United States, in the present war, to the judgment of trained army and navy leaders than to industrialists who happen to be in charge of specific programs. After all, the officers probably have some good reasons for the position that they have taken even if they are not broadcast.

We are now engaged in a very serious conflict. Only the trained officers of the armed services have what Mr. Jeffers and other industrialists would term the "know-how." The nation might as well let these officers use their intelligence in meeting the war crisis.

Naturally, Mr. Jeffers, as the rubber chief, wants to produce rubber and keep civilians riding. It would be a nice feather in his cap and would be pleasing to everybody who wants to ride. Just the same, it may be that the armed services need some things that they won't get unless civilians do less riding.

The U-Boat Puzzle. What Berlin Claims. Escort Ships Needed.

There is much speculation as to losses now being sustained by the United Nations through the operation of German, Italian and Japanese U-boats.

Few reports indicate that Japanese or Italian submarines are having much success but there are repeated estimates, by Americans, that the Germans are sinking 1,000,000 tons of shipping a month.

It may be interesting to state that the German High Command only claims that U-boats sunk 7,586,000 tons of Allied shipping in 1942. To this total Berlin adds nearly a million and a half tons, which it claims represent sinkings by airplanes, surface vessels, mines and other means.

Berlin thus claims a grand total of 8,940,000 tons for 1942. It is reasonable to suppose that any error has been made in favor of the Germans since Berlin knew that the figures would get out for foreign consumption.

We have no idea how many tons of shipping the United Nations lost in 1942 but we have been impressed as other Americans, with the recently published forecasts and official admissions that the U-boat continues to menace prompt expedition of our war plans abroad.

There are few signs that U-boats have been effective in the Mediterranean and official reports assert this war, the United States Army moved six times as much supplies abroad as in the first year of the last war.

Contrariwise, the military experts and the columnists advise us that Germany has more U-boats in operation than ever before, that a huge new fleet is under construction and that there will certainly be a more vigorous U-boat campaign, with heavier losses in Allied ships.

Admiral Sir Percy Lockhart Hornam Noble, now representing the British Admiralty in Washington after commanding the British Mediterranean fleet up to the time of the North African invasion terms that expedition a "perfect operation."

He says it involved the greatest number of ships ever gathered into one armada and was guarded by a sufficient air escort. Some 500 cargo and transport vessels were accompanied by 350 warships and not one ship was sunk before the fleet passed Gibraltar and only one in advance of the actual landing.

Admiral Noble reiterates that the answer to the submarine is "escort ships, more escort ships and still more escort ships." He cites the North African venture as proof that when enough escort ships were along submarine attacks could be successfully countered.

Will Rogers' Humorous Story

By WILL ROGERS

ONE of these here flapper bandits was in the bandit lineup in the Chicago police court lately. She was a regular one, and such a perfect bandit in her makeup that you'd never know but what she was a daughter of a North Shore mill-



lonaire packer, all made up for a party. She wore her most becoming clothes, which wasn't much as far as quality was concerned. She had on about eight ounces of stuff, becomingly arranged as a shirt and waist and stockings. There was a big bruise along with her, and she was telling the judge it was all his fault.

"This guy done all the rough stuff," she says. "He got me into this mess. Why, judge, he's a well-known good-for-nothing. You know him, don't you?"

"Yes, he's been in here a lot of times, and I know he's a worthless bum. But go on."

"Well, you're right, judge, he's a worthless bum. He's been hiding behind my shirts for years."

"Humm," says the judge. "I never thought he was quite that little."