

THE CHOWAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1936.

THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT

WATCH: Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all: Watch.—Mark 13:35-37.

A MISPLACED WANT AD

Things hardly ever disappear in this lovely land of yesterday so a "Lost and Found" column in this great Palladian of Liberty has been an unnecessary quantity, but it, apparently, will have to be revived. There has been a great disappearance during the past year. One of the town's most valuable assets has been mislaid, and nobody seems to make any effort to recover it. It started off, rightly, as a prized municipal jewel but as far as results are concerned it has degenerated into a seed pearl of pinhead size.

So we incorporate this free classified ad—"Lost, a Business Men's Association, aftermath of a Chamber of Commerce organized one year and a half ago, been somewhat mostly and can't be aroused into activity. Thirty cents reward if found before it comes to life and finds itself."

And why not? Here was the nucleus of the greatest chance Edenton has had to be up and doing. It even runs with its original officers though it was understood that an annual meeting would be held and elect such officiating workers.

The Herald may be wrong. It doesn't intend to be or desire to be, but it asks in all humility, what, oh what, has the Association done? Other communities that have such bodies are making them the hub of every civic effort, but Edenton, as D. M. Warren told his Rotary brethren recently, "just seems asleep at the switch," and believe us that's a bad spot to snooze at.

Take our neighborly neighbor Williamston. It's up and doing all the time, and someone is on the job 24 hours every day. Nothing is talked of or proposed in this section of the hemisphere but that it seems to get an impetus first in Williamston. It grabs off everything—why even yesterday one read a couple of its trade board citizens were in Raleigh and stole a march on all of eastern North Carolina by having their town designated as one of the five State towns for sending out highway patrol radio information. Just a little evidence of activity. Williamston moved. Edenton read about it afterward.

Frankly, progress means doing something. A chance for a hosiery mill here has been bruted about for sometime. Nothing has been done to land it. Williamston or even Swan Quarter may get it. The proposal to put a big wood pulp paper manufacturing into eastern North Carolina has been in the air for several months. Not a move by Edenton or Chowan to pull off this \$2,000,000 plant. Plymouth, sleepy little Plymouth across the bay is after it. We're not. And why not, this and a hundred other things?

Let's get away from the fear of another "Edenton is a peanut town, and we could smell it before we could see it." Let's not lay back on the oars because a sound bridge is coming toward us soon, but, at that, far away from us. Let's at least start driving now to draw in this forthcoming bridge traffic instead of letting it slip gaily by through Yeopim and Bethel into Hertford and Elizabeth City.

Where are you, Business Men's Association? Awake and be the captain of your soul, the master of your fate. Do something, even if it is to have another banquet. Selah.

CALLING ALL CARS!

It won't be long now, probably around Christmas, before the cry "calling all cars! calling all cars!" will be shooting across the ether and maybe telling George Dail that if he would step on it and get quickly to Liza's Bottom or some other metropolitan spot he might be able to stop a couple of purps from maltreating the neighbor's chickens. A State-wide system of radio has been finally ordered for use in the Highway Patrol, and Captain Farmer says it means a saving of \$1,000,000 a year in property loss and damage.

A score of other states have the system in fine working order, and they all pronounce it a great success. Certainly it will make it harder on

HEARD AND SEEN

By "BUFF"

City folks may be used to hifalutin' dishes, such as salads and the like, but that sort of grub isn't so hot for some of the country folks who know what real eating is. For instance, recently a little boy from the country spent a brief vacation with relatives in town, and upon his return home, his mother asked him what he had good to eat. To which the youngster replied in a disgusted manner, "Oh, nothing much. Almost every day they gave me a leaf of cabbage covered with scraps." A by-stander, on hearing the youngster's remark, said that he had been wanting a good definition for salad for a long time, and he thought that filled the bill.

Yep, we're living in a fast age, so fast that somebody saw fit to change the school zone caution signs near the colored school. The signs originally read "15 miles per hour," but the figure "15" in 15 was changed to a "7" making the sign read 75 miles per hour. The latter speed just about suits a lot of automobile drivers, but the change doesn't set well with Chief of Police Helms. Fact of the matter is that he will have the signs repainted and has offered to pay \$5 reward to the person who furnishes information leading to the apprehension of the person or persons who tampered with the signs.

Though Dan Cupid appears somewhat inactive in these parts, as the number of marriage licenses issued shows, have you been noticing in The Herald lately the number of births? Well, we need a larger population anyway, so why not adopt the slogan: "More and better babies?"

It's hard to tell which is creating the most interest, the Taylor Theatre's Bank Night or the Red Men's stunt of giving away a dollar at each meeting. The Taylor draws a much larger crowd, however, but fails to pick a winner as often as the redskins. Louis Knox and G. E. Cullipher were winners in succession, but on Monday night Asa Griffin lost a buck by not being present. He's curing tobacco though, and is hoping the weed will turn in more than one green back.

Mayor Eddie Spires likes to chime in with his barbershop bass whenever the local Masonic lodge enjoys one of F. F. Muth's saur kraut suppers or any other eating affair, but he really knows good music when he hears it. He attended the Bertie County fifth Sunday sing held in the Edenton Baptist Church Sunday afternoon and says he never heard anything like it. He was very favorably impressed with the whole affair and no doubt got some tips for the next Masonic "sing."

The only thing I see to do is to make up a delegation to go over to Hayes and inspect Charlie Swanner's cotton crop. Following a statement in The Herald last week that he expected to pick cotton, I've been approached on numerous occasions as to the truthfulness of the story. Fact is one fellow told me that Charlie put a cotton boll in a refrigerator which froze the boll and made it bust open. And then Rufus Stokes

the criminal fraternity that makes motoring an adjunct to escape. Everyone will be curious to see how it justifies itself.

WE WELCOME A NEWCOMER

Hats off to Friend W. O. Saunders and his new morning dail! It was a success from the start and bids fair to be more so as the days of improvement roll along.

No one recognizes the difficulties encountered in getting out initial issues of a new newspaper better than newspaper men themselves, and we are in that class. It is always some job to make a start, but improvement follows hand in hand with progress.

The Independent has an opportunity to be a credit to the Albemarle, and this publication believes it will eventually be so. There's room for all of us, and our welcome to the new comer is real and sincere.

WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY

Now that the harvest moon in all its glorious full silvery splendor is beautifying the heavens and the school marms, God bless their blue-eyed, freckled faces—well, anyhow, rouged faces—are coming back, certainly the birds and the boys twitter joyfully, carolling a song of ineffable gladness and hope. It's fine to see such a gorgeous Lady Luna come out of the eastern sky every night now, and it's going to be fine to have our faculty friends back with us again.

In addition to tutoring our offspring, the teachers bring a restorative feeling of much happiness and comfort in their church attendance and Sunday School work. They are a blessing to the community in every way and summer never seems the same with them away. God bless them, every one, and may the fall and winter and spring months be long and lasting, solely because they will be with us.

ly reports that a number of out-of-state automobiles stopped at the Jenkins Motor Company inquiring where they could witness the cotton being picked. But Rufus, not having much confidence in yours truly nor Charlie Swanner, informed the visitors that it was just hot air and they left very much disappointed. Anyway, Friend Charlie says he's ready to produce the goods if anyone doubts his statement.

Of all the dampfoolishness and nonsensical things I ever heard is this "Knock, Knock" craze. But Chief of Police Helms pulled one on me the first day of the month. "Knock, knock," he said, to which I asked "Who's there?" "Bill," answered the Chief. "Bill who?" says I. To which the Chief took all the joy for the day from my system when he replied, "Bill collector." And sure enough they've been coming ever since.

With a rumor again in circulation that the Sinclair Oil Company will build an up-to-date filling station on the northeast corner of Broad and Queen Streets replacing the dilapidated dwelling house now there, that part of the business section ought to be well supplied. With the Bridge-Turn on one corner, the Gulf Station on another and the new one to be built, automobile drivers need not bother which way they turn for gas. Mike Kehayes has his restaurant on the other corner and right much "gas" is in there, too, sometimes, but it's mostly hot air.

John Holmes says he's never too old to learn. He made this statement Tuesday night at the meeting of Ed Bond Post after all those present had been asked to tell of some kind of an experience during the World War. Joe Rowlette, a recent addition to the Post, told of some of his experiences in doing laundry work overseas. "The stuff came in by carloads," he said, "and you'd be surprised to know how many folks were employed in doing this work." Friend John told his buddies that it was news to him that they even had laundry service during the War for the only things he had washed were those he did himself.

"Please send my paper to Apex this week and to Creswell next week," writes Ernest A. Swain. "I am sorry to bother you, but I cannot do without my Herald." It shall be done and such information makes us feel like doubling our efforts to produce a paper that readers "just cannot do without."

Harvey Thomas gets in Dutch very often, but he met his match last week. He is sort of hard of hearing and met up with two deaf and dumb men at Police Headquarters. Being strangers, Harvey proceeded to start a conversation and after asking a number of questions, and hearing no reply, he spouts out, "Hell, don't be afraid to talk, I won't have it in the paper." He about-faced toward the dock when Chief Helms told him the two men were deaf mutes.

This writer has many relatives and is glad to see them, but for some reason the notion struck too many of them at the same time to go to North Carolina this summer. The house has been full and the cupboard bare for about three weeks now. Which all strengthens my belief that the New Deal has helped a lot of people—especially in Pennsylvania.

Major John C. Bond dropped in the office the other day and pulled out the following little poem. The author is unknown, but at the sight of wobbling humanity it might fit in well for the birds who don't know when they have enough. Here 'tis:

DISGUSTED

One evening in October when I was far from sober
And dragging home a load with manly pride,
My feet began to stutter, so I laid down in the gutter,
And a pig came up and parked right by my side.
Then I warbled, "It's fair weather when good fellows get together,"
'Til a lady passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes by the company he chooses,"
Then the pig got up and slowly walked away.

And speaking of drunks, a subscriber handed me this little clipping from the Washington Cougar's Paw: "Take one reckless, natural-born fool; two or three big drinks of bad liquor; a high-powered, fast motor car. Soak fool in liquor, place in car and let go. After due time, remove from wreckage, place in black, satin-lined box and garnish with flowers."

"Why, hello," said a stranger to an Edenton man who has been out only a short time after being confined by illness and who was with his son, "you look better than your son." "Yes," said the son, "but I have a

longer time than dad to improve my looks."

With a spell of cooler weather the last few days and stores now open all day Wednesdays, maybe folks will soon again decide to live in Edenton instead of Nags Head. Anyway, here's one who'll be glad to see new life in business and hopes for a better fall business than last year. And who doesn't?

Attention is called to the advertisement of Goodwin's Quality Store this week. You'll notice Earl is advertising the Carnation Ormsby Butter King. This cow's production for the year would keep the average family of four supplied with milk for 24 years, or with butter for the same period of time. It must be some cow. Anyway, Dr. Dafoe will tell about it over the radio on September 14, and Mr. Goodwin asks "will you be a-listen'?"

St. Paul's Activities

(From its Weekly Bulletin, gotten out by Rev. C. A. Ashby.)

Services at 11 A. M. Sunday have been resumed. We are getting on our regular schedule now. Sunday School will be opening up; the Guild humming; the League flying; the vestry functioning wonderfully, as usual; men and women offering to help with the Sunday School and League, and anywhere they can be used; all shortages on duplex envelopes caught up, that we may pay the small balance we owe on our missionary side and keep the Church moving. Regular attendants at Church, Dossey Pruden, Meredith Jones, Charlie Conger, John Badham, Herbert Leary, Philip McMullan and many others will be in their pews.

It will be a pleasure to welcome these reliable and other friends and supporters back into harness. We hope to see the coming year one of increased activity, increased membership, increased giving, increased everything that pertains to our old Church, but the weight of the rector. We have been laying plans through the summer and believe we have some schemes that will keep the folks busy. Those mentioned above and many others, we know are ready to go to work for the Church. St. Mary's will convert the little office in the yard into a museum, (displaying some of our records and such), and a novelty shop to be known as St. Mary's Novelty Shop, which will be open a few hours week days, with all kinds of novelties, foods (and our Guild can surely get up the food) and so on for sale. We have been

gathering the exclusive agency of things on which a good profit can be made, such as a gum that does one's sewing, needle and thread being unnecessary, an electric light which attracts all insects, mosquitoes, gnats and puts them to death—an electrocution of all these pests, things that sell at a small cost, and the profit substantial. We have gotten our books out of the little office, giving many away, and taking the rest into the rectory. The girls will have to fix it up. I know they will not stand for the dirt and disorder which so pleased us. Mrs. R. P. Badham, president of our Guild, is for the novelty shop and we hope the rest of the members' come in. How about the men serving the women a dinner, charging 50 cents, as they do us? We must have some boss cooks among the men, and it is real fun to work out such a dinner. The women think we can't do this, but let's show them. Eugene Warren, Fred Wood, Charles Wales, Bill Summerell, Dr. Whichard and such must be excellent cooks while Fred Hoskins, Mr. Julien Wood, E. T. Rawlinson, Thomas Cheers, Jack McMullan and such would "look noble" as waitresses. Many plans in the offing we need you to put over.

Holy Communion envelopes will be mailed out soon. Put such sum as you please in yours, and place on the plate Communion Sunday, or give to Mrs. Summerell. The contents will be a discretionary fund, for the rector to use as he sees fit for the benefit of the parish.

Our Sunday School will use duplex

envelopes this season. It is we to begin using such envelopes city. School opens September 20. Our Senior Warden, Mr. E. R. Conger, who is spending the summer at his cottage at Virginia Beach, came over to Edenton Friday for a day's stay. It was good to see his useful and devoted officer of St. Paul's. There may be better Senior Wardens, but to quote "I don't do when nor whar." "The strength of the pack is the wolf," you are of wolves, but the principle applies—the strength of St. Paul's is he member and friend. So, "All ye body we," to do our full duty as privileged people, who may have Lord Jesus through His Church. Amen.

RETURNS TO CHICAGO SCHOOL
Miss Alma Winslow, who has been spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Winslow, on the Edenton-Suffolk Highway, returned Tuesday to Pitt County to resume her duties as a member of the Chicod school faculty. Mr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Eleanor Winslow accompanied her, returning home at night.

ENJOYABLE FISH FRY

A most delightful fish fry was enjoyed Friday at Mount Gould. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Winslow and children, of Winfall; Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Tynch and children, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson, Jamie Perry, Grice Tynch, Hebert Wilson, Miss Inez Tynch, and Miss Elizabeth Collins, of Richmond, Va.

NOTICE TO CHOWAN COUNTY TAXPAYERS

By order of the Chowan County Commissioners, I will on October 5, 1936, advertise property for sale for 1935 delinquent taxes, the sale to be held on Monday, November 2, 1936.

J. A. BUNCH,
Sheriff of Chowan County

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