

Weekly Perspective

My view

Sympathizing with local landowners

By PAT MANSFIELD

As a land owner, I can sympathize with those who have petitioned the County Commissioners for a ban on deer hunting with dogs in the Bethel township area.

Hunting on someone else's land is a privilege, not a right. This privilege should not be abused.

When someone that I don't even know, drives across my field, it's the same as walking across my living room rug with muddy boots.

The shame of it all is, that there are only a few hunters who seem to have no respect for the land they are allowed to hunt on. These few are

penalizing everyone.

Their excitement of getting that rack to hang over their fireplace, is no excuse for taking a shortcut over a wet field and leaving tracks several inches deep, or for pulling up a gun in the direction of a farmer on his combine.

I really feel sorry for the others, those who stay on the paths and will let a deer cross in front of them without shooting because of an approaching vehicle or a house in the distance. These are the people who should protest. Blackball the bad guys from your hunting club if necessary. Otherwise, no one will be allowed to hunt anymore.

Looking back

By VIRGINIA WHITE TRANSEAU

REV. CORBIN CHERRY COMPLETES TRAINING: The Rev. Corbin Cherry, a native son of Perquimans County, recently completed his seminary training at Candler School of Theology Emory University, Atlanta, Ga. He received his Bachelor of Divinity Degree. Mr. Cherry visited in Hertford over the Christmas holidays and preached at the 11 o'clock service at the First Methodist Church. He is presently serving as youth director at Capitol

View Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga. He plans to return to the North Carolina Methodist Conference in June, and take a charge at that time.

CONSTRUCTION WORK ON HOMES STARTED: Construction work was started recently on two new homes in Hertford, one being built by J. Moody Matthews, Jr., which is located on Church Street on the old Newby property purchased by Matthews. The other home is being constructed by Joe Towe, Jr., and is located on Towe property

More on the Isaac White house

The story of the Isaac White House near Bethel continues.

The widow Margaret White saw all three of her sons caught up in the Civil War; all joined the Confederate Army.

Joseph H. White enlisted May 16, 1861, in the "Perquimans Beauregards" which became Company F, Twenty-seventh Regiment, North Carolina State Troops. He became a 3rd Corporal, and he died in service September 17, 1864.

Isaac N. White enlisted February 15, 1862, at age 19, in Company F, Eleventh Regiment, North Carolina Troops, rising through the ranks to be 3rd Corporal, 2nd Corporal, 1st Corporal, and eventually Sergeant.

Isaac was captured at Gettysburg July 3, 1863, and imprisoned at Fort Delaware until paroled and exchanged four weeks later. After hospitalization for "Debilitas" he returned to active duty in September, 1863.

At the end of 1864, he was home in Perquimans on a furlough of indulgence, probably to attend the family after the death of his elder brother. He was captured again, at Petersburg on April 2, 1865, and was imprisoned at Point Lookout, from which he was released June 21, 1865, after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States.

While still in his mid teens, John W. White enlisted in 1863 in the "Perquimans Partisan Rangers," an independent guerilla company formed for home defense. John was one of the signers of a complaint against Lt. Col. Edward C. Yellowley, who was attempting to bring the guerillas together into regular military camps outside the Albemarle.

The complaints pleaded the need to defend their own homes from Union troops and Buffaloes, and the difficulty of providing for their poor families in a disordered economy. Within a few months the "Rangers"

Ray Winslow

disbanded and John then enlisted on May 1, 1864, in the "Perquimans Beauregards".

Margaret White died about the time her son Isaac was first captured, and a final settlement of her late husband, Joseph White's estate was undertaken. The family property included twenty-three slaves (valued at \$12,650 altogether); bank bills from North and South Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia; Treasury notes from North Carolina and Virginia; bills from the city of Norfolk; and Confederate money — all of which soon ceased to be assets.

Isaac N. White and John W. White made a mutual division of their father's land on December 9, 1868, so that each might avail himself of the constitutionally provided homestead exemption. John received the homestead, with 122 acres.

John W. White died in late January or early February 1869, leaving debts estimated to be about twice his assets. Administration on his estate was granted to James J. Shannonhouse, the physician who had attended him in his last illness.

In petitioning for sale of White's real estate, Shannonhouse felt "the people in the Section of the Country in which intestate lived, were mostly insolvent & that he does not believe the Estate would be safe invested in bonds and dependent on inadequate security." The petition was granted and the war-impooverished property was sold at public auction.

(Part 6 next week.)

The Holy Trinity Episcopal Church winter garden



(designed and planted by Jean Winslow)

Editor expresses trials and tribulations of frustrating first week on the job

I know many of you are just dying to hear how my first week as editor of the Perquimans Weekly was and I'm just dying to tell you... it's too good to keep!

I often enjoy watching those "behind the scenes" programs like The Making of Superman, or whatever. It's fun to get an idea of what really goes on behind the script. Here's your chance to sneak a peak at life behind the headlines!

In a word...last week was one long calamity! But thanks to lots of help, lots of understanding and a good bit of panic, we managed to pull it off.

It started off fine. I worked over the week-end to "get ahead" a little, because I knew that I would have to be in meetings most of the day Monday — county commissioners

and board of education, etc. In between meetings, I managed to get out to take a few pictures and see a few people.

I should have started worrying, though, when I rode down the Harvey Point Road twice to find the workers on Phase II of the county water system and still didn't find them. (And still haven't!)

But that didn't dampen my spirits much, so I took advantage of the time and took some pictures of some pretty scenes down Harvey Point Road.

What really got me was Monday night after processing my film. I found nothing there! What a terrible thing to happen to a former photography teacher and what an awful time for it to happen! That's when the panic set in!

After typing all my stories Monday night — I figured I would need Tuesday morning to take more photos — I finally went home and straight to the shower. (Calgon, take me away!)

I really panicked when I realized I was locked in the bathroom and couldn't get out, but thank goodness my husband, though in bed, was not yet asleep, and he came to my rescue. All I needed was a cold night in the bathroom!

Tuesday morning was better. I discovered that some of my photographic chemicals were contaminated and my new film turned out fine. Pat Harrell saved me with his photos of the school accreditation presentations and Coach Webster graciously offered to get his team together for a picture later.

From then on it was downhill all the way. Although we were a little late getting to Elizabeth City to put the paper together (only about 15 minutes, though) Jane and I managed to get it all done without too many complications.

I'm really glad that first week is over and that we all survived and that the paper turned out ok. But that week taught me some very important lessons that will stick with me from now on.

First, I realized the true value of this staff and how good it is to have them — especially in emergencies. And also — how understanding folks around here can be, when things don't seem to be going so well.

Hope this week goes on without the calamities, but if they should come, we'll handle them!

Facing South

a syndicated column:
voices of tradition
in a changing region

DELCO, N.C. — I was born in Shackletown, in eastern North Carolina, where you either chipped boxes, collected turpentine and sold it, or you perished. My father and all the children that were old enough worked hard collecting turpentine, but even so I remember at least one time when we would have perished anyway if the good Lord hadn't worked what then seemed like a miracle.

Back in those days — the first decade of this century — there was no bridge across the creek leading to Whitt Well's grocery store and turpentine still. So when a freshet came (a sudden overflow of the stream after a heavy rain), it made an island out of Shackletown. This particular time it even washed away the footlog, and none dared trying to cross the creek to Whitt's store. It was winter, and meal barrels were being scraped and soup was running thin in the kitchens of all the 12 Shackletown families.

I believe that was the first and only morning our family ever got up without a mouthful to eat. The older children understood, but I didn't. Mams had chipped up collard stalks the day before and used the last of the meal making dumplings. Now it was the afternoon of the next day and I was singing the news; my stomach must have thought my throat was cut.

Right back of our house was the "Eley Hole," which had been serving us with fish like a smokehouse to those who had meat. I'd seen Mams sit on a bank and fill a basket with red fin pikes and war mouth perch.

So I got to pulling her arm, begging her to go and catch me a fish. Hungry as the other children were, they laughed at the idea of catching anything during this freshet. My brother Dempsey came back from checking on the creek, and reported, "The creek is running cold and hard and it has the swamp flooded."

But I wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally Mams said, "For heavens sakes, Dempsey, dig two or three worms and we'll go show Sam (my nickname) that we can't even get to the run of the creek."

And oh, for the faith of a little child! I felt like I was going to eat. All hands bundled up tight against the cold. Dempsey led the way and Mams came next with a short fishing pole; further back came my three sisters. When we came to the sharp decline where the path led down to the flat swamp, we saw the water was down some but was still too high for us to get to the run.

But to please me, Mams baited her hook and swung it towards mid-stream, where she let it lie on the bottom. We all watched but no fish were biting.

Presently Dempsey said, "Mams, look at that pike!" And there one was, about ten inches long, fat as a mole. None of us knew it then, but it's the nature of a pike to come out and "lie up" in still water during a freshet.

Mams raised the hook over to the pike's mouth, even touched its jaw, but he didn't bite. Dempsey said, "Mams, take the worm off and ease the hook under his jaw, and jerk."

Mams did so, and when she jerked she slung that pike to the top of the hill where he fell free of the hook. He hit the path flouncing and was coming down it end over end. My sisters started screaming and getting out of the way, but I knelt in the path and let him strike me — then grabbed him like a fish hawk!

Up the bank I ran, holding my fish and hollering for my sister Carrie to come to the house and cook him for me.



Carrie scaled and gutted my pike. We were out of grease and salt, so Carrie coiled him like a hoop in a wide fry pan and set it on a bed of hot coals in the claydaubed chimney fireplace. The skin got to sticking and when she turned him, pieces of bright flesh stuck to the pan. When she got him about half-cooked, she set the pan on the table. I went to work like a hungry cat. No salt, no grease, no bread, but that fish filled me up.

I walked to the door then, and saw Dempsey coming up the hill with a forked stick strung on both sides with fat pike. Just then I saw our mule and cart rounding the bend, and here came Papa and my brother Willie

with meal, flour, lard and a box of smoked herrings. They had gotten across the creek. The "panic" was over, at least for a while.

A few years later, tobacco replaced turpentine as the main money crop. And now the paper companies have bought a large part of the land hereabouts; the shortleaf pines they've planted have curbed the growth of the longleaf pines we used to harvest turpentine from. Shackletown is now called "Prosper"; and most people work at the paper mill. The old pioneer settlers have mostly passed on, and few remember the hard times we used to have back in the Shackletown days.

Letters

The PERQUIMANS WEEKLY welcomes the opinion of its readers. We print letters to the editor on subjects of local, state, national and international interest.

Letters should be limited to 300-350 words and should include the name, address and telephone number of the writer. Only the name and address will be published with the letter.

The subject matter should be of interest to the community, not a personal gripe. Letters may be edited by our news staff for clarity and space limitations.

Mail letters to: The Perquimans Weekly, P.O. Box 377, Hertford, N.C. 27944, or drop them off at our offices at Courthouse Square.

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