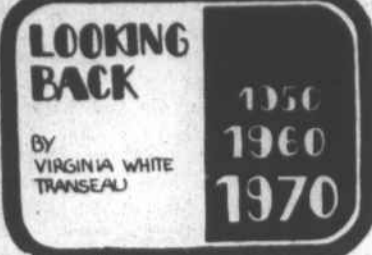


Perspective

20 YEARS AGO

Leon T. Edwards Resigns As Chamber Manager: Leon I. Edwards, Perquimans County Chamber of Commerce Manager for the past 34 months, tendered his resignation at a special session of the Board of Directors on July 2. Edwards will remain as Chamber Manager until August 2.



"It has been a pleasure to serve the Chamber during this time. In leaving my position as Manager of the Perquimans County Chamber of Commerce, "I wish the county and its people the utmost prosperity in the times that are ahead", stated Ed-

'The memory tree'

As I stopped at the top of his front porch steps, he rose from chair, hitched up his suspenders, and stuck out his wrinkled hand for a firm welcome. I found him to be a colorful character, always spouting words of wisdom with a warm voice grown rusty with age. Once he saw what I intended to do with the things he told me, we were friends from there on out. He quickly became one of my best folklore sources. I even created a fictional character for one of my short stories based upon him and his old place out in the country.



We nearly always had our conversations in the shade of the ancient oak tree that sat smack in the middle of his yard. He thought of it as "family" and affectionately named it "Memory Tree." He told me of the days when he swung from its branches and of the many events that the old tree had witnessed through the years. The old man's wisdom of the years taught me of the past, and my knowledge of the present invited some modern into his world, though he made it plain to me just where he stood on every issue. As destiny would have it, I returned for the last time on the very day the huge old oak was being cut down.

I tried not to watch him as the tremendous tree fell, but I could not tear my eyes away from his face. The limbs of the tree were larger than most tree trunks I had seen. I watched him gently touch the exposed rings that marked the years like the hundreds of wrinkles on his own hand. A storm had ripped the oak open, and after a long time of watching and waiting, the hardest decision of his life had been made when he finally let them cut the old tree down.

It was beneath this tree that his

So he made a farmer

From time to time, I run across an item I believe is important enough to be shared. The following, an unsigned letter to Paul Harvey, has a message for each of us. Though I've added some thoughts of my own to it, I believe the thought is still important.



And on the eighth day, God looked down on His planned paradise and said, "I need a caretaker."

So He made a farmer.
"I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, milk cows, work all in the fields, milk cows again, eat supper, and then go to town and stay until midnight at a school board meeting."

So He made a farmer.
And God said, "I need somebody with arms strong enough to wrestle a calf yet gentle enough to deliver his own children..."

Somebody to call hogs, tame sophisticated machinery, come home hungry only to have to wait until his wife is done feeding visiting ladies—then to come back—and mean it."

So He made a farmer.
God said, "I need somebody willing to sit up all night with a newborn colt and watch it die and then dry his eyes and say, "maybe next year"..."

Who during planting time and harvest, will finish his 40-hour week by

wards. He said he would like to remain in this area as Chamber Manager, but his plans are indefinite at present.

County Commissioners Met Monday, July 1st: At a regular meeting of the Board of Perquimans County Commissioners held the first Monday in July the Commissioners met. Commissioners present were R.L. Spivey, chairman; W.W. Bundy, Riley S. Monds, Jr., Thomas D. Nixon and Ellis Winslow. On motion duly made, the board seconded and passed the adopted county budget for fiscal year 1986-89. The tax rate of \$1.55 per \$100.00 assessed value on all real and personal property, together with a poll tax of \$2.00 a dog, for female dogs, \$1.00 for males.

Mrs. Sutton Reports First Cotton Bloom In Perquimans: Mrs. Connie W. Sutton of Rt. 1, Hertford reported the first cotton blossom in the county on Friday, July 12. Mrs. Sutton has been the first person to give this report to the Weekly for a number of years.

cradle was placed in summer. It was beneath this tree that he obtained most of his schooling from anyone who happened to have a book and some time. This was where he spent his leisure as a child and an old man, with the years between as good as written on the bark. It was here that his family gathered for summer Sunday dinners and the hog killing tables set end to end just before the first snow. There were babies rocked here, hands held, tears shed, watermelons cracked open, songs sung, peas shelled and even a reputed family murder. Beneath its thick green canopy he had placed a ring upon his new bride's finger.

Over sixty years later, he stood by as family and friends paid their last respects to her, gathered around the base of the tree while crispy leaves from overhead swirled and bounced off a casket spray of fresh cut flowers.

Yes, I watched his face the day they cut down his "Memory Tree." My heart lay heavy for what I knew his felt, but it was not until he abruptly turned and walked behind the barn that the impact of the old man's tears also took its toll on me. I sat down on the water through and cried softly for a new-found friend who had just lost a lifetime one.

A member of his family telephoned me several months later to inform me of the old man's death. "We thought you might like to know that the best of the timber cut from the old oak was used to make his casket," he stated. "That's the way he wanted it, and that's the way it was done. We thought it was appropriate, what with the way he felt about the old tree and all."

Yes, I thought to myself after he hung up. Mighty appropriate. I remembered that he had spoken only a few words the day the tree was cut, and that most of them had to do with "setting the best to the side" to the man who was to oversee the sawing operation. I should have realized what he meant when he said that.

Mighty appropriate. The old man and his "Memory Tree." Together for a lifetime, and now for all eternity.

Tuesday noon. Then, painin' from tractor back, put in another 72."

So He made a farmer.
God had to have somebody willing to ride the ruts at double-speed to get the corn in ahead of the wind and rain, yet have time to stop when he sees smoke from a neighbor's place.

So He made a farmer.
God said, "I need somebody strong enough to clear trees and heave bales, yet gentle enough to deliver a lamb, wean a pig, and tend the pink-combed pullets."

Somebody who'll stop his tractor for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadow lark."

So He made a farmer.
He had to have somebody who'd have the courage to leave a field, wilting under a scorching sun in a sky that had seen no clouds for weeks and still face his family and tell them everything would be ok. Somebody who could face the harvest, knowing he would probably not get enough back to cover the cost of planting, but hope "next year will be better."

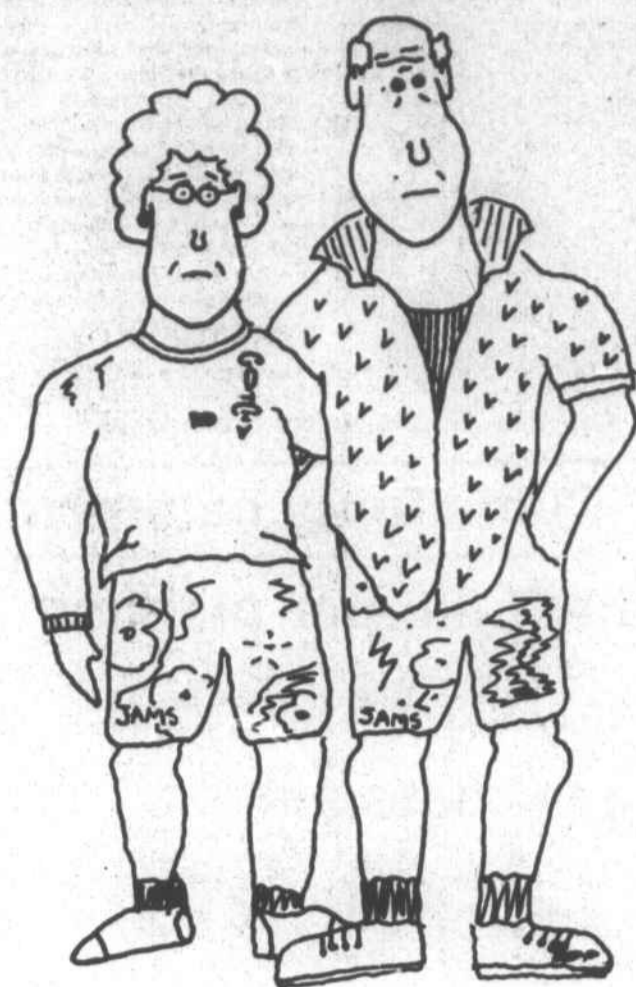
So He made a farmer.
It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not cut corners...somebody to seed, weed, feed, breed and rake and disc and plow and plant and tie the fleece and strain the milk and replish the self-feeder...and finish the week by putting on a tie that feels more like a noose around his neck and drive five miles to church.

Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft, strong bonds of sharing...

Who would laugh, though he wanted to cry, when his son says he wants to spend his life doing what dad does.

So, He made a farmer.

'Keepin cool with summer styles'



with guest cartoonist Kris Cain

Wife goes on strike!

By: Gina Jopson

This weekend I decided that I was going on strike.

I have always threatened striking before but I've never followed through with my threats. Well, I took the plunge and stood fast this weekend.

I went on strike because I'm tired of going home to do the dishes in the sink and unmade beds when my husband has been off all day playing golf, or watching television.

I don't think that expecting him to help me is too much to ask; afterall, I

have a job, but somehow my job doesn't count. My husband is still a firm believer of a woman's place in

the home and that when I'm home I should do all the housework. Well, my reply is 'rubbish'. I think its high time that he get busy and do something to help me.

So this weekend I did nothing. I didn't make beds and I didn't cook. I did what I wanted for a change.

The most aggravating thing of all was that my husband didn't even seem to notice.

Well I'll show him. When his clothes stand up in the corner and holler wash me and he has not eaten a decent meal for a week, maybe he'll get the message. Maybe he'll learn to appreciate me. He may even learn, through I won't get my hopes up, to do a few things for himself.

I'm going to hold out until we renegotiate our contract, and may the best man or woman win!



Nicholson marries

When Ann Atwood Nicholson married Richard Dorman, some adjustments were made in the handling of the estate of her first husband Christopher Nicholson. Perquimans Precinct Court oversaw the matter in July, 1690: "Joseph Nicholson petitioning the Court for himself, and his brothers, John and Nathaniel Nicholson, for liberty to choose their guardians, which is allowed them."

property she would occupy as her dower right. There was also a division of hogs.

Ann apparently had three children by Dorman and after his death she married a third time. She and Richard Cheston, a cooper, took each other in marriage on January 2, 1712 at a Quaker meeting house in Perquimans. She was still living on November 24, d1714, when she witnessed the marriage of her daughter Hannah Dorman to John Henby at the Lower Meeting House.

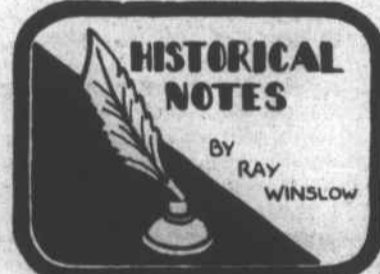
Ann was stepmother to seven of Christopher Nicholson's children and mother to six more. The thirteen Nicholson children are named below.

Deliverence Nicholson (died 1700), married Joseph Sutton (died 1700), married Samuel Nicholson (1665-1728) married Elizabeth Charles. Hannah Nicholson (born 1667), married John Gosby and Francis Foster and perhaps one other. Joseph Nicholson (1670-1697) married Hannah Albertson.

John Nicholson (1671-circa 1712) married Priscilla Tomes. Nathaniel Nicholson (1675-circa 1737) married Sarah Harris. Benjamin Nicholson (1678-after 1712) apparently never married.

Elizabeth Nicholson (1686-1682) died in infancy. Sarah Nicholson (1682-1718) married James Newby. Christopher Nicholson, whose story will be told subsequently Thomas Nicholson (1688-1688) did not live a month. Ann Nicholson (born 1689), born after her father's death.

(Part 6 next week.)



Joseph and Nathaniel chose their brother Samuel Nicholson, while John chose his brother-in-law John Gosby. The Court ordered that the moveable estate of their father be divided by Francis Toms and Joseph Sutton.

At the same time Richard Dorman was ordered to give security for that part of the Nicholson estate which belonged to his wife's children Sarah, Elizabeth, Christopher, and Ann Nicholson.

A division of the Nicholson land was also ordered, to be done by Joseph Sutton, Robert Wilson, William Bundy, and Anthony Dawson so that Ann could choose what part of the

Public poll

Since it has been so hot these past weeks we went on the street in downtown Hertford and asked people, What are you doing to beat the Summer Heat?

'Just working and trying to keep cool.' Lillian Spellman, Hertford.



'Using the air conditioner and going out in the boat swimming.' Bert Paul, Hertford

'I go swimming.' Reggie Trueblood, Hertford



'Sitting by the fan or air conditioner to keep cool.' Mary E. Mallory, Hertford

'The best thing I do is stay outside and do what I have to then go inside where its cool and take it easy. Really I am just suffering it out.' Carl W. Morris, Hertford



'I'm trying to stay by the air conditioner or stay in the shade, and drink plenty of fluids and don't eat too much.' Willie J. Byrum, Tynes

'Staying indoors, working as much as possible and swimming when I'm not working.' John Matthews, Hertford



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. Jopson
Editor

Carol A. O'Neal
Advertising Manager

Debbie T. Stallings
Circulation Manager

ONE YEAR MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In-County \$9.00
Out-Of-County \$10.00

119 West Grubb Street
P.O. Box 277
Hertford, N.C. 27944

Member
North Carolina Press Association
National Newspaper Association
North Carolina Association of Community Newspapers