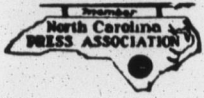


The Chowan Herald

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J. EDWIN BUFFLAP Editor
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THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1943

A Preventive for Inflation

All efforts to hold the line against inflation continue to hold their own—if at all—only by the skin of their teeth. Subsidies are expensive. OPA orders are hard to enforce. Pressures for price, rent, and wage increases threaten constantly to blow off the lid.

To lose this fight would be to skyrocket an already enormous burden of war debt, destroy the value of past savings, and pinch cruelly the living standards of all whose incomes do not rise with the creation of a war bubble.

The pressure for inflation will persist so long as surplus buying power bids for the limited goods available. The Administration has tried hard to absorb this money by taxation and by the sale of war bonds. So long, however, as bond purchase remains voluntary, there is no assurance that this will reach all the well-springs of inflation. And any straight-line taxation which squeezed out the excess war incomes would crush millions whose earnings had not appreciably increased.

Consequently there is sound sense in the proposal by Senator Bennett Champ Clark, for an excess profits tax on personal incomes. This would be in addition to present income taxes, and would be based on the increase of individual income over previous years. Ample basis for the computation of this increase exists in past tax returns held by the Revenue Bureau.

The possibilities for such a tax and the reasons for levying it have often been discussed on this page. The proponents of such plans generally would welcome inclusion of a forced saving feature by which the full amount of the levy would not be taken away from the payer as a tax but a portion would be returned to him after the war.

This type of tax would get at the sources of expensive pressure on prices with an effectiveness badly needed in the present battle against inflation.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Victory in the Jungle

Military men know that often it is the skirmishes that decide the battles which in turn settle the fate of continents. The effort they will rate the Australian-American victory at Mubo important. The village may be no more than a wide place on a jungle trail, and it is estimated that the Japanese never did have more than 1,500 men there. But it did sit astride the only track from Wau to Salamaua, and its capture opens the way for a closer investment of that center of enemy strength in New Guinea, which in turn is an outpost of the great strong point at Rabaul.

One noteworthy feature of the victory at Mubo is the fact that the Australians and Americans—the latter from the force that landed at Nassau Bay—were beating the Japanese at their own game of jungle war. The infiltration practices which the Allies found so hard to stop in Malaya, the Philippines, and Burma have been turned against the enemy. It is reported that the Australians and Americans surprised and cut off Mubo by pushing through supposedly impenetrable forest.

From the Solomons the same story has been coming. Our correspondent, Gordon Walker, who made the spectacular trek to Viru with the Marines, has described how the Americans have polished up their own tradition of pioneer days to outfight the Japanese in the jungle. This combined with the sort of air and sea victories which have recently been won in that area promises somewhat faster progress in the slow closing of Allied pincers in the Pacific.—The Christian Science Monitor.

HEARD and SEEN

By "BUFF"

Duke Hospital, Durham, N. C.
(Unable to figure out date)

Having just received the second copy of The Herald since being penned up in the hospital, methinks it's about time to bring my "vacation" to a close and help to fill up The Herald. This column is written while still lying flat on my back so that it will be a mell of a hess to write enough to fill a column, as well as a dickens of a job for Mrs. Julian Ward to interpret and put into type.

Well, I arrived at Duke Hospital on Sunday, July 4 (dickens of a way for a former Yankee to celebrate the Glorious Fourth) and early Monday morning Doctor John Dees and his assistants began to carve on me. I don't know what they sliced away, but they mowed me down, and I mean down.

Upon my arrival, no little time was spent in the admitting office, where I finally was given a nice room on the third floor. An orderly was called to take me to my room, and a slow-moving dandy of the "Lightening" type led me and my oldest son, who accompanied me in a march which seemed to me to be a death march. But men in the admitting office, and upon my arrival in my room, nurses and doctors asked if I or my son was the patient. Having been told that I would be operated upon about 8 o'clock the following morning, the hours I spent in my room until that time seemed to me to be about how a fellow feels on death row the night he is to be executed. I expect I was just about as inquisitive a patient as they have ever had here, for I wanted to know the whys and wherefores of everything that was done. Despite my questions, the information I received was exactly nothing. For instance, when I was measured and weighed, I wanted to know the result. "Well," said the orderly, "I don't know, 'cause yo' height is in centimeters an' yo' weight is in kilograms." Then I wanted to know how my blood test came out, but the interne taking that told me only that I was a red-blooded American. The next thing I wanted to know was why another doctor had to tap around on me with a rubber hammer. It looked as though he was playing that game of hitting a guy on the knee to watch the leg jump. I must have been scared stiff, for my leg just wouldn't jump when hit on the knee. However, I was told to clasp my hands and pull and when doing that my leg acted like it should. The nurses then took my temperature and heart beat and, of course I wanted to know how I was stacking up. About the most satisfaction I could get from my questions was "Oh, I think you'll live through it," or "You're just fine." I liked the latter remark best. But, shucks, the nurses do some of their work backwards. For instance, they make regular calls and stick a thermometer in my mouth. Then a little later, they call around and "hold hands" to count my heart beat. Gosh all hemlock, if they want to register some temperature, they ought to "hold hands" first and then ram the thermometer in my mouth.

The climax to the pre-operation period came when I was asked to sign a statement which read something like this: "I, J. Edwin Bufflap, being of sound mind, hereby consent to and authorize an operation Gee whiz, things were taking on a serious aspect, and I at first thought I was signing my will. Of course, I had to sign the statement, but it seems as though they kept everything more or less of a secret except the cost of my operation. Part of the bill was presented to me at the end of the first week. "Hold on," I told the ady presenting the bill, "call a doctor before I look at it, for I feel a relapse coming on."

While being operated on, I was informed that I was talking up a storm. Gosh, wonder what I might have said. At any rate, they made me take out my artificial teeth, so that maybe the two nurses attending me while on the operating table couldn't understand what I was saying.

Now, that I've reached the operations, I want to pay tribute to a group of very attractive and pleasant nurses. This hospital, like all other hospitals, is operating under a great handicap. All rooms, something like 600, are filled with patients, so that both doctors and nurses are being worked to the straining point. But, despite this fact, they are a cheery group, their primary desire apparently being to make a patient's stay in the hospital as pleasant as possible. And so far as I am concerned, the group of nurses who have attended me have treated me royally. They could not have contributed any more than they have to my comfort and welfare. They are angels of mercy and have made my sojourn in a hospital more of a pleasure than

the trying ordeal which I had anticipated. Those nurses who have had to contend with me were Misses Hartley, Davis, Riddle, Hutchins, Ritch, Dixon, Runyon, Smith of Clinton, Smith of Albemarle, Nix, Hickman, Harrison, and a few more whose names I do not remember. My hat is off to every one of them, as well as to the nurses' aides, and other young ladies who serve meals as well as perform other duties in a sick room. They're all a swell bunch of gals and, if I were not married, I'd like to marry all of 'em.

Then, too, there were other things which helped to make my stay here pleasant. Judge Richard Dixon and R. J. Cobb of the Old Dominion Paper Company of Norfolk, Va., each sent me a box of cigars. Mrs. Frank Hughes sent me a box of home-made candy (oh, boy, that's where I got on the good side of the nurses). My son sent a carton of cigarettes and other presents were received, so that I have not been in want of anything, while offer after offer has been made to do anything for me. The monotony of looking at four bare walls has been broken by beautiful floral tributes from the Masons, Red Men, Methodist Sunday School and my relatives. The flowers were very beautiful, claiming flattering comments from the nurses, and the thought which prompted the sending of them shall be cherished by me and the friendship represented helps to make me one of the richest persons alive, for friendship is worth far more to me than anything money can buy.

Then, too, I cannot forget the many cards and letters received while in bed. The volume of my mail almost reached the proportion of fan mail. To acknowledge all of this mail in The Herald would almost compare to listing the Red Cross roll call members, so that I want to thank each and every one for their messages which aside from breaking the monotony of the long hours while lying in bed included many encouraging remarks as well as wishes for a speedy recovery. I really appreciate them and they, too, helped to make my stay more pleasant.

Telephone calls from Charlie McCullers and Andrea Rowell, both located at Camp Butler, and from Miss Addie Mae Cooke from Winston-Salem while attending the U. N. Press meeting also had the effect of cheering me up.

My visitors included Guy Fornes, formerly an Edentonian but now living at Durham. Guy was especially considerate and every time he called offered to do anything he could for me. Then Charlie McCullers slipped away a couple of times to see me. Ted Johnson, former editor of the Windsor Ledger-Advance, now at Oxford, dropped in on his way home from the Press meeting. A young Marine from Geo gia, recently made a Mason, called, as did Mrs. Cam Byrum and Mrs. Pollard of Greenville, whose husband is a patient here. Other callers included George Alma Byrum, Maurice Bunch, Jr., Deputy Shade Felton and his son, Don, of Rocky Mount, my daughter, Dorothy, my son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bufflap of Williamston, and my grandson, Eddie, Francis Manning of Williamston, Miss Henrietta Fagan, sister of Mrs. R. P. Badham, who is connected with the chaplain's office at the hospital, Miss Marguerite Hollowell, who is now working in Durham. I understand Henry Gardner, Jr., is now

stationed at Duke in the Officers' Candidate School and that he will call to see me if he can slip off long enough. All of these calls were appreciated, for time hangs on while in a hospital bed and to be able to speak for a brief time with some friends helps no little in passing the time away.

I was no little surprised Thursday night when I thought I recognized a voice nearby. I listened and was convinced I heard Cam Byrum speaking. I listened some more and then was not so sure. But again I felt certain enough that it was Cam speaking. I inquired of a nurse if a Mr. T. C. Byrum was in one of the rooms. She obligingly investigated and found that Cam was in the room next to me. Quite a coincidence in a place as large as this. Anyway, Cam has gone home, spending only a few days here, either for the purpose of having the doctors look him over or else so that he could look the nurses over. The latter would have been more enjoyable, except that the sweet young things are as busy as bees and have little time to waste chewing the rag with patients. They do their work in a hurry and in a sick room it seems as though every move they make they accomplish something.

But Durham, from a hospital bed, is a peculiar place, for at night it seems as though it will never get dark and in the morning it appears as though daybreak is several hours behind schedule. If there are those in Edenton who still object to hearing the Court House clock tap off the hours during the night, here's a motion to send it to Durham and put it outside my window, for it would be sweet music to me.

Up to this point it would be hard for me to say how many flings I have taken at writing this column, but it is now Sunday afternoon and I'm going to finish or bust. For the information of my friends, I was allowed to sit up 15 minutes Saturday afternoon and on Sunday afternoon took a ride on a wheel chair, chasing up and down the halls and peeping in rooms where folks were as bad off and even worse than I. It might be interesting to note, too, that on my first attempt to stand up, I was too weak to navigate by myself, so that after a little ride, I was glad to flop back in bed.

I have been advised that I will be released from the hospital today (Thursday) unless something unforeseen develops. I expect to go as far as Williamston, where I will spend a day or two before returning home. So, until I can see my friends, I want to thank each and every one for their interest and well wishes, and I hope that now I have undergone a double operation and have had a long rest, that I will be in better position to get out a more interesting news paper and be of more service in the community.

This, then, is what I have been seeing, hearing and experiencing in Duke Hospital, my first trip to one, and though I am perfectly satisfied with the treatment received, I hope it will be the last trip to one in the role of patient.

MALARIA IN 7 DAYS
take 666
Liquid for Malarial Symptoms

Lions Club Enjoys Large Attendance At Regular Meet

The Lions Club boasted of a goodly attendance, and a delicious meal, at their Monday night's meeting in the Mitchener Building.

Venetian blinds have been added to the windows of the Lions' new quarters, and the place has all the attractiveness of an active, comfortable club room.

With all of last year's business being disposed of, in a most satisfactory way, and the retiring president reporting the club's purchasing \$600 worth of war bonds last year, the new president, O. E. Duncan, and his committees, girded their belts a little tighter, with a determination to out do the purchasing record of last year's club activities.

Wardie W. Henigar Buried Tuesday P. M.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the home near Ryland, for Wardie W. Henigar, 42, who died Monday afternoon. The Rev. E. L. Wells, pastor of the Edenton Baptist Church, conducted the service. Interment was made in the family burying ground.

The deceased is survived by his wife, Mollie Bunch Henigar, and three children, Gladys, LeRoy and Dorothy. His mother and two sisters also survive.

Mr. Henigar had been in ill health for several months. He underwent a series of brain operations at Duke Hospital, Durham, some months ago, but had been at home for some time. He began to grow worse and was confined to his bed for three weeks before he died.

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