

Perspective

The mystical inner power

Men call it "gut feelings." Women call it "intuition." Some folks say it's plain old "instinct." Whatever it is, it's the most valuable possession I have. My instinct has led me down many paths through the years; paths that have taken me into adventures some people only read about, as well as to places I had never ever heard of. I've learned to let that mystical inner power have its way, and I've never been sorry that I did.

I've relied on my female intuition to select everything from shovels to diamonds. I always ignore my mental list of pros and cons and make my final decision based entirely on what "feels" right.

It was that intuition that locked into place and homed in on a man with dark, curly hair and bright blue eyes that I hauled to the alter sixteen years ago instead of a few blonds that were sprinkled around in my life. It was intuition that chose the college I attended, the car I purchased and the friendships I've made.

I believe intuition. Suddenly you know something. You don't know how you know, but you know. And accept it. You may as well, for intuition will have its way. No matter what. It's inevitable.

And sometimes, instead of leading you to something, it takes you away from it. Like people. And situations. And potential trouble. It's cheaper than therapy, unbiased and discreet, and a foolproof way of sensing when something is right or wrong.

Through following this inner instinct, I have become quite good at reading people like an open book during the first five minutes after introduction. My intuition takes the place of biting my nails and flipping coins. It hasn't always made me popular with everyone, but it's stuck by me through the years. The times it didn't "kick in" always confused me and made me wonder why I didn't have some inkling something was wrong. But I've come to realize that there is always a reason for this. If I had known, I would have done something to prevent what was meant to be, and that, much as I have sometimes wished differently, is not for me to do.



I remember when I first became aware of this extraordinary power. I was just a girl when I discovered this sharp beam of light shooting up from my soul. I shook hands with my intuition when I was ten years old. I was in my daddy's packhouse trying to keep warm, surrounded by my diaries and notebooks and listening to the icicles dripping from the tin roof.

I knew on that cold winter day that I would be exactly what I have become, regardless of what hurdles I would have to cross. I would be a writer. Nothing else. For me there has never been anything else. I had other jobs along the way, but I wrote every moment I could and wondered when it would be "time." Finally, many years later, on a day when the honeysuckles twisted patterns on the fence and watermelons lay ripe upon the vines, my instinct said... "It's time. Go ahead. Do it." And, on that day, I laid everything else in my life to rest, explained to my family and friends, and took up the pen, for life.

Sometimes my intuition has prevented disaster. Like the time I stopped my car along a dirt path and walked across the bridge up to an old house, only to return to find the bridge caved in and a pickup truck half submerged in the creek. And the time I knew on which part of the farm we'd find my lost little brother, to say nothing of all the occasions I've returned home to check on the stove and found near disasters underway.

So, the next time you experience a nagging feeling down deep in your soul... pay attention. Tap into a power that, though confuses and mystifies the scientific world, will serve and enhance your own.

Portrait of a snow-cream lover!



Differences arise between childhood friends

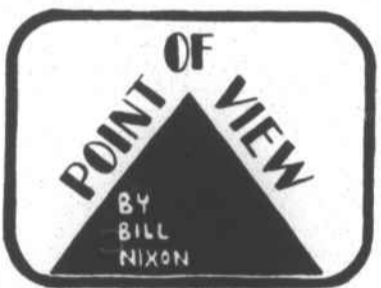
With nine brothers and three sisters, I always had plenty of playmates while growing up, but other friends were important also. It was often easier to share childhood dreams with someone other than family.

Barry was one of my closest friends. He and I had many good times together, times I will always remember. We talked about things that boys will talk about and we shared our dreams for the future.

In many ways, Barry and I were alike. We were close in age, about the same size, and enjoyed many of the same things. He also came from a large family and we both knew what it meant to do without. For years, we were the only families living on the road which led to the old Naval Base in Edenton, so it was only natural that we would share as neighbors.

As we entered our teenage years, Barry and I spent less time together, and eventually went separate ways. I into the service and he to a northern state. I've not seen him in nearly 20 years and often wonder where his life has taken him. And I wonder about the differences that caused two growing boys to drift away from a friendship that meant so much to us then. A difference, though we knew existed, that didn't matter.

At the time, we didn't think too much about these differences. Though I called his father "sir," I was allowed to address him by his first name. Barry had to call my daddy "Mr." I enjoyed many an excellent Sunday dinner at his table, but when he came to my house, he ate in the yard or on the back porch. Though we were neighbors, we rode different buses to different schools. Saturdays, he shined shoes and I worked a snowcone machine. Often when we were both working in town, we'd get together for a soda at the local drugstore. Since Barry wasn't allowed to sit at the counter, we usually took our drinks and sat together at the curb. There were many



other "differences." But that's the way things were and though he and I didn't really understand why some things were as they were, we were friends and didn't think too much about such matters then. Our difference in skin color mattered little. Eventually it would.

As things began to change in the mid-60's he and I were caught up in those changes. He became more and more involved with his people's struggle for change and I became more and more influenced by those opposed to change. We found it more difficult to share our feelings.

We were both confused by the changes that were dividing our nation and would eventually divide the friendship we had vowed as kids to never break.

Many of the things that were different then no longer exist. Many positive changes have been made, but here is still much to be done. The recent events in Forsyth County, Georgia are an indication that there are still those, on both sides, who have learned little from the past.

As hundreds of blacks, in what was considered an intimidating move by the all-white community, attempted to do what was labeled a "brotherhood" march in the county, hundreds of whites responded in a manner similar to the violence of the 60s. In all probability, more incidents will follow.

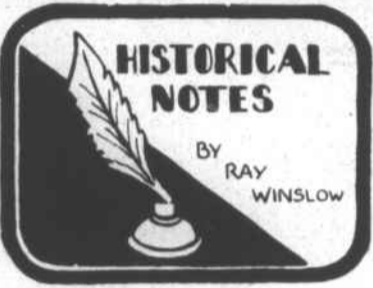
It's apparent we haven't come as far as we thought. The differences that separated two childhood friends so many years ago still exist.

Josiah Nicholson comes home to Perquimans County

Josiah Nicholson, third son of Josiah and Anna (White) Nicholson, was born in Perquimans County on April 13, 1831. He received his early education at Belvidere Academy, going on to Friends' School in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1850.

He returned from Providence in 1852, the year his father died. Under his father's will Josiah inherited one-third of the paternal homestead, together with a trunk, a small gun, and a feather bed and furniture.

For some years, probably in the 1850s, Josiah taught school in New England. He was in Perquimans during part of the decade, however, surveying a tract of land on or before December 15, 1854, and posting bond as Perquimans County Surveyor on



February 13, 1855.

At Piney Woods Monthly Meeting on November 7, 1857, Josiah requested a certificate to Smithfield Monthly Meeting in Rhode Island, preparatory to marrying. His chosen bride, whom he married December 12, 1857, was Ellen M. Bassett.

Born at Danby, Vermont on July 23, 1833, Ellen was the daughter of Friends' minister William Bassett and wife Rhonda. She spent most of her childhood in Smithfield, Rhode Island, and became a teacher. An attack of illness about 1854 left her an invalid, but did not prevent her serving the public in many capacities.

Josiah and Ellen remained in Rhode Island for at least three months after their marriage, returning to Perquimans in time to attend the wedding of Samuel Winslow and Mary Ann White at Piney Woods Meeting House on May 13, 1858.

Having sold his inherited land to Henry White on July 26, 1855, Josiah lived for a time with his brother William at Belvidere. William had pur-

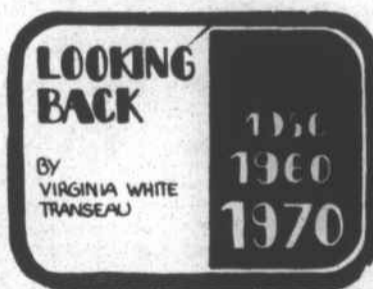
chased Henry White's old store, and Josiah became a merchant there.

The 1860 Census for Perquimans County, Up River District (now Belvidere Township), indicated fourteen people constituted Dr. William Nicholson's household. Included were William's wife, son, stepson, nephew, cook, housekeeper, farm laborer, and medical partner. With them were brother Josiah (a merchant with real estate valued at \$1200 and personal estate worth \$4500), his wife and daughter, and a store clerk. The household was completed by a girl whose presence there is not explained.

With such a crowded house, Josiah needed a place of his own. It so happened there was property available right across the road from his store.

Wiggins off to vietnam

20 YEARS AGO
Lt. Wiggins Off To Vietnam: Lieutenant M. Shirley Wiggins is spending a leave with her mother, Mrs. Mary L. Wiggins of Winfall, prior to reporting for duty aboard the USS Sanctuary in Vietnam. Lt. Wiggins is a member of the Navy Nurse Corps and just recently completed a two year tour of duty at Kittery, Maine. She is a graduate of Perquimans County Union School at Winfall and St. Agnes School of Nursing in Raleigh, N.C.



nar composed of Religious business and Political Leaders.

Stevens To Attend President's Breakfast: Robert Lewis Stevenson, executive vice president of Peoples Bank & Trust Company of Hertford, and Mrs. Stevenson, have been invited to attend the Seventeenth Annual Presidential Prayer Breakfast for President Richard M. Nixon, to be held at the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. Thursday morning, January 30, 1969. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson will also attend a Breakfast with members of Congress on Friday, January 31. The breakfasts are sponsored by the International Christian Leadership, in connection with the National Leadership Semi-

Peggy Ambrose With Airlines: Miss Peggy Ambrose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Ambrose, has accepted a position with Eastern Airlines, in Charlotte, N.C. Miss Ambrose left for, Miami, Florida last week where she will attend school for three weeks prior to being sent to her position in Charlotte.

Announce Birth: Mr. and Mrs. Jim Roberson announce the birth of their first child, a son, James Dennis, born at the Albemarle Hospital. Mrs. Roberson is the former Linda Sutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sutton of Rt. 3, Hertford.



In the 17th Century, Emperor Jahangir owned a total of 2,235,600 carats of pearls, 931,500 carats of emeralds, 376,600 carats of rubies and 279,450 carats of diamonds.

NEWS COUPON

The news and editorial staff of the Perquimans Weekly would like you to tell us what kind of stories you like to see in the paper. If there is something or someone you feel is important — or some provocative issue you would like us to examine — please, let us know.

Just clip and fill out this coupon. Include as many details as possible (Names, addresses, telephone numbers, etc.) It may not be possible for us to use some of the stories suggested but we are always looking for new ideas.

So, next time you think of something you feel would make a good story, send it to: News Coupon, Perquimans Weekly, P.O. Box 277, Hertford, N.C. 27944.

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