

Weekly Perspective

Looking back

By VIRGINIA WHITE TRANSEAU
Oct. 1943

ARMY ACCEPTS FIVE SELECTEES: NINETEEN NEGROES LEAVE NEXT: An unofficial report early this week stated that the Army had accepted five of the group of selectees who received their final physical examinations at Fort Bragg last Thursday.

The men accepted were Kramer Williams, Alphonso Williams, John Hall, Kenneth Jordan, and Alfred Riddick, a transfer from Portsmouth, Va. Nineteen Negro selectees will leave Hertford on October 22 to fill the second call for men this month, Mrs. Ruth Sumner, clerk of the local board, said Tuesday.

These men are: Ellis Riddick, James Brickhouse, Robert Jones, William Riddick, Charlie Johnson, Elisha Dillard, Willie White, Augustus Hudson, William Brickhouse, William Reed, William Carter, Stephen Felton, Maurice Holly, Wilder Gregory, Joseph Gordon, Odell Hurdle, Alphonso Lightfoot, Charles

Winslow and Ezekial Robertson. The last seven named are all fathers.

DR. W.A. HOGGARD RETURNS TO COUNTY PRACTICE: Dr. W.A. Hoggard, who left Perquimans about a year ago to accept the post as physician at Caledonia Prison Farm, has returned to this county to resume the practice of medicine, according to an announcement this week. Dr. Hoggard will reside and maintain his office at his home on Route three, near Woodville.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT: Master Sergeant and Mrs. R.M. Riddick III, announce the birth of a daughter, born Wednesday, October 20, 1943, at the medical center in Elizabeth City. Mrs. Riddick is the former Joyce Stokes.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tillett, of Elizabeth City, announce the birth of a daughter, born Saturday in Elizabeth City. Mrs. Tillett is the former Miss Clara Sumner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C.F. Sumner.

Minister attacks philanthropist

During a revival in Elizabeth City in October, 1924, the famed evangelist Mordecai F. Ham began a series of attacks on Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck and Company. Ham declared Rosenwald was the leader of a subversive plot to destroy the nation and Christian civilization.

Throughout the month-long revival, Ham was at odds with crusading liberal journalist William O. Saunders, whose "Independent" was the only eastern North Carolina newspaper to achieve national fame. The outspoken and fearless Saunders came to Rosenwald's defense, calling "the prophet" Ham a liar.

In refuting Ham's charges, Saunders pointed out, among other things, that "Rosenwald has given away practically all of his own money, over and above expenses. There is hardly a county in any Southern State that has not been a beneficiary of his extensive benevolence."

Saunders knew that his own native county of Perquimans had benefited from Rosenwald's philanthropy. The Julius Rosenwald Fund had been established in 1917 for "the well being of mankind." Much of the Fund went for the construction of black schools.

By 1929, two black schools in Perquimans had received substantial contributions from the Rosenwald Fund. The two together cost \$15,500 of which \$1,500 came from black contributions, \$12,000 from public funds, and \$2,000 from the Rosenwald Fund.

One of the two was the black high school in Hertford. About 1905, the old private Hertford Academy, erected about 1870, was moved from its original site; part of the building was converted into a residence on East Academy St., while the remainder was moved to King Street for use as a black school.

A 1924 report on the Rosenwald Fund described the replacement of

this building. "The old school house was one that had been abandoned by the white people years ago. It was a two-room, two-story building, with an inside stairway with doors opening on the inside.

"Plans were being made to add two rooms to each end of this building, and work was ready to begin, when H.C. Stokes, a white citizen, became convinced that such action could not be justified.

"Funds were scarce, it is true. The plan that was recommended as being suitable contained eight large classrooms and an auditorium forty-five feet by seventy-five feet, cloak rooms, an office, and a library.

"Plans were being made to add two rooms to each end of this building, and work was ready to begin, when H.C. Stokes, a white citizen, became convinced that such action could not be justified.

"Not to be defeated in his purpose, Mr. Stokes employed day carpenters and supervised the buying of materials and the construction of the building, giving only a few hours on Saturday afternoons to his own business. The building is now complete. The white people of the community are almost as proud of it as the colored people...."

This Rosenwald school stood on the ground now occupied by the King Street building of Perquimans County High School. It served the black community for many years after W.O. Saunders took Mordecai Ham to task.

Ham, whose later converts included Billy Graham, never quite escaped the shadow cast over him by Saunders in defending the Chicago business executive whose public spirit reached even to little Perquimans.



Ray Winslow

Letter

St. Jude's Bike-a-thon a success

Editor, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

The St. Jude Children's Research Hospital Wheels for Life Bike-a-thon is over for this year and we want to sincerely thank the citizens of Perquimans County for their generous support of our campaign.

We are extremely proud of the riders, the hard working volunteers whose efforts made this a success, the generous citizens who donated prizes for the event and those who pledged. Thanks to them, we raised \$1,050.

America, the land of opportunity

Editor, THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY:

All of us should be proud that we are Americans in the land of opportunity and prosperity. We have the best form of government on earth which I consider second to none in power and strength.

We started our present democracy 163 years ago and since then we have

Because the diseases that St. Jude Children's Research Hospital is battling can strike any child anywhere, this money will be helping to save children's lives all over the world.

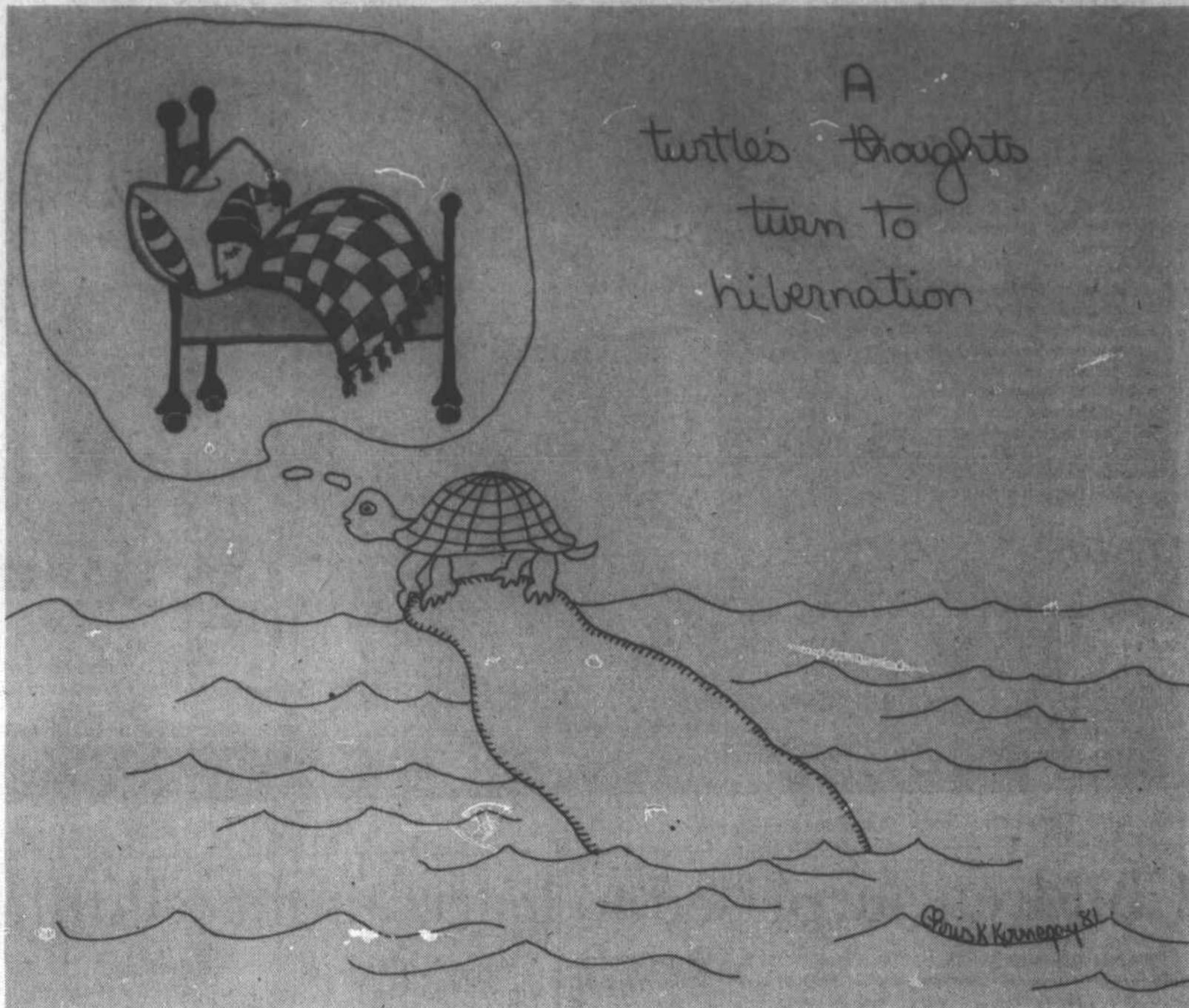
Our sincere thanks to THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY for your excellent publicity of the event.

Sincerely,
Bonnie D. White
St. Jude Bike-a-thon Chairman
Hertford, N.C.

made great progress in many areas. Namely, in education, science, transportation, air power, and also in leadership in many areas of government.

Working together will keep America strong by the help of God.

George Cooper
Scoutmaster
Hertford, N.C.



Don't let them arrest the wrestling bear

In all the annals of Man's history of victimizing his fellow animals, I don't you could find a more illustrative case than the one that appeared in the VIRGINIA PILOT last week.

Under the front-page headline "Bear's Va. wrestling privileges revoked on grounds it is not mentally competent," you can read the story of how an honest little guy — namely a trained wrestling bear named Victor — is heartlessly denied the right to conduct his life's work due to the insidious dealings of an impersonal bureaucracy — namely the Virginia Athletic Commission.

For those of you who are not aware of this atrocity, let me fill you in. Douglas Beavers, executive secretary of the VAC, issued a cease-and-desist order to George Allen, the trainer of Victor, the wrestling bear.

The order effectively disallows Victor from plying his trade in the state of Virginia. The order came after the wrestling bruin supposedly hurt a fellow during a match — the first injury in more than 10,000 matches, according to Allen.

The victim of Victor's wrestling prowess, one Danny Hutchins, fractured an ankle and damaged his knee. Hutchins claims the bear "was

out of control," according to the PILOT, while Allen said in effect that Hutchins was a clutz. "He hurt himself," the paper quoted Allen as saying.

The VAC said in its order that Victor was not only physically incompetent to wrestle, but also mentally incompetent. And not only that, but the VAC also indicted Victor for having too much facial hair.

Now I don't usually fly off the handle over every little thing I read in the paper, but this really burns me up.

Here we have this honest, God-fearing bear who has trained and worked hard to become a great wrestler, and now a bunch of paper-shufflers who have never met this bear and probably don't know anything about bear wrestling have cut the poor bruin off.

There are some unanswered questions about this whole business also. The paper reports that there are two bears, both named Victor, and the other one apparently bit off an opponent's finger during a match last year.

I think the police or maybe even the FBI should apprehend this other Victor and give him the third degree on his involvement in this affair.



Tom Ostrosky

Maybe rough him up a bit if he won't talk.

Another thing: how can they prove that Victor is mentally incompetent to fight? He sounds pretty competent to me, and I know something about mental incompetency.

And what about his facial hair? Does that mean Victor has to shave? Just his face, or his whole body? Don't you think a bald bear would be cramping his style a bit?

I certainly hope the authorities get to the bottom of this whole mess and vindicate this unfortunate creature. In the meantime, I'm starting a Victor Defense Fund to help this victimized bear. Send your contributions to The Victor Defense Fund, in care of The Perquimans Weekly, P.O. Box 277, Hertford, NC

27944. What this bear needs is a good lawyer.

Former President Jimmy Carter says he will sue the WASHINGTON POST for printing an article in their gossip column stating that there was a rumour afoot that Carter had bugged the Blair House, where Ronald and Nancy Reagan were staying before the inauguration.

The POST wrote in a later editorial that they didn't believe the rumour was true, but the fact there was a rumour was newsworthy.

Well, for what it's worth, here's what I think. I'm seldom happy to see anybody sue a paper for libel, and usually we newspaper people try to defend each other, but I draw the line a gossip column.

If the rumour was true, it was front page news. If it wasn't, it shouldn't have been printed. Apparently nobody at the POST checked to see one way or another.

I hope you sue, Jimmy. I hope you sue the shirt right off their backs. The story was clearly libelous, not to mention unprofessional. It makes the business look bad, it makes me look bad. I don't like to look bad. I'm not a bad guy.

Facing South

a syndicated column:
voices of tradition
in a changing region

ROANOKE RAPIDS, N.C. — Sometimes very obscure people rate as heroes and heroines, not because of some dramatic act of bravery, but by doing whatever confronts them, and what they conceive to be their duties, with grace and steadfastness. Anna — not her real name — was such a person. For several years around 1916, Anna served as the village nurse in the textile mill community here.

A typical day for Anna began soon after breakfast, when she made her rounds in the mill village, walking because she did not have a car. She visited homes where mothers had recently given birth, to bathe the babies and assist the mothers in whatever was needed. She also stopped at houses where people were too sick to come to the clinic, or where elderly persons counted on her help and her smile.

At that time, not much preventive medicine was practiced. The wonderful serums that we take for granted had not been developed. Just a few years before Anna's arrival, our town had been known as a center for deadly malaria, until the late Dr. T.W.M. Long spear-headed a move to eliminate the numerous disease-carrying mosquitoes.

Typhoid serum was available and

Anna must have given hundred of injections of it. But scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria, measles and pneumonia were always serious threats.

The village nurse and both doctors worked tirelessly through the terrible flu epidemic of 1918. And in those days, although brown lung disease most likely existed among the mill workers, it was probably diagnosed as something else. Tubercular patients were sent to a sanatorium for treatment and a change of climate.

When no epidemics existed, Anna had a few hours off in the afternoon, but took time to see that the small, three-room clinic was in order. Sometimes a day's work meant assisting one of the doctors with a difficult case, often riding miles into the country.

She had a fine camaraderie with these two men, and there was mutual respect. All three enjoyed their work, and shared an occasional laugh to relieve the tension.

A few school teachers, a few young men, and one unmarried doctor ate their meals at the boarding house where Anna lived. Neighbors were fun and relaxing, and she looked forward always to dinner at night when she appeared in a fresh, dark

blue cotton uniform with immaculate white collar and cuffs.

Clinic hours began at 7, six nights a week, so she could not linger long, but her Irish wit and ready laughter enlivened the occasion for all.

Few people knew that Anna was next to the oldest in a large Catholic family in Virginia. Lack of money seemed to be a chronic problem; a married sister had a number of young children and her husband had a hard time making ends meet.

Anna could be counted on to pay for a Confirmation dress for Theresa, to help defray the cost of Tommy's tonsillectomy, or the expensive medicine that her father could not do without. With so many demands, she had little for herself.

When not in uniform, she wore a blue serge dress in cold weather, that has been "turned" sponged and pressed until it was almost thread-bare, and in summer, her few white shirts and skirts went to a washerwoman every week. Her one indulgence was an occasional night at the movies, when the long clinic hours permitted.

During her nursing years, a great many people must have loved Anna, or at least valued her services. A few named their children by other her

first or last name, but textile workers at that time had little and could not show their appreciation in a material way.

At length, she married and stopped nursing, and many people must have forgotten her, for during her late years they seldom saw her, and when she died, few attended her funeral.

By that time, there was a large, modern hospital and somehow the whole medical picture seemed to have changed.

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