

Things I Don't Understand

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

Things I don't understand:

1. How women get suntanned.

Females will refuse to venture outdoors in shorts or a swimsuit until they have a respectable suntan. The thought of venturing out with pasty-white legs ranks just behind nuclear war and ahead of such horrors as split ends and broken nails on the list of things which induce dread and horror in the human female.

Yet, acquiring a suntan demands that one go out of doors in a swimsuit or other scanty attire. I've seen women deepening their tans on the beach, refining their pigmentation in the backyard, and comparing their tans on the street.

But, given the fear of venturing out without at least some browning of the skin, how do they get that first bit of tan? This remains a total mystery, like why lemmings periodically commit mass suicide by marching off a cliff, or why permanent press clothes do not stay pressed permanently.

This mystery, needless to say, applies only, or at least mostly, to white women.

2. Where potholes come from.

They just appear in the road. Nobody puts them there. These holds just crop up in the road. One day you're driving down 43, listening to the Braves on the radio, with the Ford on automatic pilot, and everything is fine.

The next, you are going down the same road, straining against the seat belt to the strains of "Steve Hardy's Beach Party," when suddenly the car shudders and your head hits the roof, just as the Drifters finish up a chorus of "Under the Boardwalk."

Where did the pavement go that used to be where the pothole is? Did it disintegrate? Did somebody steal it for their rock garden? Where did it go in just 24 hours? I don't understand, but I have an idea:

It goes to the same place where all the mood rings, lava lamps, and Davy Crockett hats are, wherever that is. Someday an oil driller will penetrate a giant, secret underground cavern full of mood rings, lava lamps, Davy Crockett hats, and crumbled up pieces of asphalt that gave their lives to make a pothole.

3. Why anybody cares where the beef is.

On my office door there is a full-page newspaper advertisement with a picture of poultry magnate Frank Perdue munching on a fried drumstick. There are only six words: "Who cares where the beef is?" I agree.

I certainly don't know, as well as don't care, where the beef is, but I suggest it was all gobbled up by the same guy who did all the Alka-Seltzer commercials a few years back that went: "I can't believe I ate the whole thing."

That's the only other slogan that was ever as overused and abused as "Where's the you-know-what," and there must be a link.

4. How jokes start.

I hear a lot of jokes, but I've never known anybody who makes them up. Sure, gag writers write jokes for the likes of Rodney Dangerfield and Johnny Carson, but those aren't the kind of jokes people tell each other.

Where do they come from? Who makes them up, and why don't we know who those people are? Why haven't I heard any good ones lately?

Only one thing do I know for sure: Readers assure me that this column is not the source for any decent ones.

5. Where we get TV weathermen.

I've been around academic programs where they teach meteorology, climatology, and physical geography. None of those students have ever expressed a desire to be a television weather person.

Likewise, I've been around schools of journalism and communications. None of the budding broadcasters I encountered ever said their fervent desire was to be a weather person.

If meteorologists aren't yearning to go on TV, and TV news types aren't yearning to do the weather, where are the TV weatherman schools out there, just like there are specialized TV weathermen schools out there, just like there are specialized schools of morticians and cosmetologist?

I don't understand.



Above is an aerial photo with an artistic rendering of the future bridge over the intercoastal waterway at Holden Beach designed by Bigger and Agnew, Inc. engineers of Raleigh.

North Carolina Department of

Transportation (NCDOT) officials have announced that construction on the bridge should begin next month. The contract was awarded Friday by the State Board of Transportation to Lee Construction Company of Charlotte for \$4,088,586.10.

LSC Crime Watch Meeting

The regular Little Swift Creek Community Crime Watch was held Saturday, April 14th at 7:30 p.m. at the Caton Fire Station. President Tommy Morris presided.

Mr. George Dimick introduced our guest speaker, District Court Judge J. Randal Hunter, resident of Craven County. At the age of 29, he is the second youngest judge in the state. He was appointed as a judge for the remainder of this term, but he is a candidate for the position in the forthcoming election.

Many informative facts were presented by Judge Hunter. He is one of six district court judges in our area which is composed of Craven, Carteret, Pamlico, and Pitt Counties. He is the only one

from Craven County. Judge Hunter is assigned to one of the four counties on a weekly basis. The district court hears all domestic and juvenile cases in addition to those regularly assigned the court. Many of the ways, a judge determines sentencing were also discussed.

Judge Hunter was well received by the group from Askins, Ernul, and Caton. The crime watch citizens had many questions which were well answered by him. He asked the people to keep in touch with him. He would welcome their ideas and comments.

The next crime watch meeting will be held Saturday, June 9th at 7:30 p.m. in the Woodmen Hall in Ernul.

By Charlotte Whitford

Do We Have An Evacuation Plan?

Have you ever thought of being evacuated from your home? It could happen but according to our knowledge there is not a published evacuation plan available. With the large number of gas leaks, natural disasters, fires, wrecks and other public hazards occurring, it is felt that the public should know what procedures are to be followed in case of an emergency.

Questions need to be answered such as: Can I choose to stay in my home? Do I drive my vehicle or will I be transported by volunteer vehicles or other means? Where will I go? Who mans or opens emergency shelters? Where are emergency Shelters? Are they clearly marked so they can be readily identified? Who declares an evacuation or emergency?

You might wish to attend your town meeting or contact county fire marshall's office for some of these answers. If you wait for the answers to be published it could be too late—act today!

DRIVE SAFELY

THE HIGHLIGHTS

Craven County's Family Weekly Newspaper

P.O. Box 404, Main St.,
Across from the Post Office
Vanceboro,
North Carolina, 28586

Phone (919) 244-0780,
(919) 244-0508

R.L. Cannon, Jr
Publisher &
Business Manager

Christine Hill
Office Manager

Sharon Buck
Production Manager

Edith Hodges
Circulation Manager

Michael Hodges
Circulation

Zona Everett, III
Paste Up

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Second Class Postage
Paid at Vanceboro, N.C.
(Permit entered March 1, 1978)

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES

Single Copy 20¢
1 Year Subscription \$6.27
2 Years Subscription .. \$10.45
3 Years Subscription .. \$14.63

UPSP 412-110

(Payable in advance. Subscribers desiring their Highlights, terminated at expiration should notify us of this intention, otherwise we will consider it their wish to continue to receive the paper and they will be charged for it).