

Song Of Wananook

BY WILBORNE HARRELL

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

When Sir Richard Grenville sailed his ship into the waters of the Albemarle Sound and the Chowan River, he was met with the implacable hatred of Wananook, a Chowanoke Indian brave. Relentlessly and fiercely Wananook resented the intrusion of these strange fair gods from a distant land who sailed in a great winged canoe. So when Wananook caught one of these strangers ashore, poaching in his forest and stalking a buck he had marked for his own, his anger flamed and he loosed an arrow straight for the stranger's throat. The arrow found its mark and the stranger sank slowly to the ground. Now go on with the story:

Wananook remained perfectly still watching intently the bodies of the buck and the white god. Presently, evidently satisfied, he rose slowly from his position and advanced toward the recumbent white hunter, warily, and with another arrow notched in his bow. Suddenly at his feet, a tiny wood creature scurried, rippling the grass; Wananook froze in his tracks, immobile as a bronze statue, tense and watchful. He did not trust these white gods and their magics; for all he knew the white hunter may not be dead and may be lying in wait to trap him. If he were a god, Wananook reasoned, the arrow in his throat would not kill him. Suspicion deepening in his eyes, Wananook took a firmer grip on his bow and again advanced.

No blade of grass was disarranged, no twig snapped under Wananook's moccasined foot. Slowly and with the stealth of a wraith he negotiated the intervening distance and stood beside the fallen white hunter. He stood quietly looking down at the man, and the squirrels taking their cue from the Indian remained motionless, watching intently with bright little eyes that missed nothing.

Wananook put forth a foot and spurned the white man, half expecting him to rise and give combat. Nothing happened; the body was lifeless.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "the white man is no god! Wananook's arrow has drunk his blood. If he can die, then his brothers can die!" Hatred glittered in his eyes. "If they can die, then the Indian can kill them and drive them from the Indians' land—which is the Indians' and does not belong to the white man." Wananook again nudged the dead white hunter with his foot, but with a violence that bordered on a kick.

Impelled by the Indian's foot, the dead body of the white man rolled over, the metal of his armor giving out a clinking sound that was magnified by the stillness of the forest. But the squirrels heard, and darted away with twitching tails. Wananook heard too, but he saw in the white man's belt the protruding hilt of a hunting knife. He stooped and snatched it from its scabbard.

"Wananook's!" he cried, and thrust the knife in his belt. "The white man also stoops to steal the knife of the Indian, he steals the Indian's canoe, he kills the Indian's game—and he wishes to take from the Indian his homeland. And he covets the maidens of the Indian. The white man must go—or die!"

The brow of Wananook darkened. He drew himself up in simple dignity, his arms folded across his breast. A short distance away the arquebus of the luckless hunter lay in the tall grass, almost hidden from view, where it had slipped from his nerveless hands when Wananook's arrow had found his throat. But it hadn't escaped the keen eyes of the Indian. He stepped over the dead man and gingerly retrieved the weapon, still slightly warm from its recent discharge. He pulled it toward him, carefully and cautiously. Wananook had learned respect for the white man's weapon, even if he had no respect for the white man.

Wananook examined closely the unfamiliar arquebus, his eyes studying its various parts with intelligence if not with understanding.

Maybe, Wananook thought, he could turn the white man's weapon against the white man. He had seen the hunter point the firestick and had witnessed the instant death of the buck. If he pointed the firestick at the white man, maybe he could kill with lightning, too.

With this thought in mind, Wananook cradled the arquebus in the crook of his arm, and without vouchsafing another look at the dead white hunter, swung off through the forest in the direction of the river.

Wananook covered the ground in big easy strides. His breathing was effortless, his naked torso rippled with muscular rhythm. Before him the endless forest aisles stretched forth in cathedral stateliness, and underfoot a pine-needle carpet cushioned his moccasined tread. The fragrant scents and odors of the forest, the pine and honeysuckle and jasmine, perfumed the air.

As he swung along, Wananook's face relaxed. The anger that had diffused his features gradually subsided. He sniffed the odors and filled his lungs with the pungent air. Wananook loved the tall trees, the woodland flowers, the streams and the creatures, great and small, that filled the forest with beauty and peopled it with life. This was his domain, and he was a great chief. He was a Chowanoke, a chief among chiefs, and he, Wananook, would drive the white man from the land of the Chowanoke.

Onward through the forest sped the Indian, and as he traveled his mind was busy assimilating and trying to understand the overwhelming problem that the advent of the white man had brought into his life. It was several suns ago that he had first seen the big canoe with the great white wings resting on the waters of the Weapomehock, the big sound. He had seen smaller canoes launched from the big canoe and men come ashore, where they had hunted and filled their water-casks with fresh water. He had seen them use the terrible firestick, and his eyes had beheld the quick

stroke of lightning that dealt death from a distance. He had thought them gods, and their great canoe a wondrous winged bird. But now he knew them for what they were. They were not gods but men from another land, with bodies and heads encased in metal and bearing deadly weapons.

Then the white men had sailed their big canoe through the broad mouth of the river, Nomopana, and up its mighty stream, even unto the village of Mavaton. They had encountered his people and had on all sides met with the upstretched hand of the great chiefs, extended in friendship—all but Wananook. He, Wananook, hated the white man. His people did not understand; they did not know, as Wananook knew, that the white man had come as a thief, to take their canoes, their lands, and their forests. But he, Wananook, would drive the white man from the sound, the river and the forest.

For Wananook was a great warrior, and a brave of the Chowanokes. He was not as great as Werocson, who had many warriors at his back, or as mighty as Menotocson, the king of the Chowanokes, but he was as brave. His heart was filled with courage and he had done many fearless and valiant deeds.

He, Wananook, had traveled far. He had paddled his canoe even to the Great Barrier Reef, beyond which lay the edge of the earth and the abyss from which the fiery sun rose each morning. He had visited the land of the Machapungos, and he had paddled the far waters of the Coratuc, and had slept in the lodges of the Pasquotanks. He had hunted deer in the forests of Rakiok, and had taken the sparkling fish from the Matteredcock. He was a great warrior; on his belt hung many scalp-locks.

He had wampum and belts and necklaces of shell and bears' teeth, and when winter came he had many hemlock boughs and furs to warm his lodge. He had fields of tobacco and maize and yams. And his fields of kaishackpenauk, the white potato, was the largest patch in the village. No one could boast as many pieces of pottery and tomahawks and arrows and knives and canoes as could Wananook.

Little Fawn, the tawny Indian maid, an of Mavaton and a princess of the great Chowanokes, looked with favor on Wananook. Before many moons he and Little Fawn would stand in the awesome presence of the Great Spirit, they would clasp hands, and their hearts would beat as one. Then Wananook and Little Fawn would share the same lodge, and he would be a great brave and a mighty warrior, and Little Fawn would be his squaw.

Surely, no one in all the land of the Chowanokes was as brave as Wananook.

Now that the white strangers with the winged canoe and the terrible firestick had come to the forests of his people, they must be driven forth. He, Wananook, would drive them before him, as leaves before the wind, until they fled beyond the Great Bar, and on and on until they slipped over the edge of the earth and were engulfed in the darkness of the underworld.

Thus ran Wananook's thoughts as he sped through the forest and drew near the river, Nomopana. Soon the trees began to thin out and from a distance, through the sparse trunks and thinning boughs, Wananook caught a glimpse of the great river, shining in the sun. A moment later he burst from the forest and stood upon the water's edge. A slight breeze rippled the waters at his feet and stirred the lone feather in his scalplock.

Far out in the stream swam the big canoe of the hated white strangers. Wananook stood motionless, the

weapon of the white hunter still cradled in his arm. Hatred filled his eyes. Long and steady he gazed, then with a grunt he turned away and swung off down the beach. There, cunningly hidden in the bushes, was a canoe. Wananook pulled it forth, stowed his bows and arrows amid-ship, carefully laid the cumbersome arquebus in the bottom of the canoe, and then stepping forward, shoved off through the shallow surf.

He stroked his paddle smoothly and steadily and the little canoe cut swiftly through the water. Wananook never took his hate-filled eyes from the tall ship anchored mid-stream, and with each stroke he drew nearer and nearer to the black hull that loomed before him.

(Continued Next Week)

CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

Jimmy Patterson entertained his friends at a birthday party at his home on East Freemason Street Monday night, January 26, celebrating his 11th birthday.

Following the playing of games the honoree opened his gifts, after which refreshments of sandwiches, potato chips, pickles, and ice cream and cake were served by Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. J. C. Manning to the following present:

Kathryn Wozelka, Judy Adams, Mary Thorud, Joan Adams, Araminta Hobbs, Karen Hollowell, Neal Hobbs, Bert Willis, Fred Britton, Jr., Gene Lane, Joe Campen, Billy Keeter, Roland Vaughan, Billy Wilkins and Clyde Adams J. C. Manning and Clarence Sprull.

Aid Is Available For Filing State Returns

A local representative of the N. C. Department of Revenue will be in the office of the Twitty Real Estate & Insurance Company, 115 East King Street, March 9 through 15. The representative will be available to give assistance in filing income returns.

North Carolina State Income Tax Returns are due to be filed in or before March 15, 1953.

A single person with an income of \$1,000 or more, or a married man with an income of \$2,000 or more is required to file a State Income Tax Return. A married woman, with a separate income of \$1,000 or more from that of her husband, is required to file a return.

STORY OF THE WOMAN WHO WAS ONCE A MAN

In a series of five articles, illustrated with exclusive photographs, Christine Jorgensen, the woman who was once a man, tells the story of her remarkable transformation. Don't miss this feature beginning February 15 in

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY Magazine in Colorgrature with the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN Order From Your Local Newsdealer

In Stock For Prompt Delivery

ARMOUR'S

Tobacco Bed Fertilizer

4-9-3

Also Tobacco Seed In All Popular Varieties

EDENTON FEED & LIVESTOCK CO.

PHONE 788
EARL G. HARRELL
HAYWOOD JONES

If You Need Money To Finance or Re-Finance Your Farm at Low Interest Rates... SEE

T. W. JONES

Edenton, North Carolina
Representative of One of the Nation's Largest Insurance Companies

TAKE UP TO TWENTY YEARS TO REPAY LOANS

Look what's worrying the low-priced three!

THERE'S a big story in the price of this beauty—but an even bigger one in what you get for that price.

You get the highest horsepower and compression ratio ever engineered into this Buick Series—from the extra-thrifty F-263 Fireball 8 Engine newly designed for this Golden Anniversary SPECIAL.

You get an even wider front seat than this roomy Buick had before—plus a new tilt-away feature that means easier in-and-out.

You get real big-car comfort, from deep, soft cushions with new zigzag type springs in both the seats and the backs.

You get the steady going and the sweet handling ease that come of a still finer Million Dollar Ride. Steering ratio is increased. Front wheels have been brought to zero-caster. And here, of course, you get coil springs on each wheel, full-length torque-tube drive, rigid and massive X-braced frame—ride features you get in no other car at the price.

But—you get the idea. And when you realize that the figure on this big, brawny, beautiful Buick SPECIAL is just a few dollars more than you'll pay for one of the so-called "low-priced three"—we're sure you'll say: "This is for me!"

Come in and try it out—then tell us if we're wrong or right.

Television treat—the BUICK CIRCUS HOUR—every fourth Tuesday

Only \$2,306.88

Buy a Buick—the new 1953 Buick Special 2-Door, 6-Passenger Sedan Model 48D, illustrated, delivered locally.

Optional equipment, accessories, state and local taxes, if any, additional. Prices may vary slightly in adjoining communities due to shipping charges. All prices subject to change without notice.



THE GREATEST BUICK IN 50 GREAT YEARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

CHAS. H. JENKINS MOTOR COMPANY, Inc.

105-109 E. Queen Street

PHONE 174

Edenton, N. C.

Bertie County Purebred Swine Breeders

Show and Sale

Wednesday, February 11

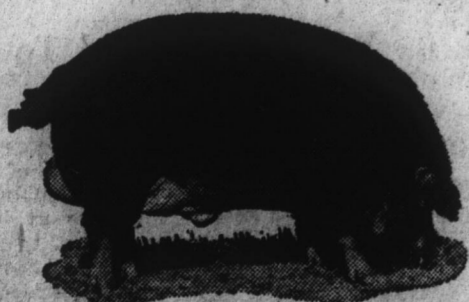
1:00 O'CLOCK

ROGERS WAREHOUSE

WINDSOR, NORTH CAROLINA

4 Boars
8 Bred Gilts
10 Open Gilts

DUROC
HAMPSHIRE
SPOTTED
POLAND CHINA



A choice lot—many were shown at the Bertie County Fair.

Animals from Bangs tested herds.