

**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.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, resolutions of respect, etc., will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1935

**BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK**

**ALL ARE INVITED:** Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.—Isaiah 2:3.

**THE FIGHT MUST GO ON!**

The season of the Christmas Seal is here again. It is a harbinger of the joyful Christmas spirit and is known for its message of help and health to almost every man, woman and child in the United States. It is an important weapon in the war against tuberculosis.

It is a pretty seal—a girl dressed in the costume of the 1860's is dropping a letter in an old fashioned mail box. But beyond its beauty lies its purpose. Every seal you buy is a penny spent toward the death knell of a most dreadful and dreaded disease. Today tuberculosis has fallen from first to seventh place in the list of causes of death, but the war must still be waged with undiminished energy. Why? Because tuberculosis steals the health and life of more people between the ages of 15 and 45 than any other malady; because young mothers fall easy prey to it; because the social and economic consequences of the disease are disastrous.

Tuberculosis strikes the victim at a time when he needs all his strength to carry his heaviest load—when the children are young and the family completely dependent upon him or her. Frequently it does not strike the victim at once, but wounds him and leaves him to struggle along toward recovery, if he is one of the fortunate ones whose disease is recognized early, and whose power of resistance is good; or toward a long lingering illness in every day of which the patient is conscious that he contributes nothing to his family needs, even worse that he is a burden upon them.

Tuberculosis has reduced many a home from a position of comfort and security to bleakness, suffering and ultimate break up of family life. But success is not far distant in this conquest if we continue to keep up the fight. We must do those things we have been doing for twenty years or more. The Christmas seal will help to complete the task of informing the general public that tuberculosis is preventable and curable; of finding early cases and of maintaining a united front of government and citizens.

Chowan has never failed. "Buy Christmas Seals!" Protect your home from tuberculosis!

**CHOWAN'S ADVANCE "MERRY CHRISTMAS"**

Chowan says "Merry Christmas," says it in advance and will say it again in proper season later. But just at the moment it says it again, "Merry Christmas!" The reason is obvious. Times are better. Somebody's making money, and somebody's spending it, too.

Several weeks ago the town dads gave first evidence of it. They reported that returns were coming in so fine that the town would be able to cut its tax rate 9 points and boost salaries. That was fine! And then last Wednesday the town felt that it was able to reduce its defaulted bond issue by \$6,000, and a check in that amount was sent to the Chase National Bank.

Last year the Town Council started decorating the streets during the Christmas holidays. But this year, in order to make a better job of it, have arranged to have three blocks in the business section decorated, all of which has the tendency to make a "Merry Christmas."

Then, so far as the county is concerned on Monday the County Commissioners decided to pay off \$10,000 of a defaulted bond issue totaling \$47,500 that has been running since 1930, besides paying off another note for \$3,500.

Chowan County may not be flowing with milk and honey, but times without a doubt are much better, and taking everything into consideration is one of the best places in the world to live.

**TRADE WITH HOME MERCHANTS**

With an ample supply of new seasonable stock on the shelves and in display windows, Edenton merchants are prepared to furnish Christmas shoppers just as good merchandise at just as reasonable prices as in larger cities.

**HEARD AND SEEN**

By "BUFF"

**An Apology**

Due to printing the Herald a day earlier last week, the organization of this little newspaper was materially disrupted and as a result practically all of the letters from correspondents were omitted. It isn't to be taken that we do not prize this news from the outlying districts, but with a limited crew and a limited amount of machinery, a whole day's work is somewhat of an obstacle to overcome. A considerable amount of other local news was also omitted, for which we are sorry. What ought to be done is to have the calendar man arrange holidays so that they do not interfere with the publishing of the Herald.

Would that all Herald subscribers were as prompt as Mrs. Ethel Allender, who lives in Morristown, Indiana. Last week over 200 subscription expiration notices were sent out and by return mail Mrs. Allender sent her check for a year's renewal, with the following pleasant note: "Your notice came this morning and for fear we will miss a single issue, I am hastening to send our renewal check today. Dear old Edenton has such wonderful memories for us that we enjoy all the news your good paper brings each week."

Now, that's just fine, and here's hoping all the rest who have received notices "go and do likewise" before the paper is discontinued.

Much consternation prevailed in the home of Mayor Eddie Spire's father-in-law on Thanksgiving Day. Along about 3 o'clock in the afternoon His Honor was still seated at a table containing food fit for a king when a letter arrived by special delivery. The letter was addressed to Eddie's pappy-in-law, and went on to divulge the reason why the Mayor went to South Mills on Thanksgiving Day, which was ostensibly to get a square meal. Mr. Jacobs, the father-in-law, seemed perplexed as he looked over his spectacles to see Eddie still at the table making great inroads on everything he could see, after reading the closing sentence in the letter, which was: "I believe this fellow Spire has a tape worm."

The subject of this paragraph is, "We Ain't Champions Any More." Mt. Airy won the title last Friday in Chapel Hill 7 to 0. I don't know what to blame for the defeat. It was either because Willie Basnight was not on hand with the black cat or else the fact that the Edenton team occupied the side of the stadium, the occupants of which never before won a championship game. Here's hoping they put us on the other side of the field if Edenton ever gets another crack at the championship. It was a hard game to lose, but we lost it just the same, sorry as the boys and fans were. Our boys lost, but they deserve a great deal of credit. For two years now the school's football team has gone through the season with eleven men, and to win a State championship and play in the finals for another is no record to be sneezed at. They're a good team, and can prepare their appetites for a feed which most assuredly will be given them by the Edenton Rotary Club in the near future.

And speaking of the game Friday, it was an out-and-out reproduction of a college game, except the stadium was not filled with spectators. Of course, empty whiskey bottles were left in the stands just the same as big games. The boys didn't want to bring the bottles back to town because Chowan County is "dry," you know.

One learns some queer doings from youngsters who go away to school. For instance, one of my kids was home from a military school over Thanksgiving. He says that when they have liver he gets plenty because none of the boys at his table like it and pass it over to him. But he stays broke all the time because when pork chops are served, he buys them up at 10 cents per slice.

My life would be in danger if I'd divulge the name in connection with this paragraph. But a certain lady who is carrying an excessive load of avoidipous went to see a doctor, who prescribed a diet. The lady went on the diet for two weeks, at the end of which time she weighed and was horrified to discover that she had gained five pounds. "The devil with the doctor and his diet," she said, "I'm going to eat whatever I want." And she is, but is still adding more weight.

The new preacher at the Methodist Church is a bachelor. Of course, all preachers like to see the front rows filled, and this bit of news might be a hint to Edenton's old maids.

Charlie Conger wonders why I don't put his name in the paper. Well, the main reason is that he's never up in Recorder Court, and another is that I can't keep up with him. He's jumping all over the State these days selling a fire protection apparatus, and to tell the truth he's

selling a gang of these sprinkling devices. About the surest way to get up with him in recent weeks was to attend a football game up State.

I don't know whether it's due to the change in name or the good meals being served at the Hotel Joseph Hewes, but Mr. Horton reports that he fed over sixty people at dinner on Thanksgiving Day. Of course, he uses the Herald to advertise, and that I, personally, would say is the reason for so much business.

"He's the only one who looks in that mirror," said a lady the other day in speaking about her husband, "and that is to see if he needs a shave." "Huh," remarked a gentleman in her presence, "All I have to do is look at my wife to see if I need a shave."

Linwood Sutton, who operates a drug store in Chapel Hill, as well as in Edenton, did a land-office business in Chapel Hill last Thursday and Friday. Upon landing at his store one almost thought he was in Edenton. It looked as though the whole town was parked around the tables and standing in front of the store. Friend Sutton was glad to see every last one from Edenton . . . and who could blame him?

E. T. Rawlinson and Paul Bunch both came near poking me on the nose for writing them up in this column. I compromised with E. T. to settle the matter at set-back, and trimmed the pants off him. All I need to do now is get up with Paul and do the same with him to settle the whole matter.

Lost, strayed or stolen, one medium sized man. Answers to the name of Charlie when away from home. He answers to any kind of a name at home. Is able to run fast if his life is in danger. Please notify the writer of his whereabouts, as subject matter for this column is running low.

With so many taxes to pay in these days, the following, picked up in the mail is right timely:  
 "When you light the evening lamp  
 You pay a tax."  
 When you buy a postage stamp  
 You pay a tax.  
 When you buy the baby clothes,  
 When you read the morning news,  
 When you buy a pair of shoes,  
 You pay a tax.

"When you buy an ice cream cone  
 You pay a tax.  
 For the water that you drink  
 You pay a tax.  
 When you buy a loaf of bread,  
 When the doctor says you are dead,  
 When the final prayers are said,  
 You pay a tax.  
 By George, with all this taxing going on, there ought to be a tax on making taxes.

The Elizabeth City Independent last week advanced the idea of forming a football team from the Edenton and Elizabeth City High School team, with probably a few more from other eastern schools, to play a game with a Class A team. The scheme doesn't take so well in Edenton, however, for aside from the money that would be made, what honor would be connected with the game. And if arranged for the money end, who would receive it? At any rate, Edenton High was forced to go through the season with only 11 men. They missed another State championship title by a narrow margin, but fans are proud of their record. They've played good football, and some of them are injured, and it appears to be no sense in arranging another game in the playing of which might result in further injuries when there is nothing more at stake than probably expenses of the game.

It's bill collectors' time again, and whew! what an army of them. I understand all of my bills except one from Cecil Byrum for 16 cents. I'd like to know what he sells for a measly sixteen cents. He must have charged me for smelling at a country smoked ham, or looking at a nice bunch of pork chops.

**THIS WEEK'S RECIPE**

**RAISIN COOKIES**

1 cup granulated sugar  
 3 tablespoons shortening  
 1 egg  
 2 cups all-purpose flour  
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
 1/2 teaspoon cloves  
 1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
 1/2 teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon milk  
 3 tablespoons raisins  
 Cream together the sugar and shortening. Beat in the egg. Add the dry ingredients sifted together. Roll and cut in rounds. Place one raisin in center of each cookie. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 to 375 degrees F. for about 15 minutes.

**Good Habit**

Some men are always looking up a word in the dictionary. They are the men who are well informed.

**LIFE'S BYWAYS**



This Week's Thought  
**VOICE OF EXPERIENCE**  
 The mightiest of rivers derive their great powers from tributaries.

**REPUBLICAN Bertie County**  
 By Walter Hughes

**GYNICAL SAYINGS**

I saw in The Windsor Ledger last week, where they rated Cling Bazemore as the best turkey and coon hunter in this country. But have you considered my friend, Charlie Ben Stallings of the Republican community? When he goes coon hunting and the coon is in the hollow, with his mouth he will imitate two coons fighting. The coon comes out of the hollow at once. He shoots him and tells his dog to go look for another one. He never cuts a tree, and a turkey is not in his class when it comes to calling. Charlie Ben called a first-class turkey hunter right up to his blind one day. When he wants some squirrels he will find a good place, set down, and imitate the squirrel so natural they will come all around him, thinking him another squirrel in a playful mood.

Cling Bazemore and Lou Lyon Craig went coon hunting last Friday night and caught four large coons. The dog treed them up small trees. Two of the coons could be seen by starlight, and one of them weighed twenty pounds.

Some surveyors were in the Pocosin the other day and one of the men stepped over a large rattle snake. The man behind saw the snake and told his companion what he had done. They cut off the snake's head with a briar knife, and when they were cutting off his rattles, the snake struck back at them twice, and it headless.

Last season a man from near Bethel, Martin County, went deer hunting in the Pocosin near Republican. He shot down a large buck.

The buck started to get up. He caught the buck by the horns and drew his head around a tree. With the other hand he opened his knife up with his mouth, and cut his throat.

I'm not going to believe this. A man said he was in the Pocosin the other day hauling logs. A large rattle snake struck at the horses, but missed the horses and bit the tongue of the wagon. He said the wagon tongue began to swell up so fast he grabbed his axe and cut off the tongue, and saved the wagon.

Note: I know one better than that.

A man told me this for a true story: He said that he and another man were coming out of Roper's Swamp in Washington County one Saturday evening after cutting juniper timber all the week, and they saw a large bear come up on the railroad ahead of them. He stopped and was holding up one foot. One of the men said, "You know what that bear wants. He wants me to pick a briar out of his foot. You stand here and I will pick it out." The speaker went to the bear and picked the briar out of his foot, the bear standing perfectly still. After the briar was out the bear went on his way through the reeds. He said the man told him he had done this before for another bear. The man who told me this said he was looking at it.

Bill Chaplin in Washington County on Lake Phelps told me he was going home one night, and a bullfrog jumped out of the ditch and ran him a quarter of a mile home and kept striking his heels. Bill said he turned on everything he had. He jumped in the house and shut the door. Now if you want to fight, tell Bill this ain't so.

BUY CHRISTMASS SEALS NOW.

**POST OFFICE PLANS FOR RUSH BUSINESS**

Postmaster Kramer Urges Early Mailing and Care In Wrapping and Addressing Packages

Anticipating the usual, and possibly a greater Christmas mailing business, this year, local post office officials are preparing to render the best of service in dispatching and delivering Christmas packages. And to this end they are seeking the cooperation of patrons so that as few disappointments as possible may occur.

Postmaster C. E. Kramer especially urges early mailing and wishes to stress the importance of wrapping and packing parcels properly. Another source of considerable annoyance is improper addressing of packages. Addresses should be complete, with house number and name of street, post office box or rural route number either typed or plainly written in ink.

Patrons are also urged to either insure or register any mail of unusual value. The fee for this service is very small and offers protection against losses when the postal employees are under a heavy strain.

During the holiday season the volume of business increases approximately 200 per cent, and it is a physical impossibility to handle this great mass of mail matter efficiently and promptly within a few days.

The post office department has sent out pamphlets urging people to shop now and mail early for early delivery, which if adhered to will prove mutually beneficial to postal employees and senders and receivers of Christmas packages.

**Funeral Held Thursday For Wayland Jordan**

Funeral services were held Thursday for Wayland C. Jordan, who died Wednesday at his home in the Center Hill section after a lingering illness. The services were in charge of Rev. Frank Cale, interment taking place in the family burying ground near Center Hill. The deceased is survived by his wife and his parents.

Honorary pallbearers were the members of his Sunday School at Center Hill Baptist Church, with the following acting as active pallbearers: C. W. Smith, E. J. Goodwin, John N. Bunch, Robert L. Bunch, Elton Jordan and Ray Bunch.

**Bank's Christmas Club Now Open**

The Christmas Saving Club of the Bank of Edenton is now open for the year 1936, with many already taking advantage of this easy way to prepare for their Christmas shopping when the holiday rolls around again next year. Bank officials were delighted to send out \$10,000 this year in Christmas Savings checks, which amount represented an increased number of members over the previous year.

The bank is anticipating a large club this year both in point of members and the size of the Club denominations. Depositors in the Christmas Club are urged to start their account as soon as possible.

**REV. E. H. HARRISON TO BE AT WHITE OAK CHURCH SUNDAY**

Rev. E. H. Harrison, the new preacher for the Windsor Methodist Circuit, arrived in Windsor Tuesday, taking the place of the Rev. Mr. Lee. His first appointment in this community will be at White Oak Church on the 3rd Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Lee, who goes from Windsor to Garland, preached his last sermon on Sunday morning.

**SOCIAL AT SCHOOL**

The N. N. S. F. Club of the Edenton colored school will hold a social at the school building on Friday night at 7:30 o'clock

**SALT! SALT! SALT!**

FOR THE ELEVENTH YEAR WE ARE AGAIN HANDLING

**The Myles Meat Salt**

You should buy MYLES MEAT SALT because it requires less per 100 pounds of meat . . . the initial cost is cheaper and it is one of the Purest Salts . . . running as high as 99 84/100 per cent PURE—packed in 100 pound white cotton sacks.

By using MYLES MEAT SALT you rest assured that your meat will be satisfactory in every respect.

Get Your Supply At Once

**BROWN BROS.**

Edenton, N. C.

Phone 70