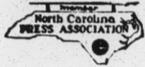


The Chowan Herald

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J. EDWIN BUFFLAP.....Editor
HECTOR LUPTON.....Advertising Mgr.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1943

THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT:

DRAW ON THE UNSEARCHABLE DEPTHS: If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not and it shall be given him.—James 1:5.

Catch Second Breath

Chowan County, up to Tuesday morning, had just about reached the half-way mark in its Third War Loan quota, when J. G. Campen, chairman of the Chowan County War Finance Committee, figured \$208,000 worth of bonds had been sold. The quota for Chowan is \$417,000 so that while the half-way point has been reached, the second half will, no doubt, be more difficult to secure.

While the goal seems afar off, Mr. Campen continues to be optimistic and believes the county will rally to the need of funds and purchase enough bonds to meet the quota. To that end, he begs of everyone in the county to go the limit in purchasing bonds from now until September 30.

Patriotism alone should be an incentive to buy as many bonds as possible, but aside from that fact, the investment is the best in the world today. You are not giving Uncle Sam anything when you buy bonds, but you are making a safe investment with your dollars going toward winning the war, which if not won will mean the loss of freedom and bank accounts as well.

Chowan's quota is large, but it is not conceded that the county cannot meet it. If every citizen will do his or her utmost in buying bonds, Chowan, without doubt, will again be numbered among those who have gone over the top.

Let's Pull Together

In this issue of The Herald Mayor L. H. Haskett makes an appeal to Edentonians to cooperate in helping to make the town cleaner and more attractive. He has made several recent inspection trips during which he has found a number of instances where the beauty and cleanliness of the town was marred principally due to thoughtlessness or carelessness, and it is because of this fact that he calls attention to the situation.

Of course, when these conditions arise, naturally criticism is focused at the Street Department, but in this particular instance, the Town employees are blameless, for the untidy premises in question happen to be private property and Town employees have no responsibility in cleaning up private property. The department, however, is and has been vitally interested in maintaining a clean town and up until recent months boasted a reputation in this respect but with the growth of the town has come added responsibilities for the department as well as more carelessness on the part of some who live here.

Mayor Haskett is to be commended upon his efforts to improve the town's appearance, but until the citizenry as a whole want a cleaner town and are willing to cooperate, the Street Department, or two or three Street Departments for that matter, cannot make any appreciable progress over present conditions.

The progress of civilization depends upon the cooperation of human beings but it is essential to understand the necessity that the cooperation be voluntary and not compulsory.

Voluntary cooperation, based upon the free will of individuals, represents permanent gains for society. Compulsory cooperation, regardless of the pressure that enforces it, inevitably creates individual dissatisfaction and will be dissipated whenever the pressure is lifted.

Draft Of Fathers Postponed

Drafting of fathers, it seems, will be postponed for some weeks, while a study of the status of single men is concluded.

While we have no sympathy with the idea of some Congressmen that the drafting of fathers is practically immoral, we do not believe that they should be called into the Army until it is absolutely necessary.

For some reason, the nation has failed to utilize nearly a million illiterates, giving them deferred classification. There is little doubt but that they could be used, if necessary, in limited occupations, but with the effect of releasing other soldiers for the fighting front.

The same observation also applies to the estimated 400,000 men who have been deferred because of venereal diseases. These men, it seems to us, should be taken into active service, sent to hospitals and cured. Then, they could serve the nation as other young men who do not have the disease.

The money loaned to the government, through the purchase of War Bonds, makes it unnecessary to create that much money and move that much closer toward inflation.

Home-front grumbling over minor inconveniences is strange music to fighting men, shot to pieces on the battlefield.

The war, we are told, has disrupted many homes; from what we read, however, it has started a number of families.

The suspicion is becoming general that the "simplified, pay-as-you-go" tax plan is neither simple nor paid-as-you-go.

HEARD and SEEN

By "BUFF"

Thanks to a reader of this column, I've been informed of a new "disease" which is named "Priority Palsy." In the mail the other day was the following:

PRIORITY PALS

Do you get hot sweats after a long distance call to Washington?

Do you see black things in front of your eyes when reading?

Do your shoulders ache?

Are you afraid to go to sleep at night because you think you're going to die before morning?

Do you say the Lord's Prayer before you open your mail in the morning?

Don't worry, Brother, you ain't going to die, you just got "PRIORITY PALS." It's something new. It's a germ originated in the W. P. B. and is now beginning to affect the whole Nation. Doctors say it's caused by a combination of eating too fast, worrying too much, not getting enough sleep and nervous tension. Few people die with it, but everyone who gets it thinks he is about to cash in. It comes about like this—you're in a hurry and excited about something you must do, like filling out Form 5-856-ISEF-D on the 10th of the month. Intent on that, you either forget your lunch which causes gas on the stomach due to being empty, or you eat too fast and get indigestion. Then you begin to pass gas and that causes a pain as if it was just over your heart. You won't die if you just say to H—and get a little more rest than you've been getting and don't try to run both the war and your business. It's Hell while it lasts—Doctors haven't a name for it yet, but they will probably call it

ENDOCARTOPRIORITIS

Most important, Brother, you won't die with it even though you might be better off dead.

R. H. Bachman is the latest one to comment on my recent operation, and he's an "old hand" at hospital experiences. At any rate, he told me about one which he recalls very vividly. It was while he was waiting for one of a series of blood transfusions that he heard one of the doctors say, "He will not live until 9 o'clock," which was only a few hours in the offing. But the doctor missed his guess for Friend Bachman is still very much alive and if you don't believe it, just drop a hint that you are interested in some of the Fuller merchandise.

Charlie Overman, at last Thursday's Rotary meeting said that there are two things which he enjoys, one being a long, soothing sermon and the same sort of a Rotary talk, for it affords him a splendid opportunity to slip in a nice little snooze. It so happened that he was sitting in front of yours truly who had the program for the meeting and was planning to read a long treatise on the art of printing. It also happened that Chaplain Henry Chace was sitting close by and heard Charlie's remarks. I told Charlie to get settled for a snooze, while Chaplain Chace said: "Well, in defense of the preachers, there is some consolation to know that we can do some good for the bodies of some people if not for their souls." Friend Charlie did not sleep during one meeting at any rate.

And speaking about the Rotarians, they have agreed to foot the bill for a nice barbecue pit at the Armory. One member made the suggestion that possibly the bricks would be contributed by some one not a member of the Club, which met with immediate opposition. "We want this to be strictly a Rotary affair," said Izzy Campen. "If there is anyone in Edenton having enough extra bricks, why not make him a member of the Club?"

Edenton Rotarians and Lions are very anxious to see Chowan meet its quota of war bonds and have entered into a contest to see which Club is responsible for the most sales. At the conclusion of the drive, the losing Club is to furnish dinner to the winners. Some Rotarians figure they have the jump on the Lions, for with Mint Warren at the bank, Cal Kramer at the Postoffice, and even J. G. Campen, chairman of the County War Finance Committee, being Rotarians, they ought to do a spell of talking to sell bonds, in which case the Rotary Club would get credit. Anyway, some of the Rotarians feel that if they lose in the contest, the above-named trio ought to foot the bill. Then, the Rotary Club has another advantage, for the writer is a Rotarian and if the Lions win maybe nary a line will appear about the outcome, but if the Rotary Club wins—well, that would be different.

Haywood Jones, who operates a grocery store near The Herald office, believes in newspaper advertisements, but the other day he used a different method. He had just managed to get hold of a couple of boxes of candy which, of course, is very scarce these days. Picking out a piece of the candy, he stood in the doorway of his store and proceeded to eat it, prominently displaying it as he raised it to his mouth. It wasn't very long until his newly acquired stock of candy had entirely disappeared. Of course, there are some storekeepers who keep the stuff, especially popular brands, under cover. Gosh, haven't business practices changed along some lines?

According to the way gun shells which will be available are handled, it looks as though the farmer has been "looked after." Anyway, one of 'em, the other day said, "Oh yes, the 'boys' in Washington realize an election is approaching, so that once again they must look out for the 'poor old farmer' by seeing to it that we get gun shells first." However, the fellow wound up his remark thusly: "They always 'look after' the farmer around election time, but in the end the 'poor farmer' gets the dirty end of the stick."

Maybe the life of the Lady Marines isn't so hard after all, if what I heard one of 'em say the other night is any indication. The attractive young lady was walking along Broad Street, when she told her companion, "... and when this war is over and I go home, I'm never again going to wear high-heel shoes and silk stockings."

Chief of Police Tanner is convinced that his wife would make a good supervisor of labor on a defense project. You see, the Tanners moved to Edenton from Rocky Mount Saturday and since then the Missus has

put him to work helping to get the house fixed up. He was not allowed to knock off on Monday night until about 10 o'clock and when he arrived down town he looked as though he had been pushed through a knot-hole with a white-wash brush. Anyway, he's glad he has his family with him and now feels that he really is a part (and a big part) of Edenton.

When it comes to fishing, I hand the palm to Frank Hughes. Saturday afternoon, it will be recalled, lacked a lot of being as hot as some of the days we've had this summer, and he, Willie White and the writer went fishing. It so happened that I caught one more fish than Frank (Willie was high man) but as we left the final fishing hole the devilish stringer caught on a stump and tore the line. It was Frank's opportunity to beat me, so he didn't do a thing but crawl out of every stitch of his clothes, and ooze overboard. He slowed up a bit when the chilly water reached his belly, but he was determined to get the fish, and finally did, taking credit, of course, for every one he saved. He was shivering up a storm when he crawled back into the boat, but as scarce as fish are these days, coupled with the second successive time of being low man, he figured it was no time to lose fish, especially after they were on a stringer.

The Herald mascot, a little black cat, recently adopted, has disappeared.

ed. Search high and low has been made for the kitten, but no trace has been found, so that about the only conclusion I can come to is that the critter ventured off a little too far and happened to visit Scott's Seed and Feed Store, where one of Leon Halsey's rats decided to have a cat steak. Anyway, Friend Leon Halsey, manager of the store, had a rat in a trap the other day which was large enough to eat our cat.



From where I sit ...

by Joe Marsh

"Well," says Judge Cunningham. "I see they've got it!"

"Got what?" I says.

"Look," beams the Judge. And he pulls out an article about a special kind o' lie detector—an "alcoholometer" they call it.

When a fellow gets haled into court for doing mischief, and blames it all on a "couple of beers," this scientific machine proves whether just a "couple of beers" is really the true answer.

And o' course it isn't. Because a couple of beers, enjoyed with

friends, is a way people keep out of trouble, not get into it!

From where I sit, I certainly agree with the Judge. The fellow with the anti about a "couple of beers" is reflecting on good citizens everywhere who enjoy a quiet glass of beer with their meals sittin' with their friends or just relaxing after a day's work. Moderate folks like that are entitled to consideration.

Joe Marsh

1943, BREWING INDUSTRY I...
Edgar H. Bala, State Director, Raleigh, N. C.

PLAN NOW TO CUT FEED AND FERTILIZER EXPENSE NEXT SPRING ... BY PLANTING COVER CROPS

SHIPMENT JUST RECEIVED OF

Genuine Abruzzi Rye

(Delaware Grown)

and Fulgrain Seed Oats

We Are Now Booking Orders For New 72-inch 7 1-2 ounce and 8 ounce Burlap Peanut Bags and Hay Wire.

MAY WE SERVE YOU?

Cut Your Corn Requirements In Half By Feeding Your Market Hogs On

PREMIUM MARKITOP HOG SUPPLEMENT PIONEER HOG SUPPLEMENT

MANUFACTURED BY

Home Feed and Fertilizer Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Premium Feeds

Wood's Fertilizers

Pioneer Feeds

W. CARTERET ST.

PHONE 66

EDENTON, N. C.

THE OLD JUDGE SAYS.



"The more I read about it, Judge, the more I realize the tactics and requirements of this war are as different from the one I fought in 25 years ago as night is from day."

"Yes, and I can give you an example of how true that is. Fred. In World War I the chief uses of alcohol produced for war purposes were found in smokeless powder, medical supplies and chemical warfare materials. In this war the need for this product is far more vital because it is also used as a fuel to propel torpedoes, to make shatterproof glass

for airplane windshields and instrument covers, to make lacquers used in camouflaging equipment and as a base for synthetic rubber needed for tires, gas masks, paratroop equipment and dozens of other things.

"Every time I think of it, Fred, I realize how fortunate we were in having a beverage distilling industry in existence when war broke out... ready and willing to convert 100% to the production of this critically needed war product. I'm mighty sure bootleggers wouldn't have."