

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 16, 1936

THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT

LIFE IN HIS NAME: But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.—John 20:31.

EDENTON NEEDS A BATHING BEACH

We shudder when we think of it, so, naturally, we look with glowing favor upon the proposed efforts of the Edenton Rotary Club to provide a bathing beach nearby for the youth of the community in this period of equatorial torridity. It is to be wondered at that for so many years with so much water available Edenton has not had a suitable place for the young people as well as older citizens to enjoy bathing.

No doubt the Chowan Chapter of the Red Cross would also be glad to cooperate in this worthwhile endeavor, especially so following the week of life-saving and swimming courses just finished, and over the success of which Mrs. J. N. Pruden, the chairman, is much elated, but in connection with which she expressed deep regret that a proper place to hold these courses was not available and that children of the community were not afforded a bathing beach during the summer months.

No more meritorious movement has been started here in a long while, and it is particularly gratifying to find the Rotary and Red Cross hand in hand as a unit on the proposition. Just as it is oppositely so that the town as an official body has seemed indifferent to the importance of it all.

So, again, may it be said, we shudder when we think of it, but statistics prove the inevitable and we are forced to face the grim facts. Eminent insurance actuaries say that more than 5,000 persons are going to meet accidental drowning before the present summer season is over—we have been saddened already by the drowning of one of our own little boys. The same statistics, and they are reliable, state that about 90 per cent of these water fatalities will be men and boys and that half of them will be between the age of five and fifteen years, which might indicate to the thinking person that the most fertile field for the saving of human lives from this form of accident is among the immature.

Here we have water everywhere, and yet no protected bathing ground. Children will be children. They will seek cooling comfort from the sun blasts of summer no matter where nor how. And how much better we will all feel if we know they are attracted to a bathing place where a life guard can be near to render what assistance may be necessary, if at all.

Already the Red Cross chapters everywhere have done splendid work by way of instruction in swimming and in methods of rescue and resuscitation. The local chapter endeavored last week to carry on this work in Pembroke Creek near the fish hatchery, but there was no available beach from which the young folks could enter the water in safety and without fear. Yet three or four score took advantage of the opportunity and profited well by it.

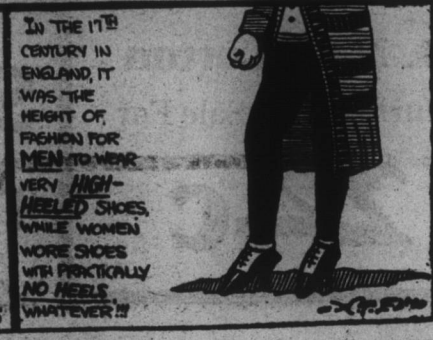
And now the Rotary has named a committee to get busy at once and find a spot where supervised bathing and swimming may be enjoyed fearlessly and without likelihood of loss of life. Today the club may bring the matter to a further focus at its regular meeting. Surely, now that the season of water sports is on in full swing, the time to act is opportune. The saving of one life is worth the effort.

DISTINCT HONOR FOR FIRST DISTRICT

One writes in a double-barreled way in telling of the possibility of Congressman Lindsay Warren being promoted to the post of Comptroller General of the United States. His friends in the First District are unselfish enough to hope he lands this sinecure because of its great importance in government affairs and its remunerative features, but the same friends are selfish in feeling that to take Mr. Warren away into another field will be a calamity to this section of the State.

No man has been Congressman from the old First who has done more to keep the district in line, who has made more devoted friendships by his gracious willingness and eagerness to be of service. He has been a staunch and steadfast friend of his constituency at all times and in all ways. If he goes on to higher

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!



73. Copyright 1935, Lincoln Newspaper Publishers, Inc.

HEARD AND SEEN

By "BUFF"

Major John C. Bond last week gave me a clipping of "Casey at the Bat," which appeared in this column, and the Major was surprised to know that many baseball fans had never heard of the famous poem, much less read it. This week, thanks to Mrs. W. E. White, of Hertford, the answer to "Casey at the Bat" appears, and even Major Bond himself admits that he has never read it. Here 'tis as Mrs. White remembers it after reciting the poem a number of years ago:

ANSWER TO CASEY AT THE BAT

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week, or even more; There were muttered oaths and curses, every fan in town was sore. "Just think," said one, "how soft it looked, with Casey at the bat, And then to think he had to go and spring a bush league trick like that."

All his past fame was forgotten, he was now a hopeless shine. They called his "Strike Out Casey" from the Mayor down the line, And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh, While a look of hopeless fury gleamed in mighty Casey's eye.

But "the lane is long," some one has said, "which never turns again," And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men. And Casey smiled; his rugged face no longer wore a frown, The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville had assembled; ten thousand fans had come To see the mighty twirler who had put big Casey on the bum, And as he stepped into the box the multitude went wild. He doffed his cap in proud disdain, but Casey only smiled.

things the District's loss will be the nation's gain. But whether he does or not the mention of his name as a likely prospect is a great and well-deserved compliment to the Albemarle and of pronounced congratulation to Mr. Warren.

A WORTHY EXPERIMENT

Carrying the gospel of Rotary to the farmers of Chowan and their wives and daughters as President N. K. Rowell and his brother Rotarians intend to do, is a noteworthy movement and innovation. The local club has no hi-falutin' idea of educational promotion behind the plan, but rather a humanizing of interests that may prove mutually profitable. If it all works out as is at present being discussed the country meetings, say once a month while weather is favorable, will be held in collaboration with various women's clubs at different points.

There will be luncheons on the dutch treat basis, the same as all Rotary gatherings, music, singing and inspiring talks by members and guests. The idea is a good one and has never been tried out before in the State.

NEW DEAL NOT SO BAD HERE

If post office statistics may be reckoned as a barometer of business conditions no storm signal has waved here of late and clear economic weather is ahead for some time. Postmaster C. E. Kramer has just completed his fiscal report for the first half of 1936 and the figures show a great increase in postal business. The lowest mark reached during the same period was in 1932, but the present day aggregate of business done was \$600 in excess of four years ago. Or, take the highest mark ever attained in postal affairs, the boom year of 1929. Not until this year did the Edenton office score up to the same peak, and in doing so went ahead, around \$200.

And during the year ending July 1 last, more than a quarter of million dollars in business was transacted through Mr. Kramer's office. This means for all kinds of business, stamp sales, savings, bonds, C. O. D.'s and all else, just as it means that the citizenry of Chowan has not been exactly ruined by the New Deal.

"Play ball," the Umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began, But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan. Who felt that Mudville had a chance, and with the setting sun, Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading 4 to 1.

The last half of the ninth came round with no change in the score, But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar, The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts were heard, When the pitcher hit the second and gave four balls to third!

Three men on base! Nobody out! Three runs to tie the game! A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville's "Hall of Fame." But here the rally ended in a gloom as deep as night, When the fourth man fouled to catcher and the fifth flew out to right.

A dismal groan in chorus came, a scowl was on each face, When Casey stepped up, bat in hand, and lightly took his place. But fame is fleeting as the wind and glory fades away, There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day.

They hissed, and boomed, and hooted, as they clamored "strike him out." But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard the shout. His blood-shot eyes with fury gleamed, his teeth were clenched in hate, He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose, across the plate it sped, Another hiss, another groan, "Strike one," the Umpire said. "Zip!" Like a shot the second curve broke just below his knee. "Strike two," the Umpire roared aloud, but Casey made no plea. No roasting for the Umpire now, his was an easy lot, But here the pitcher twirled again—was that a crack shot? A whack! a rife! And out through space the leather pellet flew, A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in centerfield, a rapid, whirling flight, The blot sailed on, the speck grew dim, and then was lost to sight. Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand threw a fit, But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.

Oh, somewhere in the favored land dark clouds may hide the sun, And somewhere bands no longer play, and children have no fun, And somewhere over blighted lives may hang a heavy pall, But Mudville hearts are happy now, for Casey hit the ball!

Harvey Thomas, who is now convinced that he is in the sunny South, between swabs of perspiration dropped the following note on my desk: Dear Buff:

Sheriff Bunch took me for a ride the other day. We drove back into Bear Swamp, the other side of Center Hill, and had the finest drink of cooling spring water you ever tasted, bubbling up, as it was, into a clear pool right in the midst of the swamp. But what I'm getting at is to tell the voters before election day that the Sheriff, with all his other failings and virtues, is a poet. He is. For instance the corn was not so good in some spots and he said that was because the crows got it first, adding "you know the jingle, don't you? It goes something like this: "The farmer rose at early morn And went to his field to plant some corn. The old crow sat in the dead pine tree And said 'you're planting that corn for me."

Pretty good, don't you think, but not half so good as one his dandy brother, who runs a massive garage at Center Hill, spouted later. The brother was sharpening up a bread knife for his wife when we called and I commented on its fine edge.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"She's Been Havin' a Tough Break." "It's Good She's Got Him to Lean On."

He remarked "I have to always tell my wife to be careful when she uses it, for I keep thinking of this rhyme"

"Please, Mother, don't stab Father with the bread knife; Remember 'twas a gift when you were wed. But if you must stab Father with the bread knife, Please, Mother, use another for the bread."

Don't you tell me, Buff, that George Lassiter is the bard of Chowan. Let him beat these two Bunches.

Consternation reigned for a short while the other day in The Herald office. Sarah Burton had just brought in a list of the new books received at the Shepard-Pruden Library. After turning the list over to Mrs. Julian Ward, who sets most of the type for The Herald, the latter yelled out, "Oh, Sarah, run over and get me 'The Doctor!'" Of course Mrs. Ward wanted the book by that title, but the rest of us thought she had become suddenly ill, and after a number of interrogations found out that all that was ailing her was that she was hot—and who isn't these days?

Jack Pruden has "done and gone" to smoking a pipe. You know he works in Raleigh, but on his weekend visit told me his pipe possibly doesn't get as much publicity as mine, but he was willing to bet a bottle of beer that it got as much cussing as my pipe.

And speaking of pipes, I lost my old faithful last Friday. It was smoked since Christmas and was just getting nice and mellow. It was lost while on the maiden trip of the Princess Anne ferry boat from Little Creek to Cape Charles and inasmuch as plenty of beer and sandwiches were served, free, it's a dickens of a hard job to explain to some folks just how the pipe was lost. Anyway, I bought a new one when the entire Herald force threatened to quit rather than put up with the old corn cob.

Arthur Chappell lost a pretty good day's wages Monday night. His name was drawn for the prize at the Red Men meeting, but he wasn't there. The sum was \$4 and now next Monday, if the Red Skin is present whose name is drawn from a box he will be just five bucks richer. Better come out, fellows. Five bucks is five bucks, you know.

According to reports some citizens are up in arms over the speed of cars and trucks racing through the streets of Edenton. It's said some are going to be on the lookout and report offenders. That part is all right, but they'll also have to go to court and testify which is where the rub comes in getting convictions for many other law violations. Anyway, if automobiles are going to make a race track out of Broad Street, why not put benches along the thoroughfare and charge to see 'em?

Owners of vacant lots in town had better get busy and do some weed cutting. The town councilmen discussed the matter Tuesday night and if lots are not cleaned up city employees will do it and a bill will be presented for the work. And in this connection tourists have been heard to comment upon the beauty and tidiness of Broad Street—except the lot on the northeast corner of Broad and Gale Streets and the Catholic church lot. Of course, there are others, but these two easily catch the eye of those passing through.

I'm gunning for Eddie Spires. In introducing me to some folks on the S. S. Princess Anne last Friday he gave me the title of "the eatinest little fellow in Chowan County." I don't mind the title, but doggone, it belonged to him Friday. After I lost count on the sandwiches he got away with he came parading up the deck of the boat with an extra armful to munch away while gazing over the broad expanse of water. And I use the word "munch" advisedly.

And my hat's off to the Virginia Ferry Corporation for their fine ferry boat and their hospitality on the trial trip of the boat. If anyone on the trip was hungry or thirsty or didn't enjoy it, it was their own fault. Yours truly was on the trip and to vouch for a splendid time I'll refer to Bill Everett, Dr. and Mrs. W. I. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Lupton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Spires, Miss Margaret Spires, Arthur Chappell, Miss Helen Goodwin, Clarence Leary, Guy Hobbs, Spec Jones, and W. R. Horton, who were also on the trip. And by the way, Bill Everett even tried to borrow the boat to use for a week or so across to Mackeys, but I don't expect he handed out the right line.

Little Joyce Brunson had the misfortune to cut her hand while taking part in the swimming lessons held at the fish hatchery last week. Only two stitches were required to close the wound, but its another argument that we ought to have a decent place for the children to enjoy bathing.

If instructions are carried out your old Uncle Sam will get a bill from the Town of Edenton for \$852. This is the cost of paving abutting the present postoffice, put down long before the building was erected. It's an old bill and has never been paid, but a dun will be sent in. One of the Councilmen suggested the following footnote: "If you don't pay this bill, the whole darned town will vote for Landon." Well, it's a presidential year, you know, and maybe Uncle Sam will come across.

A former resident infers in a letter that I am inconsistent, especially regarding politics. Says this former Edentonian: "Just a line to set you right. In the last issue of The Chowan Herald you say that the women are for the best looking office-seekers. And you intimate that as the women go, so go you."

another place in the same issue you come out strong for Roosevelt. Have your eyes tested, Buff. Roosevelt is not 'purty much' by the side of Landon. Look again, Buff."

Well, Roosevelt may not be the best looking of the two, but Roosevelt looks "good enough" for me when I notice what is on my table now compared with what was on just before he went into office. And Minton Warren, who was able to get within several feet of the President recently at Williamsburg, came back with the following remark: "By gosh, he's a good-looking man," with quite an emphasis on the "good-looking." After all, maybe my correspondent didn't have his specs on when he compared photographs—and he usually wears 'em.

Captain Dick Leary is much confused as to the difference in parking a car and a boat. The other day he and a number of fishermen went to Ocean View and took their boat along. Upon arrival they parked their boat in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and tried their luck. Fishing was good and they ran out of bait and upon coming to shore they caught hail Columbia from the guy who operated a place to rent boats to fishermen. Thereupon Captain Dick and his party went down to Raeford's Beach, which has just about a monopoly on Chowan's fishing parties. Mr. Raeford in his usual jovial manner even offered Captain Dick the services of his colored hands to put the boat overboard. What puzzled Captain Dick was whether the first man lacked two feet of owning all the water, if so he could have rowed out. Anyway, hereafter Captain Dick will head straight for Raeford's to park his boat.

Hooryay for Edenton's baseball team. Despite a slow start, they were perched on top of the standing for the first half, which assures fans some tight games in a post season series with second half winners. Graham Byrum seems to think that Windsor will furnish the stiffest opposition during the second half due to material strengthening of the Bertie capital's squad. Anyway, go out to the games and look 'em all over.



"My hair was faded and streaked with grey. I looked old. I felt old. Now I look and feel young. I owe it all to Clairol. In one simple 3-in-1 treatment my hair was shampooed, re-conditioned and tinted back to the color and lustre that was the envy of my girlhood friends."

Clairol does what nothing else can! Ask your beautician. Write for FREE booklet, FREE advice on care of hair and FREE beauty analysis.

Not with common, old-fashioned hair dyes but Naturally with Clairol

Beauty King, Clairol, Inc. 132 West 46th St., New York, N. Y. Send FREE booklet, advice and analysis. Name: Address: City: