

THE CHOWAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1935.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK

THE UNTAMED TONGUE: He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.—Proverbs 13:3.

WE'VE HAD "HOPE" AND "HOT AIR"

Some bewhiskered gazabo back in the days of much Cambridge and Concord poetic wisdom used up an ink bottle one night on a bit of subsequent immortality in which one line ran "Hope springs eternal within the human breast." He was sure right but if he had added something further about wearing out a lot of shoe leather, spending a heap of time and much expense money needlessly, and chasing back and forth to Raleigh every week or so, he would have brought out what a consarn mess of foolishness there is to this thing called "hope." In fact the difference between hope and reality hereabouts is just about the difference between \$2,000,000 and pretty near nothing.

To make another start with this excellent thesis it might be said that never before had the sun shone so gloriously as it did one afternoon last March. Across the Cupola House grounds its effulgent rays blazed in upon and warmed the cockles of the hearts of a select and hopeful gathering of Edentonians clustered about the long board table in the council chamber of the city hall. At the end sat D. Minton Warren, rotund and smiling as usual but with his tongue rolling merrily around the inside of his cheek. At the other end sat W. Dossey Pruden on hand to lend official guidance to what might transpire. Near Mr. Warren was Mayor E. W. Spires, and across from him was John A. Holmes, secretary de luxe of the meeting. The rest of the patriots were the leading business men of the town all interested in "hope."

They were on hand in answer to the first cry from Raleigh to get busy and secure some of the great Work Relief Bill then before Congress. At the moment the idea was backed by the CWA, but it later became a PWA matter, and finally a WPA scheme, and lastly, just about hot air. Hope carried the word that Edenton and Chowan and countless other state municipalities could secure just about what they wanted of this \$5,000,000,000 to be awarded by the government, and that North Carolina would be allotted more than \$300,000,000 of the total aggregate. Well, the Edenton folks about whom the sun blazed so cheerfully that crisp spring afternoon, got busy all right, even if Mr. Warren's tongue did roll a little more back and forth inside his cheek, and Mr. Pruden kept on slyly answering every query with "Of course you can ask" and "that will do no harm." Those faithful servitors of hope planned that afternoon and projected well. When they got through, what they went after totaled around \$2,000,000, including everything that could be thought of, a new Albemarle bridge, new high schools, a new armory, a recreation auditorium, yes, by gracious, even a fancy bathing beach down the shore for John Graham's boy scouts.

Well, as another verse has it, "you know the rest in the books you have read, . . . how the farmers gave them ball for ball from behind each fence and farmyard wall," and so on. Only this time the farmers of the Albemarle got it in the neck instead of the other way around. Day and night for a month and more Mr. Spires and Mr. Holmes and W. J. Taylor and others worked on those project plans. Delegations went to Raleigh time and again. Special committees were named to make surveys for road work and rural electrification. Large bills were run up for telephoning and telegraphing and postage, and, glory be, what fine publicity. Story after story went out about what Edenton and Chowan were to get, new schools, new bridge, a new armory, and so much else. Then one day came word that the CWA was turning things over to the PWA and that not so much as was expected would be allotted, but be assured the projects would go through, the allotments would be heavy and all would be well with the world.

Then came another day a month or so ago. Telegrams came from Raleigh urging haste and immediate action in filing new applications. Again Mr. Holmes, Mr. Spires, Mr. Taylor and others motored to the Capitol City, went from one bureau to another, got approvals everywhere and came back tired but to say, still optimistically, "it's all settled." Lo-

cal scribes vied with each other as to just what would eventually transpire. It was absolutely certain there would be new schools and a new armory, anyhow, and Chairman Waynick penned a long statement setting forth the bridge as a certainty.

Committees kept up their fine work, news items went forth saying that much street paving and sidewalk improvements would be made, and with right—all lured on by the will o' the wisp "Hope." And then another change followed, the WPA had taken hold and things would not be quite as elaborately carried out, but, never mind, they would be carried out in big shape at that. And then, to show you how nasty "hope" can really be, the front pages blazed forth with news stories on Tuesday, one from Washington that North Carolina would get about \$1,000,000 from the federal fund instead of the \$300,000,000 promised a few months ago, another from Chairman Waynick that his board would get nothing in the way of help, which, of course, means no bridge, and still another saying schools and such small things might come some other time but not now, that the new armories the State was to be allotted have been cut down to five or six and, of course, the big cities will get them and Edenton won't.

So it goes. Hope's a great pal, but cheer up. Edenton is not to be made a sucker of any longer. The latest word is that the WPA is to be allowed to spend \$27,000,000 for providing work for its impecunious, hard pressed and unemployed writers and publicists and that Edenton is to get "a substantial share" of this sum to tell the world about the "seven wonders" of the Albemarle. The "wonders" are here. So are the impecunious writers, as covetous and selfish as ever. But between ourselves about \$1,800 of this original \$2,000,000 we started out for last March could be better spent building some sidewalks here and there.

However, it's a great life if you don't weaken and the first hundred years are always the hardest.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK OCT. 6-12

Although it isn't infrequent that Edenton makes the State Honor Roll in keeping damage by fire to the minimum, it is not amiss to call the attention of readers to the observance of Fire Prevention Week which will be observed between October 6 and 12.

Not only on this account, but because the time of year is at hand when fires are made for the first time since last winter, Fire Chief R. K. Hall urges all citizens to inspect their flues and remove fire boards to see that there is no defect or collection of trash that may catch fire. He also urges housewives to inspect garrets and store rooms to see that no paper or other material is placed near chimneys which may cause a fire. He will gladly aid in this inspection and recommend a remedy.

Fire prevention makes it worthwhile to meditate on what it means to an individual, a taxpayer, a homeowner and a worker.

Fire prevention saves lives—yours and your loved ones. Thousands of people are now cremated each year—because some one was careless.

Fire prevention is the friend of the home. Without it, your home may be turned to ashes—and insurance can never replace the many intangible values each home represents. Money cannot compensate for everything.

Fire prevention tends to keep taxes down. Each time a fire destroys taxpaying property, thus removing it from the tax rolls, higher taxes must be paid by all other property within the community.

Fire prevention keeps insurance rates down. Over a period of years, the rate for each locality is based upon fire loss—many fires mean high rates.

Fire prevention is the friend of employment. When a fire destroys a business, jobs are lost, and thousands of dollars in purchasing power is lost with them. Untold privation and misery can result.

Fire prevention means progressive towns and cities. Cases are on record where a single fire, destroying a town's main industry, has resulted in permanent retrogression, at the expense of property and all other values in the community.

Prevent fire—and save lives and money. Do your part during Fire Prevention Week.

THIS WEEK'S RECIPE

An eggless recipe for really good cake is an important recipe now with the price of eggs on the up and up. Below is one that everybody will enjoy, and it is easily made:

- APPLE SAUCE CAKE**
 2 cups apple sauce
 2 cups sugar
 4 cups flour
 1 cup lard or butter
 1 cup chopped nut meats
 2 cups raisins
 1 teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg
 1 teaspoonful salt
 2 teaspoonfuls soda
 Cream shortening and sugar, and add apple sauce. Add nuts and fruit and mix well. Sift flour to which salt, soda, and spices have been added, and mix well in batter. Bake in moderate oven.

LIFE'S BYWAYS



HEARD AND SEEN
 By "BUFF"

Now that yours truly has discarded the much-talked about summer straw hat and bought a brand new cap, Harvey Thomas during his leisure moments Sunday contributed the following for this column:

"Don't let 'em kid you, Buff, about your new and awful looking but certainly much needed cap. Take a peep at what I culled from 'Esquire,' the very fancy and readable man's magazine of style:

"The cap, so long associated with gangstering, dock wallowing and pool room loafing, is becoming refined and is shown in the fall and winter ensembles of those dark timbered, indirectly lighted shrines of the chapeaux. A specialist who fashions them out of imported cloth at \$12 per individual fit has a salon niched in one of the swank towers. Fat men or those of short stature should not wear caps, the stylists say. Billy Gaxton, as might be expected, is an accomplished cappist. Dwight Fiske sports one with rakish aplomb, as do Harold Vanderbilt, George M. Cohan and William Goadby Loew. Two other well known cap wearers are John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Joe Laurie, Jr."

"Of course, though, \$12 caps may be beyond you, but they should stir you into being ambitious and giving you something to look forward to—you, I'm talking about, not me, for I still thing caps are for 'deck-walloppers,' pool room sharks and good old Yeopim gangsters. Still I must be mistaken, for John D. wears nothing but a cap—I'll bet he even sports a night cap which, by the way, should make you sleep better, and if you can't wear a night cap with eclat, try drinking one. They are very efficacious. And get that word in the 'Esquire' blurb—'cappist.' Why not offer a prize for the best essay by anyone on 'Chowan's Leading Cappist'? You'll be surprised at the way your subscribers will tumble over themselves to rush you copy."

Well, if only fat men are not in style wearing a cap, yours truly ought to be right in style. And what's more, if the covering on top of the dome continues to disappear and we have some cold nights, a night cap will be worn if it is with eclat or not.

Mrs. Ike Hobowsky and her two sisters-in-law usually drop in the office Wednesday night to see if we are getting along all right with the paper. Last Wednesday they were accompanied by little Frieda Hobowsky. She wasn't in a very talkative mood and I held my old pipe toward her and asked if she wanted to smoke it.

"Sort of sleepy, isn't she?" I asked of her mother.

"No, I don't think so," said Mrs. Hobowsky, "I think it's the effect of that old pipe of yours."

I hustled off to finish writing an editorial . . . the mean thing!

Anyway, possibly Frieda was worried, for just prior to that time she urged her mother to call a doctor because her doll baby had a belly-ache.

Cal Kramer now gives a good reason why he and I didn't catch a big bunch of fish the other day. He says he knows where all the bad places are and a few of the good places. He took me to the former ones. Anyway, we are planning to go soon again and take Parson Ashby along to prove what we may claim.

Last week in this column was mentioned the fact that Night Officer Bob Watt was all diked out in a new uniform. But shucks, that is just about half . . . the whole police force is sporting new outfits. Chief of Police Helms also is all "dressed up."

Mrs. Jesse White gave me specificome about an error in this column last

instructions about writing up her visitors last week. Last summer Mr. and Mrs. White visited Mr. and Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey, Jr., at Canton, N. C., and the editor of the local paper in writing about the visitors said Mr. White was a classmate of Mrs. Hoey while in college. The truth of the matter is that Mrs. White was Mrs. Hoey's college classmate, but Mr. Hoey said he didn't care about the mistake so long as the bloomin' editor didn't say that Mr. White was a roommate of his better half.

This one ought to be told Robert Ripley. At any rate it was reason for yours truly almost bursting out in a fit of laughter right in the middle of a wedding ceremony. On Monday a colored couple from Williams-ton journeyed over to Edenton to be married, which was done in the office of the register of deeds by Justice of the Peace W. S. Summerell. "Come here, Buff," said the J. P., "I want you to sign as a witness to a marriage." That part wasn't so funny, but I almost swooned when the couple made it known that it was a secret marriage and they didn't want it known. Imagine that! And before it was over another newspaper man acted as a witness. Oh, yeah, it will be kept a secret when two newspaper men acted as witnesses.

And when the marriage vows had been taken the groom asked, "How much is it?" "Anything you want to give," said Mr. Summerell, but quickly added a proviso that "it must not be under one dollar." The latter part of his statement had its effect because more than a dollar was paid, and Mr. Summerell doesn't object in the least to paying over the minimum.

The Taylor Theatre isn't the only place in town featuring little Shirley Temple. Just take a glimpse at Jim Holmes' window which is all decorated with Shirley Temple dresses for the little folks. What I'm about to say is that if the same number of youngsters want Shirley Temple dresses that want to see her pictures the Holmes' supply will soon be exhausted. (No charge for that ad, Jim.)

Jim is a lucky name this week. This paragraph is a free ad for Jim Daniels. He sings all over this section, you know, and some time ago he went off and forgot one of his favorite song books. Jim is getting old, too, and he's forgotten where he left the book. So if anyone comes across the book, please notify Jim or yours truly, and I'll collect a cigar or else!

If politics ain't sumpin', I'll hush! Part of a story written by M. R. Dunnagan in the Charlotte Observer appears in this issue of the Herald in which he says the eastern part of the State complained that Governor Ehringhaus wasn't "taking care of his home folks" early in his administration, but things had changed now and that the "hand-outs" in the east is far out of proportion according to population and taxes paid in the western part of the State. The job of being Governor, no doubt, is like running a newspaper . . . it's a devil of a job to try to please everybody.

Over the week-end the writer chased up to Durham to see a football game, and like Herbert Leary said after returning from the west coast, "Give me the good old Albemarle." However, it was my first trip to Duke University, and I'd like to know how students at the college keep from getting lost in order to get to the various buildings.

Right many folks have hopped on

week. The mistake appeared in the paragraph about the gate at the recent fight between Baer and Louis. It was stated that a billion dollars was spent to see the scrap. In writing about such a figure a poor printer with scarcely a buck in his jeans becomes nervous. You see, the "b" and "m" on a typesetting machine are side by side and in the nervousness I touched the "b" instead of "m." Anyway, what's the idea of so much fuss over a mere \$99,000,000 mistake?

The Red Men have started a drive for new members in which three sides have been selected, the winning side to be given a feed at the expense of the other two sides. The bad part about the contest is that the sort of "feed" hasn't been decided upon. It looks like a cracker and water supper to me. However, Raleigh-Hollowell, Noah Goodwin and Joe Habit are captains of the respective groups and when these three fellows get really warmed up it's no telling which side will bring up the rear.

As in former years, I've been watching for the first overcoat to appear. And by George, down the street Monday morning rambles Harvey Thomas all bundled up in his overcoat and a hat perched atop his sun-tanned dome. I'm wondering what he'll wear when it gets cold.

Coach Brogden's high school football team is now going through strenuous practice work, and they sure look good. Here's hoping Joe Conger and Sonny Davis, co-managers, will soon have their schedule completed, so we will know what to look forward to. At any rate, Edenton should go places again this year and here's hoping the whole bloomin' town supports the team. Some of the boys have been offered chances to play in another state, but they remain loyal to the team and will be on the local lineup again this year. Let's back the team and Coach Brogden in his first year with the local school. He's a fine fellow and deserves all the cooperation we can give.

Al Owens, our faithful and efficient fireman, is now daddy. At the Red Men meeting Monday night, it was reported that he may not be in distress, but probably will soon be unable to follow the hunt. Al ought to collect from some of the members of the Herald staff, some of whom betted that he would be pappa to a boy.

According to the daily papers North Carolina has received far less than was expected from the \$4,800,000,000 roll of Uncle Sam, and Chowan County . . . well, let's forget it. That is, of course, if we are called upon to pay a proportionate small amount of taxes in order to repay the Uncle. Eh, what!

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

BALLHOO OVERPLAYED
 (The Charlotte Observer)

The experience North Carolina is passing through in procuring only a crumb of the WPA funds made available by Congress after having been induced to believe its share would be 10, 15 or 20 times such an amount, is somewhat typical of the overdone ballyhoo up Washington-way.

One conspicuous fault of Administration spokesmen has been of this nature.

Great promises have been held out and left unfulfilled. The hopes of the people have been raised by the sudden announcement of some policy, only to find that it was a fluke alarm.

What was going to be done by this agency and that was heralded in glamorous publicity and in the end, simmered out to little.

When all of this vast treasure-chest of relief money was voted by Congress, it was assumed that North Carolina would get its share on

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whatever basis of distribution might later be determined.

Some thought and said that the State ought to have \$100,000,000 of this unthinkable large relief fund.

Later it got down to \$50,000,000.

The State and its political subdivisions were advised to hurry along projects that might be undertaken.

Washington was eager to get its hands on something to do.

In response, the State and its cities, towns and counties piled up potential projects that would have required the \$50,000,000 or more, ostensibly worth-while and comparable with others from other States and communities in deservedness.

But now it turns out that if the State gets as much as \$3,000,000 it will be lucky.

There is by no means any assurance that the diverse projects submitted of a useful and constructive type will be approved to an amount even reaching that figure.

It is not so much that North Carolina is being dealt with after a fashion it ill deserves, but that there has been so much of what The Gastonia Gazette calls "hurly-burly" a few weeks ago on the part of the relief administration and "stony silence" now when that authority gets down to knitting.

REOPENS OFFICE IN COLERAIN

Dr. Chas. T. Roebuck, of Colerain, has reopened his office at Colerain for the practice of medicine.

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R. E. Leary
 Secretary

NOTICE TO OPERATORS OF PEANUT PICKERS

Operators of peanut pickers are required by law to obtain a license at the Register of Deeds office. These are now ready and I suggest that you obtain the license promptly. If you pick your own peanuts only, there is no charge for license; if you pick for others there is a license fee of 50 cents.

Respectfully,

M. L. BUNCH

Register of Deeds of Chowan County

October 1, 1935.