

**THE CHOWAN HERALD**

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**WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE?**

What has become of the Chowan Chamber of Commerce? is the most question frequently heard on the streets recently.

It is a well known fact that the Chamber has performed a noteworthy service to our county within the past several years and has a record of achievement for which it should be justly proud.

We understand that the organization has virtually gone into a coma because of the apathy evidenced by the membership. Meetings were called by the president, but only a handful attended.

Perhaps no one in particular could properly be censured for this lack of interest. It is a condition and not a theory, which the Herald ventures the opinion was motivated by this monstrosity that we call the depression.

Now that the usual fall season upturn in business is becoming more and more apparent with the passage of each day, and the greatly improved prices which are confidently predicted in the farmers' commodity market are about to be realized, we suggest that it would be a good idea for the officials, whose terms expired long and merry ago, call a meeting for the purpose of reorganization and election of officers.

With the coming term of the state legislature in the offing, it appears that if we hope to secure the removal of the toll on the Chowan bridge an united effort must be exercised. There also seems to exist a very pronounced possibility of securing a bridge across the Albemarle Sound connecting Chowan with Washington County. The Pasquotank and Perquimans committees have apparently become reconciled to the fact that a location of their choice would be impracticable and we believe that our friends in those counties would join hands with us to the end that a bridge be constructed at a point unquestionably favored by a majority of the members of the Highway Commission, namely, between the aforesaid Washington and Chowan counties.

Then, too, there appears a probability of securing a bridge across the Alligator River and also the Croatan Sound, affording a complete loop from Roanoke Island through Tyrrell, Washington and thence to Chowan.

Let's get together, revive the Chowan Chamber of Commerce, make the dues modest enough for almost everybody to join and "start the ball to rolling," as they say in the language of the street. It is really worth our while to do this.

The Chamber of Commerce is not a selfish organization, but rather should be a wide awake organization of business men and public-spirited citizens possessed and sold on the idea that whatever helps the county naturally will benefit every individual living therein.

**HUNTERS SHOULD BE EXTREMELY CAREFUL**

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an account of a telephone lineman killing three rattlesnakes while attending to his work. This should serve as a warning to hunters who will very soon be entering the woods and fields in quest of game.

Naturally while hunting, the hunter has his mind on the sport and generally pays little attention to his immediate surroundings, and the Herald voices the warning for any who go hunting, especially during the early part of the season, to take extra precaution, lest the pleasure derived from the sport turns into a great deal of sorrow.

Then the mosquito menace in the woods is to be taken into consideration. The woods are reported to be literally swarming with mosquitoes and with so much malaria in our midst hunters are liable to be bitten by malaria-infested mosquitoes and may contract this malady due to over-anxiousness to be among the first to experience the thrill of bringing back a bag of game.

**LET'S HOLD OUR FIRE-DAMAGE TO MINIMUM**

Edenton has made a good record for small fire loss during the month of August, only one minor fire being reported for the month. This, however, is the "off-season" for fires and the hope is expressed that during the next few weeks, when fires will be made for the first time since last spring, that residents will have fires inspected and take every precaution possible in an endeavor to hold down fire damage as low as possible. Many fires during the fall of the year are due to carelessness, and may be prevented by just a little forethought.

**HEARD AND SEEN**

By "BUFF"

"It's a fine paper you fellows are getting out, but watch your Heard and Seen, and don't get too personal," said an interested subscriber from Cross Roads the other day. "What do you mean," I interrogated. "Well," said he, "I've heard somebody say, 'Watch out for Buff, the first thing you know he'll be nosing around in folks' kitchens for something for his column'. Well, by gosh, as hard as picking is these days, I sure would like to nose around some kitchens, especially around meal time. At any rate, I've been more personal with Charlie Swanner than anybody else, and who cares about that. I can beat him running any day in the week."

This one, though, comes pretty close to somebody's kitchen. A lady just recently had a hen which was particularly tame, and at feeding time would eat out of the lady's hand, and frequently followed her around the back yard. Just a few days ago the lady was in the yard bare-footed and the tame chicken began to pick at her toes, which made her so mad she chopped off the chicken's head. But how could a person blame the hen? I reckon the lady had corns on her feet. Anyway the family had a chicken dinner the same day.

And getting a little further away from the kitchen, I'll jump to the barn. Mrs. Rudolph Ward up at Tyner, discovered a snake in the barn at her home. She hurriedly fled from the barn to inform her husband so that the snake could be killed. And while searching for the reptile it was discovered that a snake's skin was suspended from two nails up in the rafters of the barn. It is supposed that the snake shed its skin while resting on the nails. The snake was found and killed, the skin brought to Edenton as proof, and the last I've heard Mrs. Ward hasn't gone back in the barn.

Joe Habit has returned to Edenton and is now running a hot dog stand on Broad street. The rear of Joe's place adjoins the rear of our printing office, and besides that there is a big window in the rear of his building. Now who in the dickens can work along around dinner time with the smell of those hot dogs chasing through our back door?

If the Herald ever grows to the extent that we will need a cartoonist I've already got one picked out. The other day while talking with Jack McMullan he took a pen, dashed down a few strokes one way and the other, and the first thing I knew he had drawn a cartoon of me, pipe and all. Yes, it's a "beautiful" picture. Ask to see it. It's hanging in the editor's sanctum.

Gus Hughes and Beenie White both told me a mighty good joke this week. I don't have that kind of type so you'll have to ask them if you want to hear it.

Jake Muth made it a point to hand me a jar filled with beans. But I'm not asking him a bloomin' thing about them.

Harrison Spruill crawled on me about writing him up last week. He said if anybody inquired about me that he's going to direct him to the fellow down street with a pipe in his mouth. O. K. by me. Just romp on anybody smoking a pipe. But then Harrison isn't like another fellow I know who'll soon be sporting a set of teeth. He says he's going to get a sharp set so that he can do some "necking," whatever that is.

Charlie Conger the other day was telling about his plans when he builds a home. Friend Charlie said

he'd have an electric dish washing machine, electric clock, electric vacuum cleaner, electric stove stoker, and in fact almost everything would be run by electricity. But at that point I asked him now about an electric ice box. That set off the fireworks. Charlie, you know, sells ice, and can tell you about a thousand reasons why ice is best for refrigeration. How about an ad, Charlie, with some of those reasons?

I sympathize with a certain fellow in town. The other Saturday night he awoke to find himself in the local jail. On Sunday morning when Jail-keeper Moore arrived at the door of the jail, the prisoner asked where he was going. "To Sunday school," was the answer. To which the fellow replied: "Hec, let me out of here, I'm going to Sunday school, too, and I'll miss my Sunday school lesson." Upon various inquiries, he informed me that he's up on the Sunday school lesson.

Of course with fall coming on we'll hear hunting stories. George Leary has sent out an advance story already down around Captain Dick Leary's drug store. George said a certain fellow has a rabbit that is so good that a gun isn't needed to go after rabbits. All the fellow does is paint pictures of knot holes on trees and stones, and the dog chases the rabbits, and thinking they've found a hole, kill themselves by running in to the painted holes. Not such a bad way with shells costing so much.

J. J. Street almost planted his fist on the end of my nose the other night. He said he received the first copy of our paper and the following night sat up until 12 o'clock waiting for the next issue. Ed Habit rescued me, and now I'm wondering if Friend Street even read the paper because it was plainly stated that this paper is a weekly (not weakly) sheet.

I've got to hand it to Hec Lupton for being explicit. One day this week Hec made a long distance call to a man named Cozart. "What's his first name," asked the operator. "I don't know," said Hec, "but he's a long slim fellow." He got his man, however, but he could have reached that kind of a Cozart here in Edenton.

Roy Emminizer takes the cake as a salesman. I understand he's been out on the Chowan Bridge trying to sell Captain Pat Bell a lawn mower. Roy offered all kinds of inducements for paying for the thing—but he didn't make the sale. Now I wouldn't be surprised to hear of him trying to sell a bald-headed man a comb and brush.

I don't remember seeing Hannibal Badham at the game of baseball Sunday before last, but I'm told that the day previous Hannibal made this statement: "I'm a preacher, but if I can scrape together 35 cents I'm sure going to see that game." Anyway a game of baseball wouldn't be quite complete without Hannibal being on deck.

One of our wise-crackers made this remark one night while listening to a radio broadcast: "Say, turn that dial. I've got two ears, but I can listen to only one station at a time."

I'm making it a point to hang around Miss Nelle Caldwell's office. She hasn't much time to talk these days due to getting material for the special home demonstration and 4-H club edition of the Edenton Daily News, but then she has some of the best looking canned things standing around on the shelves that really work up an appetite.

I've learned why they call Captain Billington, our job printer, "Captain."

That was the title he attained in the aviation service during the World War. He saw service overseas, and I can vouch for him having been in the aviation service by the way he "goes up in the air" when he gets a paper on the rollers, or something else goes wrong.

Now that baseball is over and until Henry House gets his gridiron boys in shape, it's hard to find out the main topic of conversation at the various drug stores. However, the boys at Linwood Sutton's new drug store have been after me to bring some checkers along and have a game on the checkerboard floor. But since Johnny Stephenson left town, Frank Muth and D. B. Liles seem to be the champs. And besides, were I to crawl around on the floor in a game after coming from an old Intertype machine and a newspaper press it wouldn't be long before all blocks would be the same color—and not white either!

Every time Jack McMullan sees me he calls me "Mr. Shackell." I don't know where the resemblance comes in, but the Shackells sent in a two years' subscription to the Herald and possibly Mr. R. G. will put up a kick or possibly explain the reason. Anyway I always like to think of Mr. McMullan as the grandpappy of a daily paper in Edenton and Mr. Shackell as the pappy. I was only a stepchild.

With all the revivals just closed, now in progress and scheduled to be held soon, this neck of the woods ought to be a pretty good place. Here's hoping every meeting proves to be a success. Even if no converts are secured, it's possible that likely, maybe, perhaps and perchance some of the church members will be revived.

We're picking up new subscribers every day, which reminds me of a case I heard about some time ago. A friend seeing a newspaper publisher doing a bit of mountain climbing, asked what was the big idea. "Well," said the newspaper man, "my physician told me that mountain climbing would aid circulation, and our subscription list has fallen off a bit lately." Here's hoping we'll not have to resort to mountain climbing.

Mrs. W. F. Walters, the Methodist preacher's wife, slipped up on me Sunday. I started to take her key to the book cabinet home so that she'd have to put a want ad in our paper to find it. Wouldn't that have been a good chance to write about how it pays to advertise? But she threw a monkey wrench in the plan as bad as we need the business.

Think I'll call on her to pray or something now that those Methodist "politicians" railroaded me into the superintendency of the Sunday school. Hot dog, I'll get to be a city councilman yet!

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