

THE CHOWAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1936.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK

IN THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION: Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.—Revelation 3:10.

SHALL WE BECOME JUST A BEND IN THE ROAD?

In reciting the big events in Chowan news history during 1935 ye editor found his time too limited and was unable to touch on several things he would have liked to have mentioned to his Rotary brothers last Thursday.

Upon reflecting upon the outstanding accomplishments during the year, it is obvious that what has been achieved resulted in cooperation on the part of more than just a handful of citizens.

Co-operation actually means an unity of interest in all things. Can Edenton benefit by such co-operation? Has it benefited by co-operation? Yes and no.

Federal aid affairs have twisted enough since last year this time to indicate that from now on Edenton and Chowan have got to paddle their own canoes, and this they are not worried about.

This section of the hemisphere has a bridge coming to it. It needs an armory, a new high school with suitable auditorium capacity. It can be greatly helped by rural electrification.

But, all the same, none of them can be expected at all except every mother's son of us gets behind the other fellow and helps prod him into action.

Shall we hear more from this business men's group during 1936 than in 1935 or will the only mouthpiece of the town be hushed and thereby retard our advancement and make it even more difficult to ever again form an organization whose duty it must be to press the claims of the town?

Edenton is, geographically situated to be the hub of business for a large trade territory. It can by proper co-operation become just that or it can sit idly by and watch trade go to other nearby towns and ultimately become just a bend in the road.

In union there is strength. Without it, weakness. Which will we have during this new year of 1936?

WHO IS RIGHT ANYWAY?

"Courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern."

This is not an editorial expression of opinion, but, rather, the one important high spot in the series of opinions turned in by the Supreme Court of the United States on Monday by throwing out the AAA and dealing a body blow to farming everywhere.

It is a life raft on which agriculture can continue to float to safety, certain, as it should be, that a sane government will recognize it as excellent logic and legislate accordingly.

Whether the majority opinion of the court, destroying, as it does, all the great good that has been accomplished during the past few years, is possessed of merit or not, and we don't think so much of it—the fact remains the court has roughly said, hereby have a Congress when you water us?"

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This Week's Thought VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Melody revives the soul, vivifies the body and inspires minds. A man whose religion is music is supremely happy.

HEARD AND SEEN

By "BUFF"

Yours truly left suddenly Sunday morning to take a son back to school and didn't get up with Harvey Thomas for the usual daily chat, but during the day Friend Thomas wrote a letter which follows in full:

Dear Buff: Who in the dickens is this domine named Briggs who is grabbing off so much of your weekly space and thus choking out such distinguished eligibles as you and me? I am told that architecturally he is not so much; certainly he demonstrates he isn't mentally. Of course, there have been little men like you and Napoleon who have amounted to something but that was because they outstripped their environment and didn't stop long in the swamps of Chowan.

Now that all the school teachers are back on the job, I reckon it's an opportune time to give an excuse for no mention being made in the Herald about the play rendered by the smaller grades just before Christmas.

Bill Everett lost the cream of the ferry business due to the recent freeze, when his ferry boat was ice-bound and unable to handle the vacation and Christmas trade.

What does it do? Does it throw money away? Or does it buy shoes for the family and send Jack to school so he can outgrow the environment of hardship, and ease the privations of millions? And then a body of nine men, without a care in the world and never having known what it meant to labor by the back, says, "It just can't be done for you didn't ask us about it first."

Indecorous as it may be for a Sunday School superintendent to say, and indelicate as it may seem to the tympanic membranes of the weaker sex, let the heralds blare forth "It's a state of affairs when the people of the United States cannot be such."

A greater man than any one of the nine gentlemen on the Supreme Court once said, "The people are supreme—let the people rule." Make no mistake about it the people intend to do that, more so today than before noon on Monday.

If there is to be war let it start right here.

which he's famous and replied, "Well, that's what she said," and he added, "You know she hadn't been home for some time." Let Briggs make the most of that if he wants. I'll stake my romantic soul that was no evolutionary story. And that other pipe about Joseph getting scared stiff and beating it out of the lady's hand—Joseph, a chap who licked the Philistines, well, maybe, it wasn't the Philistines, anyhow he bossed the kingdom and got frightened at a matronly smile! No, Chappell Hill parson, no, nor even Dr. Wells, is going to make me believe Moses ever wrote that. Now, Buff, you stop fooling and print these sane things and you'll help your circulation a hundred times more than by running inflammatory outbursts from the swamps about telling school kids to thumb their noses at what teacher tells them.

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Like the senior class near the end of the school term, I was figuring on picking a group of superlatives for the year just closed. But the Herald was ready for this column when I had arrived at only a few. Among these were: The most economical man—Bill Everett... he lights up a cigarette in the morning, smokes all day and uses only one match.

esses the most pleasant smile The ugliest woman—ah, ha, I'm too derved smart to put my choice in print for that honor, but for the man in that division—well, Charlie Swanner is still in town, and besides, he's the tightest—he didn't even show up Christmas eve with his "big" bottle. The most prompt lodge man is Charlie Wood—he always manages to put in his appearance just before lodge adjourns. The best insurance agent is Friend Haskett—he lapsed a policy for me and won't bother me anymore now. Just about the biggest eater is Mayor Eddie Spires—he spent almost all of Thanksgiving day at the dinner table. The kindest fellow I know of is Bob Foster in New Jersey—he sent me a pair of suspenders to keep up my pants for about six months. The happiest bird I know of will soon be my oldest son—he'll be papa ere many days now. (And by the way, some readers of this column have been under the impression that this event has already taken place, but it hasn't). Grandpappy—yep, pretty soon now! The least unaccommodating place of business in town is the post office—they'll not even give a fellow a stamp on credit. The most liberal person is Jim Davenport—instead of counting four pennies to make a change, he'll let a fellow have an order a penny cheaper to make even money. Shucks, I had a lot more, but this column must be put on the press. You'll have to guess the rest yourself. But the best dressed man is Harvey Thomas—he got a new suit a couple of weeks ago.

I'll have to come to the defense of my friend Beanie White. He was accompanied by a friend to Elizabeth City last week, and on the way Beanie started smoking his pipe. Before enjoying his smoke very long, his friend remarked: "My God, Beanie, Bufflap got a new pipe—did he give his old one to you?" I surely did not—the old relic now reposes in a celluloid case, to be used only around the first of the month when bill collectors make their pilgrimage.

Folks even as far as in Virginia have hit me up for a loan since Harvey Thomas' story appeared in the News and Observer about the big roll of money I had for a few minutes last week. It's all gone now, so it's no use! Anyway, it does show that the Old Reliable covers a lot of territory, and that its pages are carefully scanned for news—which it was when I had a few twenties in my jeans even though they didn't belong to me.

This one was told me, and if it is true, this lady hasn't any feeling for the rest of us. It's said that a lady who lives on Mosely Street put some apples in good "ole" corn about three weeks before Christmas. A few days before Christmas she gave her husband one-half of an apple that had been put in the corn to make it milder. He ate the apple and says it made his knees wobbly. The remainder was thrown to the chickens. They ate the apples and got so they couldn't walk. They got some high, in fact so high that the hens crowed and the roosters laid. Why in the dickens did she waste the apples that way instead of passing them around?



Yep, election hot air is just about started, but the above elephant isn't the G. O. P. elephant. Fact is it is Byrum Bros. elephant, who in a series of ads in The Herald will show how to use hardware. Look for them each week.

This is not a want ad column, but, dern it all, my kid lost his pair of gloves I just bought for him. If the finder returns them, I'll promise not to write him or her up. And then Hec Lupton lost his key ring, too. So either of these articles should be returned to The Herald office and both publishers will be much obliged. Richard Dixon also lost his little white dog, but it doesn't belong in The Herald office—that's part of the Court House "furniture."

Harvey Thomas and the Rambler both hop on Pastor Briggs over his last published story. My turn comes next week on his baptism story. However, in the meantime, I'm expecting a letter from the Reverend.

We're all very glad to see the country folks come to town, but I'm sorry I didn't see a certain one who came to town Saturday. I'm told that an automobile drove up and parked along Broad street and as the car hit the curb a big rooster had a dickens of a time maintaining his equilibrium on the bumper of the car. The legislature ought to pass a law for such occasions, compelling the rooster to crow so that a poor printer or someone else could grab the son-of-a-gun and have a square meal.

"The sheriff wants you," came a telephone call last Saturday night. Nope, I hadn't done anything wrong, but possibly would have, had I gotten in that game of set-back. I understand Charlie Swanner gave the sheriff a miniature deck of cards—

which Charlie might well make use of himself to practice with.

Well, those opposed to the AAA ought to be satisfied now, and possibly they'll be wearing a big broad smile. They now can raise all the cotton, peanuts and hogs they want, but here's betting some of them will be belly-aching: "Gosh, I have a fine crop and plenty of it, but I can't get a decent price." That is, of course, unless some method is devised to control over-production. At any rate, here's hoping the smile lasts and that smiles will replace the frowns on the other group that was sorry to see the AAA knocked in the head.

Last week The Herald carried a want ad about a dog being lost. And the owner says that the pet was returned directly as the result of the little want ad. Why sure it pays to advertise, and while I run only my own want ads in this column, we have plenty of room in the classified column for you to test it out.

Walter Bisping Will Return To Fisheries

Although it was the general impression last year that due to the disastrous fishing season, Walter Bisping would not reopen his fisheries at Avoca and Scotch Hall, information coming from that neighborhood is to the effect that both fisheries will again be operated and that Mr. Bisping will soon arrive in Windsor from Wisconsin, where he has been spending the winter with his father.

Mr. Bisping has won a host of friends not only in Bertie County, but in adjoining counties, who will rejoice to know that he will come back.

Sunday School Class Gives Teacher Bible

Lloyd Griffin, teacher of the Young Men's Bible Class of the Edenton Baptist Church for about 14 years, was honored on Sunday when he was presented with a Bible from his class as an appreciation of his faithfulness and interest in the work of the school.

Mr. Griffin appropriately thanked his scholars and though he has been presented with many Bibles, he assured them that he would always cherish the one he had just received.

Schoolmasters Club Meets In Edenton

A meeting of the Albemarle Schoolmasters Club will be held at the Parish House on Monday night. The meeting will be in the form of a dinner, starting at 6:30 o'clock.

Miss Ethel Parker, of Gatesville, who has announced her candidacy for a seat in the Senate, will be the principal speaker on this occasion, and will no doubt draw a good attendance from the district which includes the counties of Gates, Chowan, Perquimans, Pasquotank, Currituck, Camden and Dare.

All superintendents and principals in these counties are members of the Schoolmaster's Club and all teachers are especially invited to attend the meeting.

Joan Crawford Here In "I Live My Life"

Starting its two days run at the local theatre today is "I Live My Life" with Joan Crawford in the stellar role. This is a much talked of picture awaited by all Edentonians with great interest. To those whose film fare likes a smack of the risqué this picture is recommended.

Saturday brings Bob Steele to the screen in a wild and woolly Western. This together with "Call of Savages" and comedy makes a peppy Saturday program.

John Boles taking the lead in "Red Heads on Parade" will be the Monday and Tuesday attraction. This is followed Wednesday by a charming little comedy picture "Two Sinners."

Bob Oglesby Takes Part Radio Program

Friends of Bob Oglesby, former Edenton resident, will be delighted to learn that he will participate in the weekly broadcast of the Baptist Church of Shreveport, La., every Sunday night. The church services are broadcast over Station KWKH, 100 kilocycles, at 8 o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

Mr. Oglesby takes part in the musical portion of the broadcast.

Session Of Recorder Court On Saturday

A session of Recorder's Court was held Saturday afternoon when George Whitehead was given a hearing on a charge of assault upon Tommie B. Hollowell.

Hollowell was shot in the heel by Whitehead at the latter's filling station at Hudson's Fork on the Suffolk road on December 6, when Hollowell was ordered to leave the place.

The evidence was somewhat contradictory, but Judge J. N. Pruden ordered Whitehead to pay the doctor's bill, the bill for medical supplies, and the cost of court.



WHAT GEORGE MEANS

Ruth was a sweet girl. She was reading a book that gave the meaning of names. Her mother was watching her, and thinking of all the young men who were attracted to her.

"Mother," says Ruth, "it says Phillip means lover of horses, and James means beloved. Mother, what does George mean, I wonder?" "I hope, my dear," said her mother, "that George means business."

A Good Record

"Madam," said the hobo, "I onct had a wife and family of my own—but I couldn't be contented. I growled and grumbled at everything—and finally I left home."

"Well, here's a chicken sandwich for you, sire," said the housewife. "Mighty few husbands are as considerate as that."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Youthful Naturalist

Being told to write an essay on the mule, a small boy turned in to his teacher the following effort: "The mule is a harder bird than a guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about coming forward."—Humboldt Union.

Even So

"I believe," said the neglected wife, "that mine will be the fate of Abel." "Why so?" queried her husband. "Well," said the wife, "Abel was killed with a club, and if you continue, to go to yours every night, I see my finish."

TRY IT, ONCE



"Is golf a difficult game to master?" "I guess so. Nobody's ever mastered it yet."

Falling Market

Mrs. Newbride—Boo, hoo! This morning Clarence said I was one woman in a hundred.

Mother—That's nothing to cry about. Mrs. Newbride—Yes it is. Before we were married he said I was one woman in a thousand.

Hope

"That girl says that in her opinion love is all nonsense," remarked the gloomy young man. "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "don't despair. Perhaps you can succeed in being sufficiently nonsensical to meet her ideals."

On the Spot

Office Boy (nervously)—Please, sir, I think you're wanted on the phone. Employer—You think! What's the good of thinking? "Well, sir, the voice at the other end said, 'Hello, is that you, you old idiot!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

We Know!

"Wife finished house cleaning yet?" "Guess not. I had to go to the cellar this morning for a clean shirt and I found the garden spade in the living room."

Oh, Ah

He—I know I'm not much to look at. She—Still, you'll be at work all day. —Answers Magazine.

Broadcasting an Rx.

"Do you think I ought to spend a few days in bed, doctor?" "A few nights would do you more good." —Answers Magazine.

BANG! BANG!

"It's a battle royal when my club plays bridge." "With the decks cleared for tton, so to speak."

Oh, That Decision

"He asked me to marry him." "Which did you do?" "I made him happy." "Which did you do?" "I made him happy." —Stray Stories Magazine.