

Perspective

Clean-up needs community effort

The Hertford Town Council is to be commended for their efforts to improve the visual image presented by the municipality. The Board has made great strides in recent years towards housing improvements in several locales through Community Development Block Grants; im-

provements due to the accumulation of junk on the premises.

The owner of these properties was notified that the Council would proceed with a lawsuit alleging the maintenance of a nuisance if the premises were not cleaned up to the Board's satisfaction within 60-days.

provements having taken place at either of the two locations. One must assume that the person in question has little or no regard for the town in which he lives.

Attitudes such as this cause more harm than can be imagined. If everyone in the community simply stopped caring about appearances where would we be?

It is time for civic pride to be restored in each of us. Individuals in this area have much to be proud of, and one person initiating an act to improve his or her property can make a difference in the community. This is a beautiful place for visitors, and a beautiful place in which to live; but without any effort on the part of its residents to keep the area clean and attractive it could become just another small town. We have too much potential here to just sit back and let it get cluttered.

We challenge each of you to take a look at your own property, and then to roll up your shirt sleeves and show an effort in making it more attractive.

Opinion

provements that are not only beautifying for the town, but also improving the quality of life for the occupants.

The Town also operates an outstanding sanitation department. Trash pick-up and street cleaning services are provided frequently, aiding the Town in their presentation of a clean, wholesome atmosphere.

A recent action by the Board could also make a difference in the Town's appearance. The Board decided that certain properties within the municipality's boundaries were creating public

The accumulation of junk is not only unsightly; it is deemed by many to cause a health hazard. Both of the properties in question are located at intersections on Grubb Street and at times the pile-up of junk obstructs the vision of motorists.

The action that is pending follows numerous personal visits from town representatives requesting clean-up of the properties. It was not a hasty decision by the Board to remedy a long-standing problem.

The owner's time limit ran out late last week, with no visible im-

A word about farm caps

There are many things I have learned over the years that have contributed to my being able to cope with a farm man. I thought that after all this time I finally had it conquered. I know the difference between a tillivator and a lelyterra and what that funny looking thing stashed under the back shelter is for. I can also deal with bank statements and worry lines. (I simply disappear on those days.) But, what I still have not gotten the hang of yet is washing farm caps.

soft drinks, and suppressing the homemaker's urge to attack the farm shop with mop and broom.

I suppose I deserved it, but I thought that, at least, this once, it couldn't hurt. I thought that nothing could possibly hurt anything that looked like it had been chewed, run over, and marinated in a grease bucket.

I have been advised that the only proper way to wash a man's farm cap is to emerge it in a sink full of sudsy water and baby shampoo and gently apply a soft brush. Afterwards, you simply place it on the man's head, where it will air dry and mold itself to the necessary personalized shape. As for me, I could care less how to wash it for I have absolutely no intention of ever touching one again. A man who has 200 new caps stored in his closet should be able to part with one grimy one every year without going into a frenzy.

I don't understand all the hoopla over farm caps anyhow. Farmers have to have a summer cap, a winter cap and something called a half-and-half cap for the times in between the times that they wear their summer and winter caps. They cannot possibly get but so much protection from the sun, as these caps leave the ears and neck totally exposed. A summer cap and a half-and-half cap have little air holes. Unfortunately, the holes also allow in the

rain. Most caps are made of some kind of vinyl mesh. Imagine a farmer of many years ago trying to give his devoted mule a decent drink of water in something made of mesh air holes.

There are men in our parts who have so many caps stored in their closets that they could open their own farm supply. These are the kinds of men who intentionally wear a green cap into a red cap dealership for the express purpose of quickly obtaining another new cap. After all, no decent equipment salesman would dare allow them to openly flaunt a cap of the competitor.

Chemical companies and machinery manufacturers must think we farm women are "zit" when it comes to brains. When we help shovel out \$60 for a gallon of pesticide and \$50,000 for a tractor, we are thanked for our business by the generous donation of two, \$2.00 caps. We women get the cap with the shorter brim and a fuzzy little ball on top.

This is a public announcement to all those dealers intending on doing future business with this woman's husband: If you cannot send me a free subscription to the "How to Save Money When Buying Machinery" magazine, you can at least give me one of those big old-timey floppy, wide-brimmed straw hats without a fuzzy little ball on top. Please.



EASTERN ECHOES

BY GAIL ROBERSON

"What did you do to my hat!" he wailed. "Look at this thing! I've told you not to touch my caps. Don't ever touch my caps again!" And he stormed out of the house with the rather weird looking thing perched at a jaunty angle atop a sea of very unruly curls.

Do not wash a man's farm cap. This rule is just as important as showing up at the end of the tobacco row at precisely 3:00 with the correct number and type of

Middleclass: America's backbone

They aren't members of the country club, seldom read Time or Newsweek, don't drive Volvos or send their kids to private school.

They love any kind of hunting, car races, wrestling, shooting pool, and fishing.

They've got a particular place in nearly every town where they can be found enjoying a "cool" one at the end of a long day. There is always plenty of conversation, and if you listen carefully, you learn a great deal about the heart of this nation.

I've sat with them and I've learned a lot, and I've come to respect the simple pleasures these men and women find in life. It is easy to identify with the hardships they speak of, and it is refreshing to share memories with people who understand where you are coming from.

To some, they have simple opinions and a lack of understanding of issues of importance to the world. If you listen carefully, you'll find there is much wisdom in what they have to say. Their solutions, often uncomplicated, would be laughed at by those who consider themselves to be at a higher level.

You'll see their ideals and values expressed in the children they raise. Their kids say "Sir", learn to work at an early age, and respect their parents.

These men and women are ignored by the political system except at election time when every candidate will make a very strong effort to convince them they represent their ideals and needs. But they are seldom fooled by big promises, realizing election day promises will mean little to them later on. They have little respect for most politicians, and most politicians have little

respect for them.

They respect the police and support them even though they are more likely to be convicted if charged with an infraction, as they don't have the money to buy their way out of trouble.

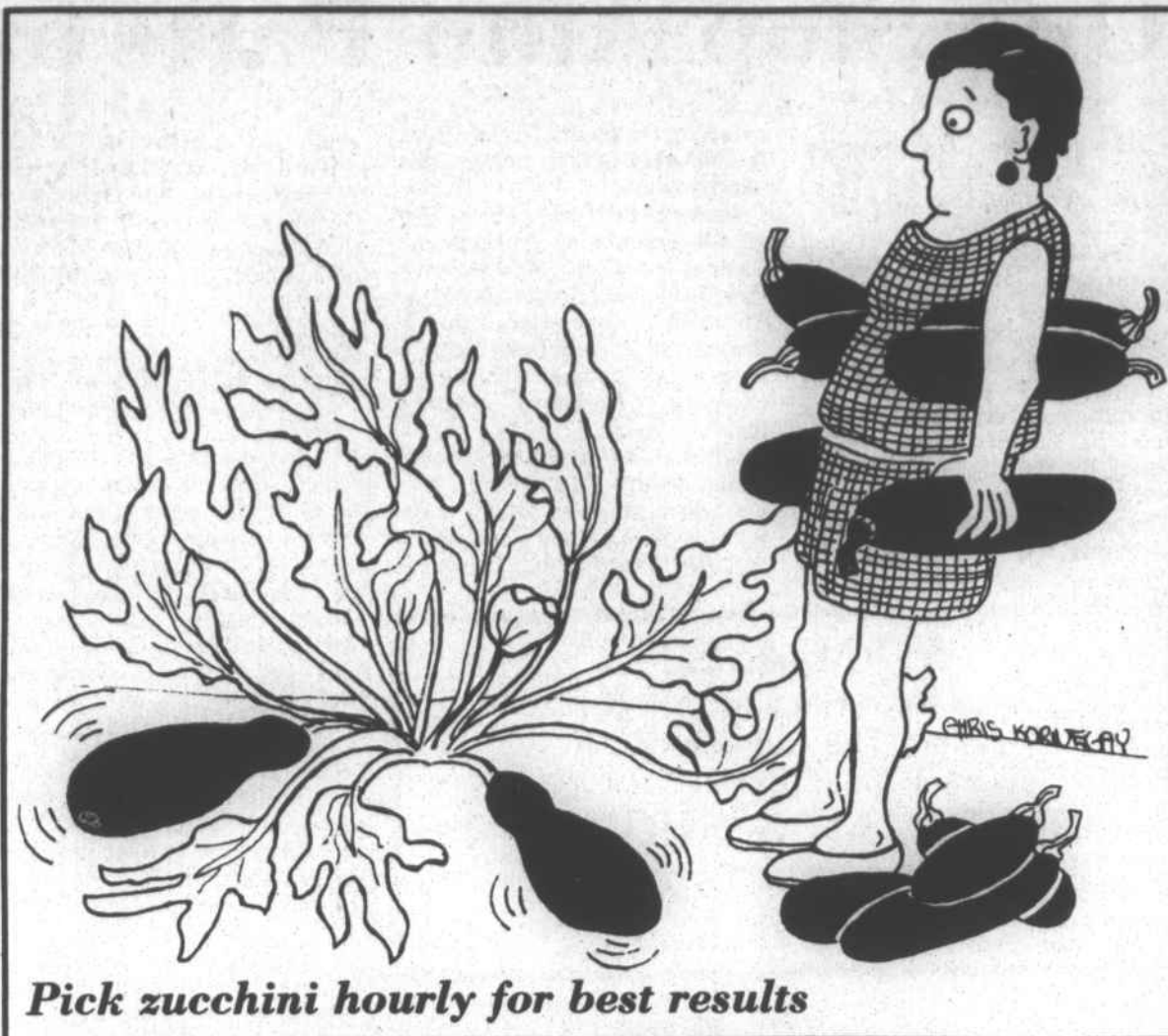
They strongly support America and believe this is still the greatest country in the world. They were a part of our wars and did most of the actual fighting. If asked to do so, they would fight again. They respect the flag, support a strong military, and believe the Russians can't be trusted.

Over the years, they have been referred to in many ways. Most often, they are labeled as bluecollar workers or American's "middleclass", neither which is true.

They are, however, caught in the middle of a changing society. They've been the backbone of this nation for years and their attitudes and values are the strengths that have built America.

How much longer can they survive in a society that ignores their needs? The rich are able to protect themselves with their dollars while the poor are taken care of by social programs that encourage them to remain poor. It is left to those in the middle to provide the manpower and taxes to keep this nation going.

Perhaps we should all stop and realize the important contributions these men and women make. We'd better begin paying more attention to them, for without them, there would be no America as we know it today.



Pick zucchini hourly for best results

Letters to the Editor

Editor

The Perquimans Weekly,

My daughter recently graduated from Perquimans High School, ranking fourth in her class. She, too, was exempt from the academic banquet because of one exam grade under 85. This was the second year for her to be excluded from the honorary event because her overall average was not considered.

We are very proud of her achievements, especially since we are a military family, moving her from one school to another where she has to adjust to different studies and customs.

I did send a letter to the school board and one to the superintendent concerning this matter on May 12, 1986, but as of this date I have not received a phone call or letter from them directly.

I realize this is a past disappointment for her but I do regret that she was awarded this honor only one of the three years she was at Perquimans High.

I sincerely hope the overall averages of grades will be considered for all students in future years.

A Concerned Parent
Polly Lovell
Rt. 3,
Hertford, NC 27944

Editor

The Perquimans Weekly,
I would like to bring to your attention two facts.

1.) At the end of the soccer sea-

son the winning team was awarded nothing to denote its efforts. It received a mug as did all participants.

I understand that Coach Earl Willis spoke with the head of the Rec. Dept. and was given an explanation to the effect that the league was too small, included with Elizabeth City or Edenton, or some kind of mumbo jumbo that amounted to no reason at all.

These are kids...running, kicking and playing their hearts out to be the best in their field...and what do they get for it...from the county, nothing...from their parents, who paid their entry fee, coached the teams, transported to and from games supported them in every way they could...They got a trophy. Paid for, ordered, and delivered by their parents. It is indeed a sad thing that their parents had to chip in and buy trophies for them.

If the county cannot afford recognition for winning efforts perhaps the county should not sponsor the teams.

2) As a business firm in Hertford we approached the Rec Dept. concerning an order for shirts or any sports supplies or equipment.

We called by phone, we went up there to talk with them (but she was never there) We wrote a letter and hand delivered it. We got no answer from any of our efforts to reach her. On June 4, 1986 we got up with Carol Stan-

ley, only to learn that the shirts had been ordered. I went up to talk with her as to why we were not even considered and was told, "I just did business with the smae sports company that I always deal with." I told her that I felt she should have at least considered us since it was money given by sponsors in this county.

Last year we did the T-Ball shirts. Only because a sponsor requested it and after Mayor Cox spoke with Howard Williams about spending money out of town.

The fact that our shirts were of equal quality, faster service, and costs less has no bearing on the case apparently.

To Carol, I say, Perhaps you would be happier working and getting your money from the county in which you spend it. To the Rec. Dept. I say, get with it. If you are going to use us, don't abuse us by lack of recognition for the small or large things in life.

To the County Commissioners, the Town of Hertford Commissioners, the Mayor and whomever; if you are going to play the game, get some ground rules established. Stop taking our money and spending it elsewhere. This town is in bad need of business. We cannot survive if you won't help us.

Margaret A. Stowe
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White joined in missionary work

When traveling friend Patience Brayton visited the Quaker meetings in Perquimans County in February 1772, she implanted or reinforced an idea in the mind of the Clerk of the Monthly Meeting, Josiah White.



HISTORICAL NOTES

BY RAY WINSLOW

Half a year past the age of twenty-one, Josiah lived near Newby's Bridge on the upper Perquimans River. He responded to Brayton's message by becoming her temporary companion for the next leg of her missionary journey.

Josiah had to put traveling out of his mind for a while, however, so he swiftly returned home to complete his courtship of Sarah Newby, whom he married the following October.

Raising thirteen children and managing more than a thousand acres and several slaves kept Josiah at home for many years. So, too, did his increasing importance among the Quakers. In 1776 he was Clerk of North Carolina yearly Meeting, at a time when Friends were much concerned about clearing their hands and consciences of slavery.

Following the example of his father-in-law, Thomas Newby,

Josiah freed his slaves. County authorities, however, sold some of them back into slavery, thereby frustrating Friends' efforts at emancipation.

Such problems with slavery may have been one of the matters Josiah White carried with him when his real chance to travel finally came.

On March 4, 1797, Josiah went before Piney Woods Monthly Meeting and "in a weighty manner laid before this meeting his prospect accompanying our Friend Richard Jordan on a religious visit to some of the northern states." The Meeting ap-

proved his proposal and furnished him with credentials declaring his position as an elder in good esteem.

A full year later Josiah produced reports from meetings he had visited: Rahway, New Jersey; Purchase, New York; Indian Spring, Maryland; Blackwater, Virginia; New Bedford, Massachusetts; Baltimore; and Philadelphia. The Quakers of Perquimans received the news of Josiah's missionary journey with "satisfaction and comfort." Josiah had at last fulfilled a call received a quarter of a century earlier.

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