

Perspective

Cox considered candidate

By JANE B. WILLIAMS

The decision of Representative Charles Evans late last week not to seek a fifth term in the North Carolina House of Representatives came as quite a surprise to most of us in the First District.

For several days it has been rumored that Bill Cox, Mayor-Manager of the Town of Hertford, has contemplated seeking this seat in the house. If nothing else, this shows the good taste of the gossips in the First District.

Opinion

Charles has served, and served well; for that we are thankful. Charles took with him to the General Assembly a true love for northeastern North Carolina and its people. We shall miss him; but we do hope to see his name on the ballot again in the future.

Evans' decision has left us with little time before the filing deadline to field qualified candidates to seek this seat. Many names have been mentioned, publicly and privately, but none have perked our ears quite so much as that of one of Perquimans' own.

We know of no one more qualified and concerned that could seek this post.

Bill Cox has always been a friend of not only Hertford and Perquimans County, but of the entire district. He has logged innumerable hours of hard work petitioning for growth and development in this area. His dedication to this district is evident as we see business and industry locating in the Albemarle; highway improvement plans getting underway; and growth taking place in our own community to-

day. Bill Cox has placed himself, his talents and his energies at our disposal. He has asked for little in return, primarily our support of efforts towards improvements.

We are not in the position to ask him to give any more of himself than he already has; but we realize the great benefits we could reap from his voice in the General Assembly.

Whether or not he will elect to seek this office is not yet known. There are various factors involved that many of us never stop to consider. Irregardless of his decision we shall continue to support and uphold this man who has done so much for each of us.

We know that he will give this request for service a great deal of thought; and though we would surely miss him locally, we realize that his voice in Raleigh could only be of benefit to us all.

Be careful where you park

I knew I was right but I had to have some proof before I started this column and put it in front of you to see for yourself what I knew I was right about. I needed some cold, hard facts. I wanted a notebook full before I sat down to tell you about it.



Unfortunately, I got my notebook full. I simply chose a time and place, parked my car near a highly visible spot, and waited. The rest was up to you.

In less than one hour I had witnessed eleven people using a handicapped parking space who got out of their vehicles and walked, in perfect normality, into a store. Within the next hour, three more people did the same thing. Then a woman settled her big station wagon into the space, locked her doors, checked her back window for security, I suppose, and shopped for the remainder of the day. I worked on other notes while I waited. I left for lunch and returned to circle the lot. She was still there. I kept an appointment and returned later. She was still there. Finally, I gave up, and, out of pure disgust, went home.

Of those fifteen people abusing this one parking space, I hate to admit that I knew well over half of them personally. I would never have thought them capable of such an uncaring attitude. They just hadn't seemed like folks who'd deliberately cheat a handicapped person out of a necessity of life. I guess I got a lot more that day than I bargained

for, for though I obtained my material for this column, I also learned a valuable lesson in personal ethics.

There have been several more occasions when I've set out to intentionally scrutinize a handicapped parking space. All of these instances netted me the same answers, but some have lingered on my mind ever since. In particular, I watched an old man on a walker struggle from far back in a parking lot to finally reach the entrance of a store...out of breath, bent with pain, and dodging traffic as best he could all the way.

Then, there was the time a mother tried desperately to wedge her car between two more and then unload a wheelchair plus her half-grown, crippled child without damaging the other cars next to hers...all because somebody who didn't need to, was parked in the available handicapped area.

And, I certainly haven't forgotten the specially designed van that circled one parking lot for what seemed like half an hour before finally pulling up as close to the entrance as possible among heavy two-way traffic and pedestrians, to meticulously unload two grown-ups in wheelchairs. The woman in the handicapped parking spot was standing by her car, chatting with a friend the entire time. I followed those handicapped people inside and talked with them. One explained to me how he felt about this apparent lack of concern.

"I can't walk in here like the rest of them, but just because I'm crippled doesn't mean I don't try to live a normal life. I still like to choose my own clothes and select my personal things. I like to share in the holiday excitement and see the new styles and products. I enjoy browsing and

shopping for myself just like everybody else. I can do a lot of things for myself quite satisfactorily...if I can only find a place to unload my wheelchair and motivate to the entrance.

Sure, I don't come here often, but when I DO come, I NEED that parking space. I DEPEND on it being there. The only time it should be in use is if there is another person like me using it. When I see those folks walking away from their cars with not even the slightest bit of guilt as to what they're doing, I just try to tell myself that it's not ME that's the handicapped one...it's THEM."

If your vehicle does not display a distinguishing license plate or placard as provided in the Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina for the handicapped, then it is not intended to come to rest in a handicapped parking space. Neither should you park or leave at a standstill, any vehicle that will obstruct a curb ramp or curb cut for handicapped persons. There are stiff penalties for these violations, both on public and private property, as well as the risk of having your vehicle towed away.

So, give your illegal and unethical parking habits closer personal scrutiny. Think twice before you drive your vehicle into a handicapped parking space again. Think twice and think hard. Sure, you could probably save yourself a bit of time.

Most likely you wouldn't get as wet, have to walk as far or get so frustrated maneuvering for an open spot. But, one of these days you, or someone you love, just might HAVE to use that handicapped parking area as a necessity instead of a luxury, and you'll thank God it's waiting for you. That is...if somebody else who doesn't need it doesn't already have it instead.

Berkeley signed land grant

Only one of the eight Lords Proprietors of Carolina came within as little as one hundred miles of the vast new province chartered by King Charles II in 1663. That one was William Berkeley.



Berkeley was born in 1606, apparently in Bruton in the county of Somerset, England. By 1629 he had finished college (Master of Arts, Merton) and joined the royal court. He earned the trust of Charles I and the popularity with the courtiers which served to advance him.

Berkeley was also inclined to literature, with a play entitled "The Lost Lady" appearing in 1638. The following year he was knighted.

In August, 1641, Sir William was appointed governor of Virginia, a position he would hold

during most of the remainder of his life. His early years in the colony were successful, and he established the government on a sound footing. He also encouraged economic progress and crop experimentation, setting the example on his own lands with flax, cotton, rice, and silk.

Regions beyond the settled area of his Virginia colony claimed Berkeley's attention, with particular concern for new travel routes and peace with the Indians. It was during his administration that the first permanent white settlers came into what is now Perquimans County.

The governor was not without enemies, with Quakers, Puritans, schools, printing, and lawyers receiving his strong opposition. Another enemy was the Parliamentary government which had stolen England from the king. Berkeley—and Virginia—eventually had to surrender to the new order; he retired from office and returned to his plantation at Greenspring.

Soon there was a new turn of events. Parliament was out, the king in again. Berkeley resumed his post as governor of Virginia. For his loyalty, the new king made Sir William one of the Proprietors of Carolina. His fellow

proprietors entrusted Berkeley with the immediate supervision of their province.

In 1663 Berkeley signed the first grants of land in Carolina. He granted tracts in what is now Perquimans County to George Catchmaid, John Jenkins, and William West. (These grants are the first legal land titles in Perquimans.)

Berkeley could not give much attention to Carolina in the 1670s, for Virginia went through a very troublesome period. A rebellion under Nathaniel Bacon forced Berkeley to flee for his life. Final victory of Berkeley's forces was followed by executions of rebels, including William Drummond the first governor of Albemarle (Carolina).

Even his good friend King Charles II felt Berkeley responded too harshly.

Somewhat in disgrace, Berkeley resigned his governorship and went home to England in 1676. He died there on July 9, 1677. His share of Carolina passed to his widow (the only lady to have married in succession of governors of North Carolina, Virginia, and South Carolina as it were).

(Part 2 next week.)



Snow Words: Mom, I've changed again.

Being fickled is a way of life

I guess we found out for sure Monday that Mother Nature is definitely a female. She just couldn't make up her mind.



First there was rain, then the sun started shining, then it started snowing, then the snowing stopped and the sun started shining again, then out with the sun and down with the snow once more, and by mid-afternoon it was sunny and bright. The woman is fickled.

She's almost as fickled as I am. I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted the sun to shine or the snow to fall either; but I guess for warmth and convenience sake the sun was better. It's not nearly as messy outside on sunny days as it is on snowy days, you know?

The snowfall did give me an op-

portunity for some peace and quiet in the office though. Everybody started abandoning the place when the roads started getting covered. The trouble was I couldn't decide whether to work on catching up on my correspondence, or whether to do some of the menial office chores I've been putting off for a while now. In the end I wound up doing neither of the above and opted to venture outside to take a few snow pictures before tackling a few of the stories I had lined up for this week.

Fickled isn't such a bad thing to be. Most folks will tell you that it's a woman's prerogative to change her mind. I don't so much change my mind that often, as I just can't seem to make up my mind about things every once in a while.

When I'm sure about something, I'm definite, unless of course something happens or someone says something to alter my way of thinking.

Most of the time I know what I want, or like, or just plain need; but these things have a tendency to change from day to day. If I wait long enough, say a half an

hour or so, something that was very important doesn't seem nearly so earth shattering as it did to begin with.

That brings to mind another of my less than flattering habits: procrastination.

I'm as good a procrastinator as you'll ever meet. I can put off almost anything. That would probably work out fine if I'd make up my mind to get something or the other done, and then just put it off for a little while. Not me. I'll make up my mind, put it off for a while, and then change my mind about it all together.

Speaking of changing one's mind, as I write this column (late Monday afternoon) the sun has gone away again and the sky is getting cloudy. You don't think Mother Nature has decided to let it snow again, do you?

Back to the subject at hand. I've always told my friends and loved ones that I want what I want when I want it. They'd probably understand that philosophy a little better if I let them in on the rest of it. If I don't get it when I want it, I'm apt to change my mind about it altogether, and then I'll never get it.

Lack of discipline causes moral decline

In commenting on the robbery of several choir members recently at a Gatesville church, one of the victims noted, "It is unconceivable anyone would stoop so low as to rob anyone at church."



Unfortunately, it is conceivable, and it has occurred with frequency in area churches. The weekend of the Gatesville robbery, several churches in Tidewater, Virginia were robbed also, though authorities don't believe the incidents were related. In recent months, churches in Bertie County were robbed in the same manner.

Perhaps such incidents should tell us a bit about the kind of society we have become. As we have encouraged a world where "anything goes" we shouldn't be surprised at what does.

While it is difficult to focus on a single reason for the decline in morals today, the most dominant cause has to be the lack of parental and adult discipline and a lack of attention to value. As life

has become more complex, we have placed less attention on teaching and living the values that were an important part of prior generations. We can begin in the right direction by returning to the values that guided past generations.

I'm reminded of the story of the ingenious parent, who having tired of reading bedtime stories to his son, decided to record several of the boy's favorites on tape. He told his son, "Now you can

hear your stories anytime you want. Isn't that great?"

The boy looked at the machine for a moment and replied, "No. It hasn't got a lap."

We all need a lap. We all need the closeness of relationship. We all need to know someone cares for us and loves us. What better way to show our children we love them than to teach them the "old-fashioned" ideals of right and wrong, responsibility, and most of all, respect for themselves and others?

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