

# Three Down, One To Go

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

That's the score for four men who worked for the gov'mint. All four worked for agencies in offices that served the area of North Carolina that includes Craven and surrounding counties.

Theirs is a story of budget cuts and of frustration in not being allowed to do their jobs. Three have packed up and moved to Raleigh, one to return to college and two to work in private industry. One is still in the area, making do on unemployment benefits.

Talking with them is a good way to gain insight into what the budget-cutting headlines mean down in the trenches.

### Wild Bill

Wild Bill was the first to go.

He worked for an agency that monitors and helps enforce environmental laws. He had long grown tired of working long hours to put together a case against one of the large industries in the area, only to have people in Raleigh ignore it (Wild Bill and I have our theories as to why; since we lack proof we can't say) or slap the corporation on the wrist with a puny fine that the firms can easily take from petty cash.

"I don't even know why we bother," the Wild One once said. "It's a joke. The state won't do anything to the big companies."

It got worse. Funds were cut, and soon there wasn't even enough money for Wild Bill to go out and go through the motions of gathering evidence that wouldn't get used.

Never exactly a workaholic, even Wild Bill was eventually driven stir crazy by the lack of activity.

He quit. He left. One down.

### The Godfather

The Godfather got out while the gettin' was good.

He was hired as part of a special two-year program, funded by the feds. He was led to believe that he'd be kept on after the federal money gave out.

A few months ago, the Godfather began to sniff the winds. He smelled scents that told him he might be one of the first to go (last in, first out, you know) when the federal cuts filtered down to North Carolina.

He saw another chance, about four months before the program was to be ended.

"I hate to leave this area. I like being near the water, I like the weather, and I've made a lot of friends here," the Godfather said. "but I've got this chance for a job in Raleigh, and I've just about got to take it, because I don't think they're gonna keep me here."

He also hated to bug out just a few months short of the end of the project.

But he did. He had to. Two down.

### The Farmer

It was almost a year ago that you began to see signs of trouble in the Farmer. Though dedicated to his job, he began to talk more and more about chucking it all and going back to the family farm. He didn't, though-he hung in and worked hard.

"Last year I worked my tail off. I don't mind saying it: I accomplished more by myself than the others (his counterparts in the agency) put together. And all I got for it is a pat on the back," the Farmer said.

Frustrated but still willing, he watched as the travel budget was cut. This didn't sit well with the Farmer, since he had to cover counties from Craven and Carteret to the Virginia line.

"If I don't travel, I don't work," he said. "It's okay for awhile, but sooner or later you get tired of lounging around the office reading novels. I even got a raise. Can you believe that? I was beginning to feel like a tick in the ear of the taxpayers."

A company in Raleigh offered more money and a little work to do.

The Farmer had little choice but to pack his bags. Three down.

### The Eel

The Eel fishes his pots in season. Out of season, he looks for work and eats courtesy of the unemployment checks.

His federally-funded program was cut altogether. The Eel strolled in the office one morning and strolled out that afternoon unemployed. His job no longer existed.

The Eel likes it here. He doesn't want to leave. But it's been almost a year now, and he may have to. One to go.

## I Remember



# My Mother

By LELA BARROW

I know Mothers Day is the Second Sunday in May. But this is different in a way. My mother was born in March and this is as I remember her in raising her children. Perhaps she had read Proverbs 31st chapter often and made it her model as a mother. We usually think of a portrait as being a picture, but in this case we will say the finest picture of Motherhood ever painted is in words, and found in 31st chapter of Proverbs.

We are told many things about this ideal mother. Her price is far above rubies, her husband trusts her so that she shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She worketh willingly with her hands, she bringeth food from afar, she riseth up while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household.

When a man's heart is at ease because he can trust his wife, he knows she is a good mother and is making a home for her children, then he can settle down to his work be it near or far from home knowing she is capable. There are six different things described concerning this mother; her husband, her industry, her charity, her clothing, her tongue and her children: "She helpeth the poor, she reacheth out her hands to the needy, she is not afraid of the snows for her household are clothed with double garments, she maketh for herself coverings of tapestry.

She is a good business woman, she maketh fine linen and selleth it, she openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise and call her blessed. Her husband praiseth her, showing she is praised of the Lord. Let us say the real clothing of this mother is not beautiful gowns, but love and honor, and works. They praise her in her home, they praise her in the market, in the church. Thank God for mothers like this. My mother was never too tired day or night to go, when called upon, to doctor a person, white or black, who was sick and suffering.

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West Craven

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Craven County's Family Weekly Newspaper

R.L. Cannon, Jr. Publisher Business Manager	Betty Daugherty News	Sharon Buck Production
Christine Hill Office Manager	Edith Hodges Mike Hodges Circulation	Glen Seamster Sports

P.O. Box 404, Main Street, Across from the Post Office  
Vanceboro, North Carolina 28586  
Phone: (919) 244-0780, (919) 244-0508

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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

Single Copy .....	20¢
1 Year .....	\$6.24
2 Years .....	\$10.40
3 Years .....	\$14.56

(Includes N.C. Sales Tax)

(USPS 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.)

# Our Special Best To Medicine

By JUDITH S. YONGUE, M.D.

I was born and raised for the most part in Washington, N.C., where there is a sense of permanency and history. I recall a historical marker there on Main Street memorializing Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman physician in the United States. "She was the first," I said to myself in high school, "and I shall be the second." "At the time I had never heard of another woman physician.

The general practitioner was practically the only doctor in Eastern North Carolina in those days. He was the psychiatrist, obstetrician, surgeon, orthopedist, etc. He was the doctor, for the specialists were clustered in the medical centers at Duke, Bowman Gray and UNC. It also seemed to me that he was the "real" doctor.

A great many people in Washington influenced and encouraged my decision to enter medicine. They would not know it nor was I aware of it then: My parents never questioned my interest, and they supported me emotionally and financially. I suppose their support and my youth quelled any doubts I may have had.

There were few women in medicine in the eastern region when I entered medical school at UNC-Chapel Hill. There were only three women students in my class, and I remember only four practitioners—Rose Puley and Rachel Davis in Kinston, Malene Irons in Greenville and Janet Fisher on the UNC faculty.

For me medical school

was exciting, challenging and very lonely. Although I shared a comforting closeness with my classmates, I had some difficulty sharing my fears and hopes. We were rival, front line troops guided for four years by shining figures in white coats who were counting on us. There was no indication that there was any real life for us outside of medicine.

After medical school and the army my husband and I arrived in Greenville to establish a practice and a home and start a family. I tried to spend time with my family as well as selectively practice medicine and of course there were compromises. There were choices to be made, and I made them.

Family practice was all I knew and what I admired and emulated. But much has changed in family medicine since I started practice, and I felt the need to change also. I felt that even with my boards, I didn't belong.

With the opening of the medical school here at ECU, it became possible for me to make a career choice again. Four years ago, I began residency training in psychiatry. Now I feel I belong.

The discovery of myself as a wife, mother and physician was made as each of these roles presented their needs. Young women in medicine today have the freedom to become whatever they want, but the choices are difficult. I think we can work together with a sense of history. I think we can give our special best to medicine.

### Editors Note

Dr. Yongue is the former Judith Salle', daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Salle', who lived in Vanceboro.

Dr. George Salle' practiced in Vanceboro for several years. Judith was born while they lived in Vanceboro and was christened in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Vanceboro. Mrs. Kenneth R. Jones, II and Mrs. Lela Barrow were Judith's godmothers.

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