

**THE CHOWAN HERALD**

Published every Thursday by Buff's Printing House, 100 East King Street, Edenton, N. C.  
 J. Edwin Buff, 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.  
 Cards of thanks, obituaries, resolutions of respect, etc., will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1935.

**LET US HAVE SOME OPINIONS**

The Herald is happy to present with this issue an extra feature for readers, the State Farmers Section. The publishers are very anxious to make The Herald the most popular paper in this territory and it is with this in view that the State Farmer Section has been secured. No energy or expense, as far as possible, will be spared to popularize The Herald, but in order to accomplish this end we must know the attitude of our readers.

The State Farmer Section places an extra expense upon the production of The Herald which will gladly be borne providing this feature meets with the approval of rural readers. Therefore we would like to have expressions from readers as to whether or not they enjoy and would like to have the State Farmer section appear as a monthly feature to The Herald. If it is liked we will continue it, if not it will be discontinued. Rural readers especially are asked to express their opinion about this new feature.

**YEP, WE STILL SAY, "GIVE US SUTTENFIELD"**

The Herald concurs with John A. Holmes' idea of not jumping too quickly at a decision as to a new coach for the Edenton school. A coach can be a good or a bad advertisement for the town.

Edenton was put on the map, as it were, during Frank Sutfenfeld's and Henry House's coaching, both of these men being an asset to the school and town. There no doubt are coaches and good coaches, and what Edenton needs, with the making of another championship football team, is a good coach.

Both Sutfenfeld and House were good coaches. We surely can't have House, and if it is possible to secure him, the Herald continues to say "Give us Sutfenfeld." His qualifications and character are known, and we would not be taking a chance.

**WHY NOT LABEL PRODUCTS OF CHOWAN?**

The newspaper man is often beguiled into cynicism by the very nature of his work. He contacts many people whose aims, motives and ideals are not always what they seem, certainly not what they should be. He is often disillusioned and disappointed in his appraisals and estimates of what's going on. Day by day he is faced with realism shot through with sordid colorings which line the material side of life.

Perhaps the strong of heart and the high of faith do not yield to the blandishments of cynicism. They may stick their probe a little deeper into affairs and find a justification for their confidence in man and faith in what he is doing. But it is pretty hard.

Take for instance this—By what right has Florida to ship away the products of Chowan soil under a Florida label? It has been done for several years; it is being done more so this year. In one sense a compliment to Chowan agriculture, yes, but in a greater sense downright false pretense.

Last Saturday a caravan of eight pretty red trucks bearing the insignia of a Florida wholesale concern, quartered themselves along King Street while the rain was going on. Inquiry brought the frank admission that the vehicles were here after tomatoes and cantaloupes.

"What do you do with what you get?" was asked, and the response was "Take them home." "Do you sell in Florida?" was a following inquiry, to which came the answer, "Oh, no, there is no market there; we crate them and ship them north."

Of course they do, and in crates with markings telling the world "Florida's best cantaloupes" or "Florida's finest tomatoes," cantaloupes that came from Rocky Hock, say, and tomatoes, perhaps from the Yeopim section of this county. Good for Florida, and shut up, you mean cynics!

Incidentally, as a parting shot, do you see any crates going north saying "North Carolina's best cantaloupes" or "North Carolina's finest tomatoes?" You do not, at least not around here. If you know of any such speak out in meeting and we'll be happy. As it is, we wear crepe with you.

If Chowan's products are good enough for other states to label and publicize, they should warrant carrying an identification mark of some sort from this county or North Carolina, at least.

Good old Chowan! Famed for everything but publicity.

**HEARD AND SEEN**

By "BUFF"

Well, suh, I haven't heard about the watermelon "picture" in this column last week making anybody homesick for this section, but I have had request to send a watermelon to Belmar, New Jersey, and one to Mount Vernon, New York. The requests run something like this: "I notice in the paper that it is now watermelon time. I wonder whether you would be good enough to have a watermelon crated and sent by express collect to the following address. Hoping this finds you in the best of health, and with all good wishes for the success of the paper."

Now then what I want to do is get in touch with Bonner Small or Captain Wiggins or some of those birds up Tyner way that raise big ones so that I can comply with the requests. I'm going to send 'em a big 'un even if I have to go out some moonlight night and "buy" 'em. And when they're shipped there'll be enough information on the crate to let folks know who see it where the bloomin' thing came from. But for the information of the many former Chowan County folks who take the Herald, like John Sutton said on one occasion, "I'm not making a darned habit of it."

Glenn Hotchkiss, who is here in the interest of the watermelon marketing agreement, is one of us. You see, his daddy founded the Prophetstown (Indiana) Echo, and for a number of years Glenn was printer's devil in his father's shop. The only thing we've got to say is that he better not visit us when wearing his white suit. Of interest on the head of the Prophetstown Echo is this line: "There are three Chicagos, 11 Londons, 12 Bostons, 27 Springfields and 29 Washingtons—but only one Prophetstown in the world." And, by George, if there's any other Edenton, we haven't heard of it.

K. R. Israel of Tunis stopped in the office the other day and in the course of a conversation the derivation of his name was mentioned. Mr. Israel said the only trace of it that he could find was in the Bible when Jacob's name was changed to Israel. Well, that's going back pretty far!

Just like I said already, a good place to get a better hat is at lodge or church. Jim Cates, for instance, last week discovered that somebody got hold of his hat, and as a result the one he has now is about one size too small. Panama hat wearers please check up on your hat.

The boat fever has struck Edenton, and one lady, who refused to let her name be known, wants to buy a row boat. Yes, she's married, so anybody that wants to sell a boat should get in touch with the author of this column.

At the time this is written we have had a dry spell for about ten minutes since last Saturday. Henry Barber says there's so much water on his land that the sea gulls are now hovering over the place. At any rate, let's urge the next General Assembly to pass a law forbidding it to rain more than two days in succession. But then, come to think of it, if a fellow had time to delve into the laws, maybe they have passed one to that effect. Here's a motion that all laws be dumped and start all over again, for where's the guy that knows when he's breaking a law or not?

Dick Holmes wasn't on the program at the Rotary meeting last Thursday, but he just had to make a short speech somehow. Just as Doc Hart called upon Carroll Kramer for a few remarks, up jumps Dick and says, "Who didn't pay up?" And he found out, too!

Bishop Paul Kern, who spoke in Hertford Friday night seems like a fine all around good fellow. During his address I learned at least one thing. While he was in China he said boys wore necklaces, while in the United States women wear them to try to be as attractive as the men. I haven't consulted any women about the matter as yet.

Pugh Roberson is now ready to vaccinate dogs, but apparently the owners of dogs aren't ready. Anyway, here's hoping Pugh don't have the same experience as did Mr. Pruden in Bertie County. Mr. Pruden while vaccinating dogs at St. Luke's near San Souci got pretty nervous as the booming of stills reminded him of France—so much so that he left and decided to try it another time.

A Sunday school attendant on Sunday morning was asked the subject of the worship service. "Beliefs," was the answer. The conversation closed when the remark was heard: "I 'belief' there won't be many at Sunday School this morning. The belief was right—there wasn't many present."

Although baseball games in Edenton are scarce as hen's teeth this year, Joe E. Brown this week at the Taylor Theatre reminded us of the good old days. And come to think of it, ain't the town dead without a good baseball team? But speaking of pic-

tures, the Taylor Theatre on Saturday presents Irwin S. Cobb in a comedy directed by Hal Roach. Cobb, you know, writes for a newspaper syndicate, and if his show Saturday is as good as some of his writings, it ought to bring forth many laughs.

Maybe some of the ladies can get by in not going to church and Sunday School under the order forbidding all under 15 years of age attending, but those old guys with bald or almost bald heads and deep wrinkles in their necks can't fool nobody.

A defendant in court the other day was asked if he is working. "Yes, suh," was the answer, "but not when it rains." At that rate he isn't very busy lately.

My hat's off to the ladies of the Legion Auxiliary at Plymouth. They served an honest-to-goodness supper on Tuesday night, and unlike the politicians and newly-made "pops," they wound up the affair by passing around a good brand of cigars. That's what I call a banquet with "trimmings." Anyway, Eddie Spires and I were there, and discovered there's a bunch of good folks on that side of the Sound, too.

I'll never forgive Carlton Mason. He's in Rocky Mount, you know, and while one of those sweet-talking hosiery salesladies was there. Friend (I don't know if I should call him that or not) Mason gave her a list of names of prospective customers, which included the Herald force. Anyway, Mason forgot to tell her about our financial situation, so I reckon we'll go on wearing ten-cent socks.

Aha, a treat is in store for Red Men Monday night. Joe Habit is going to sing at last. And just like Joe, he's going to do it right. He's going to sing a piece in Syrian, English, Greek, Turkish and Italian. Of course this won't be all at the same time, so Joe will have to tell us which is which. Come out, fellows, and help to clap. I thought he'd either sing or punch me in the nose for nagging him in this column. It ought to be rich.

**MINOR CASES TRIED IN RECORDER'S COURT**

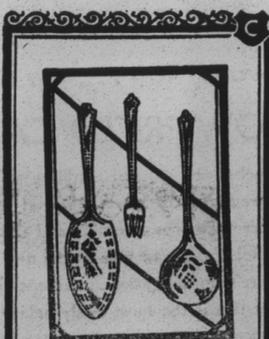
A session of Recorder's Court was held last Thursday and Friday, and on Tuesday of this week, Judge J. N. Pruden making quick disposition of all cases coming before him.

The session last Thursday was called to try James A. Boyce, who was charged with operating a car under the influence of whiskey. The defendant plead guilty and was ordered to pay a fine of \$50 and not operate a motor vehicle in the State for 90 days except in the course of his business.

On Friday Walter Drew, colored, was tried on the charge of non-support, the court finding him not guilty.

At Tuesday's court Joe Walker was also arraigned for non-support, being found not guilty. Gurney McClenny, a white man, was tried on the charge of the larceny of an automobile belonging to Dr. W. S. Griffin. Probable cause having been found, the defendant was bound over to the Superior Court, his bond being set at \$600.

McClenny testified that he had been sick and was taking medicine and that on Friday he took three drinks of whiskey. He said he didn't remember taking the car and that when he came to his senses he was at Rocky Hock in possession of the machine, and being afraid of being caught, he threw away the license plates and had intended to return the car after night. It was stolen from in front of the Citizens Bank building Friday morning and was damaged to the extent of about \$20, when recovered by Sheriff Bunch and Chief Helms.



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**CAMPEN'S JEWELERS**  
 EDENTON No. CAR.

**MACEDONIA**

Misses Maude Jordan and Eunice Bass spent the week-end with Miss Mattie Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jordan visited Rev. and Mrs. W. T. C. Briggs Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pearce called on Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hassell late Sunday afternoon.

Miss Christine Hassell spent Sunday night with Mrs. W. H. Jordan. Misses Elizabeth Dail and Erma Smith spent Sunday with Miss Gladys Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Les Layton, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Forehand spent Sunday in Elizabeth City with Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Dail.

**Comrade Relates War Record W. S. Privott**

(Continued from Page One)  
 The gangplank to sail to the sun was peeping over the horizon on May 12. He was the ranking officer of all the soldiers aboard the boat carrying his battalion, which included other companies. On May 27, 1918 he landed with his battalion at Liverpool, England, and marched from the port of debarkation to the railroad station and there loaded upon trains for Dover, England. On May 28, his battalion crossed the English Channel and landed at Calais, France, about noon of May 28, going into camp a few days on the outskirts of Calais. From there he moved to Ouisse, France, and remained in extensive training until July 1, leaving on a 112-mile hike through France to Belgium. On the night of August 1, he moved his battalion to the front line trenches at Ypres, Belgium. While his battalion was in the front lines no matter how hard the shelling or how thick the machine gun bullets were flying, Major Privott always visited either Company I or Company K, L, or M, inquiring of the boys as to how they were faring, slapping them on the back and urging them to make the best of it they could. On August 11, he took his battalion back to a rest area for a few days' rest, and on August 16, his battalion was ordered back to the front lines, remaining in the front lines until August 31, when it went "over the top" for the first time, advancing a mile and a half into No Man's Land, driving back the enemy. The battalion remained in the front lines until September 2, when it was sent back to a rest area and while there was ordered back to France, seeing action again September 29, when the Hindenburg Line was broken, his batta-

lion taking the town of Bellecourt. On October 2nd, the battalion was again ordered back to a rest area, and on October 6, was ordered back to the front lines. From this time much fighting was done and much territory taken, and upon reaching the La Salle River Major Privott undoubtedly saved his whole battalion when he appealed to the regimental commander to have orders changed which would have sent his men to sure death. Having failed in his effort, he appealed to the division commander, when the orders were cancelled and the battalion ordered to remain where they were. On October 19th, Major Privott's battalion was ordered back to a rest area and while there he was ordered back to the United States to serve as an instructor in the training camps. He was to have been commissioned a lieutenant colonel, and was in Paris enroute home when the Armistice was signed. He proceeded home, however, and upon arrival was given his honorable discharge. After his discharge Major Privott was very active in American Legion affairs, serving as commander of the Ed Bond Post and also a term as district commander. He was "one of the boys" and in his passing Ed Bond Post has lost one of its most regular and faithful members.

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**Little America**  
 FOOT OF BROAD STREET, EDENTON  
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 COLD BEER, SODAS, SANDWICHES,  
 CAKES, PIES, CANDIES, Etc.  
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**NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS**

All Delinquent Taxes and Paving Assessments for the year 1934 will be advertised on MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1935, the property covered by such taxes, paving assessments, etc., to be sold at the Court House door at 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1935.

**PAY YOUR TAXES NOW AND AVOID THE EXTRA COST OF ADVERTISING**

On all taxes collected during the month of July a penalty of 3% will be added, the penalty increasing one-half of one per cent each month thereafter until taxes are paid.

**Louise D. Coke,**  
 COLLECTOR, TOWN OF EDENTON

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 Queen Street Edenton, N. C.