

THE CHOWAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1934.

THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT

THE PRINCE OF PEACE: Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

BUY PLENTY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Citizens of Edenton and Chowan County, in fact citizens all over America, will on Friday again be asked to support a worthy cause when the annual Christmas sale of seals will go into effect.

A group of excellent workers will canvass citizens, and it is the hope that everybody will buy these seals and help as much as possible in this worth-while undertaking.

SORRY AND HAPPY AT THE SAME TIME

It's a peculiar circumstance to want to express happiness and regret at the same time. But that's the situation with the Herald relative to the leaving next week of Miss Nelle Caldwell, who will be married at her home in Dillon, South Carolina on December 26, and subsequently make her home in Raleigh.

From our acquaintance with club members and farm people, Miss Caldwell has endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact during the course of her work. She has been an able home agent, accomplishing much good among the rural women, therefore many will regret to see her leave.

On the other hand, we can but express pleasure over the fact that she will take unto herself a mate, and in this undertaking the Herald and, most assuredly, her co-workers and friends rejoice with her and wish for her all the success in the world in her matrimonial career.

IS TAKING CHANCES WORTH THE COST?

Do you, Mr. Motorist, ever grow impatient when your car is held up by traffic lights at a seemingly vacant intersection, and attempt to beat them? It may interest you to know that, last year, 326,000 accidents occurred at intersections and crossroads, resulting in 6,330 fatalities and 378,300 injuries.

Or, possibly, in a desire to get home in a hurry, you've passed other cars on hill tops and curves. That practice killed 140 people last year and injured 5,530.

Again, you've seen cars weave in and out of traffic—maybe you've done it yourself when traffic was moving too slowly to suit you. The price of that in 1933 was 3,000 fatalities and 185,000 injuries.

You've seen children playing in the street, oblivious to traffic. Almost 50,000 such children were involved in accidents last year—and 1,680 were killed and 48,000 injured.

Driving on the wrong side of the road is still another of the tricks of the careless or incompetent driver. Last year this "motoring crime" was responsible for 1,270 lives and 71,000 injuries.

And finally, here's one for the pedestrian—jaywalking resulted in more than 3,000 deaths in 1933. Think that over when you're not driving. Then think of it again when you get behind the wheel—it may save the life of a pedestrian.

So it goes, throughout the whole automobile accident category. Last year's death total was around 35,000—and nearly every life was lost unnecessarily. Is taking chances worth that?

In Edenton there is only one stop light and several arrests have been made for passing against the red light. Of course, strangers very easily could mistake the red light as merely a warning light such as at Queen and Granville streets. But there's no excuse for local citizens disregarding the traffic signals, and arrests will continue to be made for violations.

Officers, we are sure, will use discretion when apprehending a stranger who very easily could pass the light not knowing it is a stop corner. Such arrests for violations, very often done unintentionally, leave a bad taste towards the town.

HEARD AND SEEN

By "BUFF"

In last week's writeup about the big time had by the men's and women's bible classes at the Baptist Church, I'm told we made a big mistake. It was said that Clarence Leary won the bicycle race, but instead Lee Moore won very easily.

I just know Mr. Owens, the A. & P. manager felt sick the other morning. These grocery store men go to a lot of trouble to make their display windows enticing. And after fixing up a window that he calculated ought to draw some trade, Mr. Owens came down one morning to discover that a cat spent the night in the store and didn't like the display a bit.

Mrs. Howard Jackson is the first I know of to have a tree decorated for Christmas. This tree stands in front of her home, and many favorable comments have been heard about it.

Charlie Swanner just don't keep his mind on the game when playing set-back. On Saturday night after a hand was played the score-keeper asked: "Who was high?" Charlie, evidently forgetting himself, said, "I was on the night of the policeman's ball."

Eddie Spires recently told this one about former Mayor J. L. Wiggins. It was prompted by the presence of Mayor Jerome Flora, who came over to watch Edenton defeat Garner. It appears that the former Mayor on one occasion asked Mr. Flora why Elizabeth City didn't adopt a slogan. "You see, said Mr. Wiggins, Edenton's slogan is 'The Cradle of the Colony,' and it seems to me that Elizabeth City should have an appropriate slogan." After a moment of silence Mr. Flora said, "I agree with you. We'll have to use one, and my suggestion will be: 'The hand that rocked the cradle.'"

Just because Chief Helms was moving a beer sign, one of our citizens asked me why the Chief is advertising beer. Well, he wasn't advertising the beverage, but if anybody wants to know, his favorite brand is Schlitz.

But the Chief is some detective in spite of J. G. Campen's color blindness. Just recently a little girl swiped a \$29 wrist watch from the Campen's Jewelry Store, and when Mr. Campen informed Chief Helms of the theft, he said the girl had black hair and was dark complected. The chief went to work, and despite the fact that the girl had red hair and was light complected, the watch was recovered.

It's nice to have friends interested in a fellow's welfare. W. S. Summerell and a few other Masons appeared much worried at the sauer kraut supper Thursday night when yours truly, as well as a number of others went to town on Mr. Muth's sauer kraut. Shucks, just because a fellow eats a "little" sauer kraut they get all excited. I wonder what they'd have done had I not eaten a big supper before going to lodge. Chances are that Doc Whichard and B. F. Britton wouldn't have had a chance to drink up the juice that was left in the kettle. Mr. Summerell in desperation asked what kind of flowers I wanted placed on the grave. Well, if it's all the same to him, a cabbage plant would have been as appropriate as any.

And while on the subject of sauer kraut, T. B. Williford and C. W. Sawyer were found in the lodge room Friday morning. The only reason I know for their presence was to get a smell of the kraut. (Note to Gus Hughes: It wasn't their "faucny," either.)

Hooray! It pays to advertise. In this column last week I asked for a picture of jackasses. And by gosh, during the week one guy made his appearance in the office saying he saw my ad. I didn't take his picture because his ears weren't long enough.

Quite a crowd was on hand last Friday afternoon at Hicks Field when the Edenton and Hertford colored high schools played a game of football. Hertford won the game 7 to 6, but the local cheering far out-matched the cheering of the white girls. Sorry the cheering couldn't pull their team through.

The colored folks are strong for the champion Aces, however. When a few of the members of the championship team approached the gate Friday, the man taking up tickets remarked quite proudly: "No, suh, man, dey don hafta pay—these some of the Edenton Aces."

The Aces may have had to go easy on grub during their championship

fight, but now they can cut loose. They'll be guests of honor Friday night at a special Rotary luncheon, and then Tuesday night they'll be guests of the Ed Bond Post at an oyster roast. Our heroes!

Rev. H. I. Glass, popular preacher in Edenton a number of years ago, while greeting Captain J. L. Wiggins last week, gently patted him on the bread basket, and said: "Why, Captain, it doesn't look like a depression here." But Doc Hart soon straightened out the preacher by patting Eddie Spires' belly, and informing Mr. Glass: "Here's where the depression has been." I don't know if "figures" lie or not.

The Rev. Mr. Glass also wanted to put on a test at the Rotary meeting. He was tempted to ask how many of the Rotarians told their wives (that lets out J. N. Pruden) that they loved them before leaving home. One of the Rotarians saved the day, however, by jumping up and informing the gathering that the preacher had been married "only a few years." Who in the dickens wants to tell his wife at the breakfast table that he loves her anyhow? Reminds me of some lodge degree work: "This is not the time nor place."

Of all things! One of the ladies attending the party given by Mrs. Jim Daniel for Miss Nelle Caldwell dropped in the office and urged me to write a poem on the card accompanying her present. Just because a fellow needs a haircut and don't have the price they take me for a consarn poet.

This one comes from Rev. Mr. Ashby, so it ought to be straight stuff. Carroll Kramer, on his return from Norfolk recently after seeing a football game, is said to have seen 40 rabbits at one place, the cotton tails even jumping on his car and a few jumping on trees. The number sort of puzzled the rector, and upon questioning the number dwindled to about 20. I'm looking for the postmaster to see if it was "A" rabbit he saw.

And speaking of game reminds me of an incident happening to a local hunter last week. Upon his return home he told his wife they had bagged 19 birds and one rabbit. "What, how many?" asked the Missus. At that point the man's son chimed in: "Yep Mamma, they killed 19 birds, one rabbit and one pint."

Merchants urge everybody to do their Christmas shopping early. Of course, if it's window shopping—well, any old time will do for that.

One little fellow in town makes it a point when down town to stop at the Jno. C. Bond's window to look at Santa Claus waving his hand. And the bad part about it is this little chap kept the "old man" awake half the night on one occasion talking about what Santa was doing.

These cold days a fellow likes to stop and look at the thermometer. I've forsaken the old standby in front of the Jno. C. Bond Company since they put one up in front of Leggett & Davis and Mitchener's. The one in front of Jno. C. Bond's is the largest thermometer, but it takes too consarn long to see how far down the mercury is registered. I move that somebody cut a finger or sumpin' and put a drop of blood in the thing. At any rate, the one at Jno. C. Bond's will be my summer thermometer and the others my winter thermometers.

There's one advantage in going to church early these cold Sundays. The first ones there get a chance to sit near the radiators and keep warm. But apparently it's too cold to go to church, according to the Sunday night crowds.

The Edenton Cafe makes a fine appearance on the corner. Think ill stop in and eat one of these days. If anybody wants to see me and can't locate me, I'll be back in Mike's kitchen washing dishes to pay for the food shelled out to me.

"How about a nice cut of a carving set in your ad?" I asked X. E. Copeland the other day. "No, I don't think so," said Mr. Copeland, "we carry them but for some reason it appears that carving sets are a thing of the past." It's only two reasons, I reckon—one is that folks can't afford turkeys or else they've gone back to using the fingers.

It's a lucky break! The Masons last week had a sauer kraut supper. Monday night the Red Men had a hot dog supper, Friday night the Rotary Club will have a banquet and next Tuesday the Ed Bond Post will stage an oyster roast. All I need to do now is get the wife and kids to join up with all of them.

Note to the person who is pinching for our Center Hill correspondent while she is away: You sent last week's letter to the wrong

printing house. The Herald office is next to the Western Union office on King street. Take notice, ding bust your hide! We want that news for our readers.

Joe Habit crawled all over me for not mentioning the fact last week that his side is leading in the Red Men membership drive. Well, I'm not on his side, so that ought to be excuse enough. Anyway Joe says anybody wanting to join the Red Men should see him. That is, of course, after seeing Raleigh Hollowell. Joe is away ahead since the meeting on Monday night. But keep it up, fellows—we'll eat just the same!

Mayor Spires at the Council meeting Tuesday asked Captain Dick Hall the condition of the roof on the Municipal Building, and Mr. Hall replied, "It needs painting." "Well," asked the Mayor, "when is the best time to paint a roof?" Captain Dick's answer was "In cool weather." Councilman Albert Byrum, thereupon aptly remarked, "Better paint it tomorrow, then."

Mack Gregory asked me the other morning how cold it was. I told him the mercury was hanging around the freezing mark when I passed the drug store. "Oh, I know that," said Mack, "I mean early this morning." Now what I'd like to know is who's going to crawl out of a warm bed early these mornings just to see how cold it is—it's too derned cold, if you ask me.

And speaking about the weather, how would you like to be the mail man these days—or a two-by-four reporter chasing all over town still clad in summer BVD's trying to catch up with some news? It's a great life if you don't weaken... that's what I'm scared of. But one of the mail carriers told me to urge people to mail those bloomin' Christmas cards early. Fact is, he said mail carriers like to enjoy Christmas just like folks.

Which reminds me of the sentence that appears on the front of the New York City postoffice. It runs something like this: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stop these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

While I'm thinking about the post office, I thought anybody working around the post office knew where every city, town and hamlet was located. But on one occasion one of them, after hearing over the radio the weather forecast for Norfolk, Portsmouth and vicinity, remarked: "I know where Norfolk is, and I know where Portsmouth is, but doggone if I know where Vicinity is." Neither do I, ol' scout!

About the only way Superintendent Taylor will be able to furnish funds to light up the Chowan High School basketball court is for a number of drunks to be hailed before Recorder Pruden and receive stiff fines. I reckon the students want the lights all right, but here's hoping a whole gang will not have to pitch a big drunk to get them.

The city councilmen are a wise bunch. They decided to give two prizes for the best decorated outdoor Christmas tree this year, and when it came to naming a committee to decide the winners, they very graciously decided that the women of the Garden Club should handle the whole works. And just to show my ignorance, I'd like to know how long a Garden Club has been in existence in Edenton, and who the members are—another source of news I've overlooked.

Former County Citizen Tracing Family History

W. H. Welch of Kingstree, South Carolina, returned to his home this week after spending some time with his father, E. C. Welch, in the Welch's Mill section of the county. During his visit Mr. Welch consumed much of his time in tracing the genealogy of the Welch family, it being his purpose to draw a family tree and possibly publish a book concerning the family.

Mr. Welch is tracing the ancestors of four brothers, Edward Welch, David Welch, Miles Welch, the fourth's name being unknown to date. Tradition has it that the four brothers came directly to America from Wales and that Edward and David settled in the upper end of Chowan County prior to the Revolutionary War.

Mr. Welch is a descendant of Edward Welch and is primarily interested in tracing his offspring. He has delved into many old records and traveled many miles in quest of information, and has discovered in his findings many prominent people who were members of the family.

Mr. Welch left Chowan County about 21 years ago to enter the real estate and insurance business in South Carolina, and would like to get in touch with anybody who could give any information about any of his ancestors. Incidentally, he subscribed to the Chowan Herald in order to keep acquainted with the happenings "back home."

FOOTBALL TARGET

The record hung up by the 1934 Edenton High School football team is not only a record to shoot at by local football squads, but State teams as well. Following are a few statistics taken from their championship race:

Table with 2 columns: Statistic and Value. Rows include Games played (10), Points scored (236), Opponents' points (0), Edenton first downs (100), Opponents' first downs (26), Edenton touchdowns (37), Opponents' touchdowns (0), Edenton extra points (14), Opponents' extra points (0).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Touchdowns. Rows include Paul Spencer (13), Worth Spencer (10), Cates (4), Harrell (3), Layton (2), Sexton (2), Buffalup (1), Cayton (1), Rogerson (1).

CONTROL NEEDED Most of the Cumberland County growers believe that some form of control is needed to strengthen the voluntary adjustment program, reports County Farm Agent N. F. Stevens.

Advertisement for Edenton Ice Co. with text: NO DUST..MORE HEAT BUY NOW! Cold Weather Means Discomfort Unless you are prepared to keep warm. We Are Now Handling the Famous KOPPER PROCESSED POCAHONTAS COAL. All Coals are washed under pressure, thereby giving you more good clean Coal per ton. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Edenton Ice Co. Phone 47 For Prompt Delivery.

Advertisement for Goodwin's Quality Store with text: Real Service Here! Veal Patties 20c Per lb., Hamburger 25c 2 lbs., Mixed Sausage Meat 25c 2 lbs., Oysters 35c Per quart, Chuck Roast 15c Per lb., Shoulder of Lamb (Bone and Roll) 19c Per lb., Pork Chops 18c Per lb., Franks 17c Per lb., Country Sausage 19c Per lb., Cheese 18c Per lb., Brookfield Butter 34c Per lb., Best Compound Lard 12c Per lb., Plate Meat 15c Per lb., Sugar 52c 10 lbs., Flour 49c 12 lb. bag, King David Apples 1c Per dozen. Full Line of Fruits and Vegetables on Hand. We Buy and Pay Top Prices For Poultry, Pork and Beef. Goodwin's Quality Store Edenton, N. C.