

Perspective

Denim, mud and chocolates

I recall Valentine's Day, 1985, in vivid detail both in memory and my notebook. It's taken some doing on my part, but I've been sitting on this story for a year, and now that Valentine's Day, 1986, has finally arrived, I can at long last share it with you.

EASTERN ECHOES

BY GAIL ROBERSON

There is nothing I enjoy more than watching a man buy Valentine candy...at the last minute. All stores are full of men on Christmas Eve and Valentine's Day. Seldom do they shop until this particular hour of the event, the hour being...the last possible opportunity to do the right thing.

Anyhow, I took advantage of the crowd and strategically placed myself in an area of the store where I could unobtrusively keep an eye on the Valentine goodies. I was somewhat surprised that the shelves were still so well stocked at this point of the day.

Certain men pick certain boxes of candy. It's as simple as that. You can tell which box they'll choose as soon as they enter the front door and head in that direction. Some will purchase the most expensive simply because it's the most expensive, and for no other reason than that. And then, some will select something cheaper but give it in a style in which it appears every bit as elegant as the more expensive box.

I like style and elegance, even in small doses, and men who tend to do it that way. It's true that some will head for those big gaudy boxes that need a forklift to get it out the door, but most

men will choose something between the largest and the smallest. Whether this has to do with their own choice or their wallet's has always eluded me, but it's worth a few moments of observation just to see if I can still match the man with the box of candy he'll choose in color, style and size. Generally, I am correct. I have always applauded myself on my acute powers of observation of the male shopping traits during Valentine's. But, I did not applaud myself on Valentine's Day, 1985.

I watched him as his big-heeled boots carried him across the floor. His long arms swung free, keeping easy pace with his slow-strided waltz that appeared to say... "I've got all day to do this but get out of my way anyhow so I can just do it and get gone."

His tall frame was covered in denim from the stretch of his wide shoulders to the muddy heels of his boots. Slightly curly hair protruded from beneath a soiled farm cap perched at a rather jaunty angle on his head. He was a bit rough around the edges but still neat and clean at the same time, if that makes any sense. One thing I noticed in particular was the well-worn but expensive leather knife case attached to his belt, so I figured him for a hunter taking a necessary break in his otherwise peaceful day of shotgun shells and hedgerows.

I gathered up my own supplies and took one final glance over at the mystery man dressed in denim. For the moment, he had the entire aisle to himself. He shoved his big, rough hands in his pockets and paraded up and down the aisle in front of the candy before finally choosing one.

"Nope," I thought to myself. "That one's not right for you. It's too little." As if he had heard what I was thinking, he replaced it, though not in the same spot it

originally came from (all men do this) and reached for another.

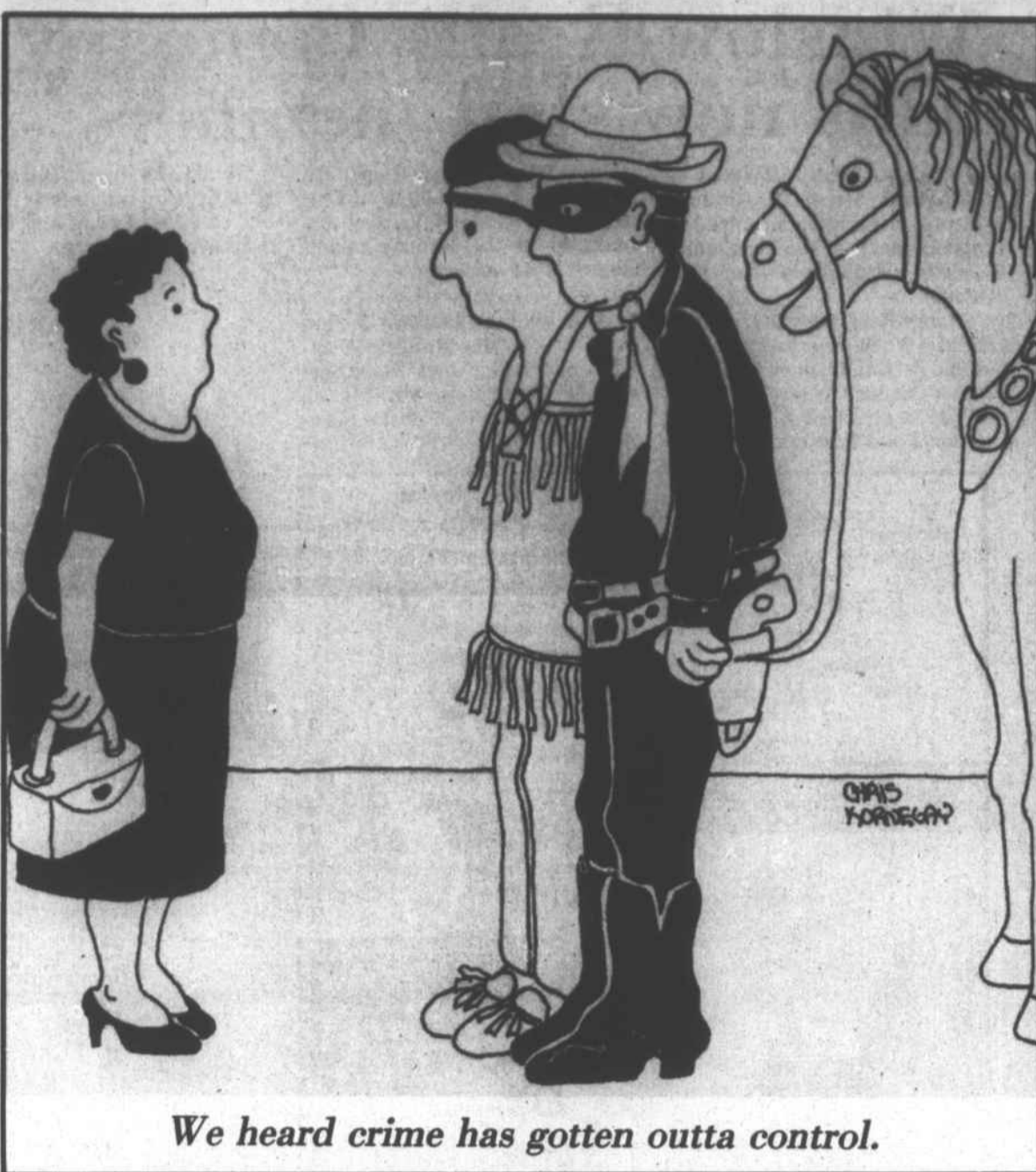
"Still not right," I thought. "It's too gaudy." He might be a big man and a seemingly secure one, but he was NOT gaudy...so I didn't figure his woman was either. He was apparently considering that, for he soon tossed that one aside as well and reached for the third one. He turned the satin box over, mashed the top, picked at the cellophane that enclosed it, and finally held it in his left hand while examining a more decorated one with a plastic rose and ribbon beneath the clear wrapper.

"No," I thought again. "You've got the one you need already, so stop while you're ahead and take the one in your left hand." The one in the big man's left hand was definitely for him...and his woman.

Finally, he made his decision. He laid the rose-topped box down and proceeded to the cash register with the simpler, but more elegant box of candy. I was right behind him by this time, more than ready for heading back home and amply satisfied of my matchmaking down the candy aisle once again. He left the store while I paid for my purchases.

The cold wind had me scurrying across the parking lot towards my car with my purse and purchases hugged close to my chest. With keys in hand, I made ready to unlock my car. But then, I noticed the big man in denim standing near the back of his pickup truck that looked as if it had been dipped in mud and oven baked.

And I continued to stand there as if frozen numb from the cold, but actually out of sheer amazement and disbelief as the big man, dressed in denim and wearing muddy boots, peeled off the cellophane wrapper, removed the lid, and lovingly fed his elegant box of valentine candy...to his hunting dog.



We heard crime has gotten outta control.

Quiz offers insight into knowledge of the state

Talk about luck. Press day came around on Tuesday, and my mind went absolutely blank. I normally try to get my column done before Tuesday morning, or at least get it started, but this week I just didn't make it.

went to press, but there was just something about it that caught my attention. The writer encouraged the use of this feature, and billed it as something our readers would enjoy during a cold winter's dinner hour. So without further comments from me, I give you the following quiz to test just how much you know about our beloved North Carolina.

DATELINE: Your Mind
So, you think you know North Carolina history...and geography...and current events. After all, you had North Carolina history in school, you read this paper faithfully (You DO, Don't you!), and you watch the tube. Besides, it's a matter of pride - everyone should know about their home state, especially when it's as great a one as ours.

But facts stored carefully in the cubbyholes of your mind have a way of cobwebbing. Things you thought you knew you misconstrued. And if you're a kid, things can really get confusing.

Surely one of your 1986 resolutions was to be an expert on your state! So take a minute (the whole family) to take this short quiz. It's from the "North Carolina Silly Trivia Book" by Carole Marsh and is being used in schools as a high interest way to impart concrete facts to enthusiastic young minds. The publisher, Gallopade, in Bath, plans a book on all 50 states.

QUIZ

1. America's highest sand dune is located on North Carolina's coast. The name of this mountain of sand is: a.) Old Smokey; b.) Churchill Downs; c.) Jockey's Ridge?

2. All of North Carolina was

once: a.) under water; b.) in South Carolina?

3. Some of the biggest in the world are grown in Edenton: a.) liars; b.) elephants; c.) peanuts; d.) Edens?

4. This was invented in Fayetteville in 1954: a.) Putt Putt; b.) Baby Ruth candy bar; c.) barbecue?

5. What do North Carolina poke salad, dandelions, daisies, cat-tails and weeds have in common? a.) they are green; b.) they stink; c.) you can eat them.

6. The James Allen Floating Theatre, originally launched in Washington, was better known as: a.) the Love Boat; b.) the Slow Boat; c.) the Showboat?

7. One of the world's rarest gems is found only on a few acres in N.C. This gem is: a.) hiddenite; b.) uranium; c.) dynamite?

8. They used to serve this at Poplar Grove Plantation: a.) pirate steak; b.) slime pie; c.) poplar cake?

9. Famous poet, Carl Sandburg, lived in Flat Rock, where his wife raised prize-winning: a.) children; b.) flowers; c.) goats?

10. The first public one of these was established in America at Bath: a.) "necessary"; b.) cemetery; c.) library?

Answers: 1-c; 2-a; 3-c; 4-a; 5-c; 6-c; 7-a; 8-b; 9-c; and 10-c.

Scoring: All ten right? Run to the head of the class! Six to nine correct: run to your history book. Two to five; run to South Carolina and back! Less than two correct? RUN & HIDE!

I hope you all scored 100-percent correct. We tried it at the office and fell into the six to nine category. The slime pie really tripped us up. See ya later, Jane.

Fame carries heavy responsibility

If you were one of the millions tuned in to the recent media event called the Super Bowl, you were probably as interested in the antics of Bear's quarterback Jim McMahon as the action on the field.



McMahon, the swashbuckling point of attention, received much publicity because of the headbands that adorned his head during several games. National Football League rules prohibit the wearing of any articles during games that could be considered advertising. McMahon who was fined by the league so retaliated by wearing a band with league commissioner Rozelle's name scrawled on it.

While many found his antics amusing, ailing Washington Redskins quarterback Joe Theismann thinks McMahon is out of line.

Theismann believes McMahon is showing lack of respect for rules and regulations and feels his actions are not setting the proper example for young sports fans. Theismann thinks McMahon should "Remember where he is. If it weren't for football, he'd be some yo-yo out there drinking beer."

The Washington quarterback is concerned such actions will encourage kids to buck authority, thinking it is the thing to do since McMahon does it and receives so much attention for his actions. Saying he has no personal quarrel with McMahon being a free spirit, Theismann wonders if he really cares how his actions affect the children. "Wearing sunglasses and punk haircuts may be his way of expressing himself," Joe says, "But I sure wouldn't want my kids growing up like him."

Some will probably question Theismann's right to point fingers at others, as he was the topic of conversation a few months ago for leaving his wife and children for a flashy Holly-

wood lass.

His is an excellent observation, however. Few parents would want their children to model themselves after many of today's heroes. Hardly a day goes by that doesn't bring new charges of drug or alcohol abuse against some well-known figure in sports and other areas. The recent arrests of three University of Minnesota basketball players on charges of raping an 18-year old woman is a continuation of such events.

In her very popular hit, Tina Turner tells us, "We don't need another hero." If the likes of McMahon is all we have for our kids to emulate, she's right.

It's time those in the public view, whether in sports, politics, or entertainment, to realize that fame and idolization carry heavy responsibility.

Our children deserve better examples, and it's time we pro-

vided them with something or someone better.

In the University of Minnesota affair, University President Kenneth Keller ordered his basketball team to forfeit their game following the rape incident and considered cancelling all remaining games. After Basketball Coach Jim Dutcher resigned in protest, the schedule was resumed.

A shaken Keller said his reaction to the charges against the players was "horror and disgust, and some amount of despair that we, as academic institutions, have created the environment in which that can happen."

While the institutions that practice an attitude of winning at all cost can be held partially responsible, society as a whole must accept the blame for making heroes of individuals that are less than deserving. Heroes they are not.

Archdale most able of proprietors

The death in 1697 of William, Earl of Craven, the last of the eight men to whom King Charles II had given the province of Carolina, did not mark the end of proprietary rule in North Carolina. The proprietorships passed by inheritance and sale to a number of other persons.



The most able of the later Lords Proprietors was John Archdale (1642-1717), who served some years as governor of the colony. A Quaker, Archdale was often in Perquimans County during his administration. He held court and sat with the assembly at the Newbold-White site in 1697.

The least able proprietor was Seth Sothel (died 1694), who also served as governor. He is known as perhaps the worst governor North Carolina ever had (although some would place him second behind W.W. Holden). He

was thrown out of the Albemarle for his crimes.

Archdale and Sothel both lived in Carolina for a while, as did such other proprietors as John Colleton the younger, Joseph Blake, and Ann Amy Trott.

Mention of Mrs. Trott points out that several of the proprietors were women. Perhaps the most interesting of them was Frances Culpeper, sister of the man whose name was given to the Albemarle rebellion of 1677. Frances married three times; first to Samuel Stephens, governor of Albemarle, second to Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, and third to Philip Ludwell, governor of (North and South) Carolina.

Lady Frances was a strong woman. She was also one to make a point in a dramatic manner. When commissioners called at her home to investigate her husband Berkeley's part in crushing the Bacon rebels, the lady had them escorted away by the hangman.

The governor's lady was well known to her contemporaries and to history. Another proprietor, Henry Smith, is the opposite, a man so obscure that little is known of him.



Normally, Tuesday's mail doesn't surface anything of major interest. It's past deadline time when it gets here, and you folks always get your things in way ahead of deadline. This Tuesday's mail proved to be the exception. I got this nifty little feature article-quiz combination from the author of "North Carolina Knowledgeable? New Tarheel Trivia Book for Schools Double-Checks Kid's Facts About The Old North State!". What a title.

Anyway, under usual circumstances I would have put off reading the release until after we

The citizens of Perquimans could hardly have known all the proprietors to whom they owed allegiance and quit rents. The proprietary government of North Carolina was so bad that most citizens would gladly have been rid of all proprietors as soon as possible. It was not until 1729 that North Carolina ceased to be a proprietary colony.

The colony was purchased for the King and some sixty-six years after Charles II gave away Carolina George II took it back. Or rather, he took most of it back. One proprietor, John Carteret, Earl Granville, refused to sell his share.

The Earl yielded all his position in the government of Carolina, but he retained ownership of all vacant (unowned) land in a wide swath of territory along the Virginia border.

Land grants in Perquimans continued to be made in the name of the Earl Granville until the American Revolution. War wiped out the last hold of private proprietors upon North Carolina, but the question at law can still be raised: do Granville's heirs still have a claim upon Perquimans and could they recover it?

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