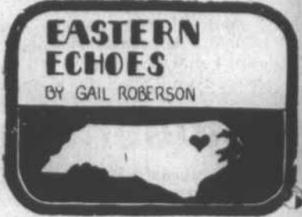


# Perspective

## When he was young



The dirt road was so narrow that it virtually disappeared into the woods. He drove slowly, to accommodate the bumps. The limbs were so close they occasionally brushed against the truck. And then, exactly as it had been for years, was the little house he grew up in... just an old wooden building, melting into the ground, covered with vines and haphazardly leaning to one side. He guessed the vines were about the only thing holding the place together. They said he ought to tear it down and plow the yard under for farm land, but he had never been able to hold a match to it.

When the hustle and bustle of the modern world became too real, he'd just get in his truck and come back here. Back home. Back to where he could still imagine pound cakes cooling on the high shelf of the wood stove and visualize the ax anchored in the stump beside the barn. Back to where nothing lived but sparrows and rabbits, and memories; and where there was no sign of life except the life that once was here but now lay beneath barely legible markers that loomed up from the meadow grasses like a group of ghosts clustered together. Back to a place that, was once all the world he knew or cared to know, or thought there was. When he was young.

He parked the truck. With arms folded across his chest, he studied the place that, though now hosted decay, was once the realized dreams of his ancestors.

He remembered the time his daddy got drunk and beat his mama so bad it took nearly the whole summer for her face to heal. He recalled how the two of them had cried while he clung to his mama's skirt the day they buried his twin who was tramped to death in the horse's stall.

And he remembered how his daddy had slammed the door in his sister's face when she came home to tell them she had run off and married, and all the years after that when

they'd meet her on the road somewhere and his daddy would turn his head to keep from looking at her or her babies.

He remembered. Including the pain of the years spent here, of parents who were so strict he couldn't breathe without fear, parents who were so hard and brittle that he wondered why they didn't bust open like an overripe watermelon in the sun.

But there were also Christmas mornings with a sock full of candy and a homemade toy, lemonade beneath the oaks, his first love in the hayloft, and the day his daddy slipped a dollar in his pocket when he left home for the war.

And especially those last years, visiting the two of them out here, so meekly they cried just at the sight of him, so emotional that it embarrassed him to come at all.

The passage of time had scarred both the old house and his heart, but it had not obscured the memories. He came, this time, for the truth. Not to romance the ruins, but for honest reflections of what really happened out here in this place.

And, when he finally drove away that April afternoon, he admitted for the first time in his life that all had not been beautiful here when he was young. That this old shamble of weathered boards barely holding together, bore true witness of someone's passage through time... without a sugared coating. And a witness to life. His Life. The way it really was. When he was young.



CHAS KORDEGAY

Still hunting for those three missing hard-boiled Easter eggs?

## Easter: a season for hope and renewal for many

Easter would not be the same if celebrated anytime other than in the Spring.

Sure, Easter is a profoundly religious occasion, but it is associated with so many customs and traditions that it is often difficult to decide exactly what it means. It is certainly a time of rebirth; everything seems to take on new life this time of year. For some, Easter means different things. For the fashion minded there is the life and times of the Easter parade, or whatever happened to the Easter bonnet? For the artistic, there is the decorated egg; for the competitive, the egg hunt; for animal lovers, the bunny and colored biddies.

It is believed Easter derives its name from an ancient Teutonic deity, the goddess Eostre. A festival in honor of the goddess was celebrated every Spring, and when the Resurrection of Christ became a moving Christian celebration, it has become a seasonal day of remembering. By any name, it is a time to rediscover



the miraculous joy of life.

This is the time of year when the life-giving breath of Spring begins to cause the grass to grow and the leaves to bloom and the buds to blossom. Even when celebrated in March, Easter is a sure sign that Spring is on its way.

At Christmas, it is customary to exchange gifts and at New Year's to exchange resolutions. Easter seems to be the season of hope and good wishes and moral communion. In many ways, it is the year's most spiritual occasion, a time for renewed faith.

I'm not especially speaking of faith in the formal religious sense nor in terms of relationship between man and his maker. But rather, of the kind of faith on which the greatest of human progress has always been based...faith in our fellow man. We so often dwell on the things which divide us; the prejudices; the distrusts, the suspicions, the isolation, that we are apt to lose sight of the extent to which humanity means compassion, love, brotherhood, sympathy and forgiveness.

We are taught that the very sense of Easter is the sacrifice God made for each of us by sending his son to give his life in order that we might have eternal life. By doing so, God sent us the message of love for one another. By the Resurrection, he told us it is never too late to begin again. A message that tells us, if we really want to know life, even while we live, that such is possible.

I don't think God has asked us to die to prove our love for our fellow man. I believe he does want us to

judge and treat others as we would like to be.

I believe he wants us to learn the kindness of forgiving and by doing so, we offer others a change of resurrection while renewing our lives.

I often think back this time of year to Easter's past, and I am reminded of how special this season has been for me. While my family celebrated the holiday in the same tradition as most people, we were always reminded that Easter meant more than colored eggs, bunnies, new outfits to wear to church. Easter reminded us there is always an opportunity for a renewal of life. As everything around us comes forth to face a new season, so can we.

Put on your new Spring clothes if you want, add a flower, go to Easter services, have your traditional egg hunt, fix a basket for that special person. All are traditions of this very special holiday. But most of all, remember this is a season of hope and renewal for those willing to begin again.

## Perquimans County flag flies over Fort Bartow

Confederate forces were unable to withstand the combined military and naval expedition Ambrose Burnside threw against the North Carolina coast in February 1862. Roanoke Island and other southern positions were captured, and the entire Albemarle was now open to attack.

Several of the men stationed at Fort Bartow on Roanoke Island (members of the "John Harvey Guards", Company I, Seventeenth Regiment) were singled out for praise in their commanding officer's



report of the fall of that defense. "I desire to state that the officers and men under my command did

their duty manfully and with skill and courage. Special commendation is due to...Lieutenant (Thomas H.) Gilliam of Company I, also to...Sergeant (Francis) Barrow and Privates Jacocks and (Henry C.) Stokes of Company I."

(There were two privates named Jacocks, and it is not certain whether Hardy H. Jacocks or John H. Jacocks was the one commended. The boys were brothers, sons of General Jonathan H. Jacocks.)

A special act of heroism was reported. "During the bombardment of Fort Bartow a cannon shot cut down the flag-staff. Instantly Lieutenant Thomas H. Gilliam sprang upon the parapet, amid the storm of shot and shell, and firmly planted the beautiful silk color of the John Harvey Guards which waved until the order to retire was received."

Thus a Perquimans County flag was the last Confederate banner to fly over Fort Bartow.

Apparently only one of the Perquimans men on Roanoke Island was able to escape, Private Exum Whitehead. (Drummer Joseph T. McCabe

also escaped, and Private Caleb D. Bell drowned; they were not Perquimans men, however, but transfers to the "John Harvey Guards" from other units.)

The other "John Harvey Guards" from Captain Lucius J. Johnson down to James R. Wiggins (the last private on the roster) were captured by Federal troops on February 8, 1862. The men were kept at Roanoke Island for some days, then sent to Elizabeth City, where they were paroled on February 21.

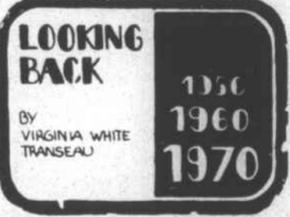
(Under the rules of war then observed, soldiers on parole were expected to refrain from any further military activity until an exchange of prisoners had been effected. These Perquimans men were exchanged in August 1862, and many of them rejoined Captain Johnson in service in May 1863.)

The proceeding of prisoners was behind the scenes, however.

After taking Roanoke Island, the main body of Union forces headed for Elizabeth City—and Hertford. (Part 5 next week)

## Berry receives award

P.C.H.S. Honor Grads: Martha Jane Evans and Donald Edward Perry have been named valedictorian and salutatorian, respectively, of the graduating class of Perquimans County High School. Jane is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Evans of Route 1, Hertford. Donald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Perry, Jr., Rt. 1, Hertford. In addition to these two students, twelve other students made the Grad Honor Roll. They were: Susan Harrell, Brenda Baccus, Douglas Haskett, Diane Stallings, Louise Ivey, Cindy Winslow, Don Morgan, Cheryl Copeland, Mike Bunch, Linda Long, Mark Thompson, and Elizabeth Ivey. In order to get on the Grand Honor Roll, a student must have a ninety (90) average for the four years of high school. B.C. Berry, Jr. Receives Honor: B. Carroll Berry, Jr., CLU of the At-



lanta, Ga. Agency has been named to the Presidents's Council for 1969 with the Home Life Insurance Company, New York. Membership in the President's Council is Home Life's highest honor, reserved for the top men in the company's field organization. Berry presently serves as President of the 800 member Atlanta Life Underwriters Association. Berry is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B.C. Berry, Sr. of Hertford.

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### THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY

Established In 1932

Published Each Thursday By The Daily Advance, Elizabeth City, N.C. Second Class Postage Paid at Hertford, N.C. 27944 USPS 428-080

Gina K. Jepson  
Editor

Anzie L. Wood  
Advertising Manager

ONE YEAR MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In-County	Out-Of-County
\$10.00	\$11.00

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P.O. Box 277  
Hertford, N.C. 27944

Member  
North Carolina Press Association  
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North Carolina Association of Community Newspapers

## Letters to the editor

Editor

The Perquimans Weekly, A recent Jack Anderson column quotes Surgeon General Koop regarding AIDS: When you are faced with a lethal epidemic that is doubling every thirteen months...you have to do something." What we should immediately do is surrender our hypocrisy.

When hypocrisy hurts only the hypocrites, it's bad enough, but when it starts killing people, it's unbearable. A leading cause of unwanted pregnancies, AIDS, and other venereal diseases is our silence, our ratiocant embarrassment, our hypocrisy about sex.

Let's learn to discuss sex openly, clinically. Let's make sex boring. Let's award a medal for bravery to Koop and to the minister who preached a sermon about condoms and then distributed them to the congregation. Then let's follow their examples. I have read that the main reason teenagers do not use condoms is

that condoms are difficult to buy anonymously. It's embarrassing to buy a condom a person, embarrassing because of our hypocrisy. Let's remove the embarrassment by making condoms available everywhere through vending machines, as available as cigarettes. We could begin placing machines in all buildings: public schools, colleges, and state office buildings. Of course, some will say that we are promoting promiscuity, but they probably lie about other things, too. What we are promoting is honesty and responsibility. Let's change our minds about condoms. Let's replace the saying, "having sex with a condom is like washing you feet with your socks on," with another that each of us should say to potential sex partner: "No glove, no love."

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## NEWS COUPON

The news and editorial staff of the Perquimans Weekly would like you to tell us what kind of stories you like to see in the paper. If there is something or someone you feel is important — or some provocative issue you would like us to examine — please, let us know.

Just clip and fill out this coupon. Include as many details as possible (Names, addresses, telephone numbers, etc.)

It may not be possible for us to use some of the stories suggested but we are always looking for new ideas.

So, next time you think of something you feel would make a good story, send it to: News Coupon, Perquimans Weekly, P.O. Box 277, Hertford, N.C. 27944.

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