

Weekly Perspective

Bastille Day is celebrated every July 14 in France

Every July 14th France celebrates Bastille Day, recalling that day in 1789 when the Paris mob stormed the infamous and detested prison fortresses which symbolized the ancient regime.

The holiday is similar to our July 4th and should be a reminder that our own national independence was not won without French aid.



Five Frenchmen assisting the American revolution are especially noteworthy: Beaumarchais, Vergennes, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and de Grasse.

Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais was a multi-talented man with a taste for adventure.

He was a watchmaker, music teacher, and courtier whose satirical plays "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro" were profoundly influential in his day and are still performed as operas.

While French officials weighed the question whether to support America, Beaumarchais organized a secret supply line which, from the summer of 1776, furnished vital war materiel to Washington's constantly needy army.

France's decision to become an ally of the thirteen rebellious American colonies was largely the handiwork of Charles Gravier, Comte de Vergennes, Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

Admittedly, French motives were founded primarily upon the desire to oppose Great Britain; nonetheless, many Frenchmen were impressed with the American call for liberty.

Waiting for a sign that America's

revolution might hope for success, Vergennes negotiated with Benjamin Franklin and the other American commissioners to France.

The sign came on October 17, 1777, when British General John Burgoyne surrendered to American General Horatio Gates at Saratoga. (For this Gates became so popular that his name was soon given to a new county created partly from the northernmost section of Perquimans County.)

On February 6, 1778, France signed a treaty promising to remain in arms until American independence was recognized by Britain. French soldiers and sailors would be sent to the New World.

Some Frenchmen had already joined the Americans, however, and the most noted was the enthusiastic youth with the jawcracking name Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette.

His bravery and devotion to liberty earned Lafayette the love and respect of Americans.

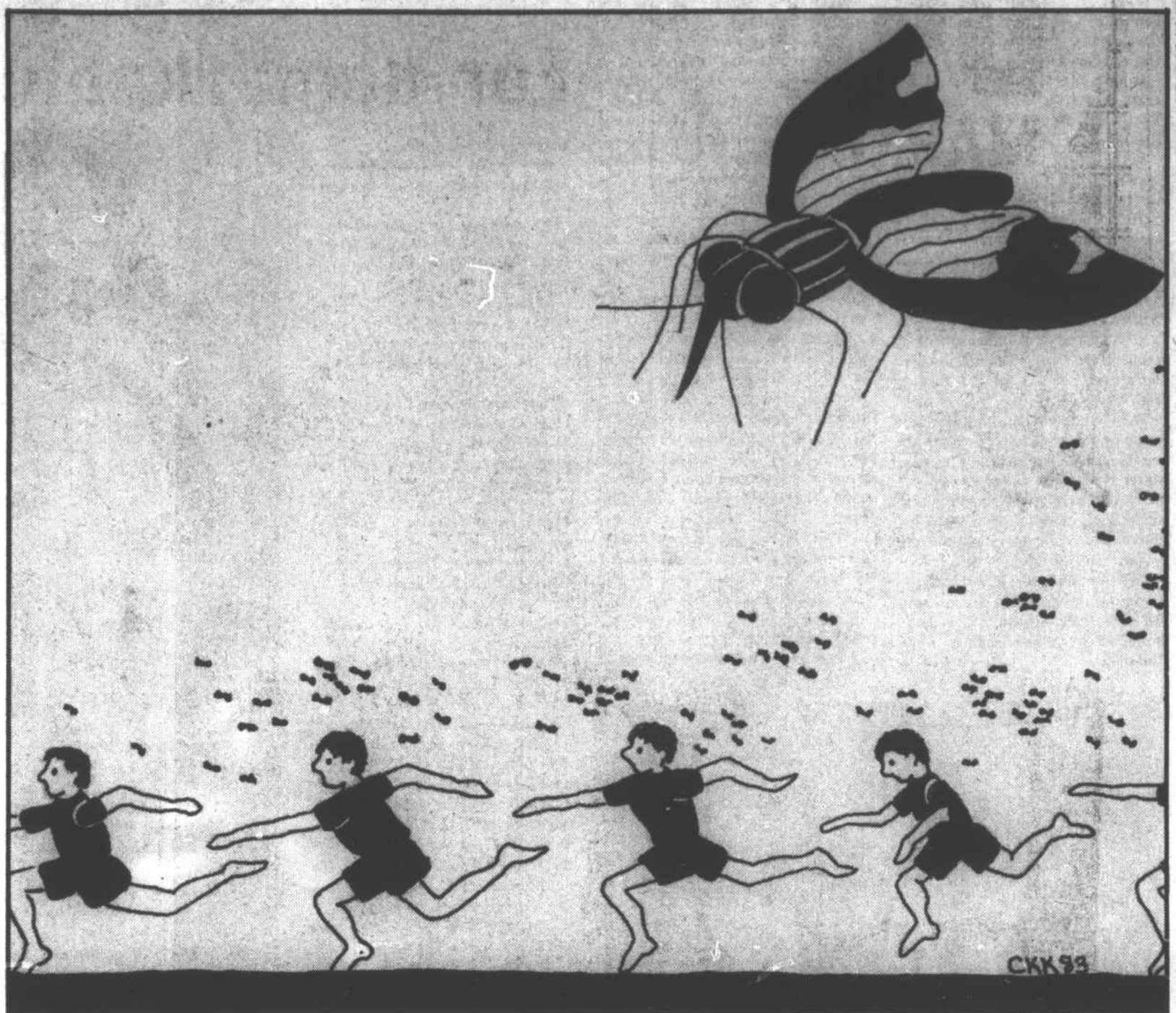
An old soldier was principal commander of the French troops sent to aid George Washington, namely Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeure, Comte de Rochambeau. At Yorktown Rochambeau witnessed America's triumph over Britain.

The victory at Yorktown was dependent in large part upon French naval forces under the command of Comter Francois Joseph Paul de Grasse, Marquis de Grasse-Tilly.

In addition to landing troops and equipment, de Grasse's vessels bottled up the British and cut off Lord Cornwallis' escape. For a decisive moment Britannia did not rule the waves.

The United States might never have become an independent nation but for the friendship and support of France during the American Revolution. What a tragedy that France's own independence from tyranny, marked on July 14, was so much harder to attain.

Yel-ō - Fliz - a group of insects having only one pair of wings. There are over 80,000 different kinds of flies and they are found worldwide. Most yellow flies seem to live in Perquimans County.



Looking back

20 Years Ago
By VIRGINIA WHITE TRANSEAU
SIX NEW TEACHERS APPROVED FOR PERQUIMANS HIGH. The Perquimans County Board of Education met last Monday and approved the hiring of six new teachers as nominated by the principals and elected by the school committee, to fill vacancies in the system.

They are: Perquimans High School Mrs. Jane Aydtlett, Mrs. Anna G. Harmon and Floyd "Dutch" Overton; Hertford Grammar School, Mrs. Irene S. Patten and Mrs. Helen M. Woodard; and King Street, Miss Tuder B. Harvel.

DILLONS ATTENDING FURNITURE MARKET: J. W. Dillon and J. W. Dillon, Jr., of the W. M. Morgan Furniture Company, are attending the summer furniture exposition at

High Point this week. They were accompanied by Mrs. Dillon and Jan. JACKSON'S HORSE WINS IN PHILLY: Pat Diamond, pacer race horse of D. M. Jackson, won first place in the Liberty Bell races at Philadelphia, Pa., last Tuesday night.

The horse owned by Mr. Jackson is scheduled to run again in the races this week.

GREGORY'S DISPLAYS "V STORE" EMBLEM: Gregory's 5-10-25 cents store is among the approximately 2,500 independent variety stores in the United States recognizing the very competitive condition of the business and the need of the buying public to make their dollars stretch as far as possible.

These stores are identified with a "V Store" emblem on their window or a large "V" on their store sign.

Newspaper people have special 'lingo'

If you have ever been around a newspaper office, it probably didn't take you long to realize that newspaper people speak a different language.

It's not something that they consciously do. It's not a language taught in journalism school nor is it discussed among veteran and "cub" reporters.

It's something that comes with time and experience. The lingo is sometimes taken for granted by newspaper people and it can sound like Greek to the unknowing bystander.

Thank goodness they write in plain English — or at least they try to!

Absorbed in our world of headlines and deadlines, we newspaper people use everyday words like slug, copy, terminal, column, and pic in ways that can be totally foreign to the lay person.

So that you won't be intimidated by the language and just in case you'd like to talk "intelligently" with your newspaper friends, I've developed a glossary of newspaper jargon.

For this glossary, I consulted an old journalism textbook and was surprised to find many words that

•Double truck — two pages at the center of a section made up as a single unit (BeLo's advertisements would be an example)

•nameplate — the name of the newspaper displayed on the front page — also called the flag or masthead

•obit — abbreviation for obituary

•proof — to proofread a story

•lead — the first sentence or paragraph in a story

•slug — the label which identifies the story

•tab — short for tabloid, a smaller newspaper format

•toenails — quotation marks or apostrophes

•ad — short for advertisement

•add — an addition to a story

•story — what newspaper people call articles

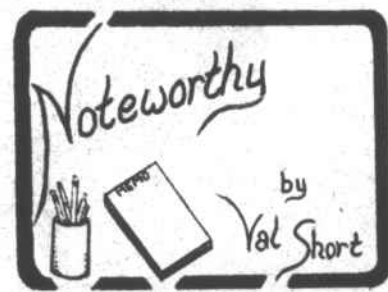
•deadline — the cut off time for news and advertising (ours is 5 p.m. Mondays)

And last but not least, and certainly my favorite

•dingbat — what editors are sometimes called but mainly — a typographic decoration

Hope this little glossary has enlightened you and will find a place

in your own "clip" file. It should certainly help you understand much of the (printable) jargon you hear in a newspaper office!



have become obsolete due to changes in newspaper technology.

But there are also many that will be used by newspaper people till the end of time. After reading my textbook, I added a few new terms to my own newspaper vocabulary and these, too, I will share with you.

So, here goes...

Short's Glossary of Newspaper Lingo

(not necessarily in alphabetical order or order of importance!)

•bullet — one of these

•byline — credit line given to the

author at the beginning or end of a story or outline

•dummy — what editors are frequently called, but mainly a diagram outlining the make up of a newspaper page

•feature — a human interest story

•fingernails — what editors chew as deadlines near and also, parentheses

•column inch — a unit of space measurement in a newspaper — one column inch equals one column by one inch

•cutline — a caption below a photograph

•cheesecake — slang for photographs emphasizing women's legs (which we have no use for at THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY!)

•clips — short for newspaper clippings

•crop — to cut or eliminate unwanted portions of a photograph

•cut — to trim or shorten a story

•morgue — place where newspapers are filed

•mug shot — close up or head and shoulders photograph

•heads — headlines

•decks — section or line of a headline.

Facing South

a syndicated column
voices of tradition
in a changing region

GONZALEZ, Fla. — What ever happened to that great old institution, the front porch? When I was a boy, that was the best thing since ice cream cones. Nowadays, if your house has a front porch at all it's just to keep your welcome mat from getting wet.

I remember when a man was judged by the kind of porch he had. His wife took a lot of pride in her porch. Some were real showplaces.

I remember one that would have made the Botanical Gardens look like a burned-out hot house.

There were several kinds of front porches, but the best remembered probably was the Southern, around-the-house kind. You could have chased a cat for days on those.

Porches began to change shortly after the Civil War. First they came off the side of the house, leaving two porches — front and back — thus, the age of the portico.

Then porches actually began to shrink. After they were modified and remodelled, the old houses themselves were gone. By the time I came along, porches were hardly a

memory of what they had been.

The porches in the country differed from those in town for they had to serve different needs. Country porches had long porch planks of rough-cut lumber laid with cracks between the planks.

As a rule, these porches had no banister — one reason being that it was handy to pile cotton on the end of the porch so if you lacked just a little bit having a load on the wagon, you could stop by the porch and pull a little more on.

Country house porches were the scene of one accomplishment I have never seen anywhere else: across-the-plank rocking. Now anybody can sit in a rocking chair on a smooth surface and rock very comfortably, but to do it on uneven planks with cracks between them is something else again.

If you rocked with the cracks, you would rock yourself out into the yard. A good cross-plank rocker could rock the baby to sleep and bounce enough to burp him without ever missing a rock. This has become one of your lost arts.

The porch I grew up with was a town porch. It was a long affair stretching across the front of the house and serving two families. There were five steps rising to the level of the porch proper.

Atop the banister was room for potted plants or other ornaments — which gave the paper boy something to toss the daily paper at.

Porches back in those days had personality. They were extensions of the people who lived inside the house. It seemed to me that the house belonged to the porch rather than the porch belonging to the house.

Porches were serious business. If there was an argument, it was usually settled on the porch. If you could not settle it the porch was a good place to throw someone off of. Most proposals of marriage were made on the front porch in the swing.

Lovers considered it their Shangri-La. Yard dogs considered the front porch their personal property. On rainy days you could go out on the front porch with a rolled up newspaper and kill flies while waiting for the rain to stop.

At night you could sit on the porch and listen to ghost stories. And the old folks would always talk about when they were young so you would know how good you had it.

After supper everyone would go to the front porch and the men would prop their feet on the banister, the women would rock and the kids would sit on the floor and hang their feet between the banister rails.

Now tell me, if you can, what happened to all this? The blame can't all be placed on television. I think I know what happened and I may be able to answer some nagging questions that might have crossed a few minds other than mine. For example:

The reason there's a hanging pot craze is because there's no banister to put pots on. Kids never bring their dates home because there's no porch to sit on. Neighbors can't settle arguments because there's no porch to yell across.

We all had to buy paper boxes to put next to the mail box because there's no porch for the paper boy to throw at.

The world is becoming infested with flies because there's no porch to sit on in the rain with a rolled-up newspaper in hand. Television became so popular because there's no porch.

There it is, then, my own observation. Now I ask you, was it worth it?

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Gonzales, FL

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