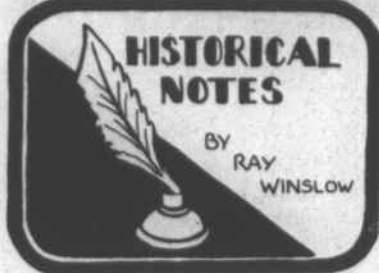


Perspectives

Granville granted land to Perquimians

Some Perquimans County source material has recently become accessible in the latest volume of a highly respected series. In "The Granville District of North Carolina, 1748-1763: Abstracts of Land Grants, Volume Three," Margaret M. Hofmann continues the work which has made her the recognized expert on early North Carolina land grants.



not yield his share to the king. The Earl Granville retained his land rights and set up a land office which functioned from 1748 through 1763. During that period individuals seeking to obtain grants for vacant land had to apply to the Earl's agents.

Thus it was that land grants in Perquimans County were not issued in the name of the King of England, but in the name of John Carteret, Earl Granville.

Hofmann's new book reveals that only 50 grants in Perquimans were issued from the Earl's land office. The tracts granted ranged in size from 50 to 700 acres.

grants in Perquimans were William Albertson, William Arnold, Joseph Blount, George Boswell, James Blount, Joshua Boswell, Thomas Briggs, Moses Bundy, Jacob Carruthers, Robert Chappel, John Clayton, Robert Cox, Samuel Charles, John Clayton, Jacob Docton, Caleb Elliott, Benjamin Elliott, William Gumbs, Thomas Hollowell, Job Hendrick, Evan Jones, Andrew Knox, William Munden, James Morgan, Joseph Ming, Phenius Nixon, Zachariah Nixon, Phineas Nixon, Christopher Nicholson, Lamuel Powell, Peter Parker, Benjamin Perry, John Perisho, Joseph Perisho, John Perry, Joseph Perishow, Robert Reddick, Joseph Sutton, Luke Sumner, William Small, Elias Stallion (Stallings), Luke Sumner, Samuel Sutton, John Stepney, Edward Turner, Timothy Winslow, Samuel White, William White, Robert Wilson and John Whedbee.

The Hofmann book is available at \$28 from Margaret M. Hofmann, P. O. Box 446, Roanoke Rapids, NC 27870.

The Proprietors established a procedure for granting their land to individuals and the procedure, as well as rights of ownership, was taken over by the royal authority when the proprietary government came to an end.

One proprietor, however, would

The recipients of Granville

Kids have active minds and mouths

So many of you enjoyed the column a while back about what comes from the mouths of babes that you sent your own experiences on the subject. I now have enough to share a "little humor" with you once again. First of all, let's look at what one child had to say when his father quizzed him about his morning's Sunday School lesson concerning the Hebrews crossing the Red Sea:



Noah's wife was called Joan of Ark.

The Fifth Commandment is "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Lot's wife was a pillar of salt by day and a ball of fire by night.

Christians have only one wife. That is called monotony.

It is often difficult to hear in church because the agnostics are so terrible.

Mothers learn early on what can fall from the mouths of their babes. One instructed her small son not to go swimming in a nearby pond, but he returned home with his hair wet. He told his mother that he had fallen in the water.

"Then why aren't your clothes wet too?" she questioned.

"Well," he replied, "I had a hunch I might fall in so I took off my clothes and hung them on a limb."

A particularly doting mother asked her little boy, "And what did Mother's little darling learn at

school today?" Her tough little son answered, "I learned two guys never to call me 'mother's little darling'."

00-00 0172 Grandmothers also recognize "little humor." It was a nice fall day when a neighbor brought one grandmother a bouquet of cattails. They were lying on the counter when her four-year old grandson spied them.

"What are those?" he asked his grandmother. When she told him, he eyed the cattails thoughtfully for a while and then asked, "How do you get them off the cat?"

Later that night, this same child was watching the fireflies light up the sky. He exclaimed, "Oh look, Grandma! They're putting on their brakes!"

But it's our teachers who know "little humor" the best. On the first day of school, one teacher wrote on the blackboard, "I ain't had no fun all summer." Then she asked the little students, "Now children, what's wrong with that sentence and how do I correct it?" A voice from the back of the room yelled, "Get a boyfriend!"

Yes, they're going back to school soon. School days are the happiest days of your life, provided, of course, that your kids are old enough to go. So, meanwhile, make a genuine effort to make sure your children learn what they think they already know, and keep on sending me these tales from tots. A "little humor" is appreciated by us all.

Crying the school morning blues

As if getting up in the morning isn't hard enough on us night people, now school is back in session, and I've got two night owls to get up and off.



BY SUSAN HARRIS

Getting ready to do something at our house is outrageous. Courtney, bless her little heart, can only find her head because God put it on her little shoulders. Thankfully, her bed is large enough so she can't cram it somewhere and lose it.

The little darling is blessed with her grandmother's passion for keeping things. When I finally get tired of it and make the announcement, "Today, Courtney, we're going to clean your room together," she cries over the scraps and junk she knows I'll make her throw away. I don't want to damage her psychologically or anything, but there's only so much one room can hold, for heaven's sakes.

She "needs" a new pocketbook, she tells me. When we clean her room, we find about six. Why does she need a new one? Because the old ones are so full, she couldn't cram a nickel in any of them, that's why. I guess it never occurs to her to clean them out to make room for more junk. We even found a piece of an obviously ancient sandwich in one of our cleaning missions. Enough is enough.

We repeat the same cycle every day. Courtney: "Mama, I don't have anything to wear." Me: "Courtney, there are plenty of clothes in your room." Courtney: "But they're not the ones I want to wear." Me: "Wear them anyway."

This is followed by scene two. Courtney: "Mama, will you put my hair up today?" Me: "Yes, Courtney, bring me your hair bands and barettes." Courtney: "But, Mama, you know I don't know where they

are." Me: "I'm sorry, Courtney, if you'd put them away after you take them out of your hair, you'd know where they were when you needed them." Courtney (crying): "You know I can't ever find my stuff." Me (for the 1,000th time): "I've told you over and over again to put your things away. Don't cry to me when you know I've told you. You'll just have to wear your hair down today." Courtney: "Fine, then. I'll just be too hot and get sweaty and not be able to learn anything at school today."

Scene three comes next. Courtney: "Mama, what shoes should I wear with this outfit?" Me: "Wear your white tennis shoes." Courtney: "I don't know where they are." Me: "OK, we're running late. Wear your blue tennis shoes." Courtney: "I can't find them either." Me: "Wear whatever you can find." Courtney: "But these shoes don't match!" Me: "I don't care, wear them anyway!" 00-00 0198 Now Courtney is ready to go to school. Her outfit is not exactly matched, her shoes look terrible with the outfit, and her hair is barely combed. I worry about getting turned in to Social Services.

Andrew, on the other hand, is pretty organized. Our conversations are quite different than my sessions with his sister.

Andrew: "Mama, can I wear this shirt with these pants?" Me: "Andrew, that shirt is really too big. It

almost comes down to your knees. Don't you have another that would look better?" Andrew: "Mama, don't you want me to look cool? Don't you want me to dress like my friends? I like my shirts like this. Come on, Mama, let me wear it." Me: "Oh, all right. I guess as long as you're clean it's OK."

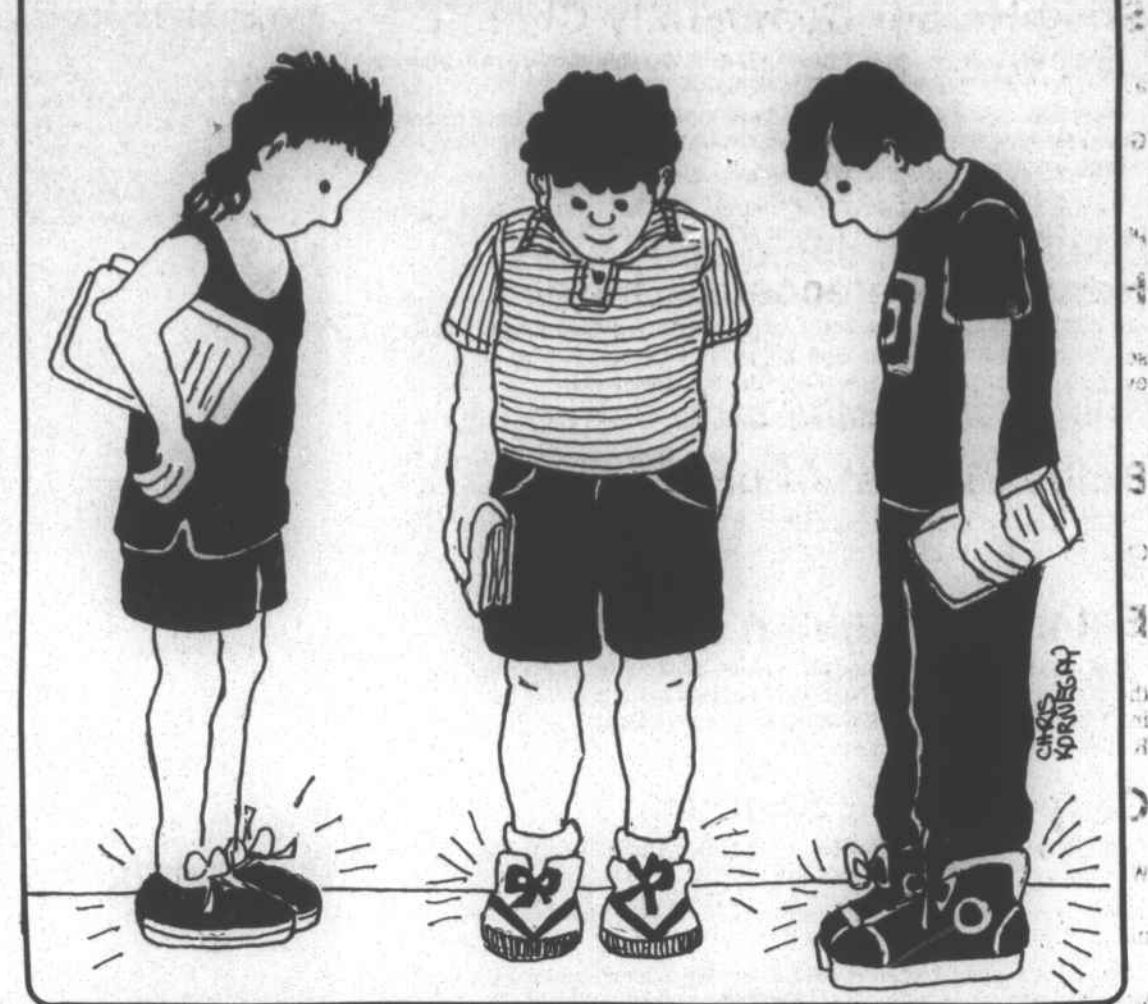
Scene two with Andrew. Me: "Andrew, did you comb your hair?" Andrew: "I thought if I got it cut short I wouldn't have to comb it. It looks all right to me." Me: "You've got to comb your hair, son." Andrew: "All right, but can you help? It always looks goofy when I comb it."

Andrew knows where his shoes are, he knows where his books are, and he certainly wants to get to school on time. He's in the van blowing the horn while I'm still trying to get his sister out the door.

We drive up to school and I pull up to where I let them out. Both of them give me a kiss and say, "I love you, Mama."

The whole morning ritual was worth every minute.

First day of school and new tennis shoes



Family life and schools have changed

In reminiscing, I realize that I've not forgotten everything I once knew. Although I've forgotten a lot, I'm thankful that I still know my name, my age, whose daughter I was, as well as who my siblings were.

Fifty years ago as a young teenager, I was not so much concerned about what outfit I would be wearing or where I would be going on a certain night, because I knew I would be right at home, unless there was an unusual affair or some program at church or school.

My, my, how times have changed. For some teenagers, it's "out every night."

In June, July and August, I knew what I would be doing almost every day and night. If we weren't hoeing, or picking because in the day time there were other chores, we would be busy until bedtime shelling beans, which were sold at stores and door to door in Hertford and Elizabeth City the next day.

We thought, my sisters and I, that no one else worked as hard as we, because as we worked our peers were sitting on their porches or walking down the road.

We didn't have paved roads at that time and cars were not plentiful like they are today. Wednesday night was prayer meeting time,



sometimes at churches, other times at homes in the community. Sunday always found the entire family at church, if there was an evening service we were right back at church.

We worked together, we ate together, we prayed together, we played together, and we loved and respected each other. As a child growing up, I thought that was what a family was supposed to do. We not only loved our family, we loved our neighbors.

Now I wonder what has happened to the family and family life. Where are the parents, where are the children? It seems we meet each other, one coming in and one going out. It's very seldom now that a meal is eaten together, even Sunday dinner in many homes is a thing of the past. We do not have to ask, "Are all the children in?" any more, because we know they are not.

As it's time for schools to reopen, my mind goes back to my early school days. I was anxious to return to school to learn more. I can remember my mother making new dresses for us girls, out of feed bags or whatever material was available. She would thread the sewing machine, and have the kerosene lamp setting right near, so she could see and sew for hours. We were satisfied just knowing we were going to have something to wear to school.

I also remember I was happy if I had a pencil and a tablet or a composition book or a pad or paper (not all three). One Christmas all I wanted from Santa was a note book. (Was I queer?)

Today it takes lots and lots of money to satisfy the young minds. Parents have to go on a real shopping spree with lots of cash in order to satisfy the students, be they beginners or higher ups. Which is the better way?

Is it really necessary to buy all of these things, which many cannot afford? Does it ensure better learning skills and motivation than we had years ago? Should not learning the basics in reading, writing and arithmetic be the real requirements in 1989?

I'm thankful to the Lord that I don't have school age children, but I do have grandchildren.

From our mailbox

Dear Editor,

After reading the letter to the editor in the August 24 edition of the Perquimans Weekly, I felt that someone needed to tell the other side of the story.

Mr. Carswell, a former resident of Hertford, spoke of a decline of jobs in Hertford. Evidently because Mr. Carswell only resided in Hertford for three years, he is not aware of the new businesses that have come to Hertford in the last several years. Brian Center, Hardware, Family Dollar Store, Revco, Joe's Place and Country Corner are just some of the additions Hertford has seen. All of these businesses have created more jobs for the area. Also, the expansion of Apricot at their new location has added to the job market. A new nutrition site has also recently been completed in Hertford.

As for the decline in the resale value of homes; could that possibly be due in part to the fact that people are trying to sell their homes at too high a price, just to insure that they make a substantial profit on their sale?

The increase in crime and drug use can hardly be considered the fault of the town council. Local law enforcement departments are doing what they can. However, it takes more than law enforcement to help combat these problems. Education in the schools, as well as in the homes, is needed. Parents must get involved and do all they can to keep their children aware of and away from drugs. Those of us who do not have children need to become concerned citizens. Don't

turn your back when asked for help. Remember, you can make a difference. If everyone would work together, we can help turn things around.

I have not always lived in Hertford. I moved here 15 years ago from a big city. Hertford may not have all the businesses and industries that are available to people living in a large city, but Hertford doesn't have all the problems that come along with those businesses and industries.

If someone wants big city life, there are plenty of cities around to choose from. As for me, I'll continue to call Hertford home.

No town council can please all of the people all of the time. But I think we should give credit where credit is due. The current council has done a lot of good work over the years. They may not have been able to do everything they were asked to do, but they have rules, budgets and laws to which they must adhere.

If others want to oppose the current members, that's fine. That's what makes our democratic system work. 00-00 0043 However, before you go to the polls and vote, look around and see the things that have been done. Weigh the issues and where each of the candidates stand on the issues. Ask questions, get informed and then cast your vote for the person you feel can do the best job.

Cindy Leicester
Hertford, NC

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