

**THE CHOWAN HERALD**

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J. Edwin Buffalup Editor  
Hector Lupton Advertising Mgr.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1936.

**BIBLE THOUGHT FOR WEEK**

**GOD'S IMITATORS:** Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweetsmelling savour.—Ephesians 5:1-2.

**EDUCATION OFFICIALS MEET A CRISIS**

Twenty-nine years ago a mighty city on the Pacific coast was utterly destroyed by earthquake and fire. It was one of the world's greatest catastrophes. Yet it had been peopled by men of action, of faith and vision. Within a week, and while the smoke from the crumbling ruins was still rising to high heaven, these brave and heroic Americans had formulated and inaugurated plans for a new and better metropolis, and today San Francisco towers again over the Golden Gate a glorious symbol of sturdy courage and staunch determination to overcome the direst calamity.

Chowan County has no San Francisco within its borders but the pioneers who made the West have their counterparts here. The destruction by fire last week of the Chowan High School at Small's Cross Roads was a momentous occurrence to this neighborhood. In San Francisco, perhaps, it would have been reckoned as but a one alarm blaze, but in a territory still fighting for its life and its future, struggling as it still does to overcome the want occasioned by a great war of 75 years ago, with money needs making its educational facilities and opportunities limited, to say the least, the Cross Roads conflagration was a most serious occasion. Teachers stood about in the crowd that night and cried. Strong and robust farmer parents also felt their little world had been crushed beneath them.

But by dawn another day blazoned across the horizon and will and power and determination met the issue. One of the greatest compliments that can be paid to Chowan can be traceable to this fire. Instead of waiting a month or two to figure out what could be done Chowan citizenship acted at once. Already younger scholars have been provided with schooling facilities and next week, it is expected, all of the 378 pupils of the late school will be at their studies once again in temporary quarters secured in Center Hill and nearby.

But even greater than this instant action is the fact that plans are already under way for the preparation of architectural drawings for a new school, larger, better and more commodious, to be erected in the same locality. By fall it is hoped it will be ready for occupancy. It will mean continued tax cost and privation by the citizens, but this will be bravely met. All praise to a citizenship who can thus face such a situation fearlessly and with pride!

**IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD!**

Momentarily disheartening as all calamities are, yet out of each invariably comes greater perfection. The destruction of the Chowan High School last week will prove the truth of this. A better and more commodious school will succeed it. Phoenix-like, education in the county will rise to higher and more perfect ideals, vigorous imagination will have a larger sweep of wing, and the coming generation, in a new and rejuvenated environment, will see transfiguring beauty in the heart of all things; class rooms will become individual temples and Chowan pupils worshippers at the feet of higher learning.

Great expectations! Yet according to your expectancy, so be it unto you, as a wiser man than any of us once said!

Even now we can look ahead and see the teachers at the new Chowan High discussing, say, history next fall. We can see them swing from age to age, from kingdom to kingdom, from civilization to civilization, peopling the solitude of ancient years with gorgeous presences, and as they will do so they may be able to catch along the vista of the past a glimpse of the Creator's mighty purpose, firing within the minds of those they are tutoring an exalted enthusiasm to see through the teacher's glowing world view, possibilities of a future that seems vast, indeed divine.

So hats off to the coming new Chowan High! Greater and better things will be expected of it; greater and better opportunities will be its portion! Our health, your health and a long life to come for all!

**HEARD AND SEEN**

By "BUFF"

Candidates for office are seen these days in this neck of the woods. "I'll not vote for Mr. So and So for the Senate," said a feminine voter the other day. "And why not," I asked her, "he seems like a very nice man and ought to make a good candidate." The lady was very reluctant to give any reason for not supporting this particular candidate, but said he stood in pretty good with the county's politicians and could tell very good jokes. Maybe the latter is the most outstanding requirement to be a member of the General Assembly, for goodness knows some of the things they do sure look like jokes—and bum ones at that.

But these candidates have the interest of the "Dear Peepul" at heart, especially before election while out trying to get votes lined up. It's no telling what some of them will promise. For instance I asked one how he stood on some counties being allowed to sell liquor while others could not (of course, I'm speaking about selling liquor legally for even in Chowan it can be bought without expending any more energy than going to the phone) and he informed me that he would work for what the people wanted. Now what kind of an answer is that when some want "prohibition" and others would rather have an opportunity to buy their liquor without feeling like a criminal? If the General Assembly hasn't made a joke of the liquor situation, then my sense of humor is all out of gear.

And then each of the candidates for Governor claim strength gained after every speech made by one of the others. Well, they may claim all they want to, but only one will be nominated. At any rate, I'm going to vote for who I darned please, and I reckon you'll do the same.

I surely must not forget to thank those who sent me the unsigned Valentines last week. One of them must have been from one of the fair sex, for the message on the thing reads like this: "You are just too sweet for words—be my Valentine." Another says: "It's been a dog's age since I met you, but honestly I can't forget you." But, of course, I'm married and must be somebody else's Valentine and bread basket, too. Another Valentine with an ugly face must have been from a man, and I'm going to be on the lookout for some guilty-looking guys down street about Saturday night.

It's just too bad that the Chowan High School was ruined last week by fire. Undoubtedly the fire furnished a certain amount of joy for some of the children, but there were those who apparently felt as sorry as the teachers who helplessly watched the building and all its contents go up in smoke. It was a pretty fire—if a fire can be called pretty. The Edenton High School is better protected against fire . . . it has a sprinkler system . . . when there is any snow or rain on the roof.

The snow and cold weather have played havoc with the country roads, and fields as well. I've been told that a certain farmer rambled out in one of his fields to sort of get an idea of the condition of the soil, but before he had gotten very far he was stuck, boots and all, in the mire. That ought to be news, for it's not unusual to see an automobile stuck, but when a pedestrian gets stuck so that he needs help to get out, something ought to be done about the weather.

The incident of a lady customer of a Nash county ABC store becoming so hilarious over her purchases that she jumped into the municipal lake at Rocky Mount, can make us a little proud. Whatever else may be said against it, the illegal liquor of Chowan and other prohibition counties in the Albemarle has not so far driven any of its victims off of dry ground to make fools of themselves.

"The only thing wrong with the Herald is that it doesn't carry the weather forecast," said a subscriber this week. Shucks, with the sort of weather we've been having for the past several months, what good is a weather report, anyhow?

The Herald editorial of a few weeks ago commenting on all the fuss about murderers and the like being obliged to suffer when put to death was used by Frank Smethurst in his "In My Opinion" column in Sunday's News and Observer. He's a bit wrong, however, when he says I yanked out the editorial before the whole edition was printed. It appeared in every copy of the paper, and what's more possibly some of the hideous crimes would not be perpetrated if the suffering of offenders were exposed to citizens in the communities where the deed took place as a warning to those who otherwise might commit a crime just as horrible, rather than in a semi-private room in some far-off prison. After all, if the taking of a life for a crime does not have the effect of holding down similar outrages, what good does it do anyhow? Let would-be criminals see what is in store for them, and possibly they'll be a little more reluctant to carry

out their intentions. Even a good sound public whipping would have its effect of making some people think twice before they act.

Anyway, one fellow the other day when asked if he would prefer the electric chair to the lethal gas chamber, said "I'd rather live an honest life the rest of my days."

Jim Daniels at the weekly luncheon of the Rotary Club today is scheduled to tell the Rotarians his experiences as a rural mail carrier. But the Rotarians will hardly expect Jim to tell them what he has said during the many times his car has been stuck while on the job. At any rate, some of those Rotarians are pretty shrewd, for unless I'm badly mistaken, they'll also put Jim to work leading the singing. You see, Parson Ashby is the song leader, but he usually starts off on the wrong key or no key at all and makes the boys sing another verse or so. That's where the Parson differs with Minton Warren as song leader, for the latter just don't care whether they sing or not.

Of course, Ground Hog Day is past but George Lassiter wrote a poem about the 'bloomin' critter, which like some of Pastor Briggs articles, was crowded out. Anyway, here is what George has to say:

Old Mr. Ground Hog, your time is right here,  
We anxiously wait your prognosis with fear;  
We've had so much weather, the rain, sleet and snow;  
We'll lose our recovery, if back in you go.

Of course you're no prophet, at least no hero,  
It's your spleenish nature that makes you act so;  
It seems it's your weakness to sneak from the cold;  
Afraid of your shadow! True seers are bold.

And I don't believe you—except for the fact  
Past-pending conditions is due for your act;  
For if there is weather when you so appear:  
We're having it worst, for that time of the year.

Furthermore—  
If we looked to you for our weather forecast,  
We'd not have much weather at present or past;  
For one of your species that burrow the ground:  
In this coastal country is rare to be found.

And now that I've set that spell of poetry, I don't know whether I ought to shoot the consarn ground hog or Friend Lassiter.

Since Sunday a week ago, the Quinn Furniture Company has had 13 funerals, and if the weather continues as it has been and there is no improvements in the roads, the company will have to add a tractor to their burial equipment.

"How many packs of cigarettes do you buy during a week?" asked a fellow of a cigarette smoker the other day. "Well, about a pack a day—that depends on how many I can bum during the week," was the reply. And according to the number you see bumming cigarettes, it's a wonder any are sold.

Some folks surely have their mind on their work. I've just heard of an organist (not in Edenton, however) who turning to the preacher for the purpose of knowing which hymn to play, asked, "What size, please?"

There's all kinds of stunts used for married men to get out at nights, but a local gent was getting in pretty hot water when he sneaked his shoes out of the house for the purpose of attending a dance. The wife, discovering that the shoes were missing, inquired about them, and there was a sudden spell of tall explaining. He didn't go to the dance!

The amateur night idea has at last struck Edenton. On Tuesday night one of these affairs will be held in the Parish House as the last social function before Lent, and then Friday two weeks, March 6, an amateur night will be held at the Taylor Theatre. Both of these amateur performances are scheduled to be very entertaining and well worth going to see. The first one ought to be extra good with Carroll Kramer and Oscar Brown imitating Major Bowe and Graham McNamee, respectively.

A newspaper fellow sometimes catches the dickens. For instance on Tuesday while out trying to scare up some news, a certain fellow said, "I'm off of newspaper guys . . . I'm not telling them a thing anymore." That wasn't so bad, but another one in the group continued: "Yes, and as little as Buffalup is, if he puts my name in the paper, I'll beat the hell out of him." And he's close to a 200-pounder, too!

Raleigh Hollowell thinks I'm prejudiced toward him. In naming

**JUST HUMANS**

By GENE CARR



"She's Goin' T'cheer Her Husband Up. Th' Doctor Told Her He Never Can Work Again."

birthdays of great men occurring in February last week, I omitted his name, although his birthday also is in February. No wonder he's so bloomin' lucky. Anyway, he don't smoke cigars and I do.

I'm not the only one who has seen enough snow and cold weather this winter. Mrs. Cad Capehart in her Merry Hill letter "seconds the motion."

First Fish Story—M. G. Sawyer, East side mail carrier, reports he caught 26 herring on Tuesday.

**THIS WEEK'S RECIPE**

**BAKED RICE AND CHEESE**

Why not try baked rice and cheese some night for supper. With some toast, hot coffee and raw fruit, nothing else is necessary.

3 cups cooked rice 2 cups cheese  
1/2 teasp. salt 2 tsps. butter  
1 cup milk Cayenne

Put layer of cooked rice in greased baking dish, cover with layer of

grated cheese, season with salt and cayenne. Continue adding layers until dish is almost full. Add enough milk to come half-way to top of rice. Cover with crumbs, dot with butter, and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 30 minutes.

**MATTIE MACON WHITE CIRCLE TO MEET MONDAY AFTERNOON**

The regular meeting of the Mattie Macon White Circle of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Edenton Baptist Church will be held Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, with Mrs. H. B. Jones, at her home on Queen Street. All members are urged to be present.

**COLERAIN YOUNG PEOPLE ENJOY CANDY COOKING**

A number of the young people of Colerain on Monday evening enjoyed a candy cooking at the home of Mrs. H. O. Harrell.

Using Dried Out Cake  
If cake is very hard it can be made into a delicious pudding by steaming 30 minutes in double boiler, and serving hot with any desired sauce—hard, creamy, foamy or fruit.

**Harry Crummev Gets Six Months Despite Plea Of Innocence**

Although vigorously protesting his innocence and insisting he knew nothing whatever of the charges made against him, Harry Crummev, North Edenton filling station operator, was convicted by a jury in the Pasquotank Superior Court in Elizabeth City on Tuesday. The charge was receiving stolen goods. Crummev was immediately sentenced to six months on the roads, but through his attorney, W. D. Pruden, posted \$635 in bonds and filed notice of appeal to the Supreme Court.

The charge against Crummev grew out of recent thefts of cigarettes from the Norfolk Southern Railroad in Elizabeth City. Nathan Mann is in custody charged with the stealing. He is said to have told the authorities that he disposed of some of the stolen goods to Crummev. The latter testified he had never seen Mann, that he bought no cigarettes from any one except tobacco salesmen, and that he could not understand why he had been accused. Workmen about his station testified similarly in his behalf.

**BRIDGE CLUB ENTERTAINED**

Mrs. Nathan Dail charmingly entertained her bridge club Tuesday afternoon at her home on Queen Street. Those playing were: Mrs. Sidney Campen, Mrs. L. H. Haskett, Mrs. Willie White, Mrs. Tom Spencer, Mrs. Jesse Wiggins, Mrs. Wallace Griffin and Mrs. Z. Bright Tucker.

Mrs. Willie White won high score prize, and the hostess served dainty refreshments.



**Your Turn May Come Today, Tonight Or Any Second . . .**

**DO YOU REALIZE THE FIRE HAZARDS IN YOUR OWN HOME OR PLACE OF BUSINESS?**

**The Following Are a Few Facts**

There is \$500,000,000 annual fire loss in the United States . . . 10,000 human lives lost annually (60 per cent are children and women) . . . 30,000 persons permanently injured annually . . . 525,000 fires reported annually.

**THE FOLLOWING HAPPEN DAILY:**

- 1,277 residences destroyed
- 1 hospital
- 15 hotel buildings
- 2 theatres
- 3 printing plants
- 96 farm buildings
- 5 school buildings
- 5 churches
- 6 department stores
- 8 public garages

3 dry goods stores  
Thousands of other buildings annually

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