

THE CHOWAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1936.

THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT

FOR THE FEARFUL: Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—Isaiah 41:10.

WHAT IS THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE?

Undoubtedly when God determines that life should end and that His children should return to Him in Heaven, all the man-made efforts to effect contradiction and keep life intact will prove futile. But that, of course, is no reason why these efforts should not be engaged in. We have no way of knowing God's will, which is why we have doctors and surgeons and various types of resuscitative devices which we employ where death seems imminent or doubtful.

Here in this delightful little town along the water this condition has been twice pitiful and sad this summer. Two of our young folks, immature and seeking careless pleasure in the bay, have succumbed to drowning. All that could be done to bring them back to their loved ones was done, and no doubt nothing different could be done.

But something else was worth the try. Even a child's life far exceeds in value the trivial cost of any sort of an inhaling apparatus that might reopen the respiratory organs and give breath a new chance. Every community that reckons itself modern and up-to-date, has such pulmoting apparatuses. Probably in these two cases its use might not have been effective but that is no excuse for the town to assume one such device is not worth having on hand. It is not alone drowning, but suffocation by smoke from fires or any other cause, that makes the use of such a device desirable.

This is not the first time that The Herald has urged an inhalator for the town, but to date the town fathers have failed to act.

A new automobile was purchased just this week and The Herald would not say it was not necessary. However, if ways can be found to pay for a new automobile, surely an apparatus that may save a life, and costing much less than a new car, may be paid for.

Members of Town Council may well ponder over their feeling in the matter if perchance a child of theirs should be so unfortunate as to lose his or her life by drowning when there might be a possibility or even remote chance of saving the life by a machine that costs a paltry sum of a few hundred dollars.

For a town so situated as is Edenton lack of an inhalator is short of criminal negligence. An inhalator is needed and should be purchased despite the cry of no money and fear of a raise in the tax rate.

WHY NOT BE TRUTHFUL?

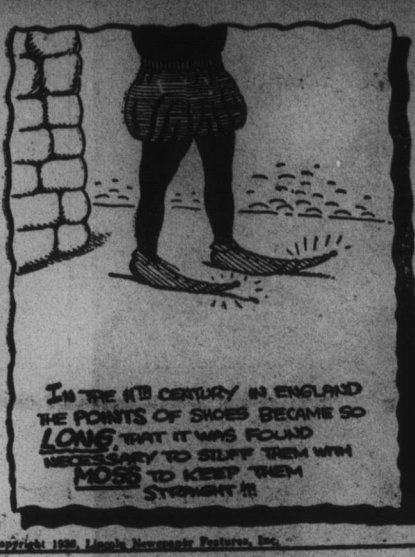
It will soon be six months since the high school at Small's Cross Roads was destroyed by fire, and the County is no nearer a decision as to how a new school can be built than it was the morning after the conflagration. This is not right. A new school is required by the laws of the State, and a new school should be built. The law makes the requirement obligatory upon the county.

Of course it is natural Chowan should seek what help it can get from outside sources, these sources being the Federal government through its much publicized PWA and WPA programs, programs which at the outset were going to be extensively liberal to this section—we all remember that meeting in February, 1935, when Chowan worked out a plan of getting \$2,000,000 for a score of projects here.

The reason now advanced for failure to secure Federal aid for the Cross Roads school is because Chowan cannot provide the requisite amount of skilled labor. This is far fetched. It is a fairer assumption that North Carolina is not reckoned a doubtful state this election year. Money is spent, as a gratuity or otherwise, where it will do the most good just before election, and it is downright cruel that North Carolina, Chowan County and Small's Cross Roads should be one of the victims of this commonly understood procedure.

A committee was scheduled to go again to Chapel Hill today on a hunt for this money, but a telegram was received Tuesday to the effect that to secure a grant the County must have available on its relief roll

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!



THE PEANUT IS NOT A NUT!! IT IS A LEGUME, LIKE A PEA OR BEAN!!

the skilled labor necessary. Chowan is in a sad plight so far as the school situation is concerned, but cannot produce the skilled labor for building a school, which in plain English means that the county might just as well get busy and build a school and the taxpayers get ready to pay for it.

A PROBLEM WHICH MUST BE SOLVED

The necessity for increasing welfare aid under the New Deal can be traceable to many odd ends, one of which has to do with the disappearance of migratory fish from the waters of North Carolina. Which means, of course, if there are no fish to catch, commercial fishermen are out of luck, have no income and must go on the relief rolls. Something must be done to relieve the situation.

At the last meeting of the Board of Conservation and Development the seriousness of this situation was made apparent. It was explained that in 1897 the shad fishing in this State was up to nearly 9,000,000 pounds and that in 1932 it had dropped to 927,000 pounds, which is a real drop as can be readily seen. With rock and oyster types of fish the toll is believed to be the same, with a consequent drop in necessary man labor.

The Board feels this constitutes a challenge to every right thinking citizen, and that drastic measures are going to be required if the situation is to be saved. Hardships will have to be undergone and some folks restrained from doing some of the things heretofore permitted. Men making their living with nets will have to practice self-restraint and let the fishing industry return to the basis of prosperity upon which it was once fashioned.

North Carolina has ever been reckoned one of the greatest of fishing states. Certainly its fishermen have profited by this reputation, but if there is no fish to catch, due to greed or some other cause, some new methods will have to be put into force. Just what they will be need not be worried about as the matter is in the hands of a Board that has the interests of everyone at heart.

COLORED FOLKS DO A GOOD JOB

Hats off to the Colored Parents-Teachers Association which helps out in the guidance of the colored high school! They are the sort of which their race can well be proud. For a year or more now the colored schools have endeavored to secure adequate busses for the transport of outlying pupils. Each time they have asked for such aid they have met with rebuffs.

So the colored folks, aided by some white friends, took up a proposition to raise enough money for a new bus which would be matched with a bus by the County School Board. The colored folks raised \$136 in Edenton and \$700 in the County, practically covering the cost of a bus. Their efforts were crowned with success and by the time school starts they will feel gratified in realizing that colored high school students will have the opportunity to travel to and from school in up-to-date busses which take the place of two pieces of junk on wheels or at their own expense.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

BEAUTY IN ALBEMARLE

All true lovers of North Carolina will hope for the success of the proposal of Rev. Charles Aylett Ashby of Edenton that a Federal park be created in that section of the Albemarle. The Great Smoky Mountains National Park in the West will preserve for the delectation of all time a portion of the beautiful North Carolina mountain country. But there is a beauty in the East wholly different but in no sense inferior which ought to be preserved. Indeed, the Federal government has acquired considerable lands along our coast both as park and as game sanctuary. And every extension of park area there will serve to enrich the life of the people and to preserve a coastal beauty nowhere excelled.—The News and Observer.

JUST HUMANS BY GENL CARR



"As That So! Well, Mr. Jones, If Your Brains Was Silk, You Wouldn't Have Enough to Make a Stockin' for a Ant!"

HEARD AND SEEN BY "BUFF"

Several parents of Boy Scouts went to Atlantic Beach Sunday to see the boys who are in camp there. The boys are having a big time and enjoying their outing. And by the way, some parents of the boys have received cards with the following message: "Having a good time—please send some money." Just like a boy, isn't it?

Willie Crumney isn't exactly an inventor, but he has rigged up a scheme to keep the pop stand counter at the ball park from being used as a grand stand seat. This counter heretofore has been a favorite seat for fans thereby keeping waiters from seeing the game as well as hurting the business of selling pop. However, this season nobody cares to sit on the thing for Willie every minute or so douses a bucket of water on the board, keeping it wet all the time.

Women nowadays can do just about everything a man does, but Mrs. Shelton Moore struck a snag last week. She has often observed her husband hold a piece of wood with one hand, and with a hatchet split the wood with the other hand. Mr. Moore was obliged to leave home too early for breakfast one day, and as Mrs. Moore proceeded to cut wood a la Mr. Moore, she walloped the hand that was holding the wood. The cut was painful, but not serious, however. And I reckon from now on Shelton will have the job regular.

Folks who get mail at the post-office during the past few days probably saw their letters check-marked with a colored pencil. I've asked Cal Kramer what the idea was, but he wouldn't let me in on the ider. So far my mail has been checked in red, blue and yellow colors. How about yours? However, those marks don't worry me as bad as the black printed card saying: "Box Rent Due."

What's in a name anyway? All I know is that some are too confounded long. Take for instance a name like Emmiziner. It's too long and too hard to spell. So someone tells me that a certain person now calls Roy Emmiziner just plain Roymiser, which isn't so bad.

The only hitch to the Rotary meeting at Cross Roads last Thursday night was Major Rowell's refusal to sing. However, Parson Ashby spied him laying down on the job, fined him two-bits and turned the quarter over to the ladies. Major sang the next song.

The meeting with the country folks also brought to light a big eater. Bob Hollowell got rid of just about everything in his section of the dining hall and never refused

a helping as it came along. Minton Warren commented on the amount of food put away by Mr. Hollowell and almost swooned when Bob said he wasn't taking any chances on the meal and had eaten a supper consisting of red ham and black-eye peas before coming to the meeting.

And then Jim Holmes made himself uncomfortable by eating too much and said he couldn't eat another mouthful. However, when the ladies passed around half a cantaloupe filled with ice cream and Earl Goodwin started to pull it over to his side of the table, Friend Jim immediately pulled it back in double quick time and ate every bit of it. Fact of the matter is that the ladies served such a good meal that the majority of the Rotarians are in favor of meeting at Cross Roads every week. Now what Major Rowell would like to know is what group of ladies in the County will undertake to feed the Rotarians one night during August. What say Rocky Hock, Yeopim or any other section of the County?

Parson Briggs again is raving about inoculating dogs. But for the life of me I don't see what all his raving amounts to. The law was passed by the Legislature and if he doesn't like it why in the name of common sense doesn't he hop on the guys who made the law? Without a doubt none of us are in full accord with every man-made law, but it is no reason why we should not obey the law. The parson makes me laugh when he riles about the "deplorable" state of folks under the present administration. He makes a laughing stock of himself when he says folks cannot pay to have dogs inoculated. If he will wise up a bit he will discover that of all those who have been tried for not inoculating dogs and "who couldn't pay to have the work done" were able to in some way fork up enough to pay the court costs to keep from going to jail. Fact of the matter is it doesn't take much to make the parson object to anything done while the Democrats are in power for he is a Republican and according to his own statement is "sick and tired of this Southern democracy." I have no crow to pick with him for being a Republican, but if he is sick and tired of this Southern democracy it might be well to remind him of what he told Harvey Thomas about living in the swamps of Chowan—good roads in all directions lead from Edenton and this section. Besides the weather must have had some effect on him when he wrote his article in this issue for if the last sentence of his story sounds preacher-like, my idea of a preacher's mission is all out of gear.

That neon signs add to the appearance of places of business will be seen when one gives Lloyd Burton's filling station the once over. Sometime ago The Herald commented on more neon signs in town and what are now here improve considerably the business section. Let 'em roll!

I've always thought that about the last thing a lady would tell was her age. But one of 'em this week told me she would a heap rather tell her age than her weight. But, maybe, that depends on whether she is fat or skinny. Anyway, I'm playing safe and will not ask either question if I can help it.

The "Casey at the Bat" poems which have appeared in this column recently has reminded Maj. John C. Bond of a game in which Graham Bond, whom many will remember, resembled Casey in his come-back. Mr. Bond, claiming to be a poor hand at poetry, has very generously given me an account of the game in rhyme as well as he can remember. Here goes:

EDENTON'S BASEBALL CLASSIC
 Years ago when baseball was young
 And old men now—were then in prime
 Edenton was practicing to form a team
 To play E. City's and Hertford's nine.

A field was cleared and diamond layed out
 Everything ready for the great day,
 When Edenton would cross bats with, and clout
 E. City's selected and best at the play.

Graham Bond, a stout husky boy, came,
 Saying he would like to join in the play
 And asked that he might try for the game—
 "That he could hit the ball any day."

So we gave him a bat, he took his place at plate
 Several balls were pitched—he'd swing and miss.
 The boys were much amused at his unlucky fate—
 Continued pitching balls—Graham continued to miss.

"Dod-blast it!" Throw me one that I can hit,
 And the next ball came about waist high!
 Graham swung—whack!—and such a hit!
 The ball flew on, on and on, was lost to sight.

Now "Dod-blast you—go get it"—across the ground
 Across a street—into the next square, it lit
 We searched for hours—but no one ever found
 The ball that Graham on that day hit.

Will Rogers' Humorous Story

By WILL ROGERS

THERE was a museum in Paris or somewheres where there is a lot of skeletons of animals. A Frenchman was showing some Am-



erican friends through this here museum, and he was trying to impress the visitors with Napoleon. Every once in a while he would claim that something he was showing them was connected with Napoleon. So he come to a horse's skeleton, and he says, "Now, that there is the skeleton of the horse Napoleon rode in all his great victories! The horse's name was Pet, I believe, and he was almost as brave as his rider."

So the Americans didn't pay much attention, but one of them asked, "Say, what about the skeleton over there of a little animal? Right there, beside Pet. Looks like a calf or a colt or something."
 "Ah, that, too my friends, is connected with the history of the glorious Napoleon! That is, in fact, the skeleton of Pet when he was a colt, brave and true!"

Edenton Experiencing Part Of Heat Wave

Laying no claims to equatorial originality, Edenton joined with the rest of the nation this week by enjoying the hottest spell, so old-timers say, it has had for the past eleven years. Like telescopes, thermometers are more or less of a rarity hereabouts but a quiet tip went the rounds on Monday that the mercury was up beyond the 100 mark, and on Tuesday there was no let up.

The County Commissioners and their compatriots on the County Board of Education wilted Monday afternoon while they wrestled with the forthcoming tax budget. Someone asked what the temperature registered and, with good Baptist simplicity, two chimed in to say, "What difference does it make—it's hot as Hades," which was so, and which is enough to say.

Dr. J. W. Selig

OPTOMETRIST

Will be in his office on the third floor of the Citizens Bank Building, Edenton—

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By H. T. Elmo