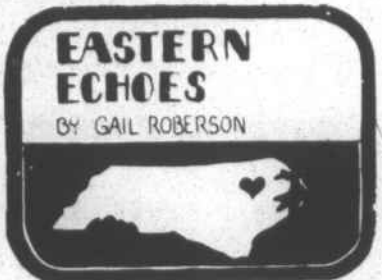


# Perspective

## Take time to smell the roses

I am now stepping on my soapbox. You will listen carefully to what I have to say. Please.

We have all gone mad. We are dashing through this life with little time for life at all. What do you think you're going to do...get a refund on the days you didn't use properly? Or maybe you think you'll have that time applied directly to the time left when the end comes. Life, my dear friends, is what's happening to us while we are all so busy making our other plans.



Some of you will not be reading this column anymore because you won't be here next week. Maybe you won't be here next week. Regardless, somebody out there who is holding this paper in their hands right this minute will no longer be among the living by the end of seven more days. If we live to be one hundred, it is far too short a time. So tell me please, why we're all in such a hurry to turn our spring into winter?

We ride in cars and fly in planes to save time. We have dishwashers, instant onions, tractors and micro-waves to save time. We use all this modernization to help us save time so that we can use the time we save in order to work harder to save some more time.

Why are we rushing through this life like mad tyrants, hurrying and worrying beyond human endurance just to make ourselves physically and mentally ill? If everyone of us slowed down just a tiny bit, the doctors could all do the same because their business would be cut in half by the end of the month.

We glance at our watch and step on the gas. It's the only way we've been conditioned to respond. We didn't get this way overnight and we won't cor-

rect it overnight, but we do have it within our power to alter our speed. If you don't come up for air once in a while, you will drown. It's as simple as that.

Someone recently told me that he began by merely slowing the pace at which he moved about while working. By the end of the week he had accomplished just as much as before, and there was a considerable difference in his blood pressure to boot.

How very much I wish I could stand on a street corner in town with a large bag in my hands and beg people to throw me the hours they've rushed and wasted away wishing for Friday to come. Sir Osbert Sitwell tells us that, "In reality, killing time is only the name for another of the multifarious ways by which time kills us."

We spend all our time working for things for our convenience and luxury when the greatest luxury we have is simply time itself. We are better educated than ever, and yet we proclaim our ignorance by the way we harass and fret ourselves silly, driven by a passion to hurry to the end...and woe to anybody who gets in our way before we get there.

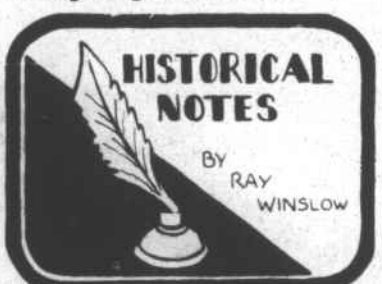
We exercise our bodies and equip ourselves with running shoes in order to stay in good physical condition so that we can die tomorrow in good health. We refuse to allow ourselves any time to meditate or reflect on life because somebody might see and call us lazy. Nobody else has any spare time, so if we do, we must be doing something wrong...in which case the neighbors will definitely take notice.

We are slowly assassinating ourselves, committing suicide by the hour, and we cannot understand someone who simply gets it over with by a simple tug of a trigger.

And so, I am now stepping down from my soapbox. I am going to take this column and closely examine my own words. And, I am going to do something about it. Now. Before it's too late. You can too, you know. Let's all take some time today to smell the roses before they become our funeral pall tomorrow.

## Nicholson Holds Meetings

Like many other early Quakers, Christopher Nicholson opened his home to Friends for meetings of worship and church discipline. There was "a Man and woman's Meeting at the house of Christopher Nicholson in Paquimance River" on August 13, 1681, and on September 10 following Friends decided that a six week's meeting should be established "until Friends see a necessity of removing it" beginning at Nicholson's.



Another man and woman's meeting was held at his home on October 22, 1681.

Quarterly meetings bringing together Friends from Perquimans and Pasquotank counties were held at Nicholson's on December 2, 1681, December 1, 1683, June 7, 1684, and June 6, 1685.

Christopher also participated in the solemn activities of his neighbors. Sometime prior to June 2, 1678, he joined Ralph Fletcher in witnessing signing the marriage certificate of William Bundy and Mary Pierce

on December 15, 1683.

He and Francis Tomes were appointed executors in the wills of Daniel Charles (April 17, 1687), Jeane Charles (July 11, 1688), and Richard Byer (prior to July 3, 1692).

At a Court held for the County of Albemarle (the settled northern part of Carolina) in March, 1683, Christopher Nicholson was one of five persons chosen for Perquimans to be surveyors to see the highways mended and to clear all the high roads for horse and foot. He returned to the County Court in February, 1685, serving as a juror trying five cases, including two civil suits brought by George Durant.

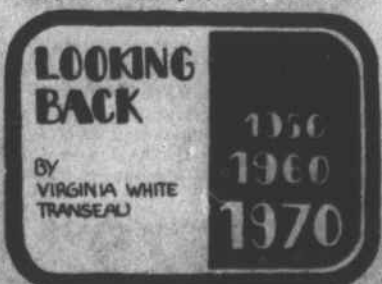
Christopher Nicholson "departed this life the 8th of December 1688" in Perquimans Precinct. As he did not make a will, his real estate passed to his eldest son, Samuel.

Surviving her husband, Ann Nicholson continued to allow Quarterly Meetings of Friends to be held at her home. One such meeting convened on December 1, 1688, and another met June 1, 1689; at the latter meeting Gabriel Newby married Mary Tomes, with Ann Nicholson among the many witnesses.

In April, 1690, Perquimans Precinct Court ordered payment of a debt due from David Blake to Ann Nicholson. Two months later she ended her widowhood, marrying Richard Dorman on June 26, 1690. (Part 5 next week.)

## Riddick honored at retirement dinner

**20 YEARS AGO**  
R.M. Riddick, Jr. Honored At Retirement Dinner: R.M. Riddick, Jr., Senior Vice President and Chairman of the Board of Peoples Bank & Trust Company, Hertford, was honored at a retirement dinner on June 22 at the Town and Country Restaurant, Williamston, N.C. after sixty years of banking. Riddick, began his banking career at the Bank of Gates, Gatesville, N.C. on July 1, 1908. He came to



the Hertford Banking Company on February 1, 1922 and since that time has held every official position the bank had to offer. As Chairman of the Board and president in 1960, he was instrumental in the merger of the Hertford Banking Company into the

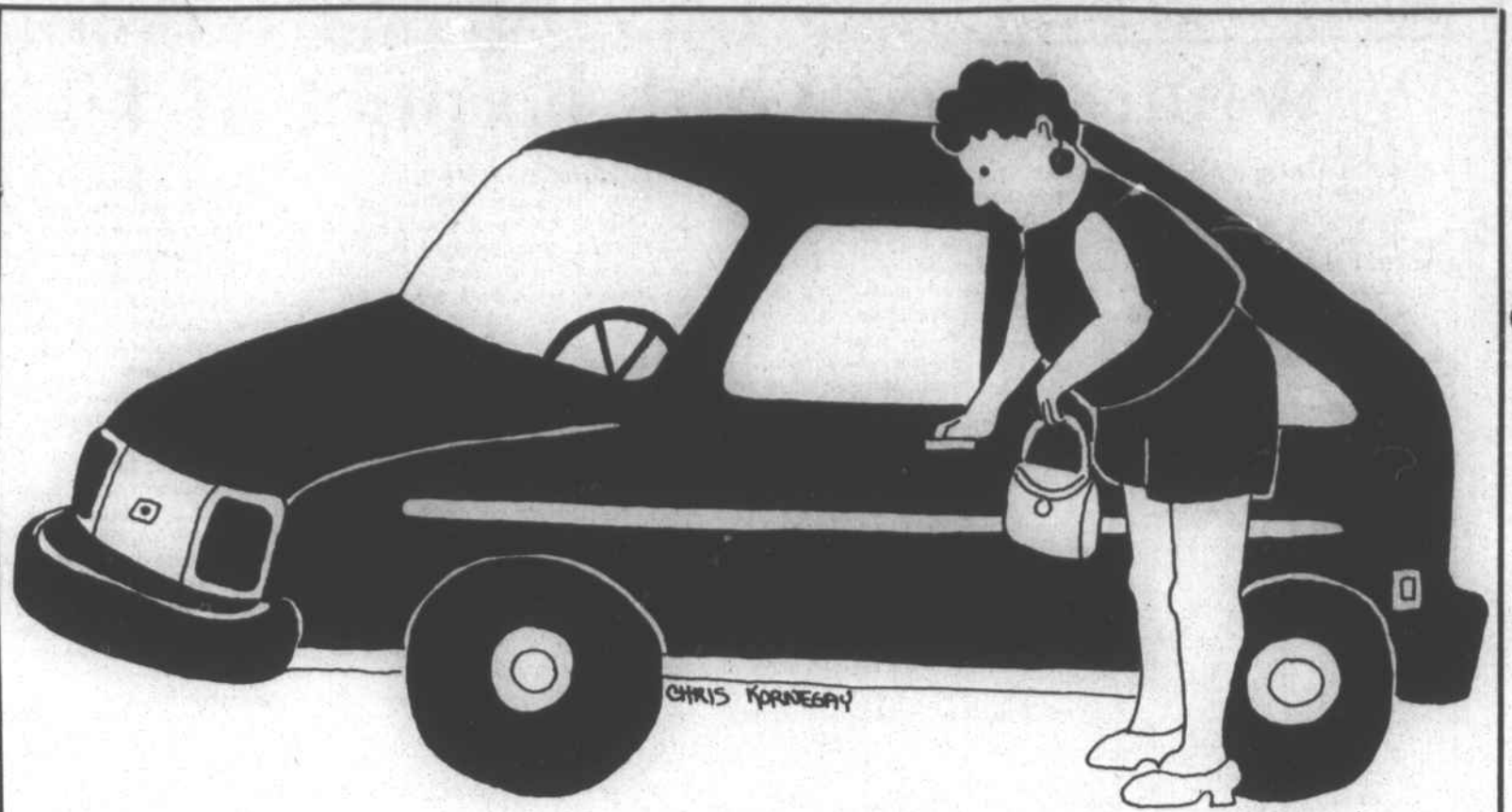
Peoples Bank & Trust Company, Rocky Mount, N.C.

PFC. Hal Rogers in Vietnam: Army Private First Class Hal K. Rogers, 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hal K. Rogers, Sr., Route 3, Hertford, N.C. was assigned June 4 to Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion of the 4th Infantry Division 12th Infantry near Dak To Vietnam as a supply man.

**Announce Birth:** Captain and Mrs. Edward Lee Madree of Drexel, Spain announce the birth of their second child, second daughter, born Sunday, June 30 in a Drexel Hospital. Mrs. Madree is the former Elizabeth Ford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ford of Fairmont. Capt. Madree is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Madree of Hertford.

**Visits In Germany:** Walter Edwards, Jr. left last week for an extended visit with relatives in Germany.

**Announce Birth:** Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill of Indian Harbour, Fla. announce the birth of their first child, a son, Anthony Bryon. Mrs. Hill is the former Janie Stallings of Belvidere.



99° + Car Seats + Shorts = HOT

## When a Man Could Travel on His Thumb

"When a man could travel on his thumb."



Recently some comments concerning hitchhiking caught my attention. July is "Hitchhiker" month and the discussion concerned the dangers involved, not just for the hiker but for the individual giving the ride as well.

Hitchhiking certainly isn't as popular as it once was. It is becoming rare to see what was once a common sight on America's highways; the suitcase or bag-in-hand, thumb in the air traveler.

Hitchhiking was the way many of us got from point-to-point back when a car was a luxury, especially for a

teenager. Without cars, our thumbs served as our means of opening the world's doors. Like many, I've rode many a mile on my thumb, and unlike today, the dangers involved were few. There were some close calls, some touchy situations, but in most cases, it wasn't difficult or dangerous to "bum" a ride most anywhere.

I'll always remember an adventure my brother George and I shared in the summer of '65. I was a rising high school senior and he was soon to enter his first year of seminary. A popular experience in those days was to work in tobacco fields of Ontario each summer. Since the season there was rather short in Canada, it was possible to work the fields locally a few weeks prior to leaving for Canada. It was easy to earn several hundred dollars for a few weeks work.

There was much to remember about that trip, to include a ride through the mountains of West Virginia in the back of a pickup truck driven by moonshine-drinking locals.

When we hitched, we always had certain rules we followed. We always

wore a necktie, and if it wasn't too hot, a sports jacket. We never left without a suitcase, as it seemed easier to catch a ride from strangers if it appeared you were going some distance. We always attempted to stand in high-traffic areas where cars had room to stop and we could be easily seen. And while we never solicited female drivers, some would stop. On our Canada trip, two girls picked us up outside Detroit and rode us through the city to the bridge linking the city with Canada.

Servicemen also found hitchhiking to be a quick and inexpensive way to travel. Until anti-military feelings changed attitudes in the 70's, it was almost unpatriotic not to give a ride to a soldier. While stationed at Ft. Jackson, S.C., I hitchhiked home to Edenton nearly every weekend and usually made it much quicker than you could travel by bus.

A trip to Florida during my teenage years was also very interesting. I caught a ride on a truck loaded with onions that took me straight to Jack-

sonville. I can still smell the diesel fumes and onions, and how lonely most stretches of U.S. 17 looked from the cab of the truck.

Local travel was even easier, as it was possible to catch people who knew you. Often, it wasn't even necessary to use your thumb, as you could catch the same driver trip after trip.

Many probably have their own tales of experiences gained when the thumb was the only way travel could be afforded and we probably are reminded of those days when we see a hitchhiker on the road today. But unlike drivers of years ago, we don't stop for hikers. The dangers involved cause us to be cautious and we often feel we are in too much hurry to stop.

The art of hitchhiking has gone the way of so many other memories. It is difficult not to remember those days without a touch of sadness; those times when there was no hurry, when every new mile was an adventure, when an up-turned thumb could take you places never seen before. Times have certainly changed.

## Letters to the Editor

Editor

The Perquimans Weekly, Our state motto ("To be rather than to seem) expresses an ideal that I diligently try to live by. I interpret this to mean that essence is more important than image. Nowadays, too many people are becoming too concerned with image. Politicians, agencies, and institutions are devoting increasing portions of their resources

to projecting the right image rather than to cultivating the right essence.

Emerson wrote "Build a better mouse trap and the world will beat a path to your door." In our world, though, it is naive to believe that the public will beat a path anywhere without encouragement by advertising. Let's paraphrase Emerson to fit our world: "Advertise the greatest, newest, most improved mouse trap

of all time, offer it for a limited time, and flash a 1-800 number on the screen, and the world will..." A few years ago I was Acting Dean of Instruction at a community college for one year. During yearly evaluation the president made no suggestion to improve my performance but suggested that I should "dress more like a Dean." As a teacher, I have never been told by a supervisor that I should read more widely, write more clearly, or think more comprehensively, but I have been told that I should use more polite language in class and that I should get back in the

mainstream. I have read that when a movie is a flop the standard procedure is to double the advertising budget.

Education would be wise to take cues from Emerson rather than from Hollywood or from Madison Avenue. Our first priority should be to be the best mouse trap builder, or doctor, or teacher, or institution. We should devote most of our energies to being the best. We should devote very little to telling people how good we are.

Jim Bridges  
504 Terry St.  
Elizabeth City, NC 27909

## spotlight on health

### New Insights In Nutrition

Have you ever heard of the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico? They have a primitive lifestyle, but are amazingly healthy and active into very advanced years. Even at the ages of 50 and 60 these Indians still play a game which involves running 100 miles while kicking a ball.

Their blood cholesterol levels are only 60 percent of standard American levels and their vitamin E intake is higher than that of the average American. But, they subsist on a diet that comes very close to that of prehistoric man.

It would certainly be nice if we all had that kind of energy and stamina at the age of 60. But what do these Indians have to do with modern nutrition?

Dr. Jeffrey Bland, a well-known author, lecturer and researcher from the Linus Pauling Institute and the University of Puget Sound, believes that we can learn from cultures such as these.

At a recent seminar, he noted that researchers from Emory University Medical School concluded that about 65 percent of the calories in the typical diet of Paleolithic man was derived from plant sources, with the rest coming from animal products. The nutrient density of that diet was far greater than that which we receive today. For instance, daily vitamin C intake from that diet was probably seven to ten times the level of the Food and Nutrition Board's current recommended allowance.

Dr. Bland doesn't advocate going back to a primitive lifestyle, but he does encourage us to learn how we can benefit from studies such as these. He believes that the practice of taking moderate levels of vita-

min supplements, along with changes in attitudes toward diet and exercise, are having a favorable impact upon health in this country.

Concerning vitamin E, Bland commented, "Vitamin E is a paradoxical vitamin, because it may be the least significant vitamin with regard to its role in prevention of an acute deficiency. But, it may be the most important vitamin for the optimization of general human function, particularly in the environment in which we live today."

"Any individual in this country," Bland says, "who consumes the standard American diet, of which 42 percent of the calories are from fat, 20 percent are from sugar and 38 percent are from 'funny' foods that don't fall in any of the four basic food groups, is a person that is, by definition, suffering from under-sufficiency of vitamin E." In Bland's opinion, "those people have a higher risk of autoimmune disease, cardiovascular disease, cancer, blood disorders and exercise-induced cellular damage."

Fortunately, according to Dr. Bland, people are eating differently today in order to feel and look better. Significantly, recognition of the value of vitamin supplementation is rising along with the general health consciousness.

Studying cultures like those of the Tarahumara Indians may help us continue raising our health consciousness. And, learning about their diets improves our knowledge of what the best levels are for vitamins and other nutrients. That can be very important in achieving energy and stamina levels many people doubted to be possible.

## Alcohol and Teenagers

Teenagers and alcohol can be a deadly mixture, the North Carolina Medical Society warns.

Just ask the North Carolina Highway Patrol, which last year investigated more than 600 fatal and injury-producing automobile accidents caused by drinking-and-driving teenagers.

Or ask psychiatric researchers, who report that more than 3,000 teenagers last year were high on alcohol or drugs when they made the final choice to take their own lives.

Alcohol is the drug teenagers most often abuse, the one most often involved in tragedy. Twisted thinking, poor judgment, and irrational acts are commonplace when alcohol takes command of a maturing personality.

"There's no way irresponsible teenagers can drink responsibly," says Dr. Paul King, adolescent director at Charter Lakeside Hospital in Memphis. "When a kid gets behind the wheel with two or three drinks in his system, he feels the power of 3,000 pounds of macho fury. He cranks up the stereo and puts his foot down hard on the gas, and all of a sudden the car is no longer just transportation, it's a rolling party."

For many teens, there's only one way to drink—to get drunk. For others, drinking offers temporary relief from the pressures of growing up. But there's a catch—Dr. King and other experts say that heavy drinking over long periods can arrest emotional development entirely.

## 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

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