

# PERSPECTIVE

## "The Paper Nest"

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Today, as I prepared my routine morning wash, I tackled the uninspiring chore of cleaning out my husbands' pockets, as usual, VERY carefully. Only God and I know what wealth of information may lie hidden away somewhere in there.



After dumping my hands repeatedly into pocket after pocket, I grimaced at the layers of dirt and grit that were by now wedged as tightly under each fingernail as a cat's paw in a mole hole. Eventually, I surfaced with several bits and pieces of paper on which all kinds of scribbling had been hurriedly jotted down by my determined farmer husband with a chewed-off pencil point. But, no matter how jumbled the figures or letters might look to me, I would never, I say NEVER, discard them carelessly. I learned THAT most valuable lesson many years ago as fresh, young farm wife just starting out, and Lord knows, I learned it well enough the hard way the first time around.

I remember us well back then...me, all thin and willowy, fresh as a daisy each morning and doing somersaults at noon if that's what it took to please my new husband. And him...also slim and trim, narrow-faced and clean-shaven, swelled with pride in the fact that he now had his own place, his own woman and most importantly, his own shiny new red Massey Ferguson tractor.

Well, we're both a little plumper now due to years of 9:00 suppers and his old mama conveniently tucked just down the road a ways. He now sports a generous moustache on his top lip, a little salt and pepper look in his

hair, and tells his daddy what they're gonna do the next day in the field. As for me...well, I don't jump so high on command anymore and I even selfishly insist on a little time for myself occasionally. Funny, isn't it, how the years have a way of making us farm wives a little wiser for the wear.

Yes, it's true that I've grown a bit smarter as the years have passed along out here by the bean rows, and one of the best lessons I ever had in smarts came to me the hard way.

Lord, forgive me for what I'm about to admit out loud for all the world to see...but I KNO-WINGLY did. We'd only been married for a few weeks, and farming had just gotten in the full swing of things. I didn't know, HONESTLY, I was just too young to realize, and besides, I was still in a bridal daze.

He came in much earlier than usual for lunch that day, all sweaty and handsome. But his eyebrows were knitted closely together in a tight frown as he stomped right past my waiting, outstretched arms and straight into another room to where the clothes basket sat.

"Where in the devil IS that thing?" I heard him wailing from the direction of the utility room. "I've just GOT to have it here somewhere!" Well, I guess you know the rest. For a while there I suspected my adoring, new farm husband of bailing with a leaky bucket. To mend things a little, I did like any good wife would...I started cooking all his favorite foods until both of us had agreed that we each had a downright decent case of good old indigestion.

Since that fateful morning so long ago, this farm wife has learned how to deal with a lot of things connected with farming, but best of all to deal most expertly with everyone of those dungy, half-ripped apart scraps of paper I've come into contact with, including the one in his sock.

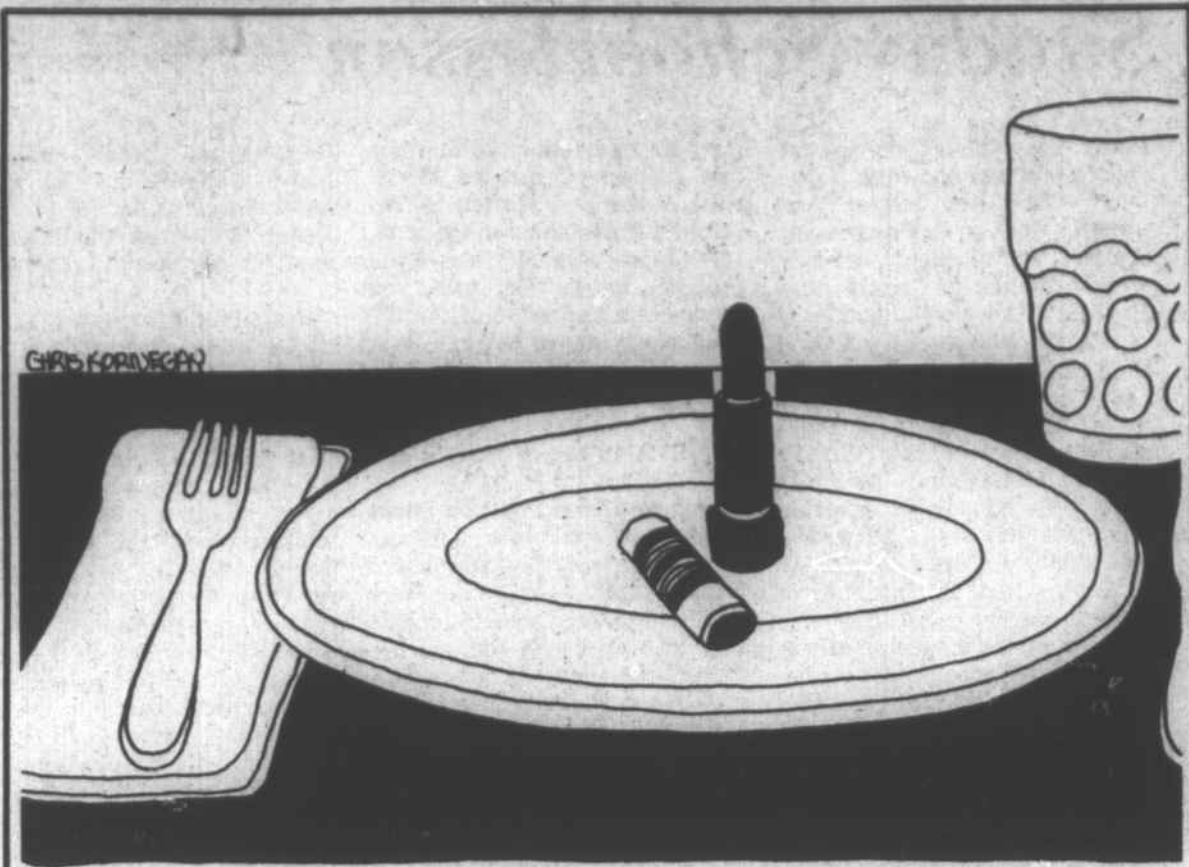
For starters, I found a pretty little basket with a lid attached that looks quite well on the counter in the utility room. As a matter of fact, it sort of does something for the decor. We call it his

"paper nest." Now, no matter WHAT I find in his clothes before wash time, even rusty nails and Dramamine tablets (he gets a little dizzy now planting corn), everything goes into that basket...EVERYTHING.

He even becomes a little curious himself from time to time and checks it out just for the fun of it. But, sometimes it's dead serious business, for there's still days when he comes roaring into the house at all odd hours and heads straight for his little nest.

Now, don't get the idea that we don't keep good farm records because we have quite a detailed system. Uncle Sam see to that. But no amount of planning could ever account for all those little scraps and bits of paper. They simply fall into a special category all to themselves.

And so, you can bet your new plow points and spray tips on one thing...as sure as corn tassels in July make me sneeze, if I don't have it, and he can't find it in his pick-up truck, it's somewhere in that little paper nest almost every time.



### Food For Thought . . .

In her lifetime the average woman consumes 367½ tubes of lipstick

## Surviving in style at the "Central Hilton"

Waiting and preparing for the arrival of "Gloria" was last week's biggest pass-time. Thankfully, we were over-prepared for the most part.



Everybody has different ways of dealing with possible impending disaster, and coping isn't always easy when you're hoping for the best and expecting the worst.

As we sat around our den last Thursday night, listening to the weather reports and the wind outside, a fear of the elements began to creep up. We weren't very concerned about the house,

knowing that it was solid; but the pecan trees and oak trees that were swaying in the yard and leaning towards the house presented a growing concern. Neither Terry nor I remembered a hurricane coming through this area, so we didn't quite know what to expect.

We knew that the schools were opened to shelter residents from the storm, but we didn't want to give up the fort and run at the first sign of trouble. Deep down inside we knew pride was keeping us in a house that presented a potential threat to our safety.

By 11:00 p.m. one of the larger pecan trees had already lost two limbs, and the storm was still several hours away. That did it.

We packed up the kids, some food, sleeping bags, blankets and pillows and rode down to the "Central Hilton" where we checked in for the night.

Upon our arrival we registered with the desk clerks, Brenda Newbern and Gail Layden; and then we were escorted by Belman Morris Kornegay to our suite on the stage of the facility's library.

All things considered, our room was relatively comfortable. The "hotel's" other guest were walking around in the halls visiting, or sitting in the library watching television. We got the kids settled down, and then went

out to join the others in the library.

We watched the "Tonight Show" and chatted with the rest of the viewers, while keeping a watchful eye on the progress of the storm.

The amazing thing was that after we arrived at the school a sense of calm came over us. The fear of the unknown didn't seem as great when you were in a crowd.

After a while the lack of sleep started to get to us, so we headed up to the stage to join the children in trying to get some sleep.

A few hours later I awoke to total darkness in a strange place and the sound of the wind howling. Gloria had come.

The sound of wind and rain, along with the lowering temperature was more than enough to keep me awake. I covered up the children and stumbled through the darkness into the library where a group had gathered to hold vigil through the storm.

We talked and walked and looked out into the darkness as Gloria thrashed through the area. It seemed like an eternity as the wind gusted around the building and rain poured down upon it.

By daybreak the storm had ceased and, thanks to Head Chef Doris Chappell, we all sat down together in the school cafeteria to

a Cheerio's breakfast by candlelight.

After breakfast it was check-out time. We loaded up our belongings and headed back home. What a mess. The house was fine, but the yard looked like a disaster area with leaves and limbs everywhere. Unfortunately there wasn't time to do anything about it. I washed my face and changed clothes, and then headed out with the camera to survey Gloria's impact on the rest of the county.

Luckily, Gloria contained most of her damage to light lines and telephone lines. The local phone company and electric companies are to be commended for the outstanding jobs that they did in restoring service to their customers. They were out working at the crack of dawn and worked well into the week-end to get things back in order.

Another crew that did a fantastic job was the county's Department of Social Services. They manned the shelters that were open and kept things running smoothly.

The Emergency Management Team, law enforcement agencies and other emergency service agencies are also to be commended for their help in getting us through the storm. Their combined teamwork helped to keep us all calm and safe throughout the ordeal.

## Highway Patrol faces difficulty

When tragedy strikes the ranks of the State Highway Patrol, as it did recently on a mountain road, cries go out for help. The various news medias renew the arguments for more troopers, politicians make promises, and for a few days, the dangers of being a trooper fill the headlines.



The death of Trooper Robert Coggins was the third murder of a state trooper this year. Unless

something more than talk is done, he probably won't be the last.

In the last 10 years, the number of vehicles in the state has increased by nearly a third, the number of accidents requiring investigation by 10 percent, and the number of miles driven has increased by nearly 20 percent. With these traffic patterns, troopers are spending less time on the road than they did 10 years ago. They are spending more time in court and at desks filling out reports while government regulations restrict them working overtime.

These statistics only tell a portion of the difficulties facing the Highway Patrol. The toll in human life should be the real con-

cern. Regardless of the potential dangers, a trooper is expected to carry out his duties. Not many people would want to face a car loaded with drunks on an isolated stretch of road at 3 in the morning, especially knowing help might be 30 minutes or more away.

A bill that would have increased the number of troopers by 100 over the next two years was tabled in this year's legislative session. As usual, the problems facing the patrol have been put aside by politicians eager to provide funding to projects more apt to receive the attention of voters. The same legislature that labeled \$11 million for pork barrel spending could not find \$5 million to add an additional 100 troopers.

Naturally, it would be great to have enough manpower to assign two troopers to each cruiser during night patrols. Few states are prepared to budget for this expense. The legislature should at least provide enough funding to assure enough troopers are on patrol to provide immediate help.

North Carolina's patrol has long been recognized nationally as one of the best. Faced with long hours and pay that fails to equal the responsibility of the job, our troopers have served with pride and dedication. They've done their job. It's time for us to do ours.

It is too late to help Trooper Coggins. It isn't too late to commit the resources needed to attempt to avoid more deaths.

If North Carolina is to continue its reputation of having one of the most professional patrol organizations in the country, it must continue to attract the best candidates. Many dedicated young men and women will continue to devote themselves to a career with the patrol, even though the pay is low. But we can't expect them to continue to expose themselves to the dangers involved if we aren't willing to provide them with a little extra help.

## A symbol of puritanical rigidity

The Protestant Reformation brought forth a number of influential theologians and organizers. One of the most significant leaders was John Calvin, who has come to be for many a symbol of puritanical rigidity. Calvin can be said, however, to be part of the history of Perquimans County.



Calvin was born in Picardy in northern France in 1509. He studied theology in Paris and intended to make the church his career. His studies, however, did not satisfy him; they raised questions for which no answers were given by his teachers to his satisfaction.

He changed his mind about becoming a priest and switched to the study of law, which more suited his mental framework. In 1533 he underwent some religious experience which convinced him he was called to reform the Christian church.

Calvin's sympathies came more and more to be with the Protestants who were then fast increasing in number. He fled France to escape persecution by the ecclesiastical establishment. In 1536 he went to Geneva as preacher and theology professor. In the meantime his writings were widely circulating and winning

him many followers.

After two years Calvin was expelled from Geneva in a dispute over ecclesiastical and civil discipline. He then taught, wrote, conferred with other reformers, and defended the principles of Protestantism at numerous conferences.

With increased influence Calvin returned to Geneva in 1541. He attempted to change the city into a model theocracy. From then until his death in 1564 he brought every aspect of life under church control and enforced morality rigidly with the civil power. Opposition to his views was not tolerated.

Persecuted Protestants from all over Europe sought refuge in

Geneva, where many imbibed Calvin's thoughts and later carried them back to their own countries. Holland and parts of Germany came pronouncedly under Calvinist influence, which was not without some acceptance in the Church of England.

The rightness or wrongness of Calvin's doctrine is a subject for theologians, not historians. History cannot ignore John Calvin's accomplishments. In particular, his influence upon his own native land of France figures in the background of Perquimans County history.

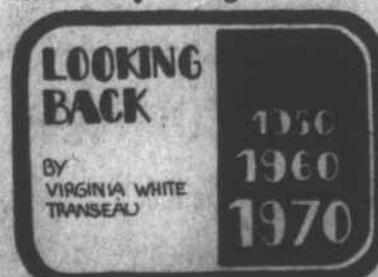
(Part 2 next week.)  
Raymond A. Winslow, Jr.

## Chesson recognized

20 Years Ago  
PARKER CHESSON GETS RECOGNITION: Parker Chesson teacher at the College of The Albemarle in Elizabeth City, received recognition in September-November issue of The Open Door, a quarterly Journal of the North Carolina Department of Community Colleges. Chesson,

abeth City school was its size. He prefers a small school where the faculty and students "are close" to a large school where students often become just a number. Last year, in addition to biology, he taught a class in geography at the Elizabeth City school. Mr. Chesson received both his bachelor's and master's degrees at East Carolina College. In addition to this work anticipating teaching at the College of The Albemarle, he attended classes at the Duke University Marine Laboratory at Beaufort. He already is thinking about further education, if all goes well he would like to begin working toward a doctorate, he would like to begin working toward this goal next summer.

WAYNE STALLINGS AT N.C. STATE: Charles Wayne Stallings, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Stallings of Route 1, Hertford, a June, 1965, graduate of Perquimans County High School, who was awarded the George C. Moore scholarship for 1965-66 to study at the School of Textiles at North Carolina State.



24 year old biology teacher at the College of The Albemarle, is a graduate of Perquimans County High School and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Chesson of Hertford. Parker Chesson joined the College of the Albemarle faculty a little more than a year ago. However, he had been looking at the college for a year or two before he began teaching. One of his reasons for selecting the Eliza-

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