

Weekly Perspective

Our view

Water monitoring

The Perquimans County Board of Commissioners is to be commended for moving forward with efforts to have area waters monitored.

It is apparent that we have a water quality problem in area rivers, though we don't purport to know what that problem might be.

It takes expert analysis to determine what is wrong with our waters, and this is what the county has decided to seek.

From there, we can look for a solution to the problem.

At present, we have no idea what monitoring the waters will cost the county. We don't, however, expect it to be terribly expensive, particularly if the county is able to secure a 90 per cent grant from the Coastal Resources Commission.

But no matter the cost, we must begin efforts at cleaning up our rivers.

There is no telling what that clean-up process will entail, but common sense tells us that unattended problems usually get worse.

Letters

Constitution week is proclaimed

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

The period of Sept. 17 through 23 has been designated as Constitution Week and Sept. 17 has been set aside as Constitution Day. This is a time when all citizens of the United States should take a good look at their Constitution, this document which guarantees their personal freedom.

The Constitution of this great nation was a miracle in its inception. It was written by men who had borne the yoke of servitude and by men who had gambled all, even their very lives and the lives of all they loved, to be free.

For four long months they struggled with pen and paper, preparing a document which they prayed would guide and protect each individual and yet weld these individuals into a whole nation. Upon completion, Thomas Jef-

erson told the Assembly that what they had accomplished was commendable but that it would never work.

Our Constitution does work and it has been so successful it has been used as a model for other nations attempting to establish democracies.

The Betsy Dowdy Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution urges each of your readers to ponder the sacrifices, courage and wisdom of our forefathers. We urge your readers to read their Constitution and become aware of just what a magnificent gift the American Revolutionaries gave us. We urge your readers to vote in this election year and to protect their Constitutional rights.

Mrs. Myrtle M. Pritchard
Chairman, Constitution Week Committee
Betsy Dowdy Chapter of the NSDAR
Elizabeth City, NC

Food show backers thanked

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

It's my turn to one again say thank you to the people of Perquimans County for helping to make our Food Show and Tasting Tour a success. The list seems endless, but its worth every crossed 't' and dotted 'i'.

Special thanks go to the County Extension Clubs who did a super job of preparing for this event. The clubs are: Bethel-Newby, Bay Branch, Snow Hill-White Hat, Burgess, Belvidere, Pools Grove, Helen Gaiher, Bethel-Jordan and Winfall.

I would also like to thank the following: Ray Ward who presented an excellent demonstration which included the preparation of African shrimp.

Mayor and Mrs. Bill Cox for the "on

the spot" assistance they provided. (I'll let you in on a little secret — the Mayor even cooked hush puppies and stripped fish. How's that for cooperation?)

The PERQUIMANS WEEKLY and WCNC for advertising this event.

And last but not least, the County Extension staff for their assistance and support.

If you are reading this letter and happened to have attended the Food Show and Tasting Tour, please take a few minutes to tell at least one extension homemaker how much you enjoyed this event.

Thank you,
Mrs. Juanita T. Bailey
Asst. Home Economics Extension Agent,
4-H
Hertford

Football team appreciates support

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

We are writing this letter to express our appreciation to Perquimans football fans for your support and enthusiasm

during our games last week.

We hope you will follow the Pirates throughout the entire season.

Again, thanks for your support.
PCHS Varsity and Junior Varsity teams

High seas trouble

The schooner "Panther" was not prepared to sail in 1784. Her hull had not been caulked, her fitting and provisioning were inadequate, and her owners were in trouble.

Like many another vessel engaged in the extensive 18th-century trade between

met to settle accounts for building the vessel. They were interrupted by the arrival of the sheriff to serve three writs.

Skinner warned the sheriff away at gunpoint and hastened his own plans to sail, even though "Panther" had not been caulked and would be in imminent danger of sinking.

Having cosigned a bond with Skinner, Donaldson was afraid his property might be tied up in paying Skinner's debts. He refused to command the vessel and attempted to secure a financial settlement.

All Donaldson got from Skinner was abusive language. Learning that Skinner was contriving a getaway with Ezekiel Humphry as captain, Donaldson got aboard "Panther" with difficulty and confronted Skinner.

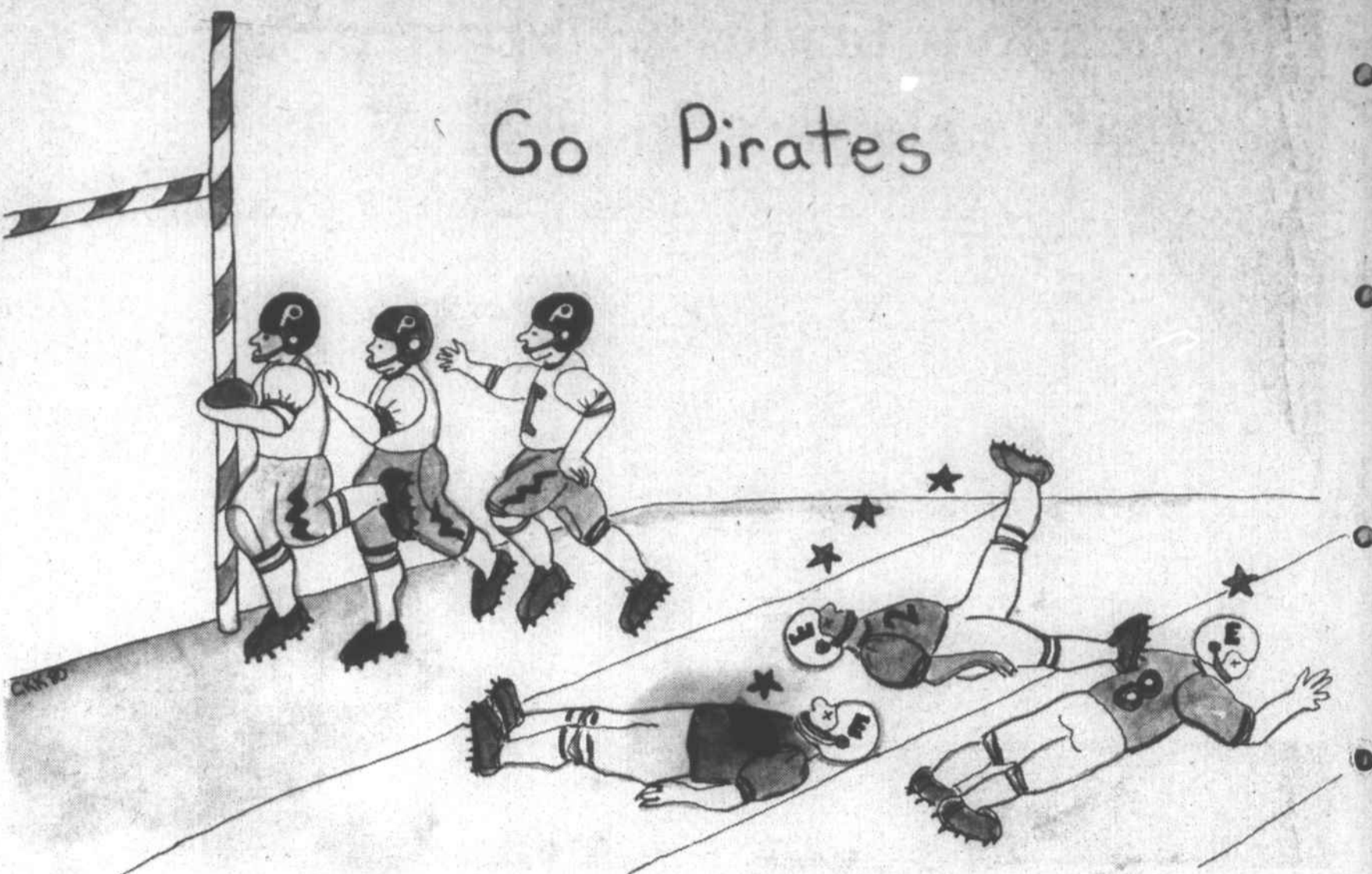
Donaldson threatened to inform the admiralty judge of Skinner's roguery. A violent argument arose and did not abate until Donaldson convinced the crew they could be apprehended as pirates if they sailed surreptitiously.

Some agreement was reached and "Panther" sailed for Antigua on April 11, although she was only half-provisioned and carried only one anchor.

After twelve days at sea, "Panther" reached Antigua, where Donaldson sold her cargo. (What the cargo was, the record does not reveal. Barrel staves, corn, and pork were common exports from Perquimans at the time.)

Donaldson was unable to fulfill his intention of selling "Panther" at St. Eustatia and he got into a high dispute with Humphry over the cost of provisions for the return voyage. Taking on two hogheads of rum, "Panther" then provisioned expensively at Turks Island.

Disputes over "Panther" were added to the long list of proceedings at law directed against Jonathan Skinner. There is good reason to believe he eventually fled the state to escape his creditors and the authorities.



Reaching out better in person

Increasingly, we live in a long distance society. Friends and family are scattered all over the place.

I guess that's why the "Reach Out" telephone company commercials are so effective. That and the fact that they are generally quite clever.

I haven't seen any statistics on it, but I know the commercials work. Every time we get a telephone bill it's like we've reached all the way to Los Angeles and back two or three times. In fact, with the amount of reaching out we do I could probably reach one way and my wife the other and we'd join hands back in Hertford with the whole world in a great big bear hug.

That commercial has had such an impact on us that sometimes when we call out-of-town friends, we surprise

whoever answers the phone by singing a little duet into the mouthpiece.

If they weren't so glad to hear from us they'd probably gag... and some of them might.



Mike McLaughlin

The phone company must love us, though.

Writing letters would be a lot more cost efficient, and probably more effective, but it's also more trouble.

There's something about hearing an old friend or relative's voice coming across the telephone line. In person is still the best, though.

I got a call from my sister in Charlotte last week, she and her husband had gotten some time off and would I mind a visit.

Would I mind?
The last time I saw my two-year-old niece she was hardly talking.

It took her awhile to get used to that stranger, Uncle Mike, but when I got that first hug and felt that baby's cheek against mine I knew I was in there, nothing short of family.

She had turned into a little blue-eyed dynamo with blonde curls, seemingly overnight. Now I know what my relatives were talking about when they said

"You've grown so much." They always had to hug me and kiss me and be extra special nice to me even though I'd only seen them four or five times... It seemed strange to a kid.

Like I said, families and friends are scattered now. Even those families in which most have stayed close to home can count one or two members who have flown the coop.

It's lucky we have those lifelines of communications: the telephone; the letter, and; the occasional visit.

Now if I could just remember to quit reaching out for the telephone so much and start reaching out for paper and pen my wallet would be a whole lot better off.

Either way, I sign off with the same message, "Come see us." It's so sweet when they do.

Facing South

a syndicated column:
voices of tradition
in a changing region

ROANOKE RAPIDS, N.C. — Drug stores do not look at all the way they used to forty years ago, and they no longer have that distinctive smell, that was so pleasant and that you could recognize at once with your eyes closed.

Years ago, most drugstores in small Southern towns were privately owned. In every one of them, there had to be a pharmacist, who, in most cases, was affectionately called "Doc."

New acquaintances might address him as "Doctor So-and-so" but this did not last long. He was not only a pharmacist, but someone whom you could phone for advice when no doctor was available, a counselor, an accommodating friend, and a source of news.

There was one "Doc" who was dear and well known to me and about whom I feel knowledgeable enough to write. The things that he experienced were familiar in the lives of most pharmacists in his time.

On weekday mornings, a large group of women came in for morning cokes and their daily discussions of clubs and parties, recipes, servants and children. At noon school children thronged the place to get milkshakes and sandwiches. The older girls were not above a bit of flirting with the soda clerk, which sometimes resulted in their receiving an

extra scoop of ice cream or an extra dash of chocolate syrup.

Between three and four o'clock, businessmen drifted in for an afternoon break. A headache remedy invented by a local doctor contained a small amount of alcohol and was quite a picker-upper. Headaches were prevalent at that time of the day and many customers asked to have the medicine added to their cokes. One, in particular, usually needed three doses to get any real relief.

By seven-thirty in the evening, a group of townsmen began to congregate, having finished dinner. Not yet having experienced television, they discussed the local baseball or softball teams, and in cold weather, football and basketball, but politics were of interest the year round.

On the election nights, candidates and active campaigners gathered around Doc's cluttered desk in a secluded spot at the back of the store to celebrate, with a discreet nip, the accepted finish of a hard fight.

Doc knew a lot about human nature, but it always puzzled him why a person would go to a clinic, sit a long time in a crowded room to see a doctor, pay a fee, then bring the doctor's prescription to the store and say, "I don't know whether to have this filled or not. Do you think it

will do me any good? I got the high blood."

When he was reassured that the medicine was indeed efficacious, he went on his way, if no happier, at least, hopeful.

People just took it for granted that Doc would do certain favors for them, if they asked. Doctor's wives would not dream of being seen entering the local A.B.C. store, so when alcoholic ingredients were needed for egg nog, Doc either went to the store for them or sent the porter.

If molded ice cream was needed for a wedding reception, or even just a bridge party, Doc ordered it from Raleigh, soothing a distraught hostess if her refreshments were late in arriving, making long distance calls to hasten the delivery, or as happened on one occasion, driving forty miles to rescue the order off of a broken-down truck.

If one needed a package wrapped for mailing, a few stamps, an extra quart of milk on Sunday or a suddenly depleted baby formula replenished, one called Doc. He coped with many an emergency.

There are no longer many equivalents of the druggists one used to know. The big chain stores are modern, clean and friendly, but the pharmacist, as a rule, confines himself to the prescription department. This is usually on a level a

few feet above the main floor, so that you reach up to him for your filled prescription, and somehow he seems at distance not conducive to your telling him how sick your child is, or any of the other troubles that used to be confided to the druggist of other days.

Nor can you tell him that, although you cannot pay now, in sixty days he will get his money, or some of it. Doc was used to waiting. He drove a vintage Ford while people who owed him often rode in Chryslers and Buicks, but that was life.

To those who remember the five cent coke and the big ceiling fan, Doc is still a memory, too, and I believe that he would feel that such remembrance was reward enough.

MARGARETH MARTIN
free lance
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

FACING SOUTH welcomes readers' comments and writers' contributions. Write P. O. Box 230, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

MANUSCRIPTS NEEDED

Do you collect folk tales or enjoy writing your own short stories or fiction?

The publishers of FACING SOUTH are now compiling a collection of stories by Southerners, to be published in a special volume called "Southern Writing." Send your stories right away to Southern Writing, P. O. Box 531, Durham, N.C. 27702. Payment for manuscripts chosen for publication will be \$50.

Looking back

by VIRGINIA WHITE
TRANSEAU
Sept. 1942

SCHOOL BELLS RING MONDAY ENDING VACATION FOR KIDS: Promptly at 9:30 o'clock Monday morning the school bells of the County's white schools will ring, marking the end of the summer vacation for approximately one thousand white school children.

DAWKINS ACCEPTS BAPTIST CHURCH CALL: The Pulpit Committee of Hertford Baptist Church announced Wednesday that the Rev. H. C. Dawkins has accepted a call tendered him by the local church and will arrive here to assume his duties as pastor on September 20th. The Rev. Mr. Dawkins was

a student at Wake Forest College and is a graduate of the Southern Theological Seminary of Louisville, Ky. He has had two years experience in Louisville. He is married to the former Miss Carmen Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Morgan, of Parkville Township, Perquimans County.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. White of Hertford, Route 1, announce the birth of a son, born Sunday, September 4, 1942.

FACULTY FOR COUNTY SCHOOLS ANNOUNCED BY SUPERINTENDENT: With county schools opening on Monday morning, County Superintendent F. T. Johnson today announced the faculty of the schools for the coming year. The list of teachers for the various

schools of the county are: Perquimans High School — Miss Esther Evans, Mrs. Dorothy Barbes, Mrs. Tom Jessup, J. P. Crifasi, Mrs. Hannah F. Holmes, Miss Helen Willoughby, Mrs. F. T. Johnson, Miss Edna Turnage and G. C. Buck. Perquimans Central Grammar School — Rupert Ainsley, Mrs. Rupert Ainsley, Miss Alma Laggett, Mrs. Edgar Lane, Miss Lucille Long, Miss Cora Layden, Mrs. Helen W. Winslow, Miss Margaret White, Mrs. Ruth S. Winslow and Miss Johnnie White. Hertford Grammar School — Miss Mary Sumner, Mrs. R. S. Monds, Jr., Mrs. Mary E. Walters, Mrs. Jess Ooley White, Mrs. Y. C. Chappell, Miss Mildred Reed, Miss Ruth Elliott and Miss Mary Jane Spruill. New Hope School — Mrs. Margaret L. Goodman and Mrs. W. E. Dull.

THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY

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Ray Winslow

Perquimans and the West Indies, "Panther" was a schooner.

Those small two-masted fore-and-aft-rigged vessels were light enough (commonly less than 50 tons) to ride over the shallow inlets of the Carolina sand banks. At the same time they were sturdy and manageable enough to navigate everything from Yeopim Creek to the great Atlantic.

"Panther" was apparently owned by Jonathan Skinner, Andrew Donaldson, and Simeon Long; they may have had other partners.

A blacksmith and sometime tavern keeper, Jonathan Skinner had represented Perquimans in the House of Commons in 1778, 1782, and 1782. His home still stands north of Bethel and it has been entered in the National register of Historic Places as the Isaac White House.

Both Skinner and Andrew Donaldson married daughters of Thomas Long. Donaldson had lived in Freetown, Mass., and in 1775 he had been master of the schooner "Molly and Sally." He wife would keep the ferry from Hertford to Newby's Point in the mid 1780's.

On March 31, 1784, "Panther's" owners