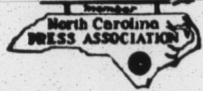


The Chowan Herald

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J. EDWIN HUFFLAP, Editor
HECTOR LUPTON, Advertising Mgr.

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THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1943

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

WE TOO ARE HIS AGENTS: The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. —Psalms 9:19.

"Sentence Suspended"

When you pick up a paper containing court proceedings and read "sentence suspended" in nine cases out of ten you know that justice has been flouted. Some judges, after a conviction, make a grand show of imposing penalties, and then defeat justice by adding "sentence suspended." In nine cases out of ten the whole thing is a farce, so much so that it would be well if no judges had the right by "sentence suspended" to defeat the course of justice.

In rare instances, as for instance serious sickness, the sentence may properly be held in abeyance and in one case in a thousand suspension is justifiable. But when you read at every court "sentence suspended" you know in most cases that there is no real punishment.

Nobody ought to wish vengeance or severe punishment, but courts fail when justice is flouted by failure to punish guilty parties. The State has wisely provided a system of parole and mitigated harsh sentence. But "sentence suspended" is a method of defeating justice. —The News and Observer.

Water Commerce Among Great Tar Heel Assets

Broader recognition and greater use of North Carolina ports is urged by the North Carolina Traffic League.

At its thirteenth annual meeting in Raleigh the Association decided to further in every way possible the immediate movement of materials destined for overseas lend-lease consumers.

Quite appropriate is this urgent suggestion for the purpose of relieving other Atlantic and Gulf ports, the larger ones being overcrowded deplorably in necessary movements of war supplies. Those who have visited Norfolk and Charleston in neighboring states have noted the confusion and delays involved there, as at most large ports, in moving men and materials, both outgoing and inbound.

Within recent years Tar Heels have become more conscious of their port facilities and have succeeded through both State and federal legislation in obtaining deeper and better waterways and ports along our serrated eastern coast.

With principal interest concentrated on the ports of Morehead City, Wilmington-Southport, appropriate attention was given to the minor harbors of Elizabeth City, Edenton, Behaven, Washington and New Bern. Clear 12-foot channels and an unobstructed inland waterway now facilitate movement of extensive water traffic in both regular and crowded periods.

Looking ahead to the postwar era when our America for many years to come will be operating busy traffic lanes across the Atlantic by both ship and plane, it is highly appropriate that all of our State's termini of the east be utilized to the utmost.

The time to start on this program is at hand, right now, while war movements are highly urgent.—The Raleigh Times.

Cheerful Letters For Soldiers

Mothers, wives and sweethearts at home are largely responsible for mental cases among American soldiers in the China-Burma-India theater, according to Lieut.-Col. Charles R. Williams, commanding officer of a base hospital, somewhere in India.

The medical officer says that "letters asking the soldier to return, telling him of thousands of soldiers in the United States who could replace him, or giving details of family difficulties, many times trivial, cause the soldier to worry."

This report obviously emphasizes the importance of "cheerful and encouraging news from home" and should be a guide to letter-writers. Certainly, there is no reason to burden soldiers, in foreign lands, with trivial complaints from home.

As expected, most of the mental cases involved "soft" soldiers, who are too young or who have enjoyed too protected lives. When confronted with troubles at home, they lose their grip and become unfitted for the difficult tasks of a warrior.

We do not believe that important news from home, even if it involves some suffering to a soldier, should be omitted. Men are well able to sustain grief that is inevitable, but they should not be burdened when involved in a war with minor complaints, worries and problems from the home front. The people at home should bear these burdens.

No Miracles Ahead

The American public is gradually acquiring the idea that when the war ends the nation will be flooded with miraculous new devices as industrialists lure the spending power that has been built up by war conditions.

It is just as well to get rid of the notion. There will be no sudden outburst of dream products. Gradual improvement of many devices will arrive but buyers will not have the opportunity to revolutionize living conditions through startling inventions.

The way some people are talking about post-war miracles one would think that a new electrical stove is being prepared that will not only wake up and cook ham and eggs for the family breakfast but that it will have a device that will automatically produce the food.

Civilians can do three things to win the war: Buy bonds, pay taxes and quit grumbling.

HEARD and SEEN

By "BUFF"

Nope, some folks were not seeing things Thursday upon seeing yours truly about town, when they thought I was penned up in a hospital. Some of 'em said it was all hot air about undergoing an operation, others said I got "cold feet," while still others thought I was "man" enough to go through an operation in one day. As a matter of fact, I went to Duke Hospital on Wednesday of last week, where I was given the "once over." And to start with, if I ever have to take another examination, I'm going to take a bicycle, for better time can be made in chasing from one desk to another and one room after another. To prove that I'm plenty dumb about this hospital business was the fact that I got up before daylight in order to eat breakfast, when I was offered breakfast at both Williamston and Rocky Mount while on my journey. Then, while chasing through the halls of Duke Hospital, I naturally got whiffs of ether every now and then, which made me feel as though I was riding on one of those dip-the-dip contraptions, for my breath felt as though it was leaving me and beads of perspiration appeared on my forehead. I felt certain that the next place I'd be sent to was a room from which the ether fumes were emanating. Then another thing they do is to send you far enough from one place to another so that, the way I figure it out, they have time to telephone that such and such a guy will soon show up, for upon arrival, they called me by name when I had never met the young lady or the doctor. Anyway, I was examined and arrangements were made to enter the hospital this past Sunday. If the schedule is carried out as this is written, I'll be flat on my back as this column is being read, for an operation, and maybe a double operation, was slated for Monday. According to the guys at Duke, I'm scheduled to be penned up for from 12 to 21 days. Thoughts of an operation have been anything but pleasant for a guy who for half a century has enjoyed splendid health, this being the first experience at a hospital and one of the very few times it has been necessary to have a doctor, but it's a source of satisfaction to have had so many wishes for a successful and easy operation, and offers of any assistance which might be necessary. All of these are greatly appreciated and have helped to make the ordeal easier to bear. It's fine to have friends, of which I am very thankful in having not a few of whom I'll be anxious to see as soon as they turn me out of the hospital.

Technical Sergeant Hugh M. Ashley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Ashley, of a guard squadron, is considered one of the youngest "veterans" at the Laurinburg-Maxton Army Air Base, according to a news release from the office of public relations.

The following is a newspaper clipping sent to The Herald, of which Hugh is the subject:

"He's three years over the voting age, hails from Edenton on North Carolina's coast, and has seen almost seven years of military service.

"He came to Laurinburg-Maxton Air Base last October with the original cadre of the Guard Squadron. Today he's provost and prison guard sergeant and he knows his business like a veteran.

"The 218-pound Tar Heel started his M. P. career back in March, 1940, and he's come a long way. He knows his rules and regulations and he knows his soldiers.

"You probably won't believe it, but the hefty sergeant was an expert soda jerker before he enlisted four years ago and his soda fountain creations were the talk of home-town Edenton. He really knows how to make those pops—and he can dish them out, too!

"Prior to enlistment in the Air Corps in January, 1940, Sergeant Ashley served a hitch of two years and seven months in the North Carolina National Guards as ambulance driver with the 105th Medical Regiment.

"After enlisting in the Air Corps at Norfolk, Va., he was sent to Langley Field, Ala., and from there he went to Bowman Field, Ky., in March, 1941. His next assignment was to Laurinburg-Maxton.

"Sergeant Ashley has a brother in the armed services, 21-year-old Lester, who is now with the Engineers in Alaska, where he has been since last December."

Maybe other Chowan boys are equally as popular and capable as Hugh, and here's hoping the office of public relations lets us hear about 'em.

And speaking about Fats, he should be an asset to the Boy Scouts here, for he is 100 per cent for the Scouts. In fact, upon leaving Rocky Mount he was honored at a number of banquets and besides was presented with a beautiful Bible, a made-to-order neck-a-chief, (regular size wouldn't go around his neck), and a Boy Scout trophy, which also adorns the Police Station. Fats, too, has come to the rescue in being able to have brass buttons on police uniforms. The things are hard to get, but Walter Cooke, of Nashville, a good friend of the new chief of police, sent a box full of buttons, and if necessary, Fats says he can use a needle and thread well enough to sew on a few buttons. Incidentally, until a house can be rented for his family, Fats is sleeping in the firemen's quarters. Tom Goodman and Al Owens should feel a little safer now. It might be well, too, to say that Fats is delighted with Edenton. He's very congenial (who ever saw a fat man who wasn't?) and really appreciates the hospitality shown him thus far. He likes to meet folks, so don't be backward in speaking to him, for he will appreciate it. Edenton is no strange town to him, for though very few people know it, he was on the Floating Theatre which used to play in Edenton. He beat the drums (anybody remember him?) in the orchestra when the boat was here in 1927 and 1928. He's a very pleasant fellow to speak to, is taking his job seriously and already appears to be making some headway.

Since the arrival of Chief of Police Fats Tanner, the picture of J. Edgar Hoover hangs in the police station. Reason for Fats taking extra pride in the picture is the fact that it is autographed by the FBI boss.

Father's Day has come and gone and the old gents, for the most part, didn't know a day was set apart in their honor. George Hoskins, however, was remembered by his wife, who bought him a brand new hat. What the heck, it was Father's Day—not Husband's Day.

Mrs. Virginia Gilliam, who was here a couple of weeks conducting salesmanship classes, presented an interesting program at last week's Rotary meeting. By use of a fire underwriter's knot, she very ably drove home a lesson in developing capable employees. Various methods were used in teaching the Rotarians to tie this par-

ticular knot, her principal object being that to get best results, a person must be shown. For this particular demonstration, she happened to call on Chaplain Henry Chace of the Marine Corps Air Station (he's a Rotarian now despite the fact that he hails from Cincinnati). It wasn't exactly fair, for the chaplain has tied a lot of knots already and some of which are not as easy to undo as the one Mrs. Gilliam was demonstrating.

In my absence Miss Lena Jones is pinch-hitting for me. Naturally, going away from a job causes some concern, but she ought to be able to get around and catch up with the news. Up Asheville way she was dubbed "Leapin' Lena", while she was attending school, and we don't have the hills here to contend with.

Funeral Services Held For Mrs. J. T. Cobb

Mrs. J. T. Cobb, 75, widow of the late J. T. Cobb of Bertie County, died at her home on Oakum Street Friday, after a lingering illness, which had practically kept her confined to her room since last November.

Mrs. Cobb was a member of the Scotland Neck Baptist Church, where two of her daughters and a son now reside. She moved to Edenton 16 years ago and attended the Edenton Baptist Church when her health would permit.

Surviving are five daughters and three sons: Mrs. Willie Dickens of Nashville, Mrs. George Rogister of Scotland Neck, Mrs. Bonnie Wilks of Scotland Neck, Mrs. Frank Merritt of Whiteville, and Mrs. John Ashbell of Edenton; Jesse Cobb of Scotland Neck, Eugene Cobb with the Armed Forces Somewhere in England, and Clyde Cobb of Edenton.

Funeral services were held for Mrs. Cobb at the Edenton Baptist Church on Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, with the Rev. E. L. Wells officiating. Burial was made in Beaver Hill Cemetery.

Pallbearers were: Walter Adams, Lloyd Cobb, Wade Cobb, Clarence Cobb, John L. Goodwin and Haywood Bunch.

RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS

The Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Benson are receiving congratulations this week over the arrival of their baby granddaughter, Mollie Lou, who was born Tuesday. Her parents are Dr. and Mrs. Cedric Zebelin, of Wallace.

Catholic Services To Be Held Next Sunday

Holy Mass is celebrated three times every Sunday, the first next Sunday at 6:30 a. m., at the Harvey Point Air Station, the second and third at 8:30 and 11 a. m., in St. Ann's Catholic Church, corner of N. Broad and Albemarle Streets, Edenton, announced the Reverend Father Francis J. McCourt, pastor of St. Ann's and Chaplain to the Edenton and Harvey Point Air Stations. Each Sunday Mass will last only 45 minutes and include Holy Communion and Sermon on "Suffering and Reward."

Confessions are heard at St. Ann's Saturday from 7:30 to 8:30, and Sundays from half-hour to five minutes before services.



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Franchised Bottler: Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co., of Elizabeth City, N. C.

RIDE THE BUS!

No Wartime Transportation Worries!

5 Minutes Until Bus Time

YES, INDEED, FOLKS! You can ride the Norfolk Southern Buses and will not have to worry about war-time use of your gas or tires . . . but we want you to think just a minute about those five minutes 'til bus time.

You know there is a lot more to buses and their schedules than the mere fact that they pull in and out of bus stations and take you where you want to go . . . there is the planning that must be done to keep the buses rolling on a smooth time-table!

It is not just a haphazard thing, either. The people who make out Norfolk Southern schedules must keep in mind all those five minutes 'til bus time and remember many patrons will not utilize those minutes to be prepared to begin their trip.

Ordinarily our schedule makers allow our drivers a little leeway for delays . . . but now with the speed law set at 35 miles per hour, we must make every minute count. Therefore, we are asking our friends and patrons to help us out by cooperating with us to maintain our schedules and cause as few delays as possible.

You can do this by making all arrangements for your trip ahead of time . . . then arriving at the Bus Station in plenty of time to purchase your ticket and check your luggage. Take along only the minimum amount of baggage and make room for more fellow passengers.

WHEN YOU PLAN A TRIP CONSULT THE AGENT AT THE NEAREST NORFOLK SOUTHERN BUS STATION FOR COMPLETE TRAVEL INFORMATION

The Norfolk Southern Bus Corporation