

Weekly Perspective

Our view

Leftovers will require government attention

Town and county government recorded some achievements to be proud of during 1980.

Among them was the decision by the county commissioners to seek funding to study water quality in area rivers.

Another proud moment was the dedication of the addition to Perquimans County High School. Hertford officials can point to their second straight designation as a Community of Excellence.

And the town of Winfall is taking a progressive step in seeking to initiate zoning.

But local government also enters the new year with plenty of unfinished business to attend to.

The most immediate problem is what to do about the county recreation department. The town of Hertford says it wants to shift its 50 per cent share of the budget over to the county.

County officials say they can afford to allocate no more than their present share

of the budget, or \$30,000.

We have advocated a larger share of the recreation department budget for the county, but something less than a 100 per cent takeover.

The town of Hertford, however, must continue to wrestle with a budget deficit, and somewhere or another, cuts are going to have to be made.

In addition, the county must work to extend its water system so that it can serve all county residents. The county should also work to improve the operation of its system to the extent that complaints of bad water will cease to exist.

The town of Hertford must make Missing Mill Park a top priority for 1981, before inflation makes the waterfront park "missing" from now on.

There are many more left-overs that need to be attended to. In brief, local government has its work cut out for it in the coming year.

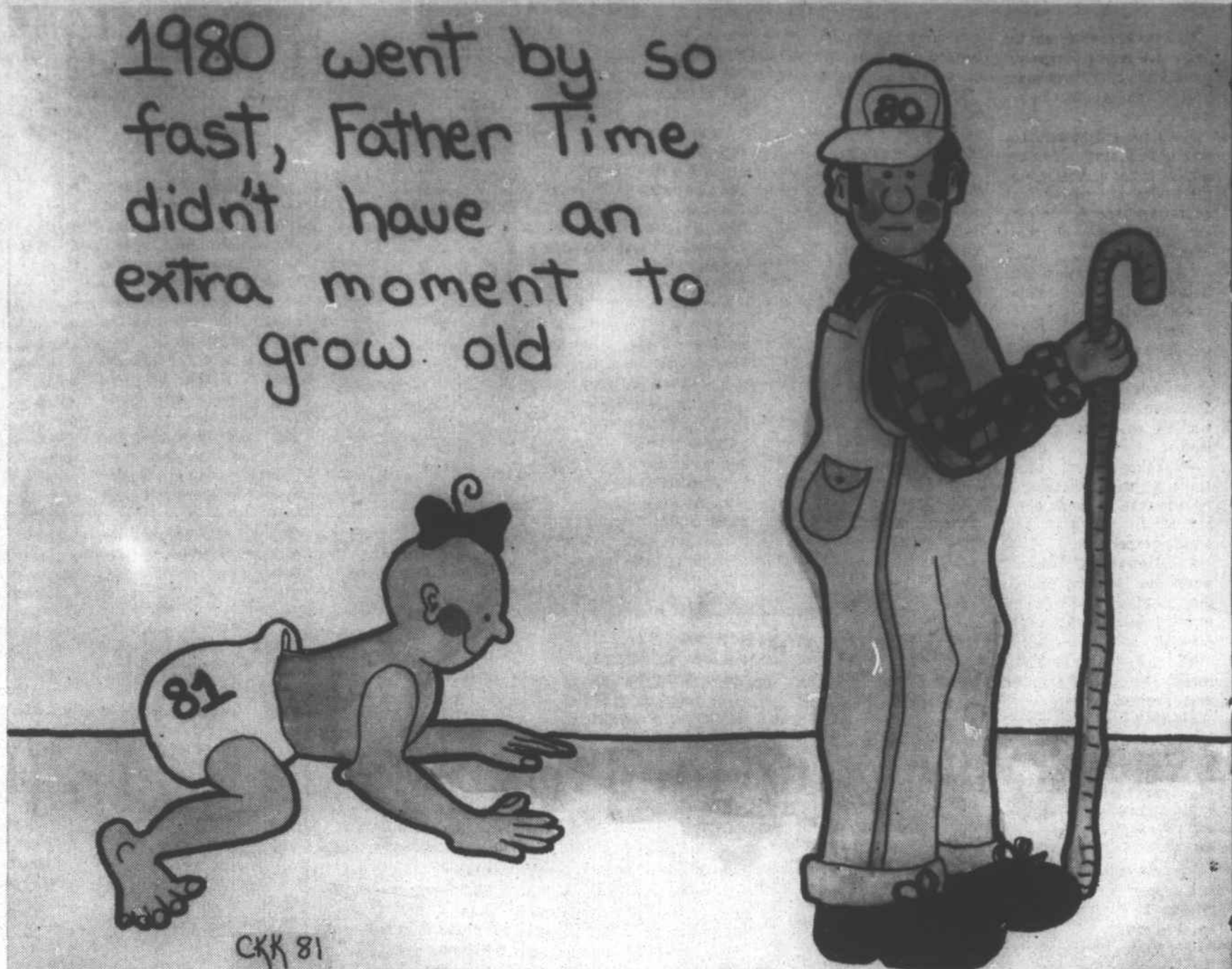
Looking back

By VIRGINIA WHITE
TRANSEAU
JANUARY 1943

JANUARY QUOTA FOR WHITE MEN REDUCED BY TWENTY PERCENT: The January call for white men from the local Selective Service lists has been reduced twenty percent, according to Mrs. Ruth Sumner, clerk of the board, and Perquimans County will be expected to furnish a total of 36 white men on Jan. 23, instead of 45 as originally called. The call for Jan. 23 will be filled from the following list of men: Haywood Um-

phlett, Vivian Dail, Norman Stallings, Bernard Proctor, Kyres Copeland, Kelly White, Linwood Onley, Johnnie Winslow, William Cox, Lester Layden, Emmett Landing, Emmett Umphlett, Thomas Trueblood, Johnnie Jordan, Trafton White, Judson Miller, Riley Monds, Ernest Phillips, George Fields, Horace Cartwright, Leroy Dail, Glenwood Stallings, Lloyd Chappell, Guy Webb and James Elliott.

WORK OF RENOVATING BANK UNDERWAY HERE: The work of renovating the Hertford Banking Company building is progressing.



1984 — three more years, or now?

"We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power. Not wealth or luxury or long life or happiness; only power, pure power."

It is O'Brien speaking, and the year is 1984, in the novel of the same name. Only three more years — or is 1984 already upon us?

One could write off George Orwell's bone-chilling prediction and say that the gloomy depiction of Oceania merely reflected the pessimism of a fading man. After all, Orwell wrote in 1949, and his forecasts of atomic war and increased poverty have not been fulfilled.

But that would be to miss the point of the novel, 1984. What Orwell was warning us against was the onset of the institutionalized state, of the control of the masses by a small group of men hungry

for power — the "Inner Party."

He uttered a protest and a warning against the "Ministry of Truth" — that arm of deception by which totalitarianism would first gain power and then perpetuate itself.



Noel Todd McLaughlin

The characters in 1984 are wooden, like cardboard cut-outs. But this does not reflect on Orwell's skill as a writer. His

style characterizes the erosion of individual thought when the mind has become a slave to the "Ministry of Truth."

If freedom of expression does not reign, the ability to express weakens, as does the ability to make critical choices. Citizenship then becomes a blind obedience, which is exactly what the "Inner Party" wants.

Three more years — or is 1984 already upon us? The 20th century has already seen a steady drift toward totalitarianism. Oceania is a reality for millions and millions. In many parts of the world, opposition groups are banned, their leaders jailed, or worse. The press is censored and the Inner Party discloses only what it wants to disclose, and even then it is embellished.

Ironically, it is always in the name of "freedom."

And what of America, the Land of the Free? The possibility of 1984 is more real than most people care to admit. We have already witnessed the ability of the "Inner Party" to manipulate public opinion. We are told there is a fuel shortage, and then later we find that the oil companies are experiencing a surplus.

We are told that the Shah of Iran is our friend, and then later we learn of his crimes against his countrymen.

We are told that every possible method of freeing the American hostages from their Iranian captives has been investigated, yet they remain.

Three more years? Or is 1984 already upon us?

Indians lived simply

Before the arrival of European explorers at the close of the sixteenth century, the Indians who inhabited our area had long followed their simple way of life with little interruption save the vicissitudes of nature and the wars between villages and tribes.

In establishing villages, the Indians preferred fertile, forested ground near water. What is now Perquimans County contained many desirable sites. It is near water that the Indians left us traces of their habitation. It is upon the waters that they left us fragments of their language.



Ray Winslow

Our major river — and our county itself — bears the Indian name Perquimans. According to local lore, the word means "land of beautiful women." No confirmation of this translation has been produced; there is some reason to speculate the notion originated with medicine-showman George Nowitzky in the 1890s.

Yeopim River and Yeopim Creek recall the presence of the Yeopim Indians. Then, at the opposite side of the county is Little River, whose Indian name was variously spelled Kecoughtanke, Kitotin, Katotine, and Katoline.

Muddy Creek once bore the name Awosake, while Suttons Creek or one of the smaller creeks nearby, was called Currahticks.

The Indian villages were generally

small, many containing only ten or twelve houses. These houses were not the teepees most people imagine as the home of all Indians; movies and television have seldom depicted the many varying forms of tribal life accurately.

Our local Indians built wigwams and long houses. Poles were set into the ground, their tops bent over and fastened, and the framework covered with bark or mats of reed. The smaller houses were circular in form, the larger ones rectangular.

Inside such a house were pole benches covered with mats of skins, serving for sitting and sleeping. In the center was a fire for heating and cooking; smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. The sides of the house could be rolled up to ventilate the interior during the long hot summer.

Hand-made clay pots and woven baskets served for storage. Indian foodstuffs were obtained by hunting, gathering, fishing, and simple planting.

Indian men with bow and arrow hunted bear, deer, squirrel, rabbit, raccoon, beaver, and even skunk. Fish of all sorts were arrow-shot, trapped in weirs or poisoned. Nuts and berries were gathered from the forests.

Agriculture was left primarily to the women. Small patches of ground were cleared as well as crude tools and burning would allow. Corn, beans, peas, and squash were planted for food; gourds for making containers; and tobacco chiefly for religious uses.

Hunting grounds, fishing waters, and crop patches were close to the village. It was often not safe to wander far away, since wild animals and enemies were constant threats. Many villages were fortified by encirclement with stout upright poles set close together.

(Part 4 next week)

Facing South

a syndicated column:
voices of tradition
in a changing region

CULLMAN, AL. — There are roads and roads and roads...

There is the modern freeway, spewing traffic at dizzying pace; the jammed city street, reeking with exhaust fumes; the meandering farm-to-market road; and all too infrequently now, the old forgotten road, wandering like a free spirit, to nowhere.

That is my kind of road. I offer it as a sure cure for melancholia, claustrophobia, pressures, and the general feeling that there is really nothing interesting in the world any more.

In Cullman, Alabama, an old road ran behind the subdivision where we lived.

The road was a deletion, a series of curves bypassed by man in his efforts to build straighter highways. It left the paved farm-to-market road just below our house and appeared to end after a

quarter mile or so.

My little girl and I went walking one afternoon. Half a mile from the last juncture, we found what at first appeared to be no more than a rift in the honeysuckle growth; peering through, we saw again our wayward road, frolicking through a stand of young pines, heading, eventually for tall timber.

My little girl took my hand. "Where does it go, Daddy?"

"Back into the past," I said. "Back into the sunset."

"Can we go, Daddy?"

"Yes, baby, we can go."

So we went, as often as we could, afternoons, weekends, and at odd intervals, exploring the old road.

We saw the plums green in springtime and see-through red or yellow come summer; we saw mocking birds playing

chase in the hedgerows, stitching the trees with lace; we heard the insects' rasping symphony in the ancient cornfield; we saw the field mice scurrying for cover at our intrusion.

My little girl was most fascinated with the old homesite we found. The house had been razed, and all that was left was the chimney, rearing tall against the sky. She could stand inside the big fireplace, and see the clouds through the top.

I explained to her how perhaps a thousand fires had been lit there on cold mornings, issuing dense black smoke; and how, in the evening when the fire was low and had to be re-kindled, a little plume went up into heaven so lazily that you could almost climb it like a stair.

We found the well, its curbing rotted and gone, overgrown with vines and weeds. Out away from the well the barn had stood, the ghost of a single-tree, a

rusty clevis, and pieces of a "Ball" fruit jar, blue as my little girl's eyes.

"People lived here, Daddy? Where did they go?"

"To town, perhaps, as we did."

"Tell me about them, Daddy; tell me about the people."

So I told her about them, how some of them lived and died and never got out of the state in which they were born — my father, for one, her grandfather. But how do you explain deprivation to a modern four-year old?

Winter-time along the old road was helpful in this respect. On sunny days, with my little girl bundled up in warm clothes, we walked the frozen path on mushrooms of earth-encrusted ice. High above us, the starlings were always webbing the bright sky, crying their defiance at their poor luck in finding food.

She had stopped letting me carry her in the presence of others, but, homeward-bound along the old road, I got a bonus on many an evening — the pleasure of "toting" her sound asleep for perhaps the last quarter mile.

J.C. JINKS, Jr.
freelance
Childersburg, AL

Letters

Chief sets record straight

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

I would like to set the record straight in regard to Mr. Joseph Williams' letter to the editors in last week's PERQUIMANS WEEKLY.

The police department has numerous duties and responsibilities, one of them being the capture and/or disposal of stray dogs. It is our policy to attempt their capture in humane traps; if this fails, we utilize capture poles. When all of these methods fail we must resort to the use of firearms.

All of the residents at Wynn Fork Court are aware that the lease they sign strictly forbids dogs. But disregarding that, a dog owner has certain legal and moral obligations.

Among them are vaccinating your dog with anti-rabies vaccine, providing your dog with a collar and identification,

buying a dog tag from the town of Hertford and last but not least, keeping your dog on a chain and/or leash in compliance with Article 3, Section 3-36 of the town of Hertford Ordinance.

The police department received numerous complaints in regard to stray dogs at Wynn Fork Court. None of the people we talked to would claim the dogs. We had no idea they belonged to anyone, because they did not have a collar on, a tag, or proof of vaccination.

My officers used .23 rifles, not shot guns, both of them are experts with firearms. One of them is certified by the State of North Carolina as an instructor in the safe handling and use of firearms by police officers.

At no time did any officer fire a weapon in front of the Williams' residence and no officer fired a weapon into a deceased

dog. We don't like this part of our job any more than you do, but until all dog owners comply with the law, it will happen.

Marshall Merritt
Hertford Chief of Police

Thanks expressed for Christmas Ramble

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

On behalf of the Perquimans County Extension Service, I wish to thank all who helped to make "The 1983 Christmas Ramble" a success.

I especially want to thank the homeowners who so graciously opened their lovely homes: The Jim Mills', The Tony Sherr's, The Erwin Perry's, The William Skinner's, The Alvin Munn's,

and Mr. Carlton Boyce.

Also, thanks to the guest demonstrators who shared their talents and exhibits: Mrs. Helen North, postage stamp art; Mrs. Hazel Bailey, wood carving; Mrs. Emily Harrell, hand painted Christmas Ornaments; Mrs. Rheta Dodd, handmade dolls; Mrs. Maude Ellis, baskets; and Mrs. Nancy Hobbs, Christmas tree ornaments.

To all the Extension Homemakers' clubs who participated, I want to express a big "thank you": Snow Hill-White Hat for refreshments, Helen Galther, Whitston, Burgess, Winfall, Bethel-Newby's, Bethel-Jordan's, and Belvidere.

An certainly, we want to thank all who purchased a ticket, participated on the tour of home, the hostesses, decorators, and those who helped in any way.

Mrs. Paige Underwood
Home Economics Extension Agent

BPW appreciates holiday support

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

The Hertford Business and Professional Women's Club wishes to express our deep appreciation to the many people who honored and/or remembered a loved one on our annual Christmas tree.

This annual project has added to the enjoyment of the holiday season and provided the means for the BPW Club to present a scholarship every year to a deserving high school student.

We would also like to thank the PERQUIMANS WEEKLY for the outstanding job in covering this event and others throughout the year.

We wish for all a most joyous holiday season.
Sincerely,
Ellen C. Brown, President
Hertford BPW Club

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Mike McLaughlin
Noel Todd-McLaughlin
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