

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

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 19, 1935.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK:

GREAT POWER FROM GOD: Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of an enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you.— Luke 10:19.

TO OUR FRIENDS—GREETINGS!

At this happy season of the year when we celebrate the birthday of Him who taught that it was more blessed to give than receive; when men's hearts are warmed by kindly thoughts and deeds, and when we gather about the family circle to draw tighter the ties of friendship and blood, The Chowan Herald finds great pleasure in wishing every subscriber and advertiser a Christmas season full of joy and happiness and a bright vision of the new year just ahead.

The Herald has endeavored to serve the people of a wide area in this section of North Carolina during the year about to come to a close, and feels that whatever measure of success it has experienced has been due to the loyal support of subscribers and advertisers, for without the former, the latter obviously would be useless.

We trust both groups have been enlightened and benefitted by The Herald's existence. It shall be our ambition to be of even greater service during the new year and we earnestly desire to merit the confidence that has been shown in the efforts for betterment of the territory and the advancement of the welfare and prosperity in the section wherein the paper is circulated.

So, while we anticipate a happy Christmas, may we again wish for all, rich or poor, black or white, a truly joyful Christmas time.

MAY WE ALL HAVE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The spirit of Christmas implies universal fellowship, bountiful unselfishness and renewed acknowledgment of the centuries-old principle that it is actually better to give than to receive. Christmas is a fine opportunity, not only for expressing our love to our friends, but for giving tokens of grateful affection to many of God's children, not as charity but as gifts from hearts that delight to express their love and to give joy to others.

This opportunity is now present in Chowan County. Aside from the appeal made recently by the United Charities, the Red Cross, Christmas Seals, and the several orphanages, all of them worthy, indeed, there are at this time 31 cases in the county where prospects for a happy Christmas are very gloomy, indeed. In this list is included old and infirm people who no doubt have contributed many times to making a Christmas merry for others but now are even at the mercy of kind hearts and sympathetic souls for the bare necessities of life. Some are sick, some feeble and crippled, living alone or with relatives, scarcely able to provide for themselves. This group of individuals receive what help is given from the United Charities, which has no funds to furnish any more than absolute necessities. If these dependent people are to share at least a small part of the bountiful supply of Christmas fruit or candy or even needed articles of wearing apparel, it must come from individuals or groups of individuals who are inspired with the noble purpose to carry good cheer to others.

W. J. Taylor, Chowan County's Welfare Officer, is thoroughly acquainted with each case and will gladly give anybody interested the name and address of any particular case listed in the group.

May our impulses not be to spread good cheer only to the family circle, but rather to bring out the finest of human emotions—the desire to do good deeds. We shall be the happier and at the same time emulate in a feeble way the teachings of the lowly Nazarene. By so doing the deepest chords of human sympathy are touched, hearts are made mellow, thoughts grow tender, which is a true significance of the day of days we will soon celebrate.

JUST FOUR MORE SHOPPING DAYS LEFT

Gradually creeping upon us, Christmas shoppers now have only four more days in which to do their shopping. For your convenience, glance over Herald advertisers, thus saving both time and money.

HEARD AND SEEN

By "BUFF"

In last week's column a paragraph appeared referring to a newspaper reporter as being "the noblest work of God" or an "imp of hell." Just about the best reporter ever to hit town, especially during the residence here of yours truly, is Harvey Thomas, and in glancing over The Charlotte News, one of the papers for which he writes, I found the following in the column "Not Strictly News:"

Trials of an Editor

"EDENTON, Dec. 7.—J. Edwin Buffalup, publisher of The Chowan Herald, had just finished a weekly editorial praiseworthy of a marked return to better times in the Albemarle and the local finish of the economic bugaboo. Mike Sawyer, letter carrier, arrived with the Buffalup



mail. A heavy-papered envelope from the commissioner of banking contained a check for 'Buff' representing his final dividend on deposits he had five years ago in the defunct Citizens bank. The check was for three cents. Buff tore up his editorial and started another on "When, oh when will times improve?"

Since reading the article I've come to the conclusion that Harvey is the latter of the two titles referred to. Anyway since cashing the check Friend Thomas is all diked out in a new suit. He has two other suits, but the pants of one pair are so thin he always hunts a warm chair to sit down, while the other pair has taken on too much the appearance of a looking glass. We printers stick together!

Cal Kramer almost got himself in Dutch at last week's Rotary meeting. He put on a stunt asking each Rotarian to name an adjective. To start off with it looked as though the bloomin' Rotarians forgot all about their school days for they had a hard time picking a word, but after Parson Ashby came through, the rest of the crowd came across all right until John Holmes had his chance. He spied out a descriptive adjective so long that when he was through Cal didn't know how to start spelling it. At any rate, he was able to read the list, but he wouldn't let a fellow see how he spelled them.

Minton Warren, who very often, while studying weighty bank problems, chases across the street to get a soda pop and chat a little with friends, will henceforth be more careful while crossing the street. Last week while on one of these "tours" with his head somewhat bowed, he heard the squealing of brakes and as he looked up he was face to face with a young lady driving a Virginia car. She greeted him something like this: "Hey, you fat jay-walker—why in the devil don't you look where you're going?" He didn't even reply to his new "acquaintance," but went on hurriedly for his coca-cola. But even at that, he fared better than the cop in a neighboring town who stood at an intersection to direct traffic. When he was sent sprawling, the lady driver exclaimed: "Well, dammit, maybe you'll be careful where you stand from now on."

Rev. M. O. Stephenson, the Center Hill Methodist preacher who was transferred to Durham, surely likes The Herald. I've just got a postal card from him saying: "I live in town now, but I still have to make fires—please send my copy of your paper to 1810 Lakewood Avenue, Durham." I don't see why he should tell me his troubles. Why don't he get married for then he wouldn't have to make fires.

One of the post office crew almost croaked last week when answering the phone during rush hours he received the following message: "How about sending up a pint right away?" Wrong number, I reckon! Anyway, Chowan is a "dry" county—liquor isn't advertised.

If there's an epidemic of St. Vitus dance in Edenton it can be blamed on only one thing—the marble boards. It says on these machines that it's a game of skill, and from the way some of the fellows twist and turn while the ball is rolling down the board, skipping over the holes that pay off, it surely looks as though it is a game of "skill."

I don't quite understand the conversation of some of the set-back players. Some of them last Saturday night were insistent on playing with extra cards, saying, "I like to play with the 'widow.'" I wouldn't have noticed anything except for the fact that every time the remark was made one of the gang peeped out over his specs. Anyhow some widows are dangerous, the set-back kind as well as others.

Mae Jackson went to the trouble to

decorate an outside tree in competition with the offer of prizes for the best out-door Christmas decoration this year. But she didn't even get a chance to be judged, for somebody stripped the tree of the bulbs. It may have been the work of youngsters, but apparently was done by boys who were weaned possibly 20 years ago.

The Taylor Theatre management especially selected "Ah Wilderness" as the Christmas day picture. But what's in a title? The title is probably the most discussed today. The story is that of a boy and girl in the first love of their youth and Eugene O'Neill took the title from a verse in "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

The verse in question comprises the last two lines in the "A book of verses underneath the bough" quatrain reading: "And thou, singing beside me in the wilderness, Ah, Wilderness were Paradise now!"

W. E. Forehand is renewing an old form of entertainment on Christmas Day, when he will hold a shooting match at Elmo school. The best shooters will receive a chicken as a prize. The good thing about it is that a guy will have to be seen toting off chickens when telling how good a shot he is.

The racket of collecting new calendars is at hand. E. R. Conger no doubt has the distinction of receiving one from the farthest distance, one being sent to him this week from John Taylor & Co., bell founders in Loughborough, England. The calendar pictures many famous churches of the world where the concern has furnished bells. The English folks secured Mr. Conger's name many years ago in correspondence relative to St. Paul's bell and have been sending him a calendar every year since.

Fermor Hobbs will be the auctioneer at a public auction on the Town lot Saturday afternoon. Here's hoping he brings back to life the old auctioneer's sing-song language which in by-gone days was a treat in itself.

Items are somewhat scarce for this column sometimes, but an out-of-town subscriber sent me a card suggesting the following: Buff's progress with a Sunday School; how many sleep during a sermon; who is the most pious person in town; the best pipe and the worst pipe in town; the editor's new suit and the guy that broadcasts the wild stories about Edenton. All of these subjects may be written about later, but as to pipes, I think mine is the best, while those I meet up with think it's the worst. The guy that sent the card smokes a corn cob pipe, so his pipe might be classed as the worst—only it is out-of-town now.

At this season of merry-making, it is well to bring to mind those who will not have so much reason to be glad. On the front page of this issue appears a list of cases where what joy will result must come from those in better circumstances than

they. W. J. Taylor has listed a group of needy cases, each of which merits a Christmas remembrance by an individual or some local organization. Look over the list and see Mr. Taylor if you want to help make somebody happy at very little expense.

A. Helms and will include recitations, poems and Christmas music by members of the Sunday School. Decorations will be in charge of Mrs. J. W. Davis and Mrs. A. M. Forehand. At this service a special offering will be taken which will be sent to the Methodist orphanage.

Both the boy and the girl had denied Such things that should be theirs by right; With plenty and riches they stood side by side— Yet empty-handed and heart-broken they trudged home that night.

Vote for Santa Claus for President on the platform of a "Full Stocking for Every Kid."

Dere Mister Santy Claws: I'm writing to you becaws Chrissmus is a-coming and I want you to bring: Me a lot of toys 'n everything, Plesse excuse this old stocking I had to tie it at the toe, But you're a nice old fellow And you wont mind, I know— It's just an old sock of paw's But it's all right, aint it Claws?

Jingle bills! Jingle bills! It's papa who has to pay, For the gifts and things that Santa brings To folks on Christmas day.

A Merry, Merry Christmas, ladies and gents— That's all stuff and no nonsense!

SLATS' DIARY

By OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: Jane had a hous partie of sum gurls over the wk. end and they thot thade take a ride on a hors. So they ast a man cud they take 1 of him. He sed how long do you want him & Jane replide & sed the longest 1 U have got there is 8 of us wants to ride on him.

Tuesday: Monday kontinuel. Pa writ a peace & sed how culd peepel see a rope when they cant see a frate trane acrost a hi way. The editur cald up Pa & sed the 1 that hit the rope is are most largest advertizzer Pa lookt solum about sum thing or a nother.

Wednesday: The ft. ball koach at are skool sed to me. He sed Slats your a huskey kid & big & strong. Why is it you dont never get to Bee ft. ball star. I replide I most shurely cant think & the koach sed then thats the resen. I wander what he ment. Xpect no thing komplementery.

Thursday—Joe Hixes mistress wifesed to Joe she thot they is a women in the moon to & when Joe ast why she thot so she replide no man wood be out by hisself thataway. Joe says he wanders is she hinten at sum thing.

Friday: The teecher ast are klass does eney 1 no what is a game wardin. Jake new & held up his hand & sed it is 1 who envents games for to be plade by us kids. From teechers skornfie look I Xpect Jake was rong. Or not Xactly rite.

Saturday: A friend of mistress Lige Kidd who rezides on the opisthe side of the crick whos better 1/2 did not long censt ast her cood she not get o k attorneys. And she sed lawsy no Im haven so mutch trubbel with them I most wish Lige hadnt of went & dide.

Methodist Sunday School Entertainment Held Sunday Night

The Methodist Sunday School Christmas entertainment will be held Sunday night at 7:30 o'clock in the Sunday School room, taking the place of the regular evening service. The entertainment is in charge of Mrs. G.

Advertisement for RCA Victor Instruments. Features 'New RCA Victor Instruments with MAGIC BRAIN and METAL TUBES'. Includes an image of a radio and promotional text: 'The first dynamic loudspeaker—by RCA—brought radio to life. The first superheterodyne, also RCA-developed, gave brilliance and color. And when RCA produced the first AC set, its convenience thrilled listeners by the thousands.' Price \$100.00. MITCHENER & LEARY, Corner Oakum and Queen Streets, EDENTON, N. C.

Advertisement for 'OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CONTEST. Closes Dec. 24 at 4 P. M. Each penny spent or paid on accounts will count one vote. See our display of Christmas Gifts before you buy. A box of Candy always makes a very desirable gift. LEGGETT & DAVIS, Druggists, PHONE 67, EDENTON, N. C.

Advertisement for 'Santa Says: If the Gift Problem has you bothered, visit Rose's Store, where a great many inexpensive, practical and acceptable gifts may be found... JUST A FEW SUGGESTIONS'. Lists gifts for Mother, Dad, Sister, and Brother. Includes an image of Santa Claus. ROSE'S, 5-10-25c STORE, Edenton, N. C.