

# Weekly Perspective

## Looking back

By VIRGINIA WHITE  
TRANSEAU  
January 1943

**FORTY-SEVEN YOUTHS REGISTERED BY LOCAL BOARD IN SIXTH REGISTRATION:** Forty-seven teen-aged youths registered for Selective Service with the Perquimans Draft Board during the sixth registration which closed Dec. 31.

**MISS PAULINE WHITE WEDS GUY H. WEBB:** In a ceremony attended only by members of the immediate families and a few close friends, Miss Frances Pauline White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.P. White of Hertford, and Guy Hughes Webb, son of Mr. and Mrs. G.T. Webb also of Hertford, were united in marriage at 6 o'clock, on Thursday evening, Dec. 24, 1942, at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. Preston E. Cayton, of Edenton, officiated.

**ENTERTAINED AT DINNER:** Miss

Grace Chappell was hostess at a turkey dinner on Sunday honoring her father, E.L. Chappell, who celebrated his birthday anniversary. Those enjoying the happy occasion were: Mr. and Mrs. C.S. Chappell, Mr. and Mrs. J.A. Rountree, Mr. and Mrs. W.T. Chappell, and son, Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chappell and family.

**CHRISTMAS PARTY:** The Y.W.A. Society of Bethel Church enjoyed a Christmas party on Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Blanche Goodwin.

Games were played and gifts were exchanged. Fruit was served to the following: Misses Evelyn Long, Della Evans, Cornie Lee Ward, Madge Long, Jayne Griffin, Roselyn Whedbee, Hazel Dail, Eunie Long, Blanche Goodwin, Edgar Long, Thomas Fleetwood, Lloyd Evans, Julian Long, Morris Griffin, Jr., Maynard Fleetwood, Jr., Mrs. W.P. Long, Mrs. E.L. Goodwin and Mrs. Leroy Goodwin.

## Much known of Indian actions but little of feelings

The Indians of Perquimans made full use of their resources. A killed deer furnished meat, skins for clothing and mats, sinew for fastenings, and bone for simple tools. A bear made a feast, a warm robe, and a tooth necklace.

think that all the gods are of human shape, and therefore they represent them by images in the forms of men...Then they place in houses appropriate or temples...

For some religious ceremonies and harvest festivals they gathered for dances around a circle of posts bearing carved faces. Could two sites in Perquimans, one near Winfall and the other near Bethel, which early records call "dancing place" be Indian ceremonial grounds?

According to Harriot the Indians believed "a woman was made first, which by the working of one of the gods, conceived and brought forth children. And in such a way they had their beginning."

Indian religion included a powerful priesthood, which cared for the temples wherein dead chiefs were buried. The priests frequently made important decisions for a tribe.

The tribe, really only a collection of villages, was ruled by a chief or weroance. The first weroance known to us was Okisko, whose nation of Weapemoc included what is now Perquimans County.

In 1586, Okisko was reported ready to acknowledge allegiance to Queen Elizabeth the "great Weroanza" of England. When other Indians plotted to destroy the English at Roanoke Island, Okisko refused to join the conspiracy.

Okisko thus established good relations between the natives of our area and the Europeans who would eventually supplant them.

(Part 5 next week.)



Ray Winslow

Thomas Harriot of Sir Walter Raleigh's colony described eastern North Carolina Indians as "a people clothed with loose mantles made of deer skins, and aprons of the same round about their middles, all else naked..."

Beads, paints, and tattoos provided personal decoration, while the cut of the hair might vary according to age and tribal importance.

The Indians were skilled at making their tools and utensils. Bows, arrows, clubs, knives, scrapers, diggers, pots, baskets, canoes — all were made by hand using materials furnished by nature.

Of their physical activities we know much; of their mental activities, little. Their beliefs are imperfectly reported to us. According to Harriot they held "that there are many gods, which they call mantoac, but of different sorts and degrees, one only chief and great God, which has been from all eternity...They

## Letters

### A lesson in waste treatment

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

In the past few months there have been articles written in the newspaper about the waste water treatment plant and I would like to take this opportunity to explain a little about how the plant operates.

The sewage is treated with hot air and chlorinated before being turned into the river. The water from the plant is cleaner and more germ free than the water that is in the river. Tests are performed everyday on the water entering the plant, while it is in the plant at different stages, and again just before it goes into the river.

Tests on river water, both up and down stream and temperatures are taken and

compared with the water going from the plant to the river. These test results are entered on a report form and sent to the Environmental Protection Agency and the N.C. State Department of Health at the end of each month.

Some of the more important tests that are performed are: Fecal Coliform, Suspended Residue, Total Residue, Ammonia Nitrogen, Dissolved Oxygen, BioChemical Oxygen Demand, Chemical Oxygen Demand.

Next month I will have the definitions of these tests in the paper.

I would like to extend an invitation to anyone, or groups of interested citizens, especially school children to come to the plant for a conducted tour. You can make arrangements for a tour by calling 436-8182. The tour would be very interesting and educational.

Roy M. Perkins  
Laboratory and Plant Operator  
Hertford Waste Water Treatment Plant

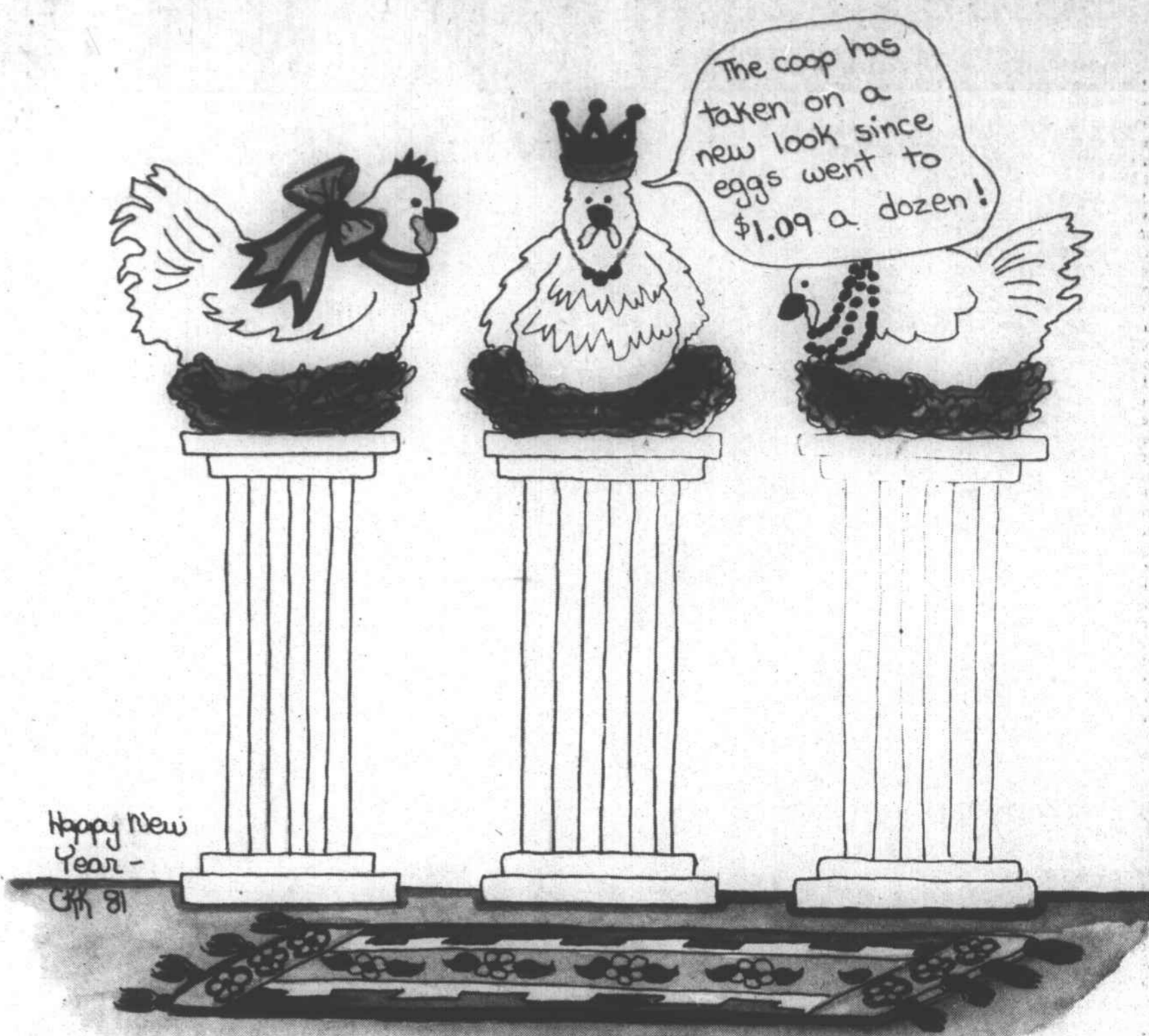
### Seniors say thanks

Editors, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

I wish to thank Mrs. Hester Reid for the wonderful affair given on Dec. 22, 1960 for senior citizens of this Perquimans County area.

Mrs. Hester Reid is a grand lady; I think she is one of the greatest women in Perquimans County.

Thank you again Mrs. Reid.  
Mrs. Vashli Lilly  
Hertford, NC



## Like it or not, we're obsessed

Aside from birth and death, I'm fairly certain that the great common denominator of mankind is the weather.

Think about it. When you're stuck in a situation where you have to make conversation but you don't have anything to talk about, you turn to the weather.

And that's when the weather is pretty much standard. "Nice" is, I think, the appropriate terminology for standard weather.

Any deviation from standard is cause for a barrage of adjectives. Sure is windy, not to mention cold, and cloudy.

Such changes also bring an abundance of offerings from those who trade in similes. Examples: It's cold as a polar bear with his coat in the cleaners; It's as cold as a well digger's...oh well, you get the picture.

When deviation from standard reaches a point that it could be labeled "extreme" it grabs headlines, even though we get these extreme deviations at least every month.

This time of year a newspaper might run a picture of a face disguised by a ski-mask that's puffing out a cloud of smoke.



Mike McLaughlin

The bank robber-like face would accompany an article interviewing every possible person who might have some reason to discourse on the weather.

On television, a newscaster might scramble for the record book to tell us when the coldest day was and at what time we came closest to it. Then he cuts to a film of a woman tightly wrapped in a coat with her arms crossed and walking briskly down a city sidewalk.

If an actual film of a cold person doesn't prove that it really is cold what does it take? But, of course, everybody

already knows it was cold. What they want to know is, "How cold was it?"

The question is poised in unison on the lips of thousands of viewers. What difference does it make? Well, if you don't know how cold it was, how are you going to convince John Doe that it was colder than that winter back in 1942, when the first hard freeze came so fast that the turtles got caught sunning and had to spend the winter on top of the Perquimans River.

You could show him the plumbing bill from where you replaced your frozen pipes. But having the actual lows and highs makes your story even more impressive.

And those who have advance predictions of what the weather is going to be are that much ahead of the game. That's where the weatherman comes into play.

He's that modern convenience that lets you talk about the weather before it even happens.

To my way of thinking, the weather-

man has provided a quantum leap for humanity in filling conversational voids.

The fellow who is really up on weather reports can complain about the past, comment on the present and speculate on the future without even changing the subject. If that doesn't take the slack out of a conversation it can't be done.

I like the weatherman who neatly snaps his wrist as he thrusts his pointer into his jacket pocket after a particularly informative forecast.

That kind of flamboyance inspires confidence, even if one secretly suspects that the guy is wrong.

Weather you like it or not, I'll venture a guess on the whole business of weatherspeak. I don't have any facts and figures to back this up, but here goes. Talking about the weather became so prominent because it was thought to be a subject that could be broached without controversy. After all, when you eliminate religion and politics there isn't much left.

## Facing South

a syndicated column:  
voices of tradition  
in a changing region

WILLIAMSBURG, Va. — There are these strange birds that come and perch on the tree outside newspaper journalist Agnes Cooke's window, feathered informants who speak with a kind of genteel pointedness about the situation in Iran, or the latest election results, or some local snafu that has them ruffled.

The Williamsburg variety of these winged creatures is generally gulls, Mrs. Cooke observes, and they gather each morning around 7 o'clock in the vacant lot behind her apartment to comment upon the day's events.

Then there are the Westmoreland County pigeons who fly down "and let me know what's happening" around her hometown of Kinsale in that area of Virginia known as the Northern Neck.

Once, she notes wryly, an eagle plunked a rock (with a note attached) on her back stoop relating the news of some ecological doneybrook that had the poor bird literally up a tree.

All these birds provide excellent sources for Mrs. Cooke's weekly column "People, Places, Things," which appears in THE WESTMORELAND NEWS. And, although she admits "it's all nonsense," the birds have served as a

vehicle for some lively debates in the county.

For someone who "never wrote anything in my life until I came to Virginia," Agnes Cooke's journalistic career has included an amazing variety of stints as managing editor, reporter, photographer and occasionally janitor for weekly newspapers on the Northern Neck. She also assisted in founding Virginia Press Women, and served as president from 1963 to 1966.

Because she lives "in a barn of a house," Mrs. Cooke now shuttles back and forth between her home in Kinsale and her apartment in Williamsburg, casting a critical eye on local happenings in the process. She knows her region and its people well, and has always believed in printing the truth.

Raised in California, she married a Virginian, John Cooke, a furniture designer and — like her — "kind of a free spirit." Mrs. Cooke notes with a smile. So when they moved to Virginia in the 1950s, he was not surprised to find his wife plunging full speed into her coverage of county government after being asked to work at THE NORTHERN NECK NEWS and THE WESTMORELAND NEWS.

Mrs. Cooke recalls raising a few eyebrows among oldtimers in the county when she would editorialize about the necessity for the county seat of Mountross to "pick up a bit." It was a daring stance for a "come here," a transplanted Southerner from California.

Mrs. Cooke also had the opportunity to chronicle the integration of the Westmoreland schools. "People always knew I was a little amazed at segregation," she says. "But I enjoyed battling for the schools. And actually it was wonderful how Westmoreland made the transition."

"It was very dashing," she says. "Editors took a very dim view of this resolution for equal pay and equal work. But I was always interested in getting things on the road."

Through her more than 20 years with VPW, Mrs. Cooke has seen the format of traditional women's pages broadened into "lifestyles" sections, and has rejoiced over more equitable assignments among male and female reporters. She has also encountered some "awfully good" women journalists.

It makes her laugh, Mrs. Cooke says, when she thinks of herself "rattling around" with an old Brownie camera and an innumerable number of county beads to cover for her weekly newspapers. Still, she never lets her readers forget about the press and its responsibilities.

"I'm kind of a flag-raiser at heart, me and the birds."

CAROLYN CLICK  
reporter  
THE VIRGINIA GAZETTE  
Williamsburg, Va.  
FACING SOUTH welcomes readers' comments and writers' contributions.  
Write P.O. Box 220, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

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