

THE CHOWAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1936.

THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT

THE ONLY WAY TO LIVE: There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.—Romans 8:1.

NOT ENOUGH, BUT BETTER THAN WAITING

Every little bit helps, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow, and so, too, the County and Edenton school authorities must feel at the allotments fixed for them by the County Commissioners on Monday.

For Cross Roads a new school will go up costing around \$66,000, and in Edenton the high school will be fixed up and improved to the tune of \$41,000.

All of which means that everybody's happy and they have a right to be under the circumstances. For the circumstances have been most trying to say the least.

Pretty small potatoes from a Federal organization that hinted at so much last year and that has done nothing for this section save to help out on some mosquito extermination work and sewerage.

LET'S TAKE IT ON THE CHIN!

Cheer up! It's a great life if you don't weaken, and the first hundred years are always the hardest, so don't let a little thing like a prospective tax rate disturb your slumbers.

From the days of good old Abraham and his ten or fifteen million sheep, taxation has been on the carpet. Abraham made his camp followers chip in a lamb every once in a while, you know, for the sake of being camp followers, and he didn't miss the Biblical spot light because of it.

Of course, when Charles I tried to emulate Abraham in a sense, he traveled the wrong road and found Cromwell in the way, and Oliver said "we'll pay the taxes but we'll spend the tax monies," and when Charles remonstrated he lost his noodle.

Now here in Chowan we have been going along happily and serenely with a tax rate lower than almost any other county in the State. That a white maniac should run amuck and kill his wife, and a Negro fiend slaughter his paramour, both crimes costing the county huge sums by way of proverbial legal kindness to brutes such as these, and that Providence or fate or destiny or whatever it was, should destroy the mid-county high school—why these are things we didn't expect and couldn't help, and they are more or less directly and indirectly responsible for the 13 point tax rate jump this year.

It is unfortunate, to be sure, but no one can help it. Money spent has got to be raised and that's the whole situation in a nutshell in

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!



SOAP WAS FIRST MADE BY THE ANCIENT PHOENICIANS MORE THAN 4,000 YRS. AGO!!!



IT WAS THE LAST WORD IN MEN'S FASHION IN ENGLAND, DURING QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN, FOR MEN TO SLEAZE THEIR HOSE WITH RAGS, SO THEIR LEGS APPEARED ENORMOUSLY FAT..... SOME OF THESE MONSTROUSLY PADDED LEGS WERE OVER A FOOT IN DIAMETER!!!



A MONUMENT TO A MAN WAS ERECTED IN DUSSELDORF, GERMANY, IN 1828!!!



MINKS KILL CHICKENS JUST TO EAT THEIR BRAINS!!



ONE CAN PURCHASE A WIFE WITH A PAIR OF LETHARGIC SHOES IN CENTRAL TURKISTAN!!



IN PERSIA, WOMEN WELCOME THEIR HOUSE-GUESTS BY POURING PERFUME ON THE HEADS OF THEIR VISITORS AS A SYMBOL OF FRIENDSHIP..

This Week's Thought VOICE OF EXPERIENCE Wealth eliminates only Poverty. All else depends on the man.

HEARD AND SEEN

While I doubt if she can enforce all of them in her own household, Mrs. E. T. Rawlinson has written a set of new commandments which by one way or another came into my hands and are herewith published probably to the delight of some of the women folks and possibly to the sorrow of some of the men folks who may be called upon to observe them. Here they are:

- THE NEW COMMANDMENTS 1—I am thy wife whom thou must cherish all thy life. 2—Thou shalt not smoke indoors or out—nor chew tobacco round about. 3—Thou shalt not be a drinking man, but live on strict tee-total plan. 4—Thou shalt not stay out late at night—what clubs, dances or friends invite. 5—Thou shalt in manner mild and meek tip up thy wages every week. 6—Remember, 'tis thy duty clear to dress me well throughout the year. 7—Thou shalt with praise receive my pies, nor pastry made by me despise. 8—Thou shalt my mother strive to please, and let her live with us in ease. 9—Thou shalt get up when baby cries, and try the child to tranquilize. 10—Thou shalt these new commands obey and live by them from day to day.

Jim Daniels, one of Edenton's old-time baseball players, has been umpiring some of the games in the Bertie-Chowan League this year, but it was just too much for him to keep out of the game, so last Friday he donned a uniform and played against Perrytown. He took his old place in the field and Jim admitted that the ball soaring through the air at first looked like a wee little pill, but he

Chowan. Now next year—well, let's not fuss about next year until it gets here.

HERALD WELCOMES A NEWCOMER

More and more this section of the hemisphere is becoming newspaper minded. Since The Herald first started three years ago, The Perquimans Weekly and Dare County Times have come into existence, all weeklies, and now W. O. Saunders of Elizabeth City, announces that he will enter the daily field. The Albemarle will be well represented in the newspaper field with two dailies and four weeklies.

The Herald, a newcomer, and a successful one, thanks to subscribers and advertisers, extends the right hand of fellowship to the new morning daily soon to make its appearance. Mr. Saunders is an able newspaper man and feature writer and aside from that was very courteous to The Herald publishers when they started off by offering any assistance he could. It's dollars to doughnuts that Mr. Saunders will produce a daily newspaper that will be a distinct credit not only to the Albemarle but to the State as well.

Aside from plenty of newspapers of its own, daily publications have an eye on the Albemarle and Edenton in particular and utilize considerable energy to secure news, subscriptions and advertisements. There is room for us all, however, and The Herald finds no fault in folks subscribing to daily newspapers, but The Herald is firmly convinced that the home newspaper should come first for it carries more home news and can be of far more value to the county than any daily newspaper sent in.

Subscribe to them all if you can, but subscribe to The Herald first!

soon got his old eye back and captured would-be hits. Jim looked natural except his pose at the plate which was not at all like the pose a dozen years ago. Anyway, I was expecting him to be all stiffened up the next morning, but he went about delivering letters on his mail route as usual. Johnny Asbell, also one of the old-timers, was in the game a couple of weeks ago. He got a crack on a finger while behind the bat and hasn't been back in uniform since—but you can't keep him away from the games.

The Boy Scouts have returned from Atlantic Beach and though they had a good time at camp, it was a happy looking bunch as they drove up Broad Street. One of them, Lloyd Burton, was forced to be brought home a few days before camp broke due to illness. Undoubtedly it's hard to say which was the more painful to him, his fever or the fact that he had to leave camp.

Cal Kramer is at a great advantage when he returns from a fishing trip. You see Cal keeps his fishing paraphernalia next to C. D. Stewart's fish market and as he emerges from his place folks naturally think he came from the fish market with his string of fish. However, Cal, good fisherman as he is, claims that he furnishes C. D. with all the fish he sells, which is evidence enough that he can hook 'em.

Paul Olsson has been working in the country during the past week, remaining there during the night. He's been staying with the finest kind of people, but Paul just can't understand how they live. You see Paul eats only two meals a day and where he's been staying they eat three meals every day—and what meals they are! He was forced to come to town Saturday night to keep from eating himself to death. And then some people say the farmer isn't any better off under the Democratic administration!

The Edenton baseball team played a bang-up game Sunday afternoon when they downed the West Haven team of Norfolk 4 to 1. The game had plenty of thrills too. In fact Clyde Lee Cates pulled off some of Fred Wood's old stunts of diving after a ball on a running catch saving a possible rally. And then Melvin Layton in the left field did an excellent job of fielding also. It was a good game and the sort of a crowd that should see most of the games.

Yes, sir, the Baptists are a fine bunch of people. They even allowed a Methodist to attend preaching service Sunday night, with an abundance of hand shaking after the service. Rev. Mr. Wells preached an excellent sermon in the course of which he took occasion to criticize the selling of intoxicating beverages in and around Edenton. "It's generally known," said Mr. Wells, "that intoxicants are sold in Edenton, except by those who have taken the oath of office to enforce the law." I disagree with the person on the latter part of his statement, for if all the officers of Chowan County are not aware of the places where liquor is sold, Chowan takes the cake for a bunch of dumb-heads in office.

It's said that Major Rowell recently sent some sort of beetle to Raleigh in order to determine the species of the thing, but in transit the bloomin' thing ate its way out and only an empty box reached Raleigh. It's a good thing the Major didn't put the beetle in his hip pocket

et and proceed to Raleigh.

Charles Bond, editor of The Jackson News, chronicles a rather disrupted family in his neighborhood. The father is a Republican, the mother a Democrat, the baby wet, the cow dry and the dog a communist. It's easy to tell the "party affiliation" of each, but the dog is supposed to be a communist because all he does is sit on his nethermost and growl. If that's the qualification of a communist, we have some in Chowan County, too.

The writer this week received a letter from Pugh Robinson to the effect that anything I publish in The Herald about him that I cannot "ascertain" will be held against me and The Chowan Herald.

Mr. Robinson is particularly peeved at Rev. W. T. C. Briggs' articles in connection with the dog inoculation law and he has every right to be. It isn't Mr. Robinson's law. He is only appointed to inoculate dogs and report violations. He hasn't even the power to make arrests. I believe Mr. Briggs has been very unfair to Mr. Robinson, and therefore I have deleted that portion of Mr. Briggs' letter this week directly referring to Mr. Robinson.

However, it isn't to be taken for granted by Mr. Robinson or anyone else for that matter that The Herald can be hushed in its mentioning of any names in connection with any matter of interest to Herald readers if it pertains to any phase of enforcement of law or duties of any office in which the people are a factor in filling that office. At least this will be as long as there is freedom of the press in this country and newspapers are not censored by a dictator.

As this is written the weather is so hot that it's ridiculous to think that Johnny Curran wore an overcoat to go to Tuscarora last Thursday to attend the Masonic picnic. But Johnny did wear an overcoat and was glad of it. The picnic was rained out and were it not for the brotherly love among the Masons, here's betting Friend Johnny would have come home minus his last winter's overcoat.

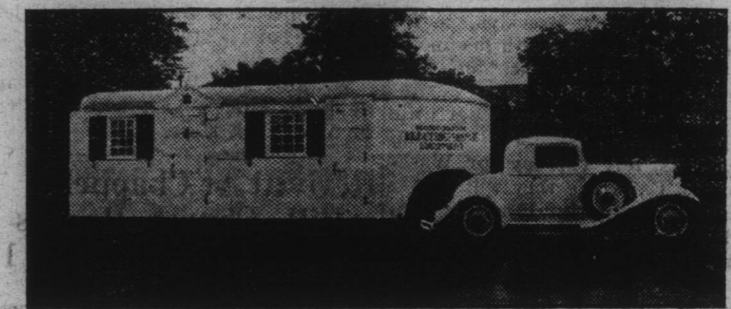
Now I know a long list of figures has something to do with a person's sight. At Monday's meeting of the County Commissioners Chairman Minton Warren had his head buried in the figures that decided the new tax rate. Suddenly he looked directly across the room where I was sitting and issued the following order: "Mr. Bunch, go tell Mr. Dixon to come in." However, yours truly didn't budge and as Mr. Warren put on his specs to see the reason why, he discovered I wasn't Maurice Bunch. Go ding, I'm getting better looking every day.

By reading just a few lines of Parson Briggs' article this week it is obvious that he either don't want to read correctly or else is very adept in finding reasons for an argument. How he gathered from my paragraph last week that I ordered him from the county because he is a Republican is beyond me. Why, ding bust his hide, I reckon his hair will stand up on end when I tell him that, though as far back as I can remember my forefathers were Democrats, I have in my lifetime voted a Republican ticket! "Who is Bufflap to order me out of Chowan County because I'm affiliated with the Republican party?" asks the Parson. In answer to which I'd say just an insignificant weekly newspaper editor who handed him a dose of the same medicine he gave to Harvey Thomas and which apparently makes his blood boil. Why Bufflap would be the last one to order Briggs from Chowan, especially at this time for if the Parson will recall, last year he promised me a nice big watermelon—like the inspectors throw out. Better cough up, Parson.

My blood is also boiling just now, but I'm blaming it on the bloomin' heat, so I'll ring off. I do want to say before closing, however, that if Parson Briggs uses as much energy to be correct in his writings as The Herald folks do to present news accurately, his letters would have a far different tone.

Right much is heard about counties requesting refunding of money spent on highways, but John White,

To Tell 'Em 'Bout 'Lec 'Twisty



One of the model demonstration cars that are soon to take to the rural areas to familiarize the sixteen thousand families who have electric service for the first time this year with the varied uses of electric service, the proper appliances to use in home, shop, dairy or farm-chores and the cost of its operation. Two of these cars have been purchased by the Carolina Power and Light Co. and a third of a slightly different type by the Duke Power Co. All will be operated and directed by the State Rural Electrification Authority.

Chowan's representative, studied the matter over, and cannot see how Chowan could ask for its part back in one breath and in the next ask for a bridge across the Albemarle Sound. To which I'd say "Amen." Give us the bridge, Mr. Highway Commissioners, and we'll call it square.

CONSTIPATED?

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