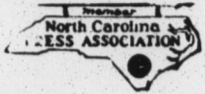


The Chowan Herald

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1943

Both Glad And Sorry

While it is the pleasure this week for The Herald to welcome a new minister of the Gospel to Edenton, at the same time regret is registered because of the early departure of another.

The newcomer is the Rev. H. Freo Surratt, who was appointed at the Methodist Conference in Rocky Mount last week as pastor of the Edenton Methodist Church. He and Mrs. Surratt moved to Edenton this week and will live in the parsonage of the church, though Mr. Surratt will also serve the Windsor Church, where he has been pastor for four years.

The new pastor comes highly recommended, his Windsor congregation being delighted to have him for the fifth year. He has also preached five years in Charlotte, four in Graham, three in Thomasville, and two in Winston-Salem.

The minister who will soon leave is the Rev. Lewis F. Schenck, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, who has resigned, the resignation to go into effect December 1. Mr. and Mrs. Schenck will go to Burlington, N. C., where Mr. Schenck has accepted the rectorship of the magnificent Church of the Holy Comforter, a \$100,000 church plant.

Mr. Schenck has been the rector of St. Paul's for about a year, and during that time the church has enjoyed a very pleasant and successful year. He is an able and promising young minister and in leaving for his new church, he will enter a field where he believes he can be of more service. Both Mr. and Mrs. Schenck have endeared themselves to many Edenton people in and out of St. Paul's congregation, so that their departure will be reason of no little regret.

The Herald, therefore, welcomes the newcomers, the Rev. and Mrs. H. Freo Surratt, and joins with the many friends who will be sorry to see the Rev. and Mrs. Lewis F. Schenck leave.

Cut a Cord, Cook Axis' Goose

When the big artillery shells of the A. E. F. fell on Sedan, France, in early November, 25 years ago, the East and West armies of the Kaiser were cut in two and the Kaiser's goose was cooked.

Then came the Armistice. Der Fuehrer's goose will be cooked one day, too, and then Tojo's. How soon depends on us as home as much as on our fighting men. For they can't win victories unless we keep them supplied with more and better equipment than the enemy's.

Planes, ships, tanks and guns are essential needs, we know, but just as essential are ammunition, equipment, food, medical supplies and a hundred other materials of war needed in each day's battle.

One of the essential products for hundreds of items of war today is pulpwood. It goes into the manufacture of smokeless powder, surgical dressings, mine covers, cargo parachutes, vests for aviators, weatherproof maps, containers for blood plasma, first aid kits, emergency rations, just to name a few.

Tons of food and equipment are shipped overseas each month in waterproof boxes and bags made of pulpwood which has replaced millions of pounds of critical metals.

Now the nation, at war, is suffering from a serious pulpwood shortage which can only be relieved by the farmers and woodcutters in pulpwood producing areas like ours.

We can't all work on the planes and ships and tanks and guns but every able-bodied man in the community can give them life by the fruits of his axe and saw.

Remember the Victory Pulpwood Campaign slogan: "Cut a Cord of Pulpwood for Every Local Boy in Service."

We aren't asked to GIVE, but to cut a cord, with profit to ourselves and with service to the nation.

Your cord may help bring Sedan a little closer for Hitler and Tojo and provide the fire for the cooking of the Axis goose, forever.

Buy More War Bonds

Chowan County has been allotted its quota of war bond sales for November, the amount being \$51,512. It's a sizeable amount of bonds to be purchased in the county, but J. G. Campen, chairman of the war savings staff, is very optimistic that the quota will again be reached.

Mr. Campen, however, warns that because the Allies appear to be getting the upper hand in the war should be no reason why there should be a let-up in buying bonds. Rather, he says, this encouraging news should have the opposite effect, for the more bonds bought, the more materials can be provided our fighting forces which, in turn, should hasten the day of complete victory over our enemies.

Chowan County has done a splendid job in buying war bonds thus far and citizens are urged to pull in their belts and determine to continue the good work.

Armistice Day 1943

As the nation today honors its soldier dead, especially those who died in the first World War, let no American regard their sacrifice in vain.

Brave men can do no more than lay down their lives for their country, which represents their people, and there is no justification whatever for the thought that the present war proves that the heroic dead wasted their lives.

We are tired of the nonsense about losing the last war. We did not lose it. We won it decisively, magnificently. Those who fought its battles have a right to be proud of their contribution and to revere the memory of departed comrades.

HEARD and SEEN

By "BUFF"

"THE BATTLE OF DEAR OLE EDENTON"
When God was designing creation
And laying out oceans and sands
With never a moment's relaxation
Not even to spit on his hands.

As any one will do in a hurry
He let things go now and then
And in all the excitement and worry
He should have done it over again.

So rather than mess up the outfit
He saved every blunder and blob
And stored them away in the corner
To use at the end of the job.

On the sixth afternoon of the contract
Toward the end of the day
He boiled down the dregs of corruption
And shoveled the litter away.

He gathered the scum and sewage
The slop and wreckage and scum
And built in the swamps of Carolina
The great international dump.

He did this up in a hurry
And because of the rush he was in
He named this place Edenton
And Edenton it has always been.

The politicians set aside this land
And said it was one of their dreams
And into this forsaken hole
They sent United States Marines.

The Negroes, Whites and Halfbreeds came
To build the barracks fine
And after months of sweat and toil
The buildings were in line.

Then they started on the mess halls
And built them two abreast
The Mess Officer said, "The chow in here
Is of the very best."

Now hundreds formed in lines
Extending to the street
And after finally once inside
Found very little to eat.

Then feeling gloomy and sarcastic
Because it was Saturday night
The Lord picked the sorriest corner
And named it Edenton for spite.

It is here that they do things backwards
And the mud does not dry between rains
Where costs and high prices are plenty
And thievery is better than brains.

It's the land of the rebel and nigger
The buzzards and sea-going crows
My strongest impression of Edenton
I received from the tip of my nose.

It's the land of an infernal odor
This town of the ungodly smell
The average United States Marine
Would rather be stationed in Hell.

The ABC is the only whiskey selling place
And if you get there after six
The door slams in your face.

Marines are tough (or supposed to be)
And like their whiskey strong
But if you are lucky to get a pint
The people think it is wrong.

A pint ain't much, and a good Marine
Can drink a gallon or more
But Hell, you can't even buy the stuff
When they close that gosh darn store.

Now some boots stagger all over town
After drinking one short beer
Still, weak beer is served at Habit's place
Where the old salts sit and sneer.

Some boots go on liberty
With fire in their eyes
And after ten minutes in the town
They all sit down and cry.

I could think of a million places
That I would rather be
Out fighting the little Japs
Or far out on the sea.

I've seen liberties good and bad
But this is by far the worst
You go to town and walk around
And almost die of thirst.

So listen, recruits and salty boots,
And from this place stay clear
The mail is always two weeks late
And they sell you water for beer.

So it's back to civilization for me
Though I'm not wishing any one ill
Edenton can rot for all I care
And I really hope that it will.

Yes, it's back to civilization for me,
A sadder, but wiser chap,
The Lord played a joke on all mankind
When he put Edenton on the map.

I've heard about the above poem for some time, but only this week was I able to get my mitts on it. It's characteristic of some people not to be satisfied with anything or anybody, and despite the fact that Edenton people always have been and still are very anxious to be hospitable and friendly to those who come here, this poem in no uncertain manner reflects the feeling of the writer and it sounds as though he may not like Edenton very much, by heck. However, time was when Edenton was more or less bottled up and it was hard to get here and hard to leave when once here. It's only a matter of about 20 years ago that the writer consumed from three to nine hours to go from Edenton back to Elizabeth City or vice versa, which meant getting stuck in the mud, detouring in some cases through a woods to skip a more dangerous place in the road, rigging up a way to continue the journey due to a broken automobile spring or some other accident brought about by difficult traveling conditions. There were no bridges, and the only exit south was by way of a ferry across the Albemarle Sound. But there's been a vast change, for now there's a fine vehicular bridge across the Albemarle Sound, and one across the Chowan River, there's a road hard-surfaced highway leading north toward Suffolk, another leading northeast toward Elizabeth City and Norfolk. There are no barriers or guards on these highways, so that any person dissatisfied with Edenton can easily go elsewhere. Then there's another hard-surfaced road leading down into the Yeopim section and on to the Albemarle Sound, where the caustic critic can

JUST HUMANS

By GENE GARR



"Aincha Lucky Ya Aint a Bird"

jump overboard if he wishes. True, if the writer is in the Marine Corps, he cannot leave at his will, but on the other hand Edenton and Chowan County have over 600 splendid young men who are in every branch of the service and who will be damned glad to get back to the place which the writer of this poem (?) terms such a forsaken hole.

Wade Marr, of Elizabeth City, together with Will Gaither and Ed Conger, were visitors at last week's Rotary meeting. Wade, the silver-tongued orator, did not make a speech, but he did tell me, as we ate side by side, that everything is now rationed except breath and that's getting short. Wade also advanced a cure for Charlie Overman's habit of snoozing through a sermon or Rotary speech. Charlie was for a long time located down Manteo way, so that Wade's suggestion was to place a salt brick near him so that he can again breathe the salt air.

Jim Daniels and I ought to have some good speckled perch fishing in a year or so, for I allowed him to go along the other day when Carey Bunch and his assistants at the Fish Hatchery turned loose a few thousand young fish up the creek. Jim promised me he would not bother the hole where they were planted unless I was along and I blinfolded that Fish Hatchery gang so they wouldn't know where they were. Here's hoping the young perch stay where they were put—and it wasn't at the Fish Hatchery bridge.

Anybody want to get rid of a job? It looks as if I'm in the market for almost anything, for a week or two ago the chairmanship of the Chowan Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was unloaded on me and a little later Eddie Spires and Mayor Haskett "drafted" me as chairman of the Chowan County Salvage Committee. If I had enough space, I'd like to list all the duties I'm expected to perform, which coupled with getting out a newspaper with practically no help, is enough reason to make a fellow forget where he left his hat, or even that he has a head on which to put a hat. It's a great life, if a fellow doesn't weaken but here's one who is showing some signs of weakening.

By reason of the fact that this war has resulted in boys and girls going to every corner of the nation, maybe we'll learn more information about certain localities than that sent out by Chamber of Commerce. Take Johnnie Forehand, for instance, who is in the Marine Corps at San Diego, Cal. In a letter to The Herald, Johnnie tells how much he enjoys getting the home town paper, but goes on to say that in the "land of sunshine" he almost burns up in the daytime but at night he has to sleep under two blankets. It was necessary, he says, to wear an overcoat the other night to go swimming, when he always thought California was so warm. Johnnie is one of the boys who will be glad to get back to Edenton, but he's not the sort who would write a poem like the one appearing in this column.

Frank Muth must think I am a nut, for a letter from him the other day was addressed "Kurnel" J. E. Bufflap. He's now in Havelock, N. C., and while reminding me of a few interesting incidents happening a few years ago, said he wanted to see the Board of Stewards of the Methodist Church and put me in line for pastor, because I had several qualifications, one of which was eating chicken—and what else, and another, the knack of approaching the congregation informing them that a new car would be needed, the pantry empty and whatever hints are necessary. Hint nothing, Frank, when are you coming home and pull off another sauer kraut supper? It would be enough to tempt Doc Whickard to make a trip from Murphy.

While Edenton is a small town, it looked like big town stuff up around

that to get into a church. The last time I saw it was in Philadelphia, when it was a case of push and shove to get into a tabernacle to hear Billy Sunday. Do we need a fiery evangelist to wake up church people in Edenton?

Women of Chowan County, you're urgently needed in the WAC. Join North Carolina's own WAC Company now. See Mrs. J. Clarence Leary, Mrs. James E. Wood or Miss Lena Jones for full information on how to join.

Charles H. Jenkins made a splendid address at last week's Rotary meeting, one of his remarks being that Edenton was never like it used to be and possibly he's right. At any rate, here's one change which is already very noticeable. It wasn't so very long ago that, when meeting anyone on the street early morning or at night, and even during the day, it was an exchange of "Good Morning" or "How do you do?" Well, get up a little early one morning or come down town some night and start out by bidding the time to everyone you meet and see how much response you get.

J. H. COBB VERY ILL

J. H. Cobb, who has been assistant to Captain P. H. Bell, bridge keeper at Chowan River bridge, for 16 years, is in a grave condition at his home at Eden House. Mr. Cobb became Mr. Bell's assistant very shortly after the bridge was put into use and has been unconscious for two weeks, following a stroke of paralysis.

An Explanation

Our distilling facilities are working 100% on war production. That is why you may occasionally be unable to get Carstairs White Seal whiskey at your local store.

CARSTAIRS White Seal

BLENDING WHISKEY, 86.8 Proof, 40% Grain Neutral Spirits, Contains Noo. Distilling Co., Inc. Baltimore, Md.

\$2.90 QUART
\$1.50 PINT

Salute Your Serviceman WITH A BOND

Salute him with a bond and give him a better send-off... buy a bond and hasten the day of his return! On the sea, under the sea, on the land, in the air he's fighting with all his might "to get it over with"—to come home! Is it YOUR money that's buying the ammunition, tanks, ships, guns... the medical supplies he needs to do this? Perhaps you've made plans together for your peacetime living. Plans of where you'll live, what you'll do. Remember, these will be tentative plans until after the new Armistice. With every bond you buy you help sink a ship, demolish a base, defeat an enemy, bring an ultimate PEACE. Those same bonds are a concrete endorsement of your postwar plans. Make this Armistice Day a tribute to the next by pledging to buy more and more bonds and bring both him and the new Armistice Day closer to home.

Buy an EXTRA Bond on Armistice Day!

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