

Perspectives

Children do not deserve to be abused... so don't

I trust you all had a lovely Easter. The season is so joyous with the rebirth of spring coinciding with the celebration of the resurrection of Christ. It's really like a Christian new year, as we remember the historic and spiritual significance of the rising of our King, and set out with renewed faith and trust to serve Him.

At our Palm Sunday program at Hertford Methodist, there were so many children singing praises with such innocence and faith, trusting that Jesus really did die for them, that my heart was full. The beauty of their music was appreciated, of course, but it was the beauty of their hearts and minds that stood out.

There they stood, listening to the words of the scriptures, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me; and forbid them not."

Suffer the little children. Ah, how appropriate a time for such a statement. For while I know the scriptures did not mean that little children should suffer, they do. To remind of us that fact, April is Child Abuse Prevention Month.

I shudder when I think of our nation's children being burned, beaten, locked up, tortured, sexually assaulted and killed. Tales of horror fill our newspapers, radio and television broadcasts.

Sunday's DAILY ADVANCE

carried an AP story about a man in Charlotte charged with raping his four-month-old daughter. Can you imagine that? I will not elaborate on the very un-Christian punishment I would propose for him.

We cannot sit back and allow people to do this to their children. Do not feel that it is not your business what someone else does to their children. IT IS YOUR BUSINESS IF YOU KNOW ABOUT CHILD ABUSE! Report it, for heaven's sake. Call Social Services, a local law enforcement agency, the child's school; but please don't sit around thinking about it and doing nothing.

And if you're a child abuser, please seek help. Your worst crime is realizing that you're in dire need of help and not seeking that assistance. There are agencies designed to help you deal with your situation. For the sake of that beautiful little human being God entrusted to your care, CAN THE PRIDE AND GET HELP!

Physical abuse is much easier to recognize than verbal abuse. Do you say to your child, "You're so stupid!" "Why can't you make all A's like so-and-so?" "You're bad!" That is just as destructive to your child as beating him.

What did your child do that provoked you to call him stupid? Fail a test, knock over a glass of milk?



Have you ever done those things? Are you stupid because of it? NO!

Don't expect perfection from a child. A child is a human being, not a machine. As long as we're human, we're going to make mistakes, and so are our children.

If your child fails a test, ask some questions before you begin your name-calling tirade. Did the child get enough sleep the night before the test? Was the child feeling well? Was there any trouble at home or school that might have upset the child that day? Any of these circumstances can cause a child not to perform up to par on a given day. But that doesn't mean the child is stupid.

So your child usually makes A's and made a C. So what? It's not a crime. Ask the child why he thinks he performed poorly. Maybe there's a reason. Maybe he just had a bad day. Don't berate him. Try to help him so that he'll do bet-

ter next time.

"I wish you were never born" is probably the most destructive thing you can say to your child. To my knowledge, there's never been a child born that asked to be born. YOU made the decision to have your child. Or if you didn't make a conscious decision, it was still your action, not your child's, that brought him into this world. If you wish he were never born, blame yourself, not him. He probably wishes he was never born either after you finish with him.

There's a big difference in saying, "You're bad," and "What you did was bad." Preserve their sense of self-worth. Think about what you say to your child.

Children have rights and feelings, too. They have a right to be raised in a home with loving parents who care about their welfare. They have a right to be properly nourished and to be kept clean. They have a right to be told they're special. They have a right to be respected as human beings.

Treat your children as you would if you had company all the time, or like you knew that today would be your last day on earth. They deserve it.

Jesus was a lover of children. He knew their needs. He paid attention to them.

In the New Testament letters, we

find not only that children should respect and obey their parents, but parents should not provoke their children to anger by nagging or constant scolding. If you don't believe me, pull out your Bible and read it. It's in the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

I've heard the spare the rod and spoil the child bit for too long. You can prove or disprove just about anything you want taking a few verses of the Bible out of context. Read the whole story and put it together.

There should be a loving and respectful two-way relationship between parents and their children.

The decline of the American family has been blamed by some on the decline of our moral and Christian values and lifestyles. This may or may not be true. I've heard of cases where "good, righteous, Christian" people have been beaten, beaten and miserably abused their children citing Biblical references as excuses. Perhaps they didn't read Ephesians.

There are no excuses for child abuse. If they make you made enough to spit, go outside and spit. If you feel like you need to scream, go somewhere and scream. If you want to hit something, your pillow and mattress will take the pound-

ing. Stomp the ground, kick the car tires, get out the mop and scrub. There are constructive ways to keep yourself from abusing your children. Use them.

I'm not advocating letting your children run you, or push you around, or "rule the roost." I'm not saying that you're a child abuser if you spank your children. I do it. And yes, I yell at them sometimes. I'll even admit that I've punished them too harshly. But I've also hit a pillow, scrubbed the floor and kicked the car tires. And I always apologize if I punish them for something I later find they didn't do, or punish them too harshly. At those times, I ask for their forgiveness.

Raising children isn't easy. No one ever promised that it would be. It's one of the toughest jobs we'll ever do, but also one of the most rewarding.

Our role models in raising children are our parents, and we are our children's role models. What are you teaching your children?

Let's all do our part to stop child abuse. Our children are our future, our hope for a better tomorrow. What kind of leaders are we raising? What kind of tomorrow are we building?

Think about it.

Spring traditionally brings snow to county

YESTERYEAR: On March 29, 1923 the tugboat Julian J. Fleetwood sank in the North River in Currituck County with loss of life. The tugboat "Julian" had previously been owned by the Fleetwood-Jackson Lumber Company of Hertford. Later the tug was bought and operated by the Richmond Cedar Works of Norfolk.

The "Julian" was enroute from Norfolk, Va. to Alligator in Tyrrell County to load logs. As the tug was nearing the mouth of the North River just before entering the Albemarle Sound, the tug was struck by a heavy gale and capsized.

Four of the crew members froze to death as they were clinging to the pilot house structure. The four were: Captain Clyde Walker, white male age 45; First Mate William Gray, white male age 73; deckhand Vernon Lee, male age 21; and cook Garland Chance, black male age 37. Five surviving crew members were rescued by the steam vessel Annie L. VaScriver operated by Captain J.M. Richardson of Elizabeth City.

The tugboat "Julian" was towing two barges and one scow as she encountered the heavy gale and high seas from the Albemarle Sound.

Information sources: "The Independent" newspaper file dated March 30, 1921. Mrs. Hannah Fleetwood Holmes and Cecil E. Richardson, Jr.)

March 24, 1940. . . Easter Sunday. . . seven inches of snow on ground. . . On that day, March 24th, Mrs. Sidney (Vera) Broughton's house at 24 Grubb Street caught fire about 6:30 p.m. Sidney Carroll (Bigman) Broughton and Julian Harold (Littleman) Broughton were only 14 years old at the time. What an experience they had!

I remember the first whistle blowing as my father, a fire fighter, was responding. From my home on Dobbs Street, I could see the fire flames from the Broughton house reflecting on the snow some four blocks away. This large wooden structure was the first Baptist parsonage in Hertford.



The responding fire fighters had extreme difficulty in driving the hose truck to the fire, according to drive William F. (Willie) Ainsley. It was also difficult for the fireman to move fire hose due to the snow and ice. The building was heavily damaged, but saved by the Hertford fire fighters.

March 1942. . . Mrs. Hannah Holmes remembers the large 10 inch snow that stopped all operations at the Harvey Point Naval Air Station, as a family of service personnel lived in her house at that time.

On April 2, 1915. . . high winds, driving rain and on Saturday April 3, a heavy snow fell. . . Does this sound familiar even now in 1989?

The following stories were taken from the diary of James V. "Jimmy" Keenan, who was a cafe and short order cook for years in Hertford. Permission was given to me by Hannah Stephens Shannon-house of Elizabeth City, niece of Mr. Keenan, to use information from his diary.)

March 31, 1936. . . Jimmy Keenan

moved a small wooden diner (6½ feet by 16 feet) from the 73 Church Street location (this lot was soon to be the site of the new State Theatre Building in 1937) to a site next to Tom Perry's Service Station on Edenton Road Street. (This location was across the street from the Perquimans High School. . . now the Trailway Bus Station operated by "Littleman" Broughton.) The short order grill was named "The Midget" probably after Mr. Keenan who was a man of very short stature, but tall on cooking ability and helping people.

Other entries in Mr. Keenan's diary included. . . Thomas Perry, Jr. fell off of a horse and cut his eye requiring three stitches to close. This happened on March 2, 1938.

William O. "Red" Elliott left the employment at the Tom Perry Service Station on February 27, 1940, and began working at the One Stop Service Station on February 28, 1940. (Note: "Red" Elliott never was one for laying out of work!!)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS: Does a banana breath? Yes. . . bananas take oxygen and emit carbon dioxide thus generating it's own heat for the ripening process. (Don't ask me how, Elenora, I read it in a book.)

The reason there is no "J" Street in Washington, D.C. is because one of the designers of Washington. . . Pierre L'Enfant. . . did not like John Jay, the first Supreme Court Chief Justice in 1791, when streets were being assigned in Washington. However, Mrs. Helen Shaw, now a Hertford resident, but a former resident of Washington, D.C., told me there is a "J" Street in northeast Washington.

QUESTION: What is the tallest masonry (stone) structure on earth, and how tall is it? (CLUE: Located in the USA and only some 250 miles from Hertford.)

You earn it, Uncle Sam wants it!

Taxing time The Internal Revenue Service is like lint. . . always in your pocket. It's taxing time again, and if you have not already paid in full, you will, soon enough. As the deadline for filing taxes draws nearer, most of us hug our purses and pout. But, it won't do any good. The federal government has no trouble whatsoever in drawing blood from a turnip.

I don't have much to say today. Since the IRS knocked the wind out of my sails recently, I've just been drifting along, unable and uncaring. It always take me a while to repair the sail and catch the breeze again once the great giant of a storm has ripped it to shreds. So, if I sound a bit out of it today, I am. The evil form 1040 serves double duty, says one man. He believes it to be a unique form of self-destruction. First, the form solely taxed his income, and then it taxed his powers of deduction. His two-year-old son swallowed some coins and suffered a great deal of prolonged distress. The doctors couldn't help the poor child, so the man took him to the Internal Revenue Service.



They didn't have any problem at all.

People owe it to themselves to become as successful as possible. Once they've finally become successful, they owe it to the IRS. I work 80 hours a week to be as productive as I can, and as successful as I can. And, I also like the money. But, after taking a long look at my schedule, I've come to the conclusion that I would probably be just as well off, financially, if I worked only half that much. As a taxpayer, I am someone who doesn't have to take a civil service exam to work for the government.

If money is the root of all evil, then income tax is the weed killer. Not only can we not take it with us, we can't keep it while we're here

either. The more you make, the more they'll take. Sometimes it hardly seems worth the effort. Remember those posters that said, "Uncle Sam wants YOU?" Well, now they read, "Uncle Sam wants YOURS."

When I think of the Internal Revenue Service, my mind, at the same time, projects the image of a bird. We should strive harder to protect our birds. The dove brings us peace. The stork brings us tax exemptions.

Still, with all the hate I have for the governmental branch called the IRS, I suppose I have at least one good thing to say about paying taxes. I don't like it, but I try to console myself with the thought that paying income tax is a small price to bear for the freedom of living in a country where I can outright attack the government by writing far from agreeable opinions of its practices and not be thrown in jail for it, or worse.

So, much as I hate to say it, I'd rather be taxed than tried for my opinion on being taxed. But I'm still not having a good day.

From our reader

Dear Editor: I am concerned as a citizen, business owner and tax payer over some issues that are before this community today, and about how they are being handled by the elected officials in whom we have put our trust and confidence. I was shocked at the response and comments by county commissioners to the three residents that approached them about a county-wide police force. Combining our law enforcement

agencies is an extremely serious consideration and should not be jumped upon so quickly without extensive investigation and a lot of thought.

The effects of such a merger should be thoroughly examined and all implications of such a move considered. For example: 1) who benefits, 2) who answers to whom about its policies and operations, 3) are the people and businesses in town still willing to pay "double taxes" for possibly less protection, 4) are county individuals and busi-

nesses willing to pay "double taxes" (or at least an increase) for more protection, and 5) the list could go on and on.

One rationale by the commissioners for the merger of the two departments is that the two don't work well together. The concerns of the town and county commissioners should be "Why?" or "What is causing that situation?" not what they can do to eliminate an entire department. A system of See letter, page 5

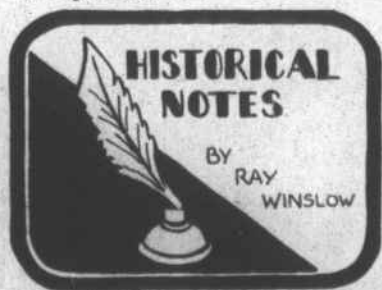
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Perquimans has circuitous link to Ireland

Writing a column on St. Patrick's day and noting the media all have Irishness on the brain, it is natural to wonder about an Irish presence in Perquimans County.

The early records of Perquimans do not give much evidence of any Irish among the first settlers. A few Irish servants are mentioned, but they were so anonymous that they were not even cited with surnames. Typical Irish surnames are hardly found.



There are some indications that the Quakers of Perquimans might have maintained some Irish contacts, but Irish Quakers were likely to be former Englishmen and not native Irish.

Early North Carolina was too English and too Protestant a place for the Catholic Irish to be comfortable there, especially considering the many bitter memories of English persecution of the Irish.

The persistence of those memories was apparent in a story. At the time of the Easter Rebellion in 1916 there was a shortage of news about the fighting in Ireland. Lord Beaverbrook, the English newspaper tycoon, finally reached Dublin by telephone and spoke with Timothy Healy, a leading Irish nationalist.

Beaverbrook asked, "Is there a rebellion?" Healy replied, "There is." "When did it break out?" asked the Briton. "When Strongbow invaded Ireland," rejoined the

Irishman. Beaverbrook's query, "When will it end?" was followed by Healy's answer, "When Cromwell gets out of hell."

Every Irishman knew that Strongbow was Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, who led the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland in 1170. And Cromwell was massacring Irish about the time Perquimans was settled.

As peculiar as it may seem, there is a link between Strongbow and Perquimans. By his marriage to Eva, daughter of Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, Strongbow was the father of Isabel de Clare. Isabel married William Marshall and a female line of descent ran several generations through marriages with the fami-

lies de Braiose, de Cantelous, la Zouche, and de Harcourt before coming to the Crispe family.

Five generations of Crispe males, a Crispe-Crayford marriage, two generations of Crayford, and a Crayford-Warren marriage led to the grandparents of that Thomas Warren who settled in Surry County, Virginia, in the seventeenth century.

Oddly, Warren had a grandson, Robert Hunnicutt, who became a prominent Quaker. Hunnicutt's daughter Huldah married Francis Newby from no other place than Perquimans; their descendants and Strongbow's - still live here. The connection is no less valid than circuitous, but there it is; from Ireland to Perquimans.

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