

THE CHOWAN HERALD

Published every Thursday by Buff's Printing House, 100 East King Street, Edenton, N. C. J. Edwin Buffalup Editor Hector Lupton Advertising Mgr. SUBSCRIPTION RATES One Year \$1.25 Six Months .75c Entered as second-class matter August 30, 1934, at the post office at Edenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Advertising rates furnished by request.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1934.

THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT GOD WILL PROVIDE: Take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? Where-withal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matthew 6:31-33.

JUST A SHORT INVENTORY

With the close of 1934 just around the corner, and the time of taking inventory here, we would also sum up in short just where we stand as a newspaper during its brief existence. We are justly proud of the paper if all the nice things said about it are true. And we have every reason to believe most of them are true, else our circulation would not have climbed to where it is today, and folks would not complain if perchance they miss an issue.

We would like to acquaint all of our readers with those who toil faithfully each week to produce this popular little sheet. Besides the editor and Hector Lupton, publishers, the duties of both having no end, Leon Billington, an all around printer, produces job printing equal to any printed in much larger printing houses and assists in making up the paper.

Evelyn Leary, who has at various times done newspaper work in Edenton, corresponding for newspapers in other cities, spares no effort in securing items of local interest, as well as read proof and numerous other jobs that crop up in a small printing office.

Vernon Barrow, who has worked around a printing office ever since his young years in school, operates the presses in the Herald office, as well as makes himself generally useful in other branches of work.

And John Jones, the colored boy, runs errands and sees to it that the place is kept clean and warm enough for the rest of the force to work.

We would not forget our correspondents who work faithfully in securing the happenings of their neighborhood for the information of our readers.

These then are the folks who work hard to produce a newspaper that has won subscribers and advertisers. And this same group will continue to bend every effort to get out a paper that will be a credit to the town.

Starting with a minimum amount of equipment, new machinery has been added until we are as well equipped as the average country newspaper, and can handle the average run of work to be done in a town the size of Edenton and possibly larger.

Not a single issue has been published that was entirely satisfactory to the editor. In each subsequent issue we see where there is an opportunity to make improvements. Some of these have been made, others must wait until the finances necessary are forthcoming.

We derive much pleasure in printing a paper, although the task isn't an easy one. We've made some mistakes during the short life of the paper, and feel sure many more will be made. But we're facing the coming year of 1935 with the determination to strive even harder than ever to improve the Herald, and to this end welcome any suggestions that will make the paper more entertaining or informative as the year progresses.

FIREWORKS AT CHRISTMAS TIME

The Herald is glad to notice the sane manner in which fireworks were used at this Christmas time. None of the dangerous tactics indulged in last year were reported to the police and although quite a few fireworks were shot, it was done in an orderly way.

There was the Herald itself see the fireworks at the time of the racket and bursting fireworks with the birth of One who came to bring peace on earth, and whose dense to realize the significance.

We can, therefore, see why fireworks might be used to celebrate the Fourth of July, Independence Day, or similar anniversaries, but as yet have been unable to understand their use at Christmas.

However, if they must be used, let us hope that in future years they will be used as sanely as they were over the holidays just past.

HAPPY and prosperous New Year! All day the words had been flung at Bob Cameron; everywhere he went they echoed in his ears. He wanted to shut them out, to forget that a New Year was beginning.

Last night, in summing up the old year, he had come to the conclusion that he was an utter failure, that he might as well discard the idea of becoming a writer. Every story that he had sent out had come back. It was true that a few editors had encouraged him—one of the best known in the country had told him to keep on, that he had a fine literary style. But none of them had kept his offerings.

Bob felt that the wisest thing he could do was to chuck the whole thing at the beginning of the New Year. Yet down in his heart he knew that writing was a part of him; that it would be an almost impossible task to keep away from the untidy desk back in his den. But he would have to do it, a man couldn't hold a girl to a promise, with nothing to offer her but failure.

Bob knew that Dorothy Trent was back of his resolution to quit the writing game. He loved Dorothy and she loved him. They had been engaged since their senior year at Northwestern. It was time that he should say something about marriage; it was not fair to hold her as he was doing. He would have to get a position that would enable him to keep a girl like



"It Will Be Glorious to Help You Work Out Your Career."

Dorothy; he couldn't ask her to exist on the meager pittance he was getting from the Pryor company. He had taken the job simply because it gave him so much time for writing, caring nothing at the time for the small salary and the lack of opportunity that it held.

The unhappiness brought by his resolve showed plainly in the weary droop of Bob's shoulders and the tired lines on his boyish face. He found it hard to join in the small talk and fun of the New Year's party that was going on. If Dorothy hadn't been so insistent upon his coming, he would have remained away, for he was in no mood for frivolity. And now, an even deeper bitterness had crept into his heart, as he watched the crowd pay tribute to Everett Elstun, the literary lion of Raymondville.

He wondered how Dorothy had got Elstun to her party; he was a bit of a recluse and seldom mingled with the crowd. He was surprised as he saw him walking across the room, with an eager look upon his face.

"How are you coming with your writing?" he asked.

Bob gave a mirthless laugh. "I've just decided that as a writer I'm a pretty good hood-carrier. The fact of the matter is, Mr. Elstun, I've made a New Year's resolution to quit."

"Giving up in a hurry?" Elstun said, a trifle sharply.

"I've been trying for almost two years," Bob answered.

"And you think a few hours every now and then for two years should have brought you success? Listen, boy, I was writing full time for more than three years before I got a hint that I wasn't wasting ink."

In a moment Bob was confessing his real reason for quitting. Elstun listened quietly, then he spoke. "I, too, had that problem," he said. "There was a girl; I felt sure she wouldn't be satisfied with what I had to offer. Fortunately, I found out in time she wanted to share my struggles. Maybe the girl you love feels the same way."

Bob found that Elstun was right. Dorothy was aghast at the thought of his giving up the work he loved, or doubting that she would want to share his poverty. "It will be glorious to help you work out your career," she assured him.

So a new resolution was made that called for success instead of failure. The New Year was going to bring Bob the acceptance that he craved.

Wanted: New York Post Editor.

Pretty Good World Scientists studying evolution predict that mankind will become perfectly adapted to its environment in about 5,000,000 years. If it is going to take us long at that, we can afford to yield briefly to the holiday spirit and say blithely that this is a pretty good world—that for one so young it has done a good deal and has never behaved itself better than right now.—Woman's Home Companion.

HEARD AND SEEN

By "BUFF"

Well, I reckon most everybody is over Christmas by now. About the best greeting I heard was one hurled at Carroll Kramer. "Merry Christmas, Carroll," said the speaker. "I hope you have a Merry Christmas and all that. If you need any money, just let me know." And don't you know I "Merry Christmased" that fellow the whole way down the street, but I expect he had just that one greeting in his system.

But aren't some people dumb? The last week or so whenever closing a letter I'd wind up something like this: "Well I expect I'll have to close and smoke the last Robert Burns cigar I have (or last pipe full of Granger tobacco), so goodbye, wishing you a Merry Christmas." And by Heck, I haven't gotten any further than smelling the other fellow smoking them. Ain't life sumpin'?

A number of Edenton fellows took a "flying" trip to Suffolk "on business" Saturday afternoon. "Merry Chrish-mush, old schport."

And for the information of those who don't know, North Carolina is dry (oh, my gosh) BUT Virginia is wet, and you can buy liquor in Virginia (pity the poor North Carolinians!)

This column is not an advertising medium, but gosh all hemlock, why don't somebody read Lloyd Burton's ad that he has a horse for sale? The bloomin' thing is in my barn and every time I go in the barn I'm just sure somebody has held me up. But then wouldn't that be a good joke on the would-be hold-up guy?

I just received a letter from an out-of-town subscriber saying: "We all surely enjoy the Chowan Herald, and especially Heard and Seen. We get a big kick reading it." Oh, yeah, and maybe I'll get a bigger kick for writing it—especially if I mess with Sam Morris.

I'm wondering what Clark Kinnaid thought when he saw in the Herald that the Taylor Theatre would stage a Sunday midnight show. It will be remembered that Mr. Kinnaid created right much talk when he was the instigator of the first midnight show in Edenton several years ago. Fact of the matter both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were utterly surprised when they found the theatre packed. I can hear Friend Clark snickering right now.

Like I said, this is not an advertising column, but if anybody finds part of a set of teeth, let me know, and I'll see that they are returned to the fellow who lost them. In the meantime, watch your step!

Morris Bunch is coming into his own again as far as issuing marriage licenses are concerned. Look elsewhere for the number of licenses issued over the week-end. And W. S. Summerell finished the job. I think I'll attach "The Marrying Justice of the Peace" to his name. Looks like he's got the preachers skinned a mile on the marrying end.

Captain Billington, our job printer, is preparing to move in the rooms above the Herald office, and during his cleaning up session came upon a typewriter which looks like the one Noah had on the ark. It's called the Pittsburgh, and in the typewriter was found the following note: "John Jones from Edenton, N. C., this state, by gosh. Allow me to introduce the Pittsburgh Typewriter, now older than your old Tom Cat, and was formerly a nest for mud daubers, a peculiar insect that knows the value of a good typewriter when he sees it." I don't know which John Jones the note has reference to, unless it was the one with Noah, too.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot to thank the one sending me the Christmas greeting card. I expect the sender wanted to see if I'd print it in this column. I would, by George, but it's poetry, and I don't like to set poetry. Anyway, it looks like the work of Charlie Swanner, Gus Hughes, or Jake Muth. I'll find out, though, one of these days. I'll show it to anybody who likes to read poetry, providing they don't look at the picture.

We just wanted to put it over last week on those folks who tell us that they read every word in the paper—14 pages in the last edition, and I'm wondering if anybody read every word.

For the sake of those who receive the Herald for the first time this week without subscribing to it, it's a Christmas present from one of your friends in Edenton. Did they tell you about it?

If all reports are true, somebody ought to be able to start up an overcoat store according to the number of overcoats missing since the dance Christmas eve. Either somebody must be making a collection or there

must be some misfits. So all you birds that carried an overcoat to the dance, better check up and see if you have your own. If you hadn't one before going to the dance and have one now, better try to find out the owner.

Isn't it funny how strange things we hear sometimes? Here's one overheard the other day. One of two men while speaking about a certain lady said: "My, I wish I had a wife like her. She's so feminine. She is always so pleasant, never swears, smokes nor drinks liquor... and her husband is the same way." Why the sissy thing!

Anyhow, I've learned something about the Garden Club in Edenton. Fact is, I know who the president is and here's betting it will be a live body of women after organization and plans of work are completed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Raleigh, N. C. December 22, 1934

Dear Editor:

This has been a great year for all of us in agricultural work. We have had a part in some significant social and economic experiments. The year has taxed our strength, our ingenuity and our brain capacity. However, I believe the Agricultural Service did the best job it could under the conditions existing. Administering the adjustment programs, the Bankhead cotton act, the Kerr-Smith tobacco act, and carrying on some semblance of our regular educational work has been no small task.

We are indebted to you for the splendid way in which you have helped to put before the people, in an understandable way, the various rules, regulations and results of the new agricultural programs. Without your help and your sympathetic attitude, the programs never would have been the success they have been in this State. I believe that our people have benefited from them. What the ultimate result will be no one can say. However, our farmers have learned that they can work with one another and with their government to make effective necessary emergency changes and to you in a large measure must go the credit for giving them the information necessary for clear decisions.

And so I want to thank you for the help you have given. I want to thank you for the fine way in which you have cooperated with us here at the college. I think too few of our people appreciate how much a weekly or county newspaper gives to the community; but, here from a background of the state as a whole, I can see clearly what the papers have given and are giving.

Will you therefore accept our best wishes for a Happy Christmas season? May the Star of Bethlehem guide you to greater heights of service and happiness in the future.

Sincerely, F. H. JETER, Agricultural Editor.

Impressive Wedding Held In St. Paul's

The wedding of Miss Annie Parker Winborne of Edenton and William Graham Shaw of Wagram was solemnized at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning in a most impressive ceremony in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives. Rev. C. A. Ashby, rector of the church, officiated, using the ring ceremony.

The church was beautifully decorated with Christmas evergreens and southern smilax, the altar being lighted by burning white tapers.

As the guests assembled Mrs. J. M. Vail, at the organ, played nuptial selections, including Schubert's Serenade, Serenade from "Ciro Plusute," and party left the church to the ceremony Mr. Robert Pense sang "O Perfect Love." As the processional Mrs. Vail played "Lohengrin's" Bridal Chorus by Wagner. The bridal party left the church to the strains of the Wedding March by Mendelssohn.

Miss Margaret Elliott of Edenton was maid of honor and only attendant. Her dress was of brown crepe Romaine with gold accessories. She wore a shoulder corsage of Talisman roses.

The bride entered with her father, by whom she was given in marriage. She was most becomingly attired in a forest green suit of diagonal weave trimmed in mink with brown accessories. Her flowers were a shoulder corsage of Talisman roses showered with lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaid was attended by her brother-in-law, Rev. John Luke, of Wagram. The ushers were Robert Winborne of Suffolk, Virginia, brother of the bride, and James A. Bule of Wagram.

Mrs. Shaw is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hutchings Winborne of Edenton. She attended

St. Mary's school and received her A.B. degree from the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in 1932. She is a member of one of Carolina's oldest and most prominent families and is a young woman of great personal charm. Since the announcement of her engagement, she has been honored at a great number of pre-nuptial parties.

Mr. Shaw is the son of Mrs. Shaw and the late Dr. William Graham Shaw of Wagram. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina, where he was a member of the Theta Kappa Nu fraternity. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Shaw left by motor for a honeymoon in Florida. They will be at home in Wagram, North Carolina, after January 7.

Among the out-of-town guests here for the wedding were: Mrs. W. G. Shaw, Miss Effie Cooley, Rev. and Mrs. John Luke, Mr. and Mrs. James Bule, Mr. Robert Pense, Mr. and Mrs. Fauley Ray, Miss Mary Dunlap, Mrs. Edwin Shaw and Archie McLean, all of Wagram; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Winborne, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rector, Norfolk, Virginia; Mrs. B. S. Skinner and son, B. S. Skinner, Durham; Miss Mary Catherine Swain, Henderson; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Elliott, Robert Winborne, Elise Hines, Suffolk, Virginia; Mrs. A. B. Hollowell and son, Asa, Miss Esther Elliott, Aulander.

I THANK YOU!

I am very much pleased with the prize I have received from Logans & Davis Drug Store, and want to thank all who have made it possible for me to receive this beautiful gift. I like it fine and wouldn't sell it to anybody.

LOGAN ELLIOTT.

It's your duty when sick to get the very best physician...

USE YOUR CHOICE

It's the duty of the Druggist to fill your Prescriptions just as written...

USE YOUR CHOICE

We have the experience and ability and would like to serve you.

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BAYVIEW BARBER SHOP ERNEST L. WHITE, Prop. Barber Service That Pleases SHAVE 15c SHAMPOO 35c HAIRCUT 35c MASSAGE 35c 104 East King Street Edenton, N. C.

LUKE RILEY SAYS THE RATS DIE BEFORE REACHING THE RIVER Since moving near the river several years ago, we've always used BEST-YET. We watched the vicious water rats nibbling at BEST-YET, outside the house. About 15 minutes later they darted off the river to cool their burning stomachs, but died before reaching Kills rats and mice only. Will not hurt cats, dogs or chickens, there is no smell from the dead rat. BEST-YET comes in two 2 oz. size 25c, 5 oz. size 50c. Sold and guaranteed by Edenton Fuel Co., and Brown Bros.

New Year Greetings 1935

We count it a privilege to have served a large number of people, and we hope merit a continuation of your patronage on basis of your confidence and our ability to serve. We wish for all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Edenton Laundry Phone 278



Expressing our appreciation for your patronage during 1934, we solicit a continuation of it during 1935, and pledge our best effort to serve you even better with Quality Hardware.

Byrum Bros. Hardware EDENTON, N. C.