

Our view

Opening the door

We don't like to think about the fact that there are those in need around us. If we think about it, we must also consider the fact that most of us don't do much about it.

Social Services estimates are that nearly half the population of the county must exist on household incomes that are below the government's poverty line.

We like to push such statistics to the back of our minds. They make us feel uncomfortable, perhaps even guilty.

We forget about these people and there needs continue. But if Sister Gloria Gillman has her way about it, a house in Winfall will provide an "Open Door" to the needy.

"The Open Door" is an effort to meet emergency needs of county residents through a coordinated effort of area churches.

Currently being organized by the Catholic Social Services, it is intended to provide food, clothing, and/or

emergency funds for the needy or persons struck by catastrophe.

It would also provide some counseling services, as well as referrals to local agencies for help.

"Open Door" is not a government program. It will not spend a penny of tax money.

The program will depend on the generosity, indeed the charity of county residents, and gifts do not have to be of the monetary sort.

Time, old clothing, food, and a few other items are in demand.

The effort will require cooperation and commitments, and we hope there will be no shortage of either.

Of course there is no magic pill we can perscribe that will wipe out poverty, but we must continue to treat the symptoms.

Here is an excellent chance to do a service for our fellow man. Let's take advantage of the opportunity.

Letter

Recreation vote is sought

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

As we all know by now our town is in bad financial straits and has been in the red since 1977.

The Hertford Town Council seems to think the only way to redeem themselves is to give us a rate raise on our light bills.

As there are only 803 families which pay these bills, (some of them elderly and on fixed incomes, who can ill afford any more burdens on them) we feel that there must be some other way.

There should be some means of cutting the budget and a lot of the people feel that it could begin with the Recreation Department, which takes a big chunk out of our monies, and is not necessary for the town to exist.

I think, therefore, that the only fair way to confront this particular problem is for the 803 families to be allowed to vote as to whether or not they desire to continue to support this Recreation Department, or whether they want to pay more in light bills. Let the majority rule.

It is nice to have things like the bigger towns have, but our town is limited as to what can be afforded, and when the financial conditions get too much, it is time to cut back until things improve.

Let our citizens have a voice in our government. They are paying for it.

I say let's have a VOTE on the issue of recreation.

Mrs. Claude Emory
725 Pennsylvania Avenue
Hertford

County voters fought under-representation

Perquimans County voters showed their independence and determination during a notable controversy in the first half of the eighteenth century.

A long-brewing quarrel surfaced in mid century between the original settlements in the Albemarle Sound area and the later settlements along the Neuse and Cape Fear rivers.

the northern delegates might be unable to appear. But they did appear nonetheless.

Another attempt at this tactic was successful. By meeting in Wilmington in November of 1746, fifteen legislators, in the absence of all the Albemarle representatives, hurriedly rammed through a law reducing all counties to two assembly members apiece. (Members of the upper house of the assembly were appointed by the crown.)



Based on economic differences and power struggles, the quarrel focused to a large extent on a single political question. How many representatives should the Albemarle counties have in the legislature?

Under the form of government worked out in the seventeenth century, Perquimans and four other counties were entitled to elect five members each to the House of Commons.

Since most of the counties created later in other parts of the province were allowed two members each, the Albemarle obviously dominated the House.

Cape Fear interests, including Governor Gabriel Johnston, resented the inequity. Their attempts to remedy what they considered an injustice were not entirely just, however.

Unable to pass legislation opposed by the Albemarle, the central and southern interests slyly called a 1741 legislative session at a time and place they thought

The call for a new election instructed each Albemarle county to return two members. The independent-minded voters of Perquimans, Pasquotank, Chowan, Currituck, and Tyrrell each elected five. The assembly refused to seat five, these counties refused to have only two.

Claiming the rights granted them by proprietary and royal authority, and denouncing the 1746 assembly, the Albemarle counties appealed to the King for resolution of the conflict. It took seven years for the royal decision to be made, seven years during which Perquimans and its near neighbors had no representatives in the General Assembly.

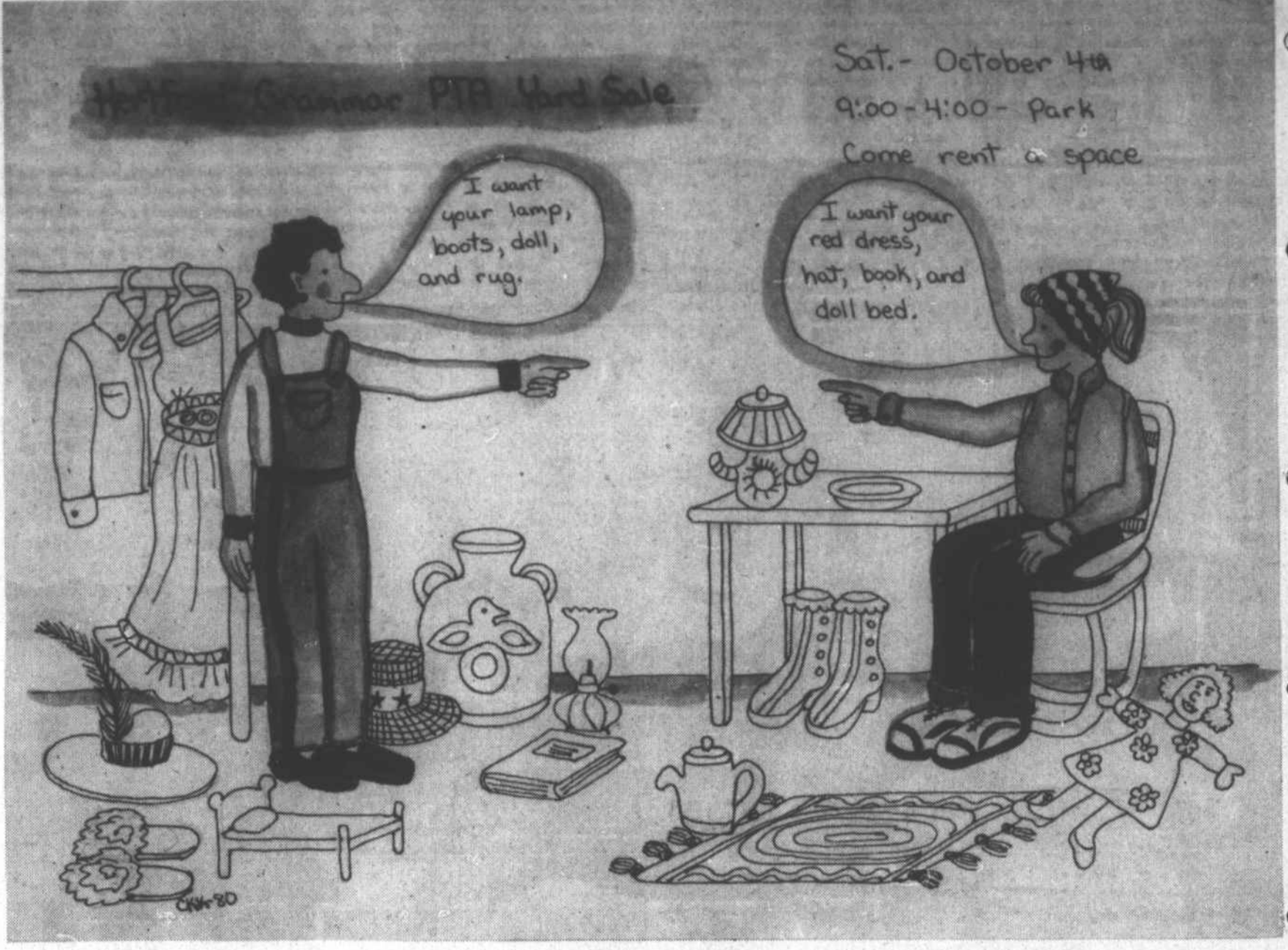
Lacking representation, the aggrieved counties declined to accept any laws passed without their consent. The situation reached such a critical stage that the governor declared "Tho' they do not appear in Arms, they are really in a State of Civil Rebellion."

This Albemarle representation controversy delayed the incorporation of a town on Phelps Point. It interrupted the political career of John Harvey, the greatest legislator Perquimans ever produced. It hindered the collection of taxes and the administration of justice.

In 1754, the controversy was ended by a royal decision vindicating the Albemarle counties' right to five members each in the House of Commons, a right they exercised until independence from Britain was declared.

Perquimans' voters had stood for their rights and privileges in that controversy, refusing to acknowledge acts performed without their legitimate consent. They had expected the King of England to guarantee their rights.

Not many years later, however, John Harvey and other men of Perquimans would express their concept of independence on a broader scale, standing for their rights against the King himself.



What strangeness lurks in yon' garden?

The picture we ran of Lewis Taylor's two pound tomato started a parade.

It seems that a whole bunch of folks wanted to be photographed with produce from their gardens, and some of the fruits of their labor were kind of strange.

How about a Siamese eggplant, or that other thing, the unidentified object that was shaped sort of like a banana, only two feet long?

In my days of gardening, I never grew anything large enough or strange enough to make the paper, and I think there are others in the same boat.

One fellow brought in a watermelon that wasn't much bigger than what you could buy at the grocery store. I think he thought we put the vegetable pictures in as a public service.

Anyway, we took his picture, af-



fectionately cradling the watermelon, but it never made the paper.

It's strange to me how people get so excited about things that come from their gardens. The only thing I can figure is with all that hoeing and watering out in the hot sun, those fruits and vegetables just start to grow on you after a while.

The old store

I've learned a little more about the old store in Belvidere since we featured it in

a recent issue of the PERQUIMANS WEEKLY.

This is good stuff, and it comes to us by way of Mary White of Belvidere, through her brother-in-law, Joe Ward of Hertford. So hold onto your seats...

The store was originally located in the heart of Belvidere, where the brick filling station now stands.

It's owner was Rufus White, a strict Quaker, even for Quaker country.

He didn't sell soft drinks or tobacco in his store, and Mrs. White (no relation) said that he could be even more extreme than that.

She said White once asked his clerk, Tim Perry, what several packages of Red Devil Lye were doing on the shelves.

Folks use that lye for making soap, Perry was said to have responded.

"Well pack those red devils up and get 'em out of my store," White demanded.

Norman Hollowell, father of Robert Hollowell, Sr., of Hertford bought the store and moved it out of town a little, across the street from its present location near the Belvidere Post Office, and put up a cotton gin and sawmill to go with it.

Mrs. White's father-in-law bought the store from Norman Hollowell, and moved it to its present location, and the saw mill and cotton gin back off the road and onto the river.

The store served its last paying customer in the 1930's.

I still haven't found anyone who can tell me exactly how old the store is, but all I've talked to agree that it's well over 100 years old.

Facing South

TOWNS COUNTY, GA. — I first met Virda Shook in 1971. During that year, and in those which followed, I discovered that the beauty of this rural north Georgia county of Towns is revealed not only in its waterfalls, mountains, and lakes, but also in its people — their spirit and their humor.

I owe a special debt to Virda Shook who, along with her family, warmly welcomed this stranger into her home. "Why, stay the night" or "You'd better eat something" were not just empty statements, but sincere hospitality.

Relatives and friends alike call Mrs. Shook "Maw" or "Granny." Well into her eighties now, this tiny humpbacked woman still commands great respect due to her strength and endurance.

She raised her seven children alone, after the death of her husband, and has labored at a wide variety of jobs to keep the family going. Once she even worked hauling rocks, enough for a neighbor to build an entire house.

Virda Shook continues to share not only food and hospitality, but also her experiences from days gone by — lessons learned and never forgotten.

The following story is part of that rich mountain heritage which her recollections have helped to preserve:

"O Lordy, one time when I was ten or fifteen, Daddy says to me, 'You quit snuff an I'll get you a dress.'

I says, 'Alright.'

Well, I quit for him, but I didn't behind his back, now understand. I went to the store one day an got a dime box of snuff. I

never will forget it, but I got a whippin' for it.

At home, I went over to my playhouse, and Daddy was sittin' on the porch. He watched me, but I didn't think about him watchin' me.

I took my snuff an scratched a hole in this tree stump, put the snuff down in the stump, then put a piece of bark over it. Then, I put me a rock over the bark and raked dirt over the top. An he's awatchin' me.

Later, I got the snuff, turned the box up, and put the snuff in my mouth. An he's awatchin' me. I didn't know he seen me. So he called me to the house. I come to the house an he says, 'Did I raise you to tell stories?'

I said, 'No, Daddy, you didn't raise me to tell stories.'

He said, 'There's a knot on your tongue. Why, you told a story! When I got your dress, you told me a story about the snuff. You know what you gonna do?'

I said, 'No, what?'

'You gon get a good whippin.'

He went over there to be sure I had the snuff in the tree stump. He got the snuff out and said, 'What do you call this, little story?'

I said, 'Daddy, I'm sorry.'

He says, 'I know you are, tellin' a story. I'm gonna whip you jist the same. God tell me to whip you and I'm gonna do it.'

Well, he got him a hickory about like broom straw and nettled me real good. I cried all ev'nin'.

I says, 'Daddy, I do like my snuff.'

He says, 'Now, you can use the snuff, and I'll take the dress.'

Viney, my stepmother says, 'Let her use the snuff.'

I says, 'What'll you do with the dress?'

He said, 'I'll give it to some other little girl that won't tell stories.'

He didn't give the dress away. I wore it to school.

And he didn't whip me for the snuff. He whipped me for tellin' a story. Boys, that broke me from tellin' stories. He sure did whip me for that. Nettled me real good.'

DANIEL LEIGH
free lance
Chapel Hill, N.C.



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

Looking back

by VIRGINIA WHITE
TRANSEAU
September 1943

HOME ON LEAVE: Ambrose Long, an armed guard, U.S.N., one of the survivors of a ship, is now spending 15 days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Long, of Route 2, Edenton.

LIGHTNING STRIKES BARN DURING STORM CAUSING HEAVY LOSS: Charles Griffin, of Durants Neck, suffered a four thousand dollar loss when lightning struck a barn on his farm during an electrical storm Sunday afternoon. In addition to the barn being completely destroyed by fire, farm equipment and a large amount of hay stored in the barn was destroyed by the blast. Mr. Griffin estimated the loss at four thousand dollars and stated that the loss was not covered by insurance.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bush, of Portsmouth, Va., announces the birth of a daughter, born

Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1942. Mrs. Bush, before her marriage, was Miss Virginia Fowler.

WORKERS REQUIRED TO PRESENT STATEMENTS FOR EXTRA GASOLINE: Two very important announcements affecting motorists of this section were made by the Perquimans Nation Board this week.

The first was, beginning immediately, all defense workers and those employed by construction companies must present a statement showing their employment when making application for extra gasoline and tires.

The second was an announcement that motorists who own both a pickup truck and a passenger car can not make application for tires for both types of cars. Applications will be received for only one type of car.

In short, owners of pick-up trucks seeking tires for their trucks can not apply for tires for their passenger car.

THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY

Mike McLaughlin
Noel Todd-McLaughlin
Co-Editors
Pat Mansfield
Circulation Manager

NEWS AND ADVERTISING DEADLINE
5 P.M. MONDAY

Subscription rates:
ONE YEAR \$7.50 IN COUNTY
\$8.50 OUTSIDE COUNTY

P.O. Box 277 Hertford, N.C. 27944
Published by Advance Publ., Elizabeth City

