

Death of J. J. Perkins

An Old and Highly Respected
Citizen passes to the Great

7/17/14 Beyond (NR)

There are landmarks that tie us to the past and it hurts the heart to see them go one by one. The old oak where so many have felt the shade and whose branches have given shelter to the birds and hidden the children of many generations, grows old and it goes the way of the world. The old buildings where families have grown up and where successive generations have found sorrow and their joys gives away to modern edifices. All these could tell stories of what had passed had they voice, but they are responsive to the present and only echo the voices of the living, although their walls have seen so many as they passed. Sorrow indeed fills our heart as we see them disappear, but they are dumb things. When a life that reaches back into the past ends, there comes to us something more because they can tell us of what they have seen and experienced. Such a life has ended and the News Record gives this week the news of the passing of "Old Perk" so called, not from any disrespect, but because he was a part old Marshall and the children as they grew up held him as a part of the town. Everybody knew him and looked upon him with a certain feeling different from the others. Seventy odd years had he lived and that would carry him back to the time when Marshall was not a town and down through the years he lived. Others have come & gone, he but stayed on. Mr. Perkins was friendly with all and had a word for all. He had seen others of his family come and go.

Just a few weeks ago Mr. Perkins was married again and lived only a short time afterward. He has been seriously sick only a few weeks and the serious turn came only a few days ago. He told the writer a few days ago that he did not expect to live long as the suffering had effected his heart. Later the nervousness increased and Monday at 11 o'clock he passed away.

Mr. Perkins went out last fall with all the people that went to work the road and during the two days of work he kept up with the stoutest notwithstanding his age. On the last day he was voted the pair of overalls by the crowd because of his spirit and for his work and his popularity. We do indeed feel his passing out. Perkins loved his fiddle and many have enjoyed the music he made. All along the river he was called to play for the diversion of the young people. He lived honestly toward man and the old man was proud of the fact that he had always made his living. He was a great reader and was well informed on most subjects. So an old resident of Marshall has died and we will miss him.

