

Mrs. Leary, 83, Taken In Death

Mrs. J. C. (Dick) Leary, 83, of Tyner, died Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Welch, Jr., in Washington. A native of Chowan County, Mrs. Leary was born November 29, 1885, daughter of the late Jordan and Celio Brinkley Hollowell. She was married to Julius Craig Leary, who survives.

In addition to her husband and daughter, surviving are six half brothers: Carlyle Hollowell of Ahoskie; C. J. and Ralph Hollowell of Tyner; Wilburn Hollowell of Cora-

SPECIAL PROGRAM
W. P. (Spec) Jones will present a program on child welfare at the regular meeting Tuesday of Edward G. Bond Post, American Legion. Jones is chairman of the post's welfare committee. Commander J. L. Chestnutt urges all Legion members to attend.

peake, Va.; Luke Hollowell and Ray Hollowell, both of Portsmouth, Va.; a half sister, Mrs. Raleigh Hobbs of Hobbsville; one grandchild and two great grandchildren.

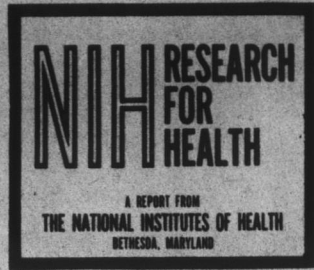
She was a member of Ballard's Bridge Baptist Church, where funeral services were held at 2 P. M. Monday with Rev. George Cooke and Rev. Ralph Knight in charge. Burial was in the church cemetery.

Pallbearers were: Edgar, Douglas, Robert, Ralph, Clyde, Herbert, William and Elton Hollowell.

Williford Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

Official Stupidity

"How can I get a permit to carry a revolver?"
"Why do you want one?"
"Do you carry large sums of money?"
"Don't be silly. It's to get a roll that I want the gun."



may help cause these attacks. The disease often begins with a feeling of fullness or pressure in the affected ear, followed by dizziness. This may be complicated by temporary hearing loss and nausea. Diagnosis and treatment by a physician are important and may include medication to stop the dizziness and prevent excess fluid in the inner ear. Treatment is important since the attacks can make work or driving unpleasant or even dangerous, and the temporary hearing loss could become permanent nerve deafness.

Research now being conducted and supported by the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness (NINDB), a component of the National Institutes of Health, seeks to help those affected with dizziness. Because both dizziness and nerve deafness involve the inner ear, many research projects and programs on deafness also are concerned with the cause, prevention, and treatment of dizziness.

More than 40 bone bank laboratories are located in cities throughout the United States. These laboratories offer those with a medical history of deafness or dizziness a chance to contribute after death to research on ear disorders. These people may bequeath their inner ears to a bone bank to be used in research studies. Grants from NINDB aided in establishing the bone banks and support the research conducted there.

In addition, the Institute supports five major clinical research programs. In these medical centers, an intensive and varied program of research involves the ear. Basic and clinical research studies are aimed at discovering the fundamental nature of dizziness and nerve deafness.

For further information about dizziness, write to this newspaper for a copy of the new NINDB pamphlet, "Dizziness, Hope Through Research," 228-NDB-1268-B

AA MEETS SUNDAY

The Chowan County AA will meet at the Chowan Community Building Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Rain And Puddles

By MURRELL SMITH
Autumn and winter came early this year, and already the football season is over. The fields and meadows are gleaming with wet puddles of running water.

Across the wet meadows black cows graze in the biting wind; in the soft clay rabbit tracks run here and there.

Across the Sound the pulp mill spreads a stinking, disgusting odor so strong that you can cut it with a knife—the stench is overpowering.

In the meadows small streams of rain water run by; frozen cow manure in the teeth of the raw wind; you can hear someone swearing from one end of town to the other end. Heaps of straw has been piled up for the cattle.

As always about this time a full moon is born after a mist of rain; the sky is painted pink-red with silver and laced with clouds.

It's wet out but the school bells ring out loud and clear; grade by grade they come out hollering. For a minute there is every sort of noise imagined, then the noise is broken by the teacher's voice yelling, "The grounds aren't clean enough; there's too much paper—clean it up!"

The streams are swollen from the rains and the raindrops jump from pebble to pebble and from house top to house top singing and beating a tuneful melody.

A little freckled faced boy fluttering with his work; a little girl red lips and dark eyes stands admiring him dreamily and wanting him to play with her. He replies boastfully, "Look! Can't you see I'm too busy to play with you?"

From the very beginning of their day to the very end studying, playing and wrestling—then some one is kicked on the leg—he goes off crying, alone. Blocks from the school

the whitecaps leap from wave to wave and a lonely bell tolls in the channel.

Towards another dawn when the earth is orange-pink and misty red men, women and children rise one by one for the day is anew and the earth is aglitter.

A dog raises his bristles at a beautiful teacher that passed by my house on her way to school; in a little while the whole town will be drinking coffee or milk, eating eggs and just being happy. My grandmother says, "I have never seen a day as lovely as this."

As the mist was spraying over the Sound a beautiful woman stared at me provocatively on her way uptown. I go to the P & Q, but no sooner did I get there I had to go back home—I had completely forgotten everything.

In the teeth of the raw wind the rains once again leap from pebble to pebble and from house top to house top—it's wet out but again the school bells ring out all over town. In the afternoon they come out hollering like made and the hollering is broken by a teacher's voice that rings out loud and clear, "Get in a straight line!" And she thinks secretly to herself, "I want to get rid of all of you just as bad as you want to go!"

Here and there along the streets puddles of water glitter like shattered mirrors broken into little slivers. Through a window a slender, dark-haired woman combed her hair over and over and rubbed her red lips with her finger over and over again.

One could smell the rain in the air—in the darkness sadness overcame me—just then a car sped by spattering my face and clothes—coming straight at me an enormous woman cried out violently, "What time did you get in last night, you worm?" Her husband shrugged.

All around me people look me over suspiciously and say he's crazy and flee from me—from one house to another. All around I can hear the splashing of feet and the splitting sound of doors slamming. I look about me and not a person do I see anywhere. I hear a faint cry and someone says, "Wait for me!" In the heavy splashing of water I recognize her and our silhouettes quiver and sway in the water.

On the way home I repeated her beautiful name over and over as the willows flap their twigs against the houses and the lights in a row of windows gleam between the branches along the street and the lights go out, one by one.

All the next day I felt extremely elated as thunderclap of lightning shook everyone up around me—crowds of people, hobos, tramps, young people, old people, workers, socialites and lovely women, in brilliant clothes darted from place to place in front of me. I met the woman from the night before looking straight into my eyes and an excited sensation came over me as her hair ran down her face and her artificial flowers fell to the ground and was crushed in the stirring feet getting out of the rain.

As the rain spattered around and about and from pebble to pebble once more, the sky was painted pink and adorned in red—and a gloriously bright light reflected in her soul.

As my thoughts passed over and beyond reality, I remember two amusing sketches I spent the summer painting her forever in my memory—and her outline was always spattered in rain—the rains fell from pebble to pebble and from house top to house top—singing and beating a tuneful melody.

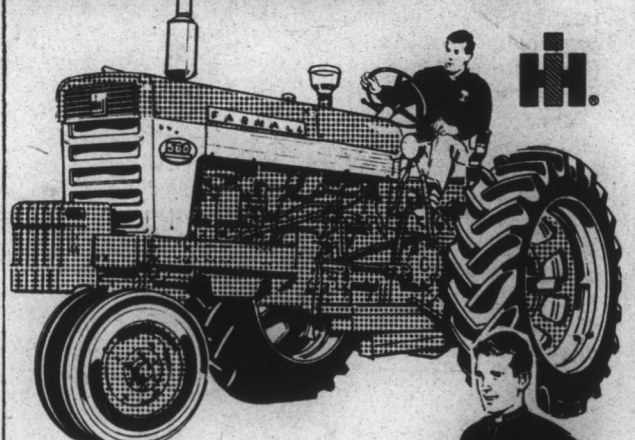
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A Thought to Remember

By MARVIN BARHAM



There is a remarkable story about an Englishman by the name of James Holman.

Holman lost his eyesight at the age of twenty-four, and he became the most restless blind man in history.

He kept on the move, touring and traveling around the world. The fascinating part of this man's story is that he published several books on travel and things to see. Even though he was blind, he compiled the finest book written on sightseeing.

This is a classic example of what a person can do if he really has the desire.

So many of us—with all our facilities—end up many times with few or no great accomplishments. We don't have the nerve of the blind man who went sightseeing around the world.

OUR THOUGHT TO REMEMBER: Life is going to be exactly what we make it.

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