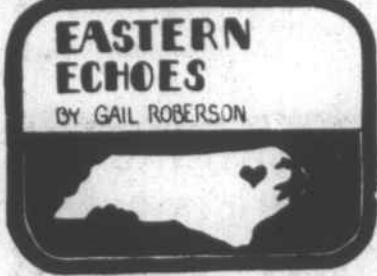


PERSPECTIVE

Be thankful for little things

As you might expect for this time of the year, this is a "thankful" column. Without doubt, we all need to stop and think a little harder about what we have, instead of what we wish we had...about what we've got to lose, instead of what we want to add. Thinking is like living and dying. Each one of us has to do it for ourselves. Nobody else can think for us. And that is exactly what I've been doing today...thinking about this special time of the year, and what I have to be thankful for.



There was a time in my life when I wouldn't even answer the telephone without my make-up on. There was a time in my life when I thought the most important possession I had was my dressing table with its host of bottles, creams and brushes to help make me prettier. I was more concerned with the dents in my make-up caused by the corrective lenses on face, than with the condition of my eyesight. These were times when vanity definitely got the upper hand. But, as with most everybody else, time has a way of putting things into perspective for me, and of get-

ting my priorities in order. Today, I am content to be attractive in my own way, and I do the best I can with what I have to do with. I don't care to have a perfect score anymore. Besides, I've realized that in my entire life I've never known one single person who did...but I've known many who thought so. Today, the only person who thinks I am a "10" is my shoe salesman (to quote Joan Rivers), and I really don't stay awake at night worrying about it. I've got too much to be thankful for to worry or wish for more.

I can't see three feet in front of me without my glasses or my contacts, but I'm thankful for the luxury of good sight that these modern-day inventions have brought to me. In fact, I'm thankful for any degree of sight at all. How could I sit down with paper and ink, or strike the right keys and indulge myself with a career I have worked at since age 10, without the sight my eyes afford me? And how would I know the delicate beauty of the lemon and black butterflies that drift over the blossoms in my yard or the gentle understanding in the golden eyes of my cat or the woods ablaze in multi-reds at this time of the year...how could I know these things like I do and write of them so much without the benefit of my sight?

On the dance floor, I am a stiff and cubersome, without any agility whatsoever and quite envious of those who have it.

In normal, everyday movement, I am a clutz in the first degree with the added benefit of bruises to account for every corner and every piece of furniture in my house. But, those legs and arms take me many places and bring me joy that I would never know otherwise. Without my legs, how would I take the endless walks through the countryside that benefit both my physical and mental character? Without legs, how would I travel about so well, propel myself through the tanglement of my herb garden or stroll down the dusty road in front of my country place? With my hands I turn the pages in the books I read, pass a bounty of food around a family table, and reach out to touch the ones I love. Because I have my sense of hearing, I know when the crickets are in the meadow and the blue jays back in the oaks. I know when a friend needs to confide in me, when to laugh with someone and when to cry in sympathy.

Yes, through the years, I've come to learn the value of my worth and just what being thankful really means. And, I know now that the little things are really the big things we just take for granted.

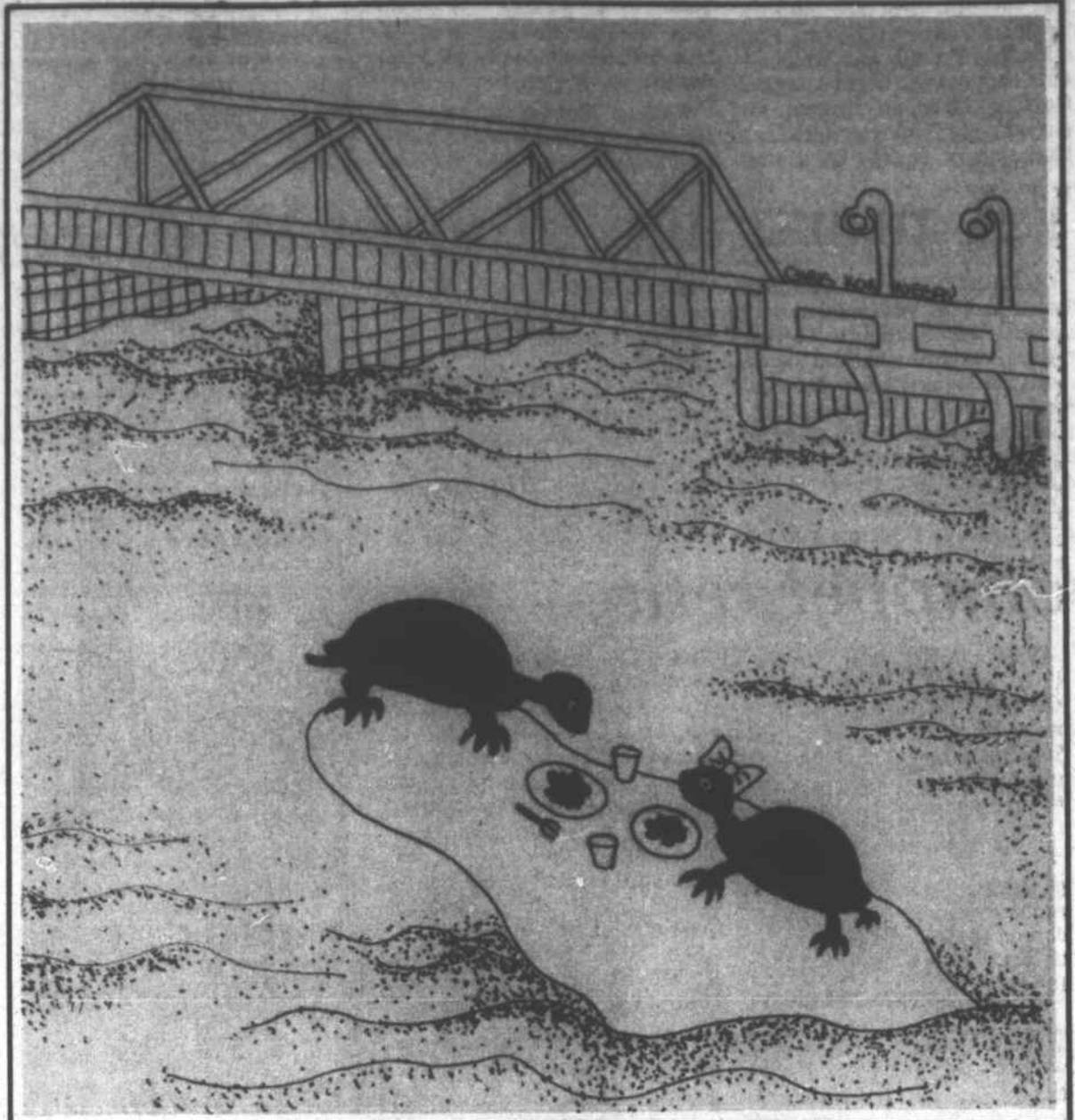
I am thankful to be able to share my beautiful country environment equally with fat, sassy squirrels and possums as well as with four companion cats waiting at my door. I am thankful for a hardwood fire, just lit in my home, and time to sit in front of it and stare. I am thankful for a friend who brings a crumpled bag of pecans or Indian corn, or a jar of sweet preserves...or just takes the time to stop by and chat for a while with me...to share themselves as well as their thoughtful little gifts.

I am thankful for busy snowbirds in tiny flocks, for dusty paths and partridges and goldenrod for them to hide in. I am thankful for the old rocking chair out on my porch, the faded quilt on my bed and the modern kitchen always at my disposal. And, I am thankful for the privilege of having known many great-aunts and uncles and especially my great-grandparents.

But, most of all, I am thankful for a memorial past, the promise of a bountiful future, the freedoms of this country and another day in which I can be grateful for them all.

So, don't be so eager to reach for the almighty paper dollar in the distance that you fail to see the copper penny at your feet. We all have to make a living and pay the bills...but the only thing you really have in this life is life itself, and THIS day. You cannot return to yesterday. You many never see tomorrow.

Be grateful for the little things that are really the big things in disguise. Be thankful that they are there, and that they are yours. Be thankful.



He thinks, "Duckweed again?"

U.S. must learn to use power when necessary

Years ago, when I was in junior-high school, our main source of entertainment during physical education classes was picking on John. We kidded him, poked fun at him, whipped him, and anything else we could that would bring tears to his eyes.



John was a couple of years older than the rest of us, having failed a couple of grades. John was also fat. His weight was probably near 250 pounds, and many of us boys found joy in making a boy so much bigger cry. We felt stronger because of his weakness.

Through all the ribbing and abuse, John never turned on us. He would not put up a fight. Chances are, if he had chosen to, he could have inflicted serious injury on any one of us. Why he chose not to was hard to understand then. It isn't now.

John left school at age 17 and joined the Navy. The last we heard of him he had become a member of the Navy's elite Seal team—divers that risked their lives in service to their country. John later served in Viet Nam with valor, and is still listed as Missing In Action.

Our nation is a lot like John. For years, we have been passive, allowing every two-bit country or cause to cast stones at us. With all our power and might, we have been the favorite for abuse. Perhaps, like John, we have restrained ourselves too long.

As I write this, President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev are concluding their first summit meeting. Much will be said in the coming weeks about the meeting. Their actions will be the subject of analysis by nearly everyone. There will be a variety of opinions on who had the upper hand.

The fact that the superpowers met is nothing new. Soviet and American leaders have met for decades. What is important is the fact that America entered the

summit with a renewed sense of confidence, aware of Soviet strengths and weaknesses. Unlike years before, we were able to face the Soviets knowing we have strengthened our military capabilities and our policies have the support of the majority of Americans.

Like John, we have been viewed by many as being weak, afraid to stand and fight. We didn't have strong leadership, nor was there a sense of pride among our people. Things were different at this meeting.

Chances are, more progress will be noted from this meeting than many previous ones. More comes from strength than weakness. Like John, our nation mustn't be afraid to use its power when necessary. We've been pushed around on the playground too long.

Americans expecting sudden changes in Soviet-American relations as a result of the summit won't find them. Regardless of the image Mr. Gorbachev might, his main concern is still Soviet domination. His western appearance should not fool anyone. He didn't become leader of the Soviet nation because of a desire to change the standing Soviet policy of world domination. As he smiled and courted world opinion, thousands were still being killed by his soldiers in Afghanistan. Soviet-backed troops were still engaged in military operations in South and Central America and other corners of the world.

Perhaps Mr. Gorbachev will have learned from the summit the deep and serious concern America and others feel for true world peace. And perhaps, realizing we are dealing from a position of strength, the Soviets will begin to display their actions that world peace means as much to them as it does others.

Letter to the Editor

Editor
The Perquimans Weekly,
Congratulations! You have done it again! Whomever was responsible for covering the Turkey Walk, held Nov. 16, 1983 to raise money for the American Heart Association, showed a lack of interest in our young people.

Not one person in the picture was identified. Nor were the winners recognized in any way.



Civil War brought the prospect

It's sad when young people participate, in such a worthy cause, that they are not even commended by being named.

This will not encourage them to help raise such a grand sum of money for any cause, regardless of how worthy it may be in the future.

Sincerely,
Corrie Long
Rt. 1, Box 854
Hertford, N.C. 27944

Duke gave 'Heels the Devil

Yoo-hoo, Julian Winslow...you can crawl out from under your rock now. The crowds are gone, it's all over, and DUKE WON! There will be no bell ringing in Chapel Hill this year.



Sloan and the boys knew just what you Tarheel fans needed to pull you down off your self-made pedestals. I told you three years ago and I'll tell you again, Duke Is Number One!

To tell you the truth though, I've been a little worried ever since Saturday afternoon. If you recall, three years ago in Durham Red Wilson coached the Devils into a glorious win over Carolina, only to find himself relieved of his coaching duties later that evening. So far Steve Sloan seems safe. I guess whipping the Tarheels in "Blue Heaven?" is a better victory.

Was that a great feeling, or what? I'll tell you folks, I was so excited that I could barely contain myself. Sitting up there in Chapel Hill on a Saturday afternoon in the sunshine, with a

cool breeze blowing, and Duke winning the game was a wonderful feeling. I'll admit it wasn't much fun for me until the last minute or so, but those few seconds when victory was in sight made up for a lot.

The Duke-Carolina game is the highlight of the season as far as I'm concerned. Ending up with a losing record for the year doesn't matter quite as much when you take out Carolina in the last game of the season. (Especially when our win gives them a losing record for the season too!)

I wasn't really expecting to go away with a smile on Saturday. Terry and Michael were the ones who planned to be smiling. Jennifer and I were antagonized and ridiculed throughout the entire game. Everytime Duke failed to score we had to face up to their crude chants. Whenever Carolina lit up the scoreboard it was almost unbearable. The two of them behaved as though the outcome of that game determined life or death. Jennifer and I just sat there, watching our team fall behind until well into the fourth quarter.

Terry was trying to gather us all together to herd us out of the stadium when the turn-around play took place. I was about three steps away from my seat when the crowd sprang to their feet to cheer a Carolina fumble

with one minute and ten seconds left on the clock. (We were down 21 to 16.) The fumble recaptured his attention. It got mine too.

Back up on my seat, jumping up and down, screaming, I watched Duke do what I'd driven three and one-half hours to see; cream Carolina right there on that "yucky blue" field. Victory is so sweet.

Watching all those "Carolina Blue" faces turn green was a delight. After all that obnoxious behavior we'd been exposed to it was more than pleasant to have them all silent.

I laughed, I cried, I squealed, and got a little obnoxious myself. After two years of defeat I figured I was due for a good time. I assure you, I've made the most of it.

Lest you Wolfpack friends think I've let you off easy...I do recall the final score of Saturday a week ago Tim Bryant, when your "glorious" Wolfpack hung their heads and crawled back from Durham after the Devil laid them out on the field. I haven't forgotten; but beating Carolina is just more fun. You know how it is.

Being married to a Tarheel fan affords one few pleasures in life; but when life hands you a lemon you're supposed to make lemonade, right? We had lemonade Saturday!

Happy Thanksgiving!

Colonial militia provided little security

The Founding Fathers of our nation believed, as they stated in the Second Amendment to the Constitution, that "a well regulated Militia" was "necessary to the security of a free State." The last time the militia of Perquimans County was taken seriously, however, it did not provide much security.

of invasion, and as early as April 1861 the magistrates of Perquimans had ordered Col. Joseph G. Granbery to see that the county militia drilled at least once in every two weeks.

In November the governor ordered the Perquimans militia to report Roanoke Island. County authorities were worried about the safety of Perquimans, so they determined to keep sixty men on local patrol rather than send them to the coast.

The following February Roanoke Island was taken by Union forces, and the Albemarle region panicked. Some of the Perquimans militia were sent to defend Elizabeth City. One of the men in Capt. Thomas J. Sutton's company from the Bethel area left an account of their adventures.

Sutton's men were on guard around Providence Church north of Elizabeth City. Probably they were as satisfied to stay put rather than to march, as their drummer Fred Simpson was so inept that fifer Andrew White actually resigned because he could not blow the fife to keep time with Fred's left-handed drumming.

As battle developed around Elizabeth City, Sutton's men must have heard the firing as the Union forces took the town. In-

stead, they must long since have seen the smoke as the city burned, the departing Confederates having chosen to destroy rather than be conquered.

By the time the enemy approached near enough for Perquimans militia to fire at them, the battle was nearly over. Capt. Sutton shouted, "Men, we must do something. We must do something soon!" When the Federals came into sight, someone pleaded, "Captain, ain't you going to retreat?"

Capt. Sutton made a great military decision, "Retreat, Retreat, Retreat. That's the word I've been trying to think of all the morning."

As militiaman Robert B. Cox recalled, "And retreat we did, every man going to his own home. The lame, the halt and the blind being foremost in the flight.

Oh, the humor of that retreat. Moses Jackson, a thick short man, hid in the bushes beside a log, but kept getting up and down, couldn't tell whether he was most conspicuous lying or standing."

Reaching Hertford, Cox found "old man Jimmy Arps and Eddie Harrell who had been on the sick and lame list all the campaign and who left when we did, telling

a crowd of people of the battle." As the County Court was then in session the crowd must have been quite large. The citizens of Perquimans certainly had some new thoughts about their militia.

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