

## THE CHOWAN HERALD

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J. Edwin Buff, Editor  
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1934.

LET'S COOPERATE WITH  
OUR TOWN COUNCIL

Some criticism of the street department in not keeping the grass and weeds on the parkings and ditch banks mowed more regularly recently.

In this connection, The Herald desires to make some observations. While it is true that in some instances the grass has grown quite high and has a tendency to mar the beauty of our town, for which it has received commendation on the part of visitors.

We understand that the street department has been handicapped recently by virtue of illness of one of their dependable men. Ernest Hollowell, a truck driver has been on his vacation, but is now back on the job, thus making it possible for the power mower to resume the mowing which is now going on at a rapid pace.

Then, too, one must take into consideration that the whole of North Edenton was taken care of very nicely last year by the so-called charity gang. This year the town has not enjoyed this advantage and it has become necessary to again assume the responsibility for this work. Seven extra men were employed for two, or three weeks in order to bush down the ditch banks.

Moreover, this summer has been one of the wettest experienced for many years, the weeds and grass literally growing by leaps and bounds. Last year, if we remember correctly, the grass had died down by this time and no further mowing was necessary. Today the grass is thriving with mid-summer rapidity.

In many cases our people have mowed their lawns and kept them in lovely condition, but they have not thought to mow the parkings in front of their homes. They probably think—and possibly are justified—that it is the obligation of the town to keep these parkings, inasmuch as the town assumed this responsibility several years ago. However, we do not happen to know any other town in the state which does this work. In some towns it is mandatory that the property owner mow the parking in front of his home, or vacant lots.

The Herald does not wish to be construed as recommending the enactment of such a law in Edenton, since our people have learned to depend upon the town to do this work. It is our opinion, however, that if each property owner would voluntarily keep their parkings, it would require only a few additional minutes while mowing our lawns to cut the grass on these parkings.

You would be surprised just how much a little work by each resident would save the tax-payers. We understand that this constitutes one of the largest expenditures by the street department.

Let's resolve that next year, and succeeding years, we will cooperate with the town to this extent. It will be practically no extra cost to each one of us, while in the aggregate it will prove a big assistance to an already over-worked street department. Further, it will substantiate the pride which we all have in our beautiful town.

The Town Council has struggled hard and faithfully to keep the operating expenses to a minimum in order to avoid the necessity of raising the tax rate. This, we should appreciate. They receive no measurable compensation for their services, cheerfully performing their many—and sometimes unthankful tasks purely as a matter of civic pride and community interest. Let's show them that we are behind them.

MUCH TO BE  
THANKFUL FOR

The brightest spot in the business picture these days is the revival of consumer buying on a broad front. Dunn and Bradstreet says: "The unexpected increase in retail sales, which started in mid-August, has been gaining momentum without interruption, carrying the total for the week ending September 15th 10 to 15 per cent above that of a year ago for the country as a whole."

This upturn in business is also felt to some extent in Edenton. A good line of seasonable stocks has been secured by local merchants, and although there has been no check-up made, doubtless merchants are more optimistic and in a better frame of mind than they have been in a long time. With the good prices for tobacco being felt in Chowan and expectations for better prices for peanuts and cotton, business should be right much better this fall than it has been.

So, although everyone may not be satisfied, taken on the whole we have a great deal to be thankful for.

FIRE PREVENTION  
WEEK COMES AGAIN

In less than a week—between October 7th and 13th—Fire Prevention Week will be observed again. The week, which has become a national

custom, will be formally initiated by proclamations by the President, governors of states, mayors of cities and other prominent persons in public and private life.

During the week every citizen will have a splendid opportunity to learn the fundamentals of fire prevention and control. Through speeches, newspaper and magazine articles, exhibits and other means, an intensive effort will be made to enlist the citizen's interest. He can blame no one but himself if he fails to learn.

Fire prevention is a civic duty which every citizen owes to himself and to every other person. We all pay for fire—we pay for it in loss of business, destroyed jobs, higher taxes and insurance rates. On the average, each family contributes \$4.00 a year as a tribute to Moloch—dollars which are destroyed as surely as if we tossed them into a stove. Worse still,

three people—two adults and a child—out of each 39,000 of our population, are sacrificed to the pagan god—because we are ignorant and careless when it comes to fire.

In the past, it has often been the experience that fire losses dropped during the week and for a short period thereafter, only to rise again as the public gradually forgot the information gleaned. This year we should look forward to the week and devote a little time during it to really learning the fundamentals of fire prevention, then remember and practice them in the future.

Fortunately there have been very few disastrous fires in Edenton and Chowan County, but we're still convinced that the old adage "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" still holds good, especially with reference to fires.

## HEARD AND SEEN

By "BUFF"

Oh, for a host of friends like Mr. R. G. Shackell, who was my former newspaper "boss." Mr. Shackell now lives in East Orange, N. J., and has just sent the following letter:

"Dear Buff: Ever since I received your first issue I have wanted to write you, but somehow, up here, the 'strenuous life' drives everything out of mind. You won't believe it, but this is the first evening I have been able to spend at home in a month.

"I am delighted with your paper. It calls to mind our first association, but it is more readable than my early Edenton production."

"You certainly have the knack of quaint phraseology which is most attractive, and am sure your readers will appreciate."

"What a pity we wasted so much energy over a small daily taking the risk of loss through greater expenditure, when a weekly so much better covers the local field."

"It is my desire to help you get second class mail privileges quickly, so enclose you check for two subscriptions for the two papers to go to out-of-town students, or otherwise as you desire, since my son sent you a subscription, and the paper now comes here regularly, so it would be a pity to duplicate."

"Hope you will keep up the good work and the business interests will support you in your efforts."

"Give my regards to all old friends."

We have complied with Mr. Shackell's request, so if two people receive our paper with the subscription paid for one year—don't thank us, but send your thanks to Mr. R. G. And by way of explanation to Mr. Shackell, I want to say that we have a large number of subscribers—we are proud of our subscription list in so short a time, and just as soon as we find the "nigger in the woodpile" our mast-head will carry the date of our acceptance into second class mail. And until then, if any subscriber doesn't get our paper, just let us know, so we can raise the devil with our old Uncle Sam.

George Peele dropped in the office last Saturday, telling me that he hadn't put up his "grape store" but was selling chickens like hot cakes. I thought he was coming in to take a poke at my nose but instead he "worked" on my pocketbook.

If I don't tell this one on myself a gang of local Masons most likely will call me "yellow." At the last Masonic meeting a fellow displayed a watch, the back of which contained all the emblems of the order. As I gazed at the wonderful piece of work I piped out "how in the dickens do you tell the time on it?" "Just look on the other side," yelled about half a dozen at the same time—and I reckon some of them are still laughing. But, how can they blame me when I haven't owned a watch since dear old knows when.

Charlie Hollowell is having a hard time in the hardware business. I understand a customer asked for a certain item and Charlie brought out a cow bell. Next time I want anything in Byrum's store I'm going to draw a picture of it. Anyway, a hardware store is sort of like a drug store—there's no telling what can be bought in one.

While hanging around Quinn's Furniture Store this week I learned of a tax I hadn't heard about before. It's a tax on coffins. Well, there's one consolation—the person the coffin is bought for doesn't know a darn thing about it.

A. B. Griffin was in town this week with his hand in a sling. I asked him if he was bitten by some of those mosquitoes he was talking about. He informed me, however, that he was bitten by a hook-worm. And while speaking to him I learned a thing or two about boll weevils. I think he'll tell others this same information upon request.

The stronger beer has been taken out of Edenton, so possibly the home brewers will again get busy. It's a wonder North Carolina can stay dry. Virginia to the north is wet, South Carolina to the south is wet, Tennessee on the west is wet, and the Atlantic Ocean on the east ought to be very wet—how can we stay dry?

Just like I said: The babies will be coming along. In this issue several announcements of new arrivals appear—and the crop hasn't exhausted as yet. Well, we need a larger population anyhow!

But John Burton Harrison must change his philosophy. He has been selling apples at Burton's Filling Station, claiming that an apple a day will keep the doctor away. He has changed the tune now to "sell a truck load a day to keep the wolf away." Anyway, last Saturday he had a nifty advertisement to draw customers to his truck. He placed an apple on a quantity of dry ice, and the smoke caused a number of inquisitive folks to have a look—and incidentally buy some apples.

We'll soon have another "member" to our false teeth "club." One of the post office employees who drives the parcel post truck had his teeth yanked out, and told a party he was steering clear of me. But it's no use to do that—I won't let him have mine.

Charlie Swanner and yours truly tackled Paul Bunch and Joe Boyce at set-back last Saturday. The latter pair played very good—if you get what I mean.

In case I run out of material for this column, I was reminded today that I can get "1935" jokes around at the drug stores. Oh, yeh! But I want to print them!

Here's hoping suit isn't brought against us for this one. A local lady after being out of town returned last Friday morning. She's in the habit of getting a coca-cola early every morning, but said she just had to read the Herald before going down town and almost perished before reaching the drug store.

The big circus better hurry and finish their schedule or they'll have to go back to the jungles for more wild animals. Recently a lion escaped and was shot, and now 36 monkeys broke out and are now wandering about in the woods near Marsden. It's said that the animals are fed by railroad men, but that the monkeys are too shrewd to be caught. Maybe we'll have big game hunting if the circus hangs around in this neck of the woods much longer.

Said a young man this week to a young lady: "Gosh, how is it that a girl as smart as you are not married by this time?" And right on top of that the young lady retorted: "Huh, it's the smart ones that don't get married." Well, I reckon "So mote it be!"

The student body at the Edenton High School held an election this week to elect officers for the student council. The election was conducted along regular lines. And, bless my soul, it looks like they have the making of real politicians. They act just like Edenton politicians—mighty tight on passing out cigars to prospective voters. But then maybe that's gone out of style.

The Legion Post at the meeting Tuesday night discussed the idea of wearing Legion hats on meeting nights. One of the members said he needed a shirt, too, so I don't know what they'll wear.

What's the idea of some men still wearing straw hats—the season's long passed out. I haven't worn any since September 15th—fact is I "hain't had nary one this summer."

But the past few cool days have sent all but Joe Elliott out of the seersucker breeches. Joe says, however, that there's something else underneath.

Jim Daniels and Arthur Hollowell got a chance last week to ask me how I'm FILLIN' at a table, and true to form I showed them. But darned if they didn't fill up more than I did. Walter Fills was no exception, either. But who could help but fill up on barbecue and country ham?

For those who turn in sort of late at night, there's a dog concert up on Main street almost every night about midnight—so I'll knock off and attend the "musical."

THIS WEEK'S  
RECIPE

## APPLE SAUCE CAKE

2 cups applesauce.  
2 cups sugar.  
1-2 cup butter.  
1-2 teaspoon cloves.  
1 teaspoon cinnamon.  
1 lb. seeded raisins.  
2 teaspoons soda.  
3 cups flour.  
Pinch of salt.  
1-2 cup black walnuts.  
Dissolve soda in a little hot water.  
Flour raisins and nuts. Bake in a moderate oven.

## OAK GROVE

Miss Velma Jackson was the dinner guest of Misses Louise and Gertrude Nixon Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Bunch called on Mr. and Mrs. John Parrish Sunday afternoon.

George Parrish and son, John, made a business trip to Suffolk, Va., last week.

Mrs. Jesse Nixon left Sunday to spend a few days with her daughter, Mrs. John Perry, of Gliden.

Miss Evelyn Parrish spent the week-end in Edenton with her sister, Mrs. Ernest White.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Jackson and son, William, of Colerain, were the supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jackson Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Forehand and children of Norfolk spent Sunday with Mrs. Forehand's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Parrish.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Byrum and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bunch.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrish and Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Bunch called on Mr. and Mrs. Roy Byrum Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest White and son, Ernest, Jr., of Edenton, were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Parrish Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Forehand spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lane.

ATTEND FOOTBALL GAME  
SATURDAY AT CHAPEL HILL

J. A. Webb and Douglas Webb, of Honduras, Central America, spent Saturday in Chapel Hill, where they attended the Carolina-Wake Forest football game.

They were accompanied home by Mrs. Frank Sutfenfield of Louisburg College, who is the guest of her parents for several days.

MRS. J. FRANK WHITE, JR.,  
HONORED ON BIRTHDAY

Mrs. J. Frank White, Jr., was the guest of honor at a delightful surprise birthday party given her by Mr. White on Thursday evening at their apartment on North Broad street.

Mrs. White received many beautiful birthday gifts, after the opening of which bridge was enjoyed by the

following guests: Mrs. John Lee Spruill, Misses Maryland Parks, Myrtle Parks, Lena Mason, Dorothy Moore, Hazel Goodwin, Kathleen Barrow, Annie Mason Cobb and Lois Barrow, Raymond Mansfield and the guest of honor, Mrs. White.

Later in the evening delicious refreshments were served by the host.

Those coming in for refreshments included Carlton Mason, John Skiles, William Privott and Leon Lane.

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