

**THE CHOWAN HERALD**

Published every Thursday by Buff's Printing House, 100 East King Street, Edenton, N. C.  
 J. Edwin Bufflap 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, JULY 9, 1936

**THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT**

**CLEAN SPEECH:** Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ; that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel; and in nothing terrified.—Philippians 1:27-28.

**CONGRATULATIONS, VICTOR AND LOSER**

Congratulations Clyde Roark! Congratulations Ralph Walter! You ran a good race! You made a good fight! Now shake hands and give 'em Ned on November 3!

Of course 213,000 voters balloted in the Democratic primary box last Saturday for the losing candidate. By their votes they decreed their opposition to the victor and for all the things he advocated, and which he will continue to advocate until election. But when old Stephen Decatur once applauded in his day, said "My country—may she ever be in the right, but my country, right or wrong," he was paraphrasing unconsciously the attitude of loyal North Carolina Democracy in 1936, which will operate as sure as fate, as one man, on the principle "My party, may it ever be in the right, but my party, right or wrong."

One thing is certain—McDonald Democrats must get behind Hoey, and Hoey and McDonald Democrats must get behind Roosevelt and Garner. This is no time for petty strife. All factional differences must be sunk and a united front must be shown the opposition.

At no time in the history of the State has the conflict between candidates and principles been so pronounced as it was in the campaign just ended. But Dr. McDonald spoke for everyone, friend and foe, Monday night when he said "I'm a loyal Democrat—no one need be uncertain how I'll vote." Which means Clyde R. Hoey's run off vote of 260,000 or so should be exactly 213,000 greater in November.

**AGAIN WE SAY**

**"WE NEED A PULMOTOR"**

With summer now in full swing and the first drowning of the season to warn us, hasn't the time about come for investing a few dollars of the town's money in a pulmoting device that might be helpful in saving lives? It doesn't necessarily have to be one of the patented devices called a Pulmotor, but a mechanism of the same or similar nature, an inhalator or what not, anything that will encourage renewed effort where breath has failed.

Last summer The Herald advocated the same thing. The town fathers were favorably inclined at first but finally fell back on the age-old excuse—the budget won't stand it. Now the advocacy comes a few days ahead of budget-making time, so it is to be hoped the small sum necessary will be included.

The other day a little boy was sucked down to death by cramps in the bay waters. Whether resuscitating efforts, had they been applied more vigorously with artificially forced air, would have restored this child to his home is not to be considered in the scale with "it would have been worth the try." Even the life of one youngster is worth a hundred times more than the sally "Our budget won't permit it." Put enough in the budget next Tuesday, Mr. Councilmen, to give life a chance.

**CAUSE FOR A FEELING OF PRIDE**

Once again Chowan has set an example for speed and fidelity to the law which other commonwealths of the State might take notice of and follow. Only last week the highest judicial tribunal in North Carolina declared that slot machines of the pin ball or marble game style were illegal and should go at once. Chowan acted the same day the decision was handed down. As a matter of decency it allowed a few days of grace to get the machines out, and that period was up at noon on Monday. Before that hour a check-up by the authorities showed there was not a machine in operation in the county.

But what of other sections. The Solicitor of Forsythe County, one of the most thickly populated in the State, has announced that he wishes first to go thoroughly into the decision before he issues orders. The answer is he is taking his time, machines in Winston-Salem are still running full blast. The same is true in Raleigh, Greensboro, Charlotte, Wilmington and nearly everywhere else. In Wilson the machines had

**JUST HUMANS**

By GENE CARR



"Who Was th' Bird Ya Was Gassin' Wid?"  
 "Wait Till I See th' Name on His Wallet."

**HEARD AND SEEN**

By "BUFF"

Harvey Thomas, whose birthday was on Tuesday, spent part of the day writing for presents and between mails took time to write me the following note:

"Dear Buff: You certainly are marked out for fame, and can't seem to help it. The State is going to put up one of its fancy \$38 markers in front of your home to point the way to the James Iredell house across the street, and before the marker folks leave town they will plant another in front of your print shop, or near it, saying that right over King Street, where Bennie Ganderson sells socks and ties and cotton slacks, Joseph Hewes, the immortal, once ran his place of business. Now can't you get this colonial park that Burr and Dixon are advocating located somewhere near you, too? How about that Chowan Motor Co. junk yard that abuts the Bufflap home? An admirable site, I'd say, for a Colonial Park. In fact where else could there be one? Give it a thought and tip off Lindsey Warren. One reads he's friendly to the park idea, but this is election year, you know, and one can't afford to be unfriendly."

And by gosh, Thomas is right. The "colonial park" is already established beside my shack, only its all boarded up and Branning Perry won't let anybody use it. Fact is, it is so "colonial" that some automobiles in the place look like they might have been owned by George Washington, or even Noah for that matter.

And speaking about election time, Thad Eure, who won out over Stacey Wade for secretary of state, sent me the following letter:

"I am especially overwhelmed with joy and gratitude at the magnificent vote I received for the high office of Secretary of State. I want to thank each and every one who participated in securing my nomination and assure them that they will always have a warm spot in my heart. The Secretary of State's office will belong to them, and whenever they are in Raleigh, I want them to come in to see me and afford me the opportunity of rendering to them every possible courtesy and service. The warmest possible welcome will await you."

"It is impossible, of course, to write to each and every one, so please give this letter space in your good paper which has been so friendly to me in my campaign."

Thanks, Thad, next time I'm in Raleigh I'll drop around and borrow two-bits.

Bill Munden is wondering how in the dickens some fellow jumped a ditch with a truck and ran into his potato patch. That part may be all right, but Bill thinks the guy at least should have picked up the potatoes that were dug up.

An Edenton Rotarian last week immediately after finishing eating his lunch politely stretched himself across three or four chairs, with the remark: "All right, bring on the speakers." Which reminds me that maybe in years to come the most up-to-date churches will include reclining chairs for the birds who can't even keep awake while a preacher delivers a sermon. It would be so much more comfortable, don'tcha

been taboed before the court returned its decision. Of course this abrogation of a game that has been appealing to many may be followed by something else equally bad. Such "eras" generally do succeed each other. But that has nothing to do with the fact that Chowan acted and at once when the law said "Obey," and this occasions a feeling of pride in a people who have always viewed the law as supreme.

know, and comfort is what everybody wants these days.

Hats off to the Edenton baseball club. Though some folks didn't think much of an all local talent team, the boys have been playing a good brand of ball and now bid fair to take top honors in the first half. What's wrong with local talent baseball, anyway? Who doesn't remember the days when an Edenton home talent club could trim just about anything that came along? Remember—Tom Hoskins (old Tom, I mean), Fred Wood, Jim Daniels, Caleb Goodwin, George Elliott, and the rest. And even Johnny Asbell was among 'em and last week he just couldn't resist any longer and donned the catcher's paraphernalia to work behind the bat until he got a wallop on the finger. Those were the good old days, even if on several occasions I was on the losing team from Elizabeth City. And what's more, there is just as good talent in town now to form just as strong a team if it is only developed and encouraged.

My hat's off to Clyde R. Hoey, who won out for the Democratic nominee for Governor of North Carolina. And too, my hat's off to Dr. Ralph McDonald, who threw a dickens of a scare into the Hoey camp. That McDonald is a good vote getter is evident by the fact that though he hasn't been in the State long, he came within 53,934 votes of tying Hoey, who is known all over the length and breadth of the State, and who has been in politics since yours truly was just about able to crawl. Anyway, here's one who is glad the whole mess is over and also hopes that many things said during the campaign about each of the candidates will soon be forgotten.

But speaking about McDonald, maybe he got a lot of women's votes for the same reason that a lady gave in The Herald office when he dropped in during the campaign. This lady said, after he left, "Gosh, as good looking as that man is I'm sure going to vote for him." On that basis I'm not going to run for Councilman any more.

It's a small world. The other day R. E. Sentell, of Brunswick County passed through Edenton and, after speaking to Eddie Spires, the latter asked, "Are you in any way kin to a Professor Sentell who taught school in Elizabeth City? He was my teacher and gave me the worst flogging I ever got." Mr. Sentell perked up his ears, grabbed Eddie around the shoulders and said, "Yes, sir, I'm the man." Anyway Friend Spires agreed that he deserved the flogging and admitted that he didn't get as many as he should have while going to school.

John White still can't get away from lucky dice numbers. Aside from his majorities in elections being hooked up with 7 and 11, he just bought a new car and when he got his license, it read 371-142 which numbers in each half total the lucky first dice throw. He was born on the 16th of the month, which is seven and his office number is 110, also a winner. He has been married seven years and what I can't understand is why he hasn't seven sons or daughters.

And then another thing I can't understand is why old maids or married women without children write or tell a person how to raise babies. And in this connection George Lassiter and Jim Daniels were asked to attend a baby show at Aulander last week. What in the Sam Hill do these two birds know about babies—but they went just the same. Any-

way the niece of A. Jenkins won the prize.

A number of folks asked me if The Herald would publish an election extra. "No." The Herald could easily get out an extra that would beat to a frazzle incoming newspapers despite their own horn tooting, but what's the use of printing a bunch of papers and selling a dozen or so. Fact of the matter those most vitally interested in State election returns have their ears poked against a radio and until the radio refuses to broadcast returns and Herald readers desire an extra, this newspaper will wait until regular press day to give results as near complete as possible.

I can prove that John Graham attended the Rotary meetings at Atlantic City, but can't say about Doc Hart. John can be seen in a picture appearing in this month's "Rotarian." Both will have to make some explanations and reports at the meeting of the Rotary Club today.

Just because I am an editor I must tell of running after the women. The Methodist folks at a wiener roast at Eden House Beach Tuesday evening played a number of games, and while I was chasing a good Methodist lady around a ring she fell about a foot in front of me and both of us spilled in the sand. It's nothing funny about it, but some of those bloomin' Methodists accused me of partiality in writing in this column. So if they laughed at us sprawling in the sand, I hope they got a bellyache from eating too many hot dogs. And besides it was a wiener roast, but T. B. Williford consumed all of the time gnawing on a ham bone.

Major John C. Bond, Edenton's premier baseball fan, was almost flogged the other day when he asked some old baseball players if they ever heard about the poem, "Casey at the Bat." I thought everybody had either heard or read the poem, so through the courtesy of Mr. Bond, here 'tis:

**CASEY AT THE BAT**  
 The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;  
 The score stood two to four, with but an inning more to play;  
 And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,  
 A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest  
 Clung to the hope that springs eternal in the human breast;

(Continued on Page Ten)

**OBSERVATIONS**

**OBSERVATIONS OF THOMAS ANATINAE**

The late Senator Vest in a jury trial, described the dog as man's best friend. Bishop Doane, of Albany, wrote a beautiful poem on the dog, saying substantially, I am my dog's god. He loves, follows, obeys me; I feed, control, largely fix his state. Ebenezer Elliott—no kin to Oscar—wrote he could not live without his cat and dog.

We therefore admit cheerfully the merits of the canine. May he or she live long and prosper, and Carroll Kramer scratch his or her back. He has no children to scratch. But, there is a limit to even the usefulness and enjoyment of the dog.

A prominent physician wrote in one of our papers that North Carolina would soon have to follow England, requiring all dogs running at large to be muzzled. May that day be hastened. A news item from Richmond, under the date of June 23 last, states that Dr. Riggins, State Health Commissioner, reported a marked increase in rabies in dogs and other animals during the first five months of 1936 as compared with the same period of 1935. Health Department records showed 174 diseased animal heads examined by State laboratories to the date given, as against a total of 235 for all of 1935, and 118 for 1934. Dogs, cats, foxes, sheep, cattle, horses, and other animals, besides folks, have been attacked. Norfolk has a mad-dog scare on now.

Where on the face of this earth would one find more sorry, mangy, useless dogs roaming the streets and over people's property than here? One would suppose the dog to be the sacred Apis of Edenton. They endanger the lives of our people, old and young; they make night miserable with their barking; they destroy in neighbor's yards—in other words, they are a double confounded nuisance of the worst sort. Some will have rabies, and be biting all around. A sweet kettle of dogs. No person has a right to own anything that prowls over his neighbor's property, destroying as it goes. If it can't be kept at home—get rid of it.

What will be done about it? As usual, absolutely nothing. A glaring defect to our social happiness and well-being allowed, because we just haven't civic spirit enough to protest or to act.

A dog is all right in his place—not on mine or yours. All who favor cleaning up these pests say Aye. It is so ordered.

"Tray, Blanche and Sweet-heart,

see they bark at me." Again, Main Street should not be a race track for cars. Heavy trucks, big and little autos run up and down that street, and over the town, at perilous speed. After a few are killed, we may care, but not now. We are busy scratching the dogs. All hours of the day and night our principal thoroughfare is a menace to pedestrians. The highway police force we have about here is of the best, and are over-worked. It is not their job. The solons of the Council, who love the dear, dear dogs so much, might sic their pets on these cars, then we would have a raging and romping town sure enough. All in favor of stopping this car racing over the town say Aye. It is so ordered—and that is all.

In conclusion: The election is over. It was a hot fight. We all enjoyed it. It is good that elections be contested. It brings out the folks. But the tumult and the shouting dies. There should be no scars left. Forget the fight, and if you and friend fall out, make up and kiss. Live in harmony in our grand old town. If you got licked, take it like a man. If you won, don't believe you did it all or be cocky. You just happened to pick the winning side. It might have done better if you had been an opponent. All in favor of forgetting the late political bitterness say Aye. It is so ordered.

And having writ passed on—

**Capt. Ernest Bell Visits Legionnaires' Meeting**

A goodly number of the members of Ed Bond Post gathered in the Red Men Hall Tuesday night for the monthly meeting of the Post. Of especial interest to the Legionnaires was the presence of Captain Ernest Bell, who was with a number of the ex-service men in the thick of battle during the World War. Mr. Bell in a brief address thoroughly entertained his listeners with a number of reminiscences of both amusing and serious situations during the days the "boys" were fighting for their country.

Tuesday night was the regular time for the nomination of new officers of the Post, but due to the absence of John A. Holmes, the commander, this will be done at a called meeting upon Mr. Holmes' return to the city.

**FRUIT AND NUT SANDWICHES**

Mix 1 cup chopped dates, 1-3 cup chopped raisins, 1-3 cup chopped nuts, few grains of salt with 1-4 cup mayonnaise dressing. Use with one slice white bread and one slice whole wheat bread. Makes 12 sandwiches.

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