

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

Just returned Sunday from a week's vacation to Myrtle Beach. It had been about three years since I had gone on vacation -- by design. Our accommodations, made from an Internet picture, were not quite up to the advertised product but were adequate. We were on the beach, a plus, and we had a view of the ocean from our room -- heck, we had a view of North Carolina from our room since we were 20 stories high, a fact they forgot to mention when we booked.

Jamie and her family, Travis and his family and Allison were going to go together and I was content to stay home with my dogs and to babysit Allison's dog Yancy. But, Allison was unable to travel with the group so it was a plaintive, "Mom, I need someone to go with me to keep me from driving by myself." Of course, it worked but I warned them in advance that I did not intend to have a good time and would do my best to keep anyone else from doing so. The old -- "if momma ain't happy..."

They had a good time, in spite of me, and I actually enjoyed the week. I'm a sucker for fresh seafood and embarrassed myself and my family on several occasions while I was trying to set a new world's record for eat-

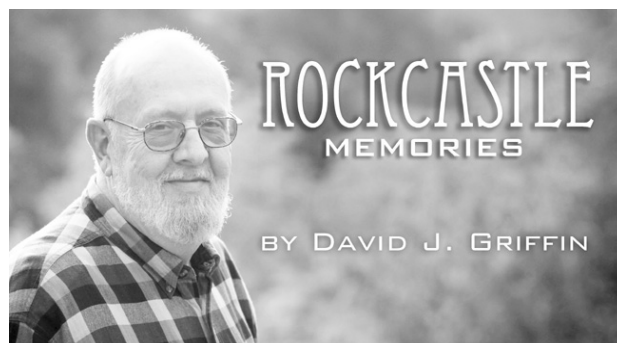
ing crab.

The latest update on the newest grandchild, and I'm sure you're all waiting with bated breath, is that we are going to have another girl in the family. Allison and Daniel will welcome their daughter in early December and she will be a welcome sight since the last girl grandchild we had was Sara's Caroline and that was 14 years ago.

All during the vacation, Allison was bemoaning the fact that she was only four months pregnant and thus barely showing. Her lament was that she was at the stage when people would think she was just gaining weight and not attribute it to her being pregnant. I told her that wasn't near as much a problem as being asked if you were pregnant when you were not which was my dilemma when I picked up quite a bit of weight at one time -- after I thought my child-bearing years were over.

It's turned out to be an exciting summer but I'm not complaining. For starters, I love summer and hate winter -- which I may have mentioned before. But, my pool has stayed in good shape, I had a break with the forced vacation and we have a new family member to look forward to.

Life is good.



1954 "Rock" Music

Even in my own memory, there was a time when there was no rock and roll music. In those days, the music that we listened to on AM radio was mostly blues, jazz, boogie, and swing. I remember my brother and my mother both listening to artists such as Frank Sinatra, Al Jolson, Perry Como, and Rosemary Clooney. Then, in 1954, Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock" blasted upon the musical scene, and music has never been the same.

Since I recently acquired a restored "classic" 1954 Chevy, I have been inquisitive about what was actually happening during that particular year, especially in the realm of musical tastes. Most historians which I have researched trace the beginning of rock and roll to 1954; they describe a "new type of music" appearing which revolutionized music, especially among young people. Little Richard, one of the great innovators of 1950's rock music, has often remarked that "Rhythm and Blues had a baby, and someone named it rock and roll." Coining the actual name of the new musical style has been attributed to the legendary Cleveland disc jockey, Alan Freed.

Even the format of music changed about this time. New technology led to recordings of both 33 rpm (albums) and 45 rpm records. They replaced the larger and poorer quality of the older, 78-rpm design. More music could be stored on the 33-rpm format, and teenagers could purchase the cheaper 45's and play them on their own small phonos in their homes.

This was also about the time that transistor radios became popular. They too found great success once in the hands of teenagers. Even car radios were becoming more popular and began to be added as standard equipment in automobiles. Because AM radio stations were aware of this change, they began to play more and more of the "new" music. Increasing numbers of teens, who were now driving and listening to their car radios, demanded changes in playing formats.

I determined to identify which particular records that had hit the charts in 1954 were ones that I recognize from listening to on my own radio or phonograph. In doing so, I discovered the following songs and their artists who had made their way up the "Hit Parade" that year and were classified as rock and roll.

"Rock Around the Clock" by Bill Haley and the Comets

"Till Then" by the Hilltoppers

"The Great Pretender" by the Platters

"Maybelline" by Chuck Berry

"Ain't That a Shame" by Fats Domino

"I Got a Woman" by Ray Charles

"Sincerely" by the Moonglows

"That's All Right" by Elvis

"Blue Moon of Kentucky" by Elvis (B-Side of 45)

"Hey There" by Rosemary Clooney

"Hearts of Stone" by The Charms

"Answer Me My Love" by Nat "King" Cole

This list is of course not complete, but I sang along to these hits and remember them well.

The musical influences of the time combined in a simple, blues-based song arrangement that was fast, sexy, catchy, and could be danced to easily. Adults, and especially parents, were horrified at many of the sounds (mostly the beats) and at some of the lyrics. This led to rock and roll becoming vastly popular with teenagers, who for the first time had their own music. Most of us were thrilled to be a part of this new movement and adopted it with enthusiasm. We never looked back.

And now, we still feel the pull of our own music. To us, there is nothing like it, and nothing could ever top it. Thankfully, most of us were part of the "Baby Boom," and there are enough of us that commercial radio still accommodates our needs and desires. But we must also tip our hats to the new technologies that have been and continue to develop. Thanks to such things as Sirius XM radio,

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Points East

By Ike Adams



Some readers of this ongoing drivel that I call a newspaper column that I keep writing because you keep reading because the paper would stop my paycheck in a heartbeat if you didn't read it, may recall that a year ago, I was having big-time problems with rabbits.

More precisely, the damnable, white-tailed rodents were eating up the baby bean plants. Right down to the ground, in my veggie garden, as fast as I could plant seed. I tried dozens of rabbit deterrents you guys sent in and none worked.

For instance, I held it in as long as I could and peed around the perimeter of my garden but I was never able to get Loretta in on the act. My barber saved up a sack load of human hair and I spread it around my beans but the rabbits ate on and never even thanked me for the carpet. I pulled off poison ivy leaves and spread them around the beans and Loretta broke out all over when she washed my gloves. As far as I could tell the rabbits ate the ivy with the beans.

I went to a major department store and spent over \$50 on a gallon bottle of liquid "deer and rabbit repellent" guaranteed to work. The rabbits thought it was salad dressing. I'm still trying to get my money back.

Finally, right at the end of the planting season, a lady from London told me to use plain old bug dust and to get the cheapest stuff I could find. It worked! We had a nice crop of late fall beans and Babe beans.

This year I watched my beans after planting like I was waiting for water to boil. When they came up I dusted. Fifteen minutes later it rained. I dusted again. More rain. This went

on for three days and two full bags of bug dust before I finally decided that growing beans simply wasn't in the cards for me.

A few days later I went back to the garden and my beans were thriving. Not a single plant had been so much as nibbled. I knew wasn't because there are no rabbits around because they run the roads here morning, noon and night. But it occurred to me that I hadn't seen a single one in the garden.

Then one day we were sitting on the front porch when neighbor, Joe Brown, drove by. He stopped, backed up and he was staring intently at the rock wall that fronts my garden. He hollered and told us that he'd "seen our friend here". I hollered back and told him that rabbits were no friend of mine. Joe said "nope not a rabbit unless rabbits are long as ropes and have forked tongues", then he drove on down the road.

Loretta had already told me she had seen a big snake in the rock wall but I had dismissed it as a little garter snake because I've seen it too. And any snake that Loretta sees is going to be described as big and probably a double headed rattlesnake.

But actually, Garter snakes are great to have in your garden because they eat bean bugs, that is, if you have any beans. I've seen one do it over and over again. They'll potato bugs too.

But still, after Joe drove off, I walked down the road to a place where the wall is falling down and where it would be easy for rabbits to hop into the garden and there lay a black snake at

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