

# Weekly Perspective

## Other views

### Exports influential on agriculture

By JOHN SLEDGE  
N.C. Farm Bureau Federation

Probably the single most important factor influencing the farm economy in the last dozen years has been agricultural exports. That's why it's so hard to believe that in the period between the two World Wars, the U.S. was actually a net importer of agricultural products. It was during WW II that a fundamental change occurred.

Export growth then reached a peak in the 70's. According to University of Chicago economist Dr. D. Gale Johnson, the tonnage of U.S. farm exports grew at an 11 percent annual rate between 1972 and 1980. That meant a doubling of exports in six years. Johnson says, unfortunately, we may never see that again.

We lost sales to the Soviet Union because of embargoes. We lost sales to Mexico because we couldn't extend enough credit. We lost sales to China because we restricted textile imports and we lost other sales

because the European Community (EC) was there first with export subsidies for our customers. But, we can get our markets back.

We have retaliated by making a major sale of wheat flour on very favorable terms to Egypt, a market that had been largely captured by the EC. However, Argentina has already sold 92 percent of its wheat surplus for the coming year, mainly to China and the Soviet Union. Trade Representative William Brock says U.S. talks with Russia on a grains agreement remain suspended because of the Polish situation.

To revitalize the export market, Farm Bureau is supporting a market bonus plan or export PIK (payment-in-kind). Under such a plan, foreign purchasers who buy more than their customary amounts from the U.S. would receive bonus commodities from government stocks.

That's the kind of bold initiative farmers need today.

### Winslow's letters delight readers

Dr. Caleb Winslow (1824-1895) was the sort of correspondent whose letters people delight to read. A letter he wrote on April 1, 1858, to relatives in Minnesota reveals his humor and humanity.

He enjoyed letters for their capacity to bring an "intimate association with our dearest friends" despite "the circumstances of our distant separation."

and for the diversion it affords to (an) overtaxed mind and feelings."

For 1858 he planned four acres of oats, 1/2 an acre of sweet potatoes, 1/2 an acre in Irish potatoes, garden vegetables, and five acres of clover and oats. He mused that his property was "destined some day to grow mansions instead of pumpkins."

Hunting and fishing also furnished recreation. He worried, however, "There seems a current fondness on the part of our dogs for killing our neighbors' sheep. Some years ago I lost a favorite terrier from this cause and I am daily in fear of a similar fate for Don and Pluto who are the best and most beautiful of their kind."

"The past winter has afforded me but little sport by reason of the scarcity of game and of the abundance of sickness. Our winter has been so mild that no birds have died and should the breeding season be free from heavy rains we will have fine shooting for another season..."

"A few days since I took from the floa bridge some very fine pickerel and intend trying the speckled trout shoutly...It is our fish season now-shad, herring, rock, white perch, indeed almost anything you can ask for is brought to our doors, at a price which is nominal..."

"By an opening recently made by flood tides on our coast...our waters have become much more salt, and fish and oysters have become exceedingly abundant. During the whole winter we have had vessels lying at our wharf selling as good oysters as I ever saw at 37 1/2 cents per shell."

Outdoor sport supplemented the doctor's diet, but, more importantly, it furnished Caleb Winslow of Hertford an essential corrective to the "incessant unrelieved bending of body and mind to the yoke of sickness and suffering."



At that time his family "enjoyed excellent health, interrupted only by minor cases of colds and dyspeptic disorders, inseparable from a circle so large as ours has become." His sons were well and "the newborn Nathan is becoming as fat as Johnny and like him is more amiable and quiet than usually belongs to one of his age"

"Johnny has just begun to say a few words, although he has known the import of them for a long time past."

In Perquimans "the usual amount of sickness which has prevailed during the winter and through March seems for a few days to be subsiding. I should be right glad to have a little respite from the drudgery of physic."

The doctor wanted to give a little attention to his town lots, including most of the block bounded by Grubb, Academy, Market and Edenton Road streets. He cultivated crops "for the pleasure of seeing vegetation grow

### Looking back

20 Years Ago-1963

By VIRGINIA WHITE TRANSEAU  
PERQUIMANS COUNTY MOTHER OF THE YEAR: Mrs. Warner Madre has been selected Perquimans County Mother of the Year. She will represent Perquimans County at the State Mothers Meeting in Raleigh in April. Mrs. Madre is the mother of three children and has an outstanding record as a mother.

UMPHLETT HAMED MANAGER OF REA: James M. Umphlett, son of

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Umphlett of Route 3, Hertford, a Perquimans County High School graduate of the class of 1960, and a graduate of La Salle Extension University in accounting training, has been appointed manager of a Cody, Wyoming, REA Cooperative.

LIONS CLUB WOMANLESS FASHION SHOW AT PERQUIMANS HIGH SCHOOL: The Hertford Lions Club is sponsoring a womanless fashion show here Friday night.

### Letter to the editor

Dear Editor:

Has there ever been a time when sports (high school and college) in the lime-light so much as in the past season?

With that realization on our minds, we are a bit excited, happy and just proved that "Our Perquimans Pirates" made it all the way to the regional this year, that was a great accomplishment.

I'm sure I express the sentiments of many sport fans as well as non sport fans who rejoice over the

Victory and say congratulations to the coaches, players and supporters of the Pirates for a job well done.

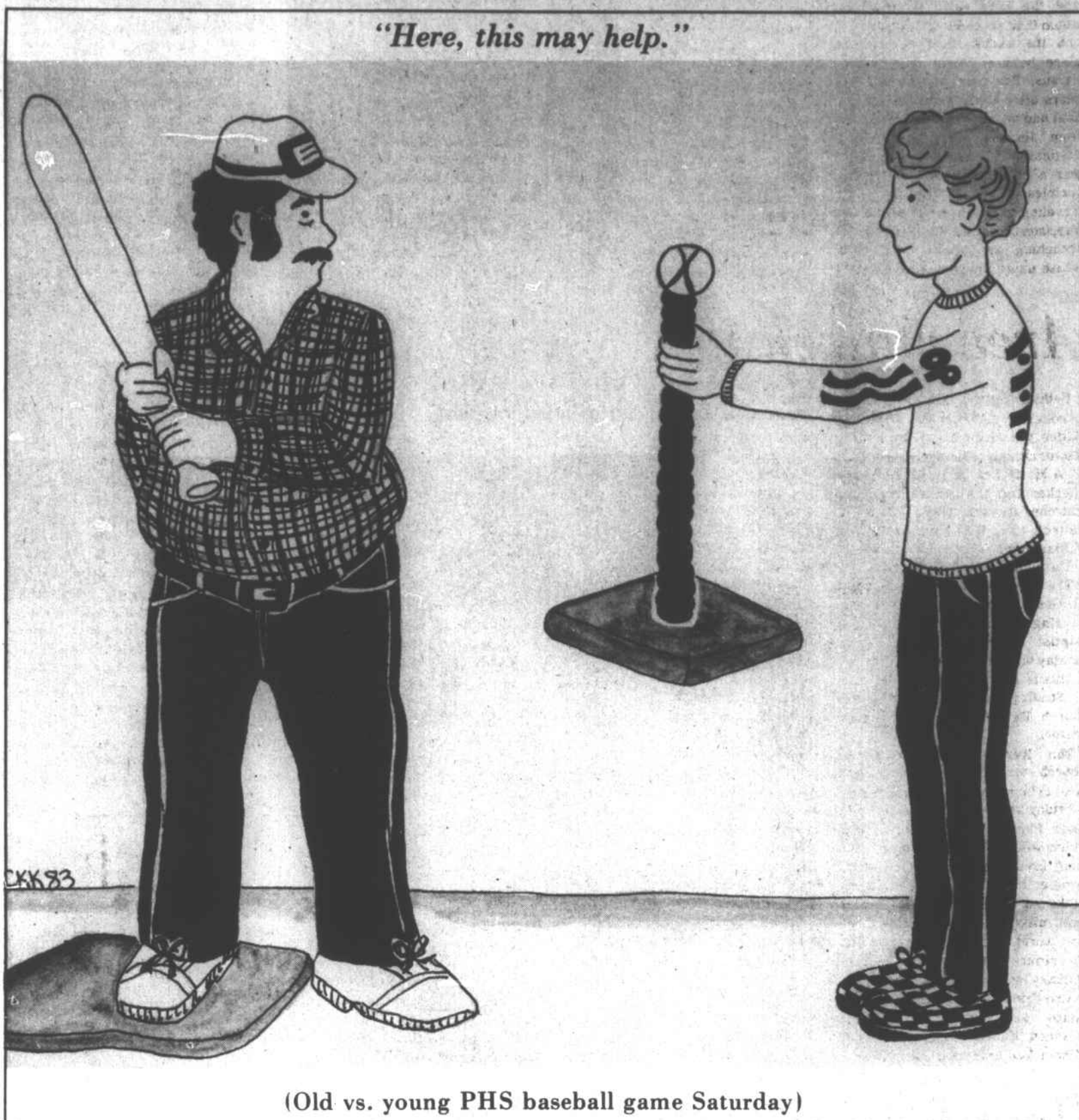
You let it be known that Perquimans County though small, is still on the map.

You did a good job all the way. We love each of you and are proud of each of you.

"Well done thy good and faithful players!" (Pirates).

May God Bless each of you forever.  
Mrs. Marian B. Frierson  
Belvidere, N.C.

"Here, this may help."



(Old vs. young PHS baseball game Saturday)

### Keep true meaning of Easter in mind

Easter, like Christmas, is one of those holidays we look forward to each year because of its symbols and because of the traditions that have been passed on from year to year, from generation to generation.

Looking back, for as long as I can remember, the Easter traditions have been what I have looked forward to most, with great anticipation.

During my early years, I eagerly awaited the annual visit of the good ole' Easter Bunny. I looked forward to his visit almost as much as I anticipated Santa Clause's annual call.

I remember one year when my family was visiting my grandmother, we awoke Easter morn to find no Easter basket at all. My sister and I

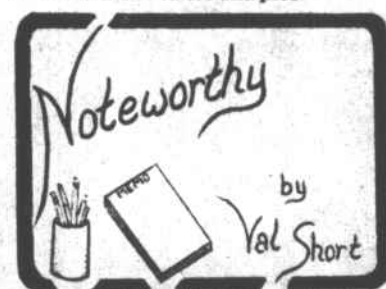
had almost lost all faith. But to our relief and amazement, at lunchtime, we discovered a basket brimming with goodies under our bed. We laughed at the cunning rabbit who tried to hide those goodies from us!

As long as I was in elementary and high school, Easter meant vacation and sleeping late and staying up late and no homework, usually.

As I moved on to college, Easter became an important time for family reunions and seeing old friends back home. I remember sometimes having to work on a term paper or something school-related. Or an occasional trip was planned for Easter vacation. But, Easter was usually designated as a family time.

What I remember most about those

times was Easter dinner, which usually included ham, butter beans, rice, sweet potatoes, green beans, hot rolls with lots of butter and an assortment of cakes and pies.



And the Easter Bunny still came. What he left had changed from the traditional sweets to more sophisticated surprises like a piece of jewelry, kid gloves, or a dainty

nightgown.

Now that I am an older with a little one of my own, who excitedly awaits the Easter Bunny's annual nocturnal visit, I look at Easter in a different way. I look beyond the traditions to the true meaning of Easter.

When I happen to be home for Easter, the Easter Bunny still comes, (I still believe!) and I love the family gatherings and the delicious food, but I also remember what Easter is all about.

It's about a man whose birth we celebrated only months ago — and whose death and resurrection we commemorate at Easter. Let's keep that spirit of Easter within us all year and remember its true meaning as we celebrate our traditions.

### Facing South

a syndicated column:  
voices of tradition  
in a changing region

GREENVILLE, N.C. — A student at ECU, Patrick O'Neill does not confine his interests to his studies in child development. A literal interpretation of the Biblical commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," has brought the undergraduate student into more than one confrontation with the U.S. government. During the summer of '82, he was sent to prison for acting on his beliefs.

On March 28, '82, O'Neill and three other N.C. college students were arrested for "impeding traffic" at the Fort Bragg military base near Fayetteville, where soldiers from El Salvador were being trained to fight insurgents in their country. The four students believed-like many other human rights activists around the world-that the Salvadoran government and its army have committed many atrocities against the civilian population to maintain control over the country, and that U.S. training of their troops involved this nation as an accomplice in those acts. O'Neill explained his feelings this way: "U.S. arms shipments and troop training are the same thing to me as the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The ultimate result is that people die."

Although the U.S. magistrate who convicted him and sentenced him to 3 months in prison thought otherwise, O'Neill believes he committed no crime. Instead he describes his ac-

tion as "divine obedience." He goes on to explain, "As a person of faith and a believer in the Prince of Peace, I can't sit silently by as my country supports the killings on innocent Salvadorans. The call to Christian action takes priority over any human laws."

Patrick O'Neill grew up in a working class neighborhood in the Bronx section of New York City. His father died when he was 3 years old, leaving the task of bringing up two sons to Mrs. O'Neill. Patrick says that though he was streetwise and tough, his mother gave him a firm moral education: she taught him from an early age about the evils of war and encouraged him to show compassion and give comfort to the less fortunate.

During his three-month prison term, O'Neill continued to speak out against what he saw as infractions against human rights-in this case, jail conditions. While in the Sampson County, N.C., jail, he and other inmates compiled a grievance list of 18 demands, including the elimination of overcrowding in the cells, a fan to combat the sweltering 105 degree heat, pest control to kill the roaches living in the inmates' mattresses, general cleaning of the filthy cells and provision of toiletry articles.

The protest brought results: a fan was brought in, six men were moved to a clean adjacent cell and soap,

towels and toothbrushes were provided. But O'Neill-seen as a disruptive influence-was moved to a federal prison in Virginia the next day.

In fact, O'Neill's incarceration became a prison odyssey covering five states and six prisons. When he reached the sixth prison-at Eglin Air Force Base near Pensacola, Fla.-O'Neill's conscience compelled him to refuse to do required work around the camp.

O'Neill was released from prison in August, '82, but he then faced

charges of "defacing government property" resulting from another protest against this country's military policies. On Good Friday (just before being sentenced for the Fort Bragg protest) he and several others, including Catholic priests and nuns, spattered their own blood on the Pentagon walls to symbolize their opposition to dependence on nuclear weapons. "On the anniversary of the day Jesus shed his blood, I shed a little of mine to help reawaken his message, the message of life," he says.

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