

RAMBLIN' WITH SUSAN
Susan Harris

Are you thankful?

Too many of us, today, I fear, think of Thanksgiving as the kick off to December's holiday season. Rather than stopping to celebrate what we have and expressing gratitude, we use the holiday as an excuse for gluttony and revving up our engines for pre-holiday sales.

Oh, I like to gather with family around a big table filled with tasty foods.

But this year I am going to make a special effort to be thankful for my family and friends; my warm, comfortable home; my job and its great benefits; my health and a host of other things. I am going to adopt an attitude of gratitude.

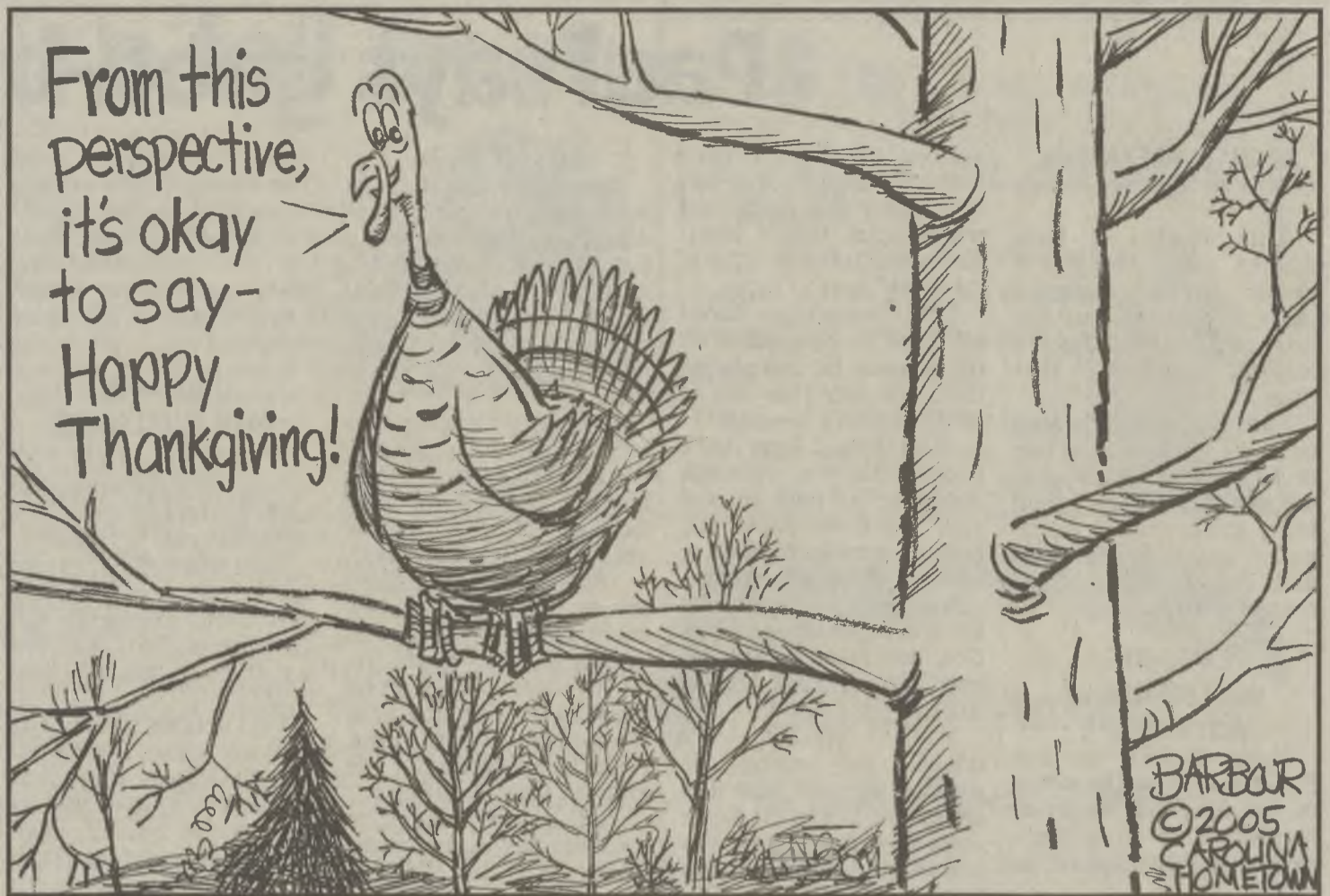
I am going to be thankful that my family was spared the devastation of this year's Gulf Coast storms; thankful that my neighbors and I did not live in heart-stopping fear at the approach of the tsunami; that my husband and I have not been laid off from our jobs; that my parents and children are happy and healthy.

So often, we tend to overlook what we have as we dwell on what we want. We confuse our wants and our needs. We want so much that we don't appreciate what we have because we spend so much time thinking about what we want and how we can get it. Then if we get it, half the time we don't have a place to put it and then we have to rearrange our homes or rent storage units to store something so we can add the new items. Sometimes after a while we realize that the new thing doesn't work as well as the old one we gave away when we got the new one. Now we have a newer, but less effective, efficient thing and we're that much poorer.

Take the time to do something this Thanksgiving weekend to show your thankfulness, your gratitude for what you have, for those you love, for gifts in general. Do something for someone else with no thought of getting anything in return. Visit someone you know you should visit, but just never take the time. Call someone who may be happy to hear your voice. Apologize to someone you may have hurt or disappointed.

And enjoy yourself. Eat what you want and can partake without feeling stuffed. Laugh until your tummy hurts. Cheer out loud for your team. Ooh and aah over the Thanksgiving Day parade floats. Cry over a sad movie. Hug your family and friends.

And all the while, be thankful for it all.



A new North Carolina history book

The Tar Heel State: A History of North Carolina" by UNC-Asheville emeritus professor Milton Ready just hit the bookstores.

Because Professor William Powell's one-volume history of our state, "North Carolina Through Four Centuries," published in 1989, is the "gold standard" of our state history books, Ready's book will be measured against Powell's work.

One way to compare history books is to look at the way they cover particular events or themes. I took a look at how Powell and Ready treated a list of important matters of North Carolina history between 1950 and 1975 that I shared in this column several years ago.

Here is my list and how both authors handled these events:

1. The Willis Smith-Frank Graham U.S. Senate race in 1950, in which Jesse Helms cut his teeth.

Powell briefly notes this "heated battle," mentions Helms, and says that "race [was] a live issue" for first time since 1900.

Ready emphasizes the role of Helms and places the election in the context of racial politics in the South.

2. The creation of the Community College System in 1957.

Both authors make a brief mention.

3. The January 1958 rout of the Ku Klux Klan by the Lumbee Indians.

No mention by either.

4. The founding of the Research Triangle Park in about 1959.

Both authors devote several pages. Powell emphasizes the role of Governor Luther Hodges. Ready emphasizes the importance of the ideas of UNC Professor Howard Odum.

5. The Greensboro sit-ins at Woolworth's in February 1960.

Powell devotes several pages.

Ready places the event in the lead paragraph in his chapter on civil rights.

6. The election of Gov. Terry Sanford in 1960.

Powell has a one-page section on "Governor Sanford's Progressive Program."

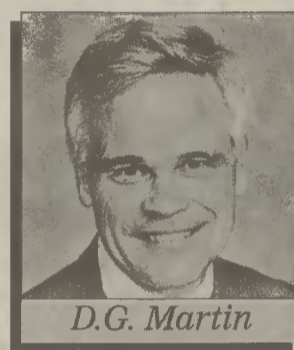
Ready mentions Sanford very briefly.

7. The end of the Dixie Classic basketball tournament in 1961.

Nothing in either book.

8. The 1963 Speaker Ban Law.

Powell has two pages on "Communism and the Speaker Ban." Nothing in



D.G. Martin

Ready's index. The Charlotte bus-ing decision upheld by the Supreme Court in 1971.

Powell has a section on "The Charlotte Mecklenburg School Case,"

while Ready's one-page discussion is a part of his chapter on civil rights. The authors disagree about where presiding judge, James B. McMillan, went to law school. Powell says Harvard. Ready says Chapel Hill. Powell is correct.

8. The 1972 election of Jesse Helms to the U.S. Senate and of Jim Holshouser as the first Republican governor in the 20th Century.

Powell makes a short mention.

Ready gives a more thoughtful discussion of the election results as a part of his chapter on civil rights.

Perhaps these comparisons help show the authors' different approaches.

It may be too early to say which approach it better. Ready's work will certainly get a more thorough review by others later on, but several minor errors, in addition to the one about Judge McMillan's law school, give

me pause. For instance, he writes "Winston-Salem 'still has headquarters for Wachovia.'" A later statement that "In 2000, First Union and Wachovia combined" arguably corrects the earlier erroneous sentence. But since the merger actually occurred in 2001, the attempted correction actually compounds the error.

Even less important, perhaps, is the following: "An entire generation grew up in the 1950s humming the Pepsi commercial, 'Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, twelve full ounces, that's a lot.' At the time, Coca-Cola has only eight ounces."

But my bottles of Coke during those times had six (or six and a half) ounces. Ready should have remembered the next line of the tune. "Twice as much for a nickel, too, Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you."

Putting aside these minor errors, Ready has made a major contribution by giving us a new look at North Carolina history and a new way to look at it. His book will be a valuable aid to students of North Carolina history. It is going to be in the center of my bookshelf right beside Professor Powell's classic.

D.G. Martin is the author of "Interstate Eateries," a handbook of home cooking places near North Carolina's interstate highways available through Our State Magazine.

Letters

Dear Editor,

Thanksgiving will soon be here. Are you thinking of turkey, pumpkin pie, etc.? I'm thinking of the million who have lost everything.

There's a song "Count your blessings, name them one by one. Count your

blessings and see what God has done." Let's do this this Thanksgiving.

Doing something for someone who can't repay will make them feel good and you also.

God bless.
Ellie Vickers
Hamilton

THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY

Established 1934

119 W. Grubb St., P.O. Box 277,
Hertford, N.C. 27944
426-5728

Susan R. Harris, Editor & Publisher
Bev Alexander, Advertising Representative
Margaret Fisher, Staff Writer
Julie Papineau, Creative/Composing Technician

The Perquimans Weekly (USPS 428-080) is published each Wednesday by The Daily Advance, 216 S. Poindexter St., Elizabeth City, N.C. 27909. Subscription rates are \$24.20 per year in-state, \$26.40 per year out-of-state, single copy rate 35 cents. Second class postage paid in Hertford, N.C. 27944. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to P.O. Box 277, Hertford, N.C. 27944.

One fateful night this summer, a couple from the piedmont area of North Carolina were on their way home from viewing a prestigious traveling display at a state art museum.

They lived 100 miles away, and it was just shy of dusk when they neared the last 30 miles. The traffic had thinned, and the couple rested more freely in mind and body knowing that at home their new whirlpool tub and freshly remodeled bathroom awaited.

They had enjoyed a wonderful day of beauty and respite from the maddening world. All was calm and good again.

Then a red pickup truck roared past them and wobbled across the centerline as it sped away.

Something had been pitched from the truck window into the brush by the side of the road. At first the couple thought it was a beer bottle, but as the truck fled from sight and they neared the spot by the road, they were horrified to see a tiny puppy struggling from the ditch.

They pulled their car off the road and ran to the dog, hoping it would not wobble

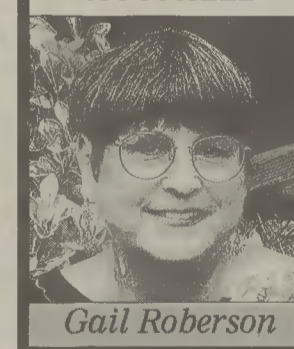
out into traffic before they could reach it. The little thing was skin and bones and bloody from the force of its landing after being tossed from the moving vehicle.

Pieces of sticks protruded from its mouth and one eye. It trembled and tried to back away, no doubt scared to death of what yet another human would do to it. So much mud covered its body that the couple could not even tell its color or breed.

They felt pity and great anger at the same time. They scooped the tiny, petrified puppy up and took it home to the local vet who came to the office after hours to assist.

The next day the vet pronounced that he just did not know if the animal could be saved or not. Along with the cuts and bruises and in need of nourishment and antibiotics, the animal had a lot of questionable internal bleeding.

NATURE IN A NUTSHELL



Gail Roberson

It was kept there for two weeks and endured two surgeries while the couple continued to call and check on it.

Finally, word came that it had survived and was doing well enough to go home. The couple retreated a bit. They had only wanted to help the animal, not keep it.

Besides, they had not seen the puppy since dropping it off at the vet's office, though they called each day to check on it and provided funds for its care. All they knew about it was that it was muddy and hurt and needed immediate attention.

After much discussion, they decided to take a look. When they arrived, the little thing wagged its tail and wiggled right into their arms.

After being freshly cleaned and treated, they were amazed to see the white and brown spotted beauty of questionable

breed so visually anxious to be with a human and so vigorous with love. It was almost as if the puppy knew they had saved her life. They were smitten, immediately named her Miss Wiggy and took her home.

Two weeks later, while the couple was in deep sleep late one night, Miss Wiggy, who was far too short to jump on the high antique bed the couple had purchased for their home during remodeling, began licking them in the face and crying loudly.

Despite her efforts, they barely moved, so she began to bite softly around their jaw lines and pull their hair with her teeth. Finally, they awoke. Puzzled by Miss Wiggy's ability to jump that far and her strange behavior, they stumbled out of bed and followed the barking little dog from the room.

It was only then that they realized the house was on fire. They rushed to safety. Damages to their newly remodeled home were in the thousands, but they had their lives thanks to a tiny, mud-covered throw away that miraculously returned a favor.