

The Perquimans Weekly

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Close
encounter

Recently, I was fortunate to have one of the most beautiful natural encounters of my life. For a number of nights I'd listened to a distant, rich variety of coughs, yowls and screams that seemed to echo from the back of the farm behind Morningstar Nature Refuge. I knew that sound, as I'd heard it often before at certain other times of the year. This unique animal is found nowhere else but on our continent, and has lived here longer than man has walked the earth. Of all the hours spent afield, I had never had but one tiny glimpse of it.

I was out on the Moonfeather trail late one afternoon, dragging a small fallen tree from the path when I finally stopped to rest against another tree to catch my breath. Regardless of waiting until later when the woods had cooled a bit, the humid heat of the Carolina summer was taking its toll on me. I stood for a moment, back resting against the tree, hands rammed in my pockets, hoping to catch a bit of breeze as I surveyed the rest of the debris to be cleared following a hail storm.

The next moment I stood staring at her extravagant ruff, the tufts on her ears, the bobbed tail with its black tip, the heavy gray-mottled coat. She looked at me. Blinked. Looked back and held her gaze. It was difficult to breathe. She watched me carefully, as if a house cat resting on my hearth. No sense of threat. No sense of fear. Granting me a great gift. Soft, speckled ears pricked. Nostrils flared. Head held high. She turned slowly and padded elegantly away on huge, sure feet, back to her lair in my woods.

I have not seen the bobcat since, or have I heard her night sounds. But I captured, for only a few seconds, a wild photograph in my mind that will last me a lifetime. Though not much larger than a healthy grown fox, she appeared much bigger because of her tufted ears riding high on a head set off by wide muttonchaps.

The southern cousin of



Nature in a Nutshell

Gail Roberson

the lynx, the bobcat hunts at night, taking birds, rabbits, mice, squirrels and anything else it can catch and has a taste for it. It stalks on rubbery paws that ride soundlessly over every leaf and twig. It's

an expert hunter, and a grown bobcat has been known to bring down a small deer.

I checked my woods and the surrounding farm, despite the awful heat, searching for the bobcat's "no trespassing signs." Using her own waste material, she builds visible pyramids of stools near her den when she is about to deliver her kits. Throughout the rest of the year, the female bobcat buries her stools in the manner of a fastidious house cat. Scientists believe she makes these signs to notify other bobcats to keep their distance while her litter is young, as she must be able to hunt close to home and needs the supply of mice and rabbits in her territory. At all times these animals post strong-smelling sprays, spacing their individual territories for hunting and living to about ten square miles each. Their solitary lifestyles and "avoidance behavior" means they seldom meet. Usually, their screams of the night are for letting the males know females are receptive to mating.

Once I stopped my truck to examine a bobcat killed along a roadway. It was very small, not much larger than a household cat, but I was impressed just the same with the powerful paws and bone structure. It was the closest I ever got to one, until the afternoon in my own woods.

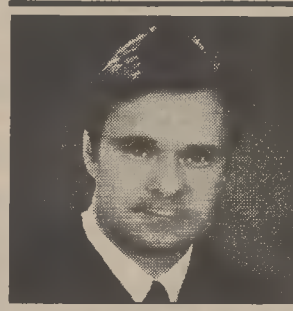
The low productive rate of this majestic animal, together with a fashion craze for its fur and the ongoing destruction of wild places have left it especially vulnerable. After all these years of field and woods study, I finally got the special gift of seeing, up close, a live bobcat. It has taken this animal 40 million years to evolve to be a bobcat. I can only hope it survives, giving someone else the beauty and wild majesty of a close encounter.

The best lawyers are good people

The best lawyer I know is a better man. He is honest, industrious, compassionate, a good steward and a man of devout spirituality. It is these traits which define his success in the legal field, not his exceptional litigation skills.

These attributes are the natural results of a man whose life has been disciplined in integrity. His relationship with God is his first priority. His devotion to his family is second, followed by his dedication to his friends.

All other priorities of interest including his



View from the Bench

District Court Judge Edgar Barnes

career, fill in the remaining supply of his existence. He has no intelligible vices, no not any. He along with his extraordinary wife have with unwavering commitment, raised their (4) children with constant

exposure to high moral and religious standards, not standards set by a materialistic, self-centered and often depraved society.

The natural results of his ethical lifestyle, hardwork and natural talent have yielded him financial gains of substantial measure. Yet other than an attractive,

adequate home, he lives by discreetly, modest means.

He loves, respects and is faithful to his wife of (20 plus/minus) years. He teaches his children to love God, respect authority, think for themselves and to base their self-worth on more nobler things than status and material wealth.

He did not buy his oldest son a new car when he turned 16. He did not buy him a car at all. Instead his son bought a blown up early 80's model pickup truck with the money he had saved from part-time jobs and gifts and rebuild the engine himself.

This friend over-reacts when his children conduct themselves in a manner which would be considered "acceptable behavior" by

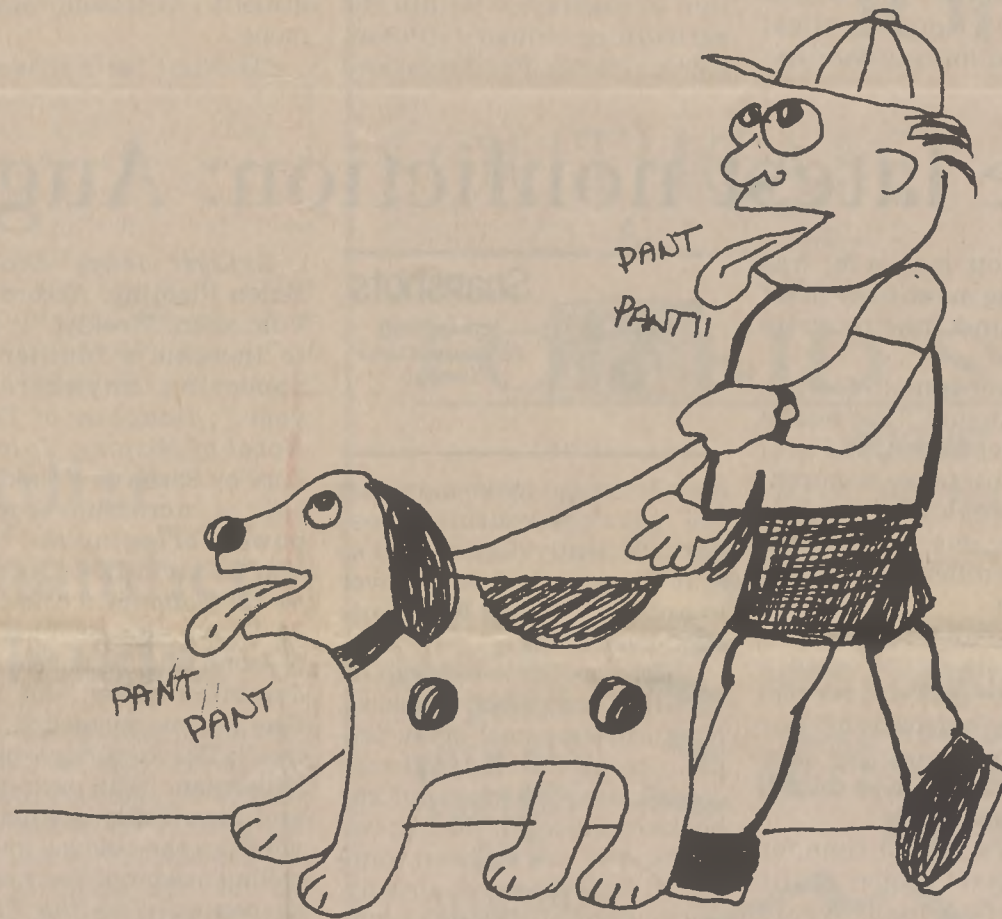
current social norms.

He is civically active, giving much of himself and his resources to those in need and to promote social probity. Out of modesty, he would deny that he is any or all of the things. But if pushed to concede that he strives to live such a life, he would confess that he does so only by the grace of God and the love and support of his family.

He is dedicated to his profession and his clients truly get their money's worth. He is a good lawyer and a good man. He is not perfect, but oh that the world would have more as imperfect as he.

God save the State and this Honorable Court. Court's adjourned.

Dog days of summer...



Letters

Dear Editor:

Hunters, hunting season has already arrived for I'm having 4 to 5 hunting dogs in my yard at the time. Some from Gates County, Perquimans County and Chowan County. It's nice that you love animals but don't go to bed without putting your dogs in their beds. They should be treated as your children. If you have time to hunt standing by your CB you owe it to your dogs to catch them and bring them home. Even though I feel like I have a hotel for dogs I don't have one yet.

Sandra Parks
Hobbsville

Dear Editor

This is a late thank you to Farmers Feed and Seed.

What a wonderful job they have done with the changes to the store. These improvements have truly enhanced our community. The garden and yard furniture, the bird feeders and trellises, wooden planters, colorful flags, plus the flag poles, make for great shopping. All these wonderful new articles plus the great variety of plants and flowers. These pleasures and the same excellent and friendly service from the

Lanes' and their staff.

The Farmers Feed and Seed business is a tremendous asset to our community and our lives.

I have heard nothing but praise and compliments from others about these improvements. To do this kind of shopping in our own town, not drive to Elizabeth City or Chowan County is a pleasure!

Well done - keep up the good work, Thanks a million.

Jimmye Hayes
Hertford

P.S. Can't wait for the Fall surprises!

Dear Editor:

We would like to thank the following businesses and individuals who were of so much assistance to our church and congregation during our recent storm damage. B&S Enterprises provided us with a crane, and Tildon Whitehurst Sand & Gravel provided us with a front end loader for use in clean-up immediately after the incident. The prompt response and valiant efforts of Inter-County Volunteer Fire Department, Hertford Fire Department, and Durants Neck Fire Department were absolutely incredible. We would also like to thank Mr.

Carlton Russell for assistance in removal of the trees.

There were also many individuals too numerous to mention who showed up with a willing spirit and strong heart to help us in the clean-up, many of which do not even attend our church, but define the word "neighbor" in the best sense.

Larry and Suzy Swindell have also allowed us to use their chapel to hold our services while construction is proceeding at our church. Their generosity warms our hearts, and their unselfish willingness to let us use their facilities to open their chapel to us has shown the true spirit of Christian kindness.

God has pulled our church and community together in this time of adversity and even in this situation, blessings have come from many unexpected sources. May God bless each and everyone who played a role in assistant us in any way during this situation.

Reverend Steve Castle
Gary Eure, Chairman
Administrative Council
Congregation of
Woodland United
Methodist Church

It came
back to
haunt
daddy

Daddy has learned a valuable lesson. It'll be driven home Wednesday night when he has to sit through a Hanson concert!



Ramblin' with Susan

Susan Harris

Phil had told Holly that if the popular teeny-bopper group Hanson of "Do-Wop" fame ever came to the area, he would take her and a friend to the concert. He never really thought they'd come close enough for him to honor his promise. He got fooled.

Now Daddy has to sit through Hanson with thousands of screaming little girls this week.

Holly is, of course, ecstatic. She is so excited about getting to go to a concert at the amphitheater that she can hardly stand herself.

And this concert features a decorated T-shirt contest. The person who is chosen as the wearer of the best T-shirt gets her ticket and the ticket of a friends upgraded to front row seats. They also receive back-stage passes for after the concert. Phil should love that!

She's been a Hanson fan for a long time. We had Hanson movies, Hanson T-shirts, Hanson posters, Hanson CDs — a veritable Hanson museum at our house. She knows all their names, how old they are, everything about these three rich, successful young men. If only she could learn her multiplication tables so easily!

I know, maybe I can try setting multiplication tables and spelling words to Hanson music. Then she could sing her favorite tunes while actually learning something from the experience. Music is a powerful teaching tool.

I suppose I'll have to find those Hanson CDs, listen to them and make up some new words. Holly will learn in a fun way. She'll be happy and I'll be happy. Oh, I just love happy endings!

Speak your mind...

Write us a letter.

Remember, all letters must be signed
and include a telephone number.
Only the name and city of residence
will be published with the letter.