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THE CHOWAN HERALD EDENTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1950.

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J. EDWIN BUFFLAP\_\_\_\_\_\_Editor HECTOR LUPTON\_\_\_\_\_Advertising Manager SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year \_\_\_\_\_\_\_S2.00 Six Months \_\_\_\_\_\_\_S1.25 Entered as second-class matter August 30, 1934, at the Post Office at Edenton, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879. Cards of thanks, obituaries, resolutions of respect, etc., will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1950.

## Something Looks Screwy

It should be interesting to Edenton and Chowan County citizens to note that Dr. B. B. McGuire, District Health Officer, in accordance with his authority embodied in a milk ordinance passed by the District Health Department on May 18, has declared a shortage in Chowan County of locally produced Grade "A" pasteurized milk as of August 1.

Dr. McGuire's declaration means that Grade "A" pasteurized milk processed outside of the four-county health district may be distributed for consumption in Chowan County until such time as an adequate supply of locally produced Grade "A" pasteurized milk is available.

All of which makes the May 18 milk ordinance passed by the District Health Department ridiculous, in the opinion of The Herald. The Health Department's primary interest should be in the direction of health and to see that milk sold for consumption meets all the necessary health requirements, and not be, apparently, as much or more interested in who sells milk or where it comes from.

What The Herald finds hard to understand is why, from a health standpoint, it is all right to distribute milk processed outside of the district in Edenton and Chowan County when there is said to be a shortage of local milk, and then when milk is plentiful, it becomes a violation of the law to sell the very same milk. As a matter of fact, The Herald doubts seriously if there is any more of a milk shortage in Chowan County now than it was on May 18, when the screwy milk ordinance was passed.

According to Dr. McGuire's "emergency" declaration, milk which meets the health requirements but processed outside of the four-county health district will be permitted to be sold in Chowan County as heretofore, which is as it should be. The Health Department should have no authority, and The Herald doubts if it has, to pass ordinances which have to do with selfish elimination of legitimate competition.

The screwy May 18 milk ordinance should be rescinded.

## They Need Help

It is to be regretted that it was necessary to abandon the Albemarle League for the current season. Two of the major causes contributing to folding up of the league were lack of attendance at games, which was general throughout the circuit, as well as continuous rains causing games to be postponed. The latter prevented any income while at the same time expenses of various clubs went on. Of course, the rain was the business of the Almighty and nothing can be done about it. There is, however, a feeling of lack of cooperation on the part of fans who turned out in comparatively small numbers for the games which were played, causing baseball officials to face a financial problem from the outset. Gate receipts failed to meet the running expenses of the clubs and rather than continue to roll up a mounting debt, it was decided to call it quits. In Edenton the baseball deficit is about \$3,500 and a drive is now in progress to raise this amount by contributions. Some of this amount has already been raised, but there still remains a substantial balance which must be secured if baseball officials are to clean up the indebtedness. Baseball officials themselves have worked hard and made many sacrifices in order to provide the great national pastime for this community. In some instances hard cash was put up by officials themselves to meet the weekly payroll. At the outset of the league the officials had no idea of making any mony for themselves, but purely for the sport they did everything in their power to get together a creditable team, which they did. The Colonials were leading the league when play suspended, and now are tied with Plymouth in a seven-game series. President W. J. Daniels says he has never seen a more sportsmanship like or cleaner goup of boys than those who make up the Colonials this season. They have conducted themselves like gentlemen and played a good brand of ball, and he would like to see the debt cleaned up. Officials believe Chowan County baseball fans are sports enough to make contributions in sufficient amount to pay off all indebtedness, and say any contribution will be gratefully received. Any fan willing to help is urged to make a contribution at once. It will really be appreciated.



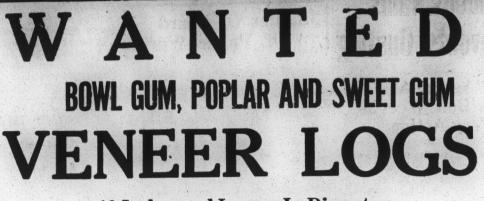
Sometimes I think people are getting better. Being so used to getting bawled out for this or that reason, it was rather comforting this week to be complimented instead of catching the devil. In the first place, Percy Perry is always riding me about something, but on Monday, for once being in a serious frame of mind, complimented me upon the editorial comment I made last week about the local milk situation. "It's one of the best things you ever wrote," he said. T'anks, Percy. (Oh, yes, aren't watermelons about ripe, Percy?) Mrs. Gus Moore also was very complimentary in a conversation Wednesday morning just before I started to grind out this column. Then Mrs. D. B. Liles called me over the phone to thank me for trying to find Mr. Liles' watch which he lost. The watch has not been returned, but she thanked me just the same. T'anks, too, Mrs. Liles. Kind words every once in a while have a soothing effect on almost everybody. Let's all hand 'em out a little more frequently.

Now that I am again sleeping back in town, I find I have made a good friend out at Ernest Lee's cabin, where I've been sleeping for about two months. The new friend is little Jeannette Lee, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Having checked out of cabin No. 6 on Monday morning, it was, of course, available to tourists. Early Monday evening the cabin was rented, but when the tourists started to enter, little Jeannette piped out, "You can't go in there, that's Mr. Bufflap's cabin. He sleeps in there, and you cannot go in." But they went in just the same despite the protest of my little friend.

I've found out that it's rather embarrassing to belong to a women's organization. As an example, I'm a member of the Degree of Pocahontas and the ladies are planning to hold a cake sale at the Quinn Furniture Store Saturday morning. Every member is requested to bake a cake for the sale. Well, the one I bake should sell at a premium. Then, too, the ladies expect to have an apron sale very shortly, when each member will be asked to make an apron to sell. If I make an apron it should fit just about as good as that bloomin' garment I had to wear at the hospital a few weeks ago. What the heck am I, anyway, being asked to bake a cake and make an apron?

Folks around here apparently are not the only ones who have reason to complain about excessive rain. While in Richmond the latter part of last week, it rained (not sprinkled) all day Friday and a friend told me it had rained there almost every day since July 4. Incidentally, my trip to Richmond has resulted in a dickens of a lot of explaining. Well, it was "business," brother!

Mr. and Ms. E. T. Rawlinson went to see a baseball game one night last week, it bing the first time Mrs. E. T. saw a game. E. T., as usual, began rooting and complaining about the umpire's decisions, and after a while Mrs. E. T. asked, "Why are you so noisy?" Another fan sitting nearby, who has seen E. T. at many a game, piped out, "Shucks, Mrs. E. T., you don't know nuthin,' he's quiet tonight. You ought to hear him at some of the games."



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With the Korean war situation becoming more serious and drafting of men now in effect, I learned about a new classification last week. Ep Debnam asked a colored boy in which classification he was placed. "Ise in Class C-B," replied the Negro. Ep never heard of such a group, so he asked the colored bey what sort of a classification C-B is. The boy answered, "C-B means that I'll see you when you leave and I'll be here when you come back." Maybe a lot of fellows would like to be in the same classification.

Not having been fishing for about two months, I've not had much to say in this column about fishing. As a result, a reader over in Tyrrell County saw Cal Kramer the other day and wanted to know what the trouble was. The guy told Cal I printed a lot of bunk about fishing, but over where he lives there's no need to tell lies about the fish they catch. In fact, he said that a fellow is more or less disappointed if he casts with more than one hook on a plug and pulls in only one bass—why they even catch a bass on each hook, he said and then sometimes a hungry bream follows the bass and jumps right in the boat. Nope, that guy doesn't have to stretch his fishing stories at all.

And speaking about fishing. I had a letter from Shields Haste, who lives at Ocean Springs, Miss. He said now that his mother, Mrs. Joseph Haste, is enioving the good Gulf breeze, she wants The Herald to keep informed about home town happenings. "Fishing along the Gulf coast has been very good this summer," said Shields, and invites anv of his friends to go down. Better be careful, Shields, for with fishing around here on the fritz, you're liable to have company one of these days.