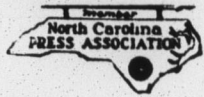


The Chowan Herald

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1943

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD? This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. —Matthew 15:8.

In The Cellar

Chowan County has many records for which it may well be proud, but there is one which has been brought out in connection with the Christmas Seal sale that is not so pleasant to be called to our attention. According to statistical figures, though a small county, Chowan is led by only 10 other counties in the State in the death rate from tuberculosis.

This is not only reason why there should be a generous response to the appeal to buy Christmas Seals, but it should arouse other agencies to direct their efforts in curbing the disease and lowering the county's tubercular death rate.

What makes the county's record more of a blot is the fact that tuberculosis is definitely pronounced preventable and curable, so that the present death rate is a reflection on the county in that if proper steps had been taken there would have been fewer cases in the county.

In the past it has also been experienced that war conditions bring about an increase in the disease, so that this year, especially, more funds should be raised in order to better combat the spread of tuberculosis. Last year Chowan County contributed a little over \$600 through the purchase of Seals. It was actually the first time an appreciable amount has been raised, and on the strength of last year's contributions, Mrs. J. A. Moore and Mrs. R. C. Holland, chairman and treasurer, respectively of the drive, are hoping that at least \$750 will be realized this year.

Initial reports of the drive are very encouraging, though actual figures were not available Wednesday. Both Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Holland are very much interested in this particular drive and have devoted much of their time and thought to the work during the year. They feel that a great deal more could be accomplished if enough funds were available. Let's give them a big surprise. Send your contribution to Mrs. Holland, whether you have received Seals or not. It's time that Chowan crawls out of the cellar so far as the death rate from tuberculosis is concerned.

Fitting Tribute

What should be an impressive service will be held in the Baptist Church Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock, when a plaque will be unveiled on which appears the names of 103 young men from the church and congregation who are now in the service of their country. It is fitting, too, that the unveiling will be done by Miss Mary Eliza White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank White, Sr., who has five brothers in the armed forces.

The plaque is a well-deserved tribute to the boys who are sacrificing home ties and comforts and friends to follow the colors in defense of their country. While relatives and friends thus honor this group who have gone forth in every branch of the service, there are over 600 in all from Chowan County who are no less deserving of a similar tribute.

What has become of the Rotary Club's sponsored plaque or memorial in honor of Chowan County's sons who are taking part in the greatest conflict of all time?

Too Many Divorces

Court attendants Monday could not help but be impressed with the number of divorces granted when, while waiting for the Grand Jury to return true bills, seven persons in short order secured a divorce. It is also to be noted that a total of 23 divorce proceedings appeared on the court calendar for this term of Superior Court.

That marriage is being taken all too lightly was also reflected in a statement made by Judge C. E. Thompson, who said it appeared that seeking a divorce is becoming a racket, stating that he has tried as many as 37 at one term of court.

Marriage is a serious business, but if the number of divorces is any indication, the seriousness and responsibilities developing upon wedlock is little considered until it is too late.

Shop And Mail Early

For years the people of the United States have been advised to "Shop Early" and "Mail Early" in connection with Christmas buying.

This year, in addition to the usual advantages, there is the added warning that, because of dwindling stocks, the early shoppers will get the benefit of selecting items which may disappear.

During December the mails of the nation are crowded and postal service, overwhelmed by a huge volume, slows up. There are delays in delivery. It is just as easy to do your Christmas mailing now as later and it's a form of insurance against disappointment.

Every man cannot be the best, but every man can be his best.—Mirabeau.

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.

HEARD and SEEN

By "BUFF"

I'm convinced that at least some of Chowan County's boys in the armed forces are very much interested in keeping up the morale of some of us on the home front. For instance, I was "crying" some few weeks ago about some pipe cleaners for they cannot be bought in Edenton these days, which fact no doubt makes the old pipe clog up more frequently. A few friends came across with some cleaners to shift for a while, but in the mail this week were letters from Charlie Swanner and Lester Ashley, each containing two pipe cleaners. The last I knew of these two boys they were in the Aleutian Islands, so that the pipe cleaners have come a "fur piece." It's no military secret, either, that the boys are, or were, in the Aleutians, for the Japs know darn well that the Yanks are there. But what was more of a surprise was a censor's note in one of the letters which read: "I have no pipe cleaners, but I'll help out by sending a broom straw." And the broom straw was in the letter, too. Friend Charlie said he and Lester Ashley are now on the same base (very definite, eh?) and when meeting some time back were talking about The Herald. Said Charlie: "We were talking about your paper and the fact that your pipe is about to run everybody out of town. We decided we should send you two pipe cleaners apiece for a Christmas present. . . . We know they will be highly appreciated by the rest of the fellows around there." Ashley said in his letter that it was great to meet up with a fellow from his home town, so I reckon they had some sort of a celebration. Anyway, here's thanking both of 'em, and the censor, too, for helping me to continue to suck away on the old pipe.

Chief of Police "Fats" Tanner is just about the proudest guy in town these days, which all came about due to a brand new desk which now graces the Police Station. The desk is a beautiful piece of work, the top being inlaid with oak squares and to set it off, it did not cost "Fats" a cent, nor will a bill for it be presented when Town Council meets. The thing is a present from a friend who has had the cooperation of the local Police Department and was given in appreciation of the interest and cooperation Chief Tanner has furnished through his department.

If ever the lid was clamped down, and I mean down, in Edenton, it was on Thanksgiving Day last Thursday. It's a safe bet that it was the most general observance of a holiday in the old town, at any rate since about 20 years of residence here by the writer. Those who wanted a drink, a snack or cigarettes—well, they just had to go without, for just about everything in town was closed. My, what a difference it makes when business is good.

Shucks, Joe Webb fooled me on Thanksgiving Day. With an unusual number of "guests" in his neck of the woods, I thought he'd surely provide a big turkey dinner for the "boys" who spent most of the day in his neighborhood. But he didn't and those who enjoyed (maybe some didn't enjoy it) the day fishing had to be content with a Thanksgiving Day dinner made up of sandwiches or even crackers and water.

It's a settled fact that Judge C. E. Thompson has some regard for the comfort and feelings of his fellowmen. Proof of this was evidenced in Superior Court Monday morning when all of Monday morning turned out to be a divorce mill. Herbert Leary had a gang of divorce suits on the calendar and while waiting for the Grand Jury to turn in true bills, a number of the suits were tried. "I don't want you to break down," said Judge Thompson to members of the jury when they were asked repeatedly to raise their right hand if they believed the questions involved were substantiated, "so I'll allow you to raise your left hand if you get tired of raising the right."

I learned, too, that Judge Thompson does not smoke cigars, for at one stage of the proceedings, he turned to the jury and said: "Maybe, some of you jurymen are tired, so I'll recess court long enough for you to go out doors for a smoke—but don't any of you start smoking a long cigar." That's how I know he doesn't smoke cigars, for where in the dickens can a fellow get hold of a cigar in Edenton these days?

The Judge also reminded some of the witnesses who were sworn in that it was necessary only for them to hold the Bible with the left hand and raise their right hand. "We're getting stream-lined, you know," he told them.

Sometime ago I mentioned something about the Women Marines adopting a dog with a short leg as a mascot and naming him "Arithmetic" because he put down three and carried one. Well, "Arithmetic" was taken from the USO Club to the Air Station, where I understand the gals made some sort of a stilt for the crippled leg, so that the dog now uses all four legs instead of only three. Now, I'm expecting to hear about a new name for "Arithmetic."

Tuesday was the last day to register for a new book with coupons to buy liquor, and as was expected, long lines were formed the last few days, despite the fact that the registration has been in progress daily since October 11. Some will be disappointed, for no new books will be issued until January, but it's their own hard luck. And speaking about long waiting lines, there will, without doubt, be some along about the latter part of this month which can very easily be eliminated. I'm referring to the purchase of 1944 automobile license plates which went on sale in Miss Goldie Layton's office in the old Armory building on West Eden Street Wednesday. The license plates can be bought daily, but of course, there will be those, and plenty of 'em, who will wait until the last minute and then bellyache because they cannot step right up and be waited upon.

I understand what Sheriff Bunch is saying when he talks about fishing, but he stumped me Monday night when he dropped into the office and said he was serving a subpoena duces tecum (whatever that means) to be in court Tuesday morning. At any rate, after reading the paper, I learned that maybe it meant I had better be at the Court House Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock—or else, and I didn't have time to 'else.'

When members of the grand jury entered their room Monday morning they might have thought a jar of whiskey was on the table for them, but it was a false alarm. The stuff that looked like whiskey was a sample

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



The Most Popular Guy on the Block. He Has An Autographed Baseball from Babe Ruth

of the water taken from the Rocky Hock school at a previous term of Superior Court. It was a reminder for the Grand Jury to inspect the water supply at the school, which was done and the water was found to be O. K. at this time.

Here's a true fish story, so I wonder what the critics will have to say. I went fishing Saturday afternoon and nary fish did I catch. Maybe some folks will believe that for a change.

I've had occasion recently to shake hands with some of the Marines stationed at the local base. I've shook many a hand which felt more like holding a fish tail, but not so with those rugged chaps. In fact, one or two times I was tempted to say: "Loosen up on the pressure, fellow," and had I had a ring on the right hand it would have been too bad. Anyway, there's a lot in a healthy handshake, and I'm telling you, some of those Marines have it.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my father, Sidney J. White, who died four years ago today, December 1, 1939, and my mother, who died 12 years ago, November 22, 1931.

"Gone but not forgotten."
MRS. ARTIE W. BASS.

Inspection Made Of Drainage Work In Bear Swamp

Bond Issue Considered To Meet District's Part of Expense

County Agent C. W. Overman, last week, assisted the Review Committee of the Bear Swamp drainage system in inspecting the drainage work being done in the Bear Swamp area. It appears, according to Mr. Overman, that the plans for the drainage work will afford adequate drainage to the entire area if, and when, farmers open up adequate drainage on their farms, emptying same into the main drainage lines.

"Farm drainage in this area is in a very poor state of maintenance at the present time," says Mr. Overman, who says maximum benefits cannot be obtained on various farms until there is an adequate drainage system worked out on each farm. Practically all farms are within reach of the main drainage line.

"This will be a rich farming area,"

says Mr. Overman, "when the farm drainage work is completed. The Board of Drainage Commission and the Review Committee are in the process of working out the necessary legal procedure in order to let a bond issue for from \$10,000 to \$15,000, which is to take care of the district's part of the dredging work and other necessary work to make the system adequate."

Mrs. J. R. Smith Dies Saturday Afternoon

Mrs. J. R. Smith, 65, died Saturday afternoon at her home in the Ryland section of the county. Funeral services were held at the home Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, with the Rev. Frank Cale officiating. Interment was made in the family burying ground.

Deceased is survived by her husband, J. R. Smith; one daughter, Miss Carrie Smith, of Lumberton; and one son, Kermit Smith, of Chowan County. Five grandchildren also survive.

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