

The Dead Bug

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS
Special Correspondent

A coupla weeks ago I, along with a number of other young men whose names got on some sort of official mailing list, got an invitation from Uncle Sam to become a pilot in the United States Marine Corps.

Though a proud and noble profession, there are a number of reasons I declined the invitation to be a Marine pilot, including a mild fear of heights and an intense fear of haircuts.

But the brochure did prove interesting, and I would recommend that any young man with a taste for adventure and a desire to serve his country consider becoming a Marine aviator.

Be forewarned, however. The basic arts of soldiering, aeronautical engineering, and killing commies are not the only skills the Leatherneck flyboy must master.

There is also the dead bug.

Barstool bailout

The dead bug is a traditional game of Marine aviators.

"These guys," explained the wife of a Cherry Point Colonel, "fly all the time. If they're not actually in the air, they're talking about flying."

She held her palm open and slowly swung it about in a wide arc.

"They're always doing this, talking about who did what to whom in their jets, and making motions with their hands."

Airborne behavior, in other words, also becomes the norm on the ground, at least in the company of other pilots. When things get tough in the air, you bail out. Same thing on the ground.

Time to pay up at the bar is when things are tough. The way the Marines bail out of this is that somebody shouts "dead bug" and all present execute perfect siderolls from chairs, bar stools, and other assorted pieces of furniture onto the floor. They land on their backs, with arms and feet extended into the air.

They look, as you may have guessed, like dead bugs. The last to assume this position is responsible for paying up the tab.

Demonstration

Frankly, I felt quite honored to have been told about the dead bug tradition one Friday at the Cherry Point Officer's Club (A Colonel's daughter can get anybody in; even a bearded hippie typewriter-pounder).

The Colonel's wife, however, promised everything from physical violence to divorce if the Colonel were to institute a full-scale dead bug at that particular time.

As a compromise, three officers arranged a demonstration. At the magic words, all three left their seats and ended up with backs on the rug and limbs extended.

I had to ask: "Do all marines know about dead bug, or just the aviators?"

"Just the aviators," the Colonel said, "But all of them know it."

Me again: "I'm teaching at Camp LeJeune this summer. Should I teach them (non-flying Marines) about it?"

The Colonel scratched his chin and pondered a moment. "It sounds like a good idea in theory," he said, looking very thoughtful. "But you better not. Those grunts would just mess it up."

Conditioned reflex

He was just kidding, of course. Even grunts couldn't mess up something as simple as falling off a barstool.

Could they?

At any rate, you don't get to be a Colonel three months after boot camp. You have to stay around a few years. And after staying around a few years, you encounter the dead bug a number of times.

After encountering the dead bug a number of times, you do one of two things: go broke from paying for other people's drinks, or become conditioned to hitting the deck. The Colonel isn't broke.

His daughter was conversing with him, and said that something was "a dead issue. Not to be confused with a dead bug." She looked to her father's chair, waiting for a response.

There was none. He was on the floor with his hands and feet in the air, grinning ferociously.

I Remember

By LELA BARROW



Take Time

By LELA BARROW

Ecc. 3: To everything there is a season, and a time for everything under the heaven. A time to keep silent and a time to speak. There is time for purpose and for every work.

What is Time? You look in Webster's Dictionary and count all the meanings it gives - then get your Bible Concordance and study all it's meanings and give me the answer to Time. In Genesis we read God worked six days and rested the seventh. He counted time as the evening and the morning as a day. Perhaps he went by the rising and setting of the sun - it doesn't say He had a sun-dial. Anyway, He arranged his work by days and he finished each day as planned. After he had made the firmament - the water and other living things, He made man on the sixth day and was pleased with his work. Then He rested on the seventh.

What happiness we could have if we could finish ours each week.

Why do we hear so often "Oh! I just don't have time; I know I should visit the sick, but I work"? Let us take time to examine our innermost selves and see where our capabilities are most needed and will do the most good.

I remember one Christmas Eve, Wilford Buck called me about 6:30 and said; "Miss Lela, you are the only person I know in Vanceboro that isn't busy; can you go around town tonight judging the decorated homes and help me decide which is best? I have called so many and they did not have time - just couldn't go." I told him yes I'd go. When he came for me, I told him I was expecting thirty people to come to eat Christmas dinner. At the time I also was working on a job six days a week, but I was young and loved to work. All of this takes time, but we should be careful and use our time in a way that we will have time for others. Spend your time in nothing which you know you will be sorry of; in nothing on which you might not pray the blessing of God. Time is precious if used for good - wasting time makes us say, "I just don't have time." Let us then be up and doing, still persuading, still achieving learn to labor and to wait.

Many of us are going to do great things tomorrow. But tomorrow never comes, for the only day we have is today. The demand that life makes on all of us is to be ready at all times - do not live in the past, nor in the future, but in the present. Do your duty today - tomorrow may be too late. The men and women who put off till tomorrow what ought to be done today are the men and women who make a shipwreck of time and eternity.

Take time to pray often - go to God in prayer - He hears you.

Take time to be holy, Speak often with thy Lord; Spend much time in secret, With Jesus alone; Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak.

Forgetting in nothing, His blessing to seek.

Dear Editor,

Graduation time brings back a painful memory for me. My daughter was valedictorian of West Craven High School in 1981, making her graduation night an important event indeed. We wanted lots of pictures of her and her classmates. As the seniors filed in, my husband began focusing his camera, only to discover that we had no film. In the hustle and bustle of getting organized, we had failed to buy film,

assuming we had plenty. I still feel a guilt stirring inside me as I think back on that night. Thanks to the West Craven Highlights, I did get a few pictures, but I have tried in vain to get color snapshots. In a final attempt to recapture one of the most important nights in my daughter's life, I have placed a notice concerning this in your newspaper. Won't someone please respond?

Mrs. Frank Ipock
Bridgeton



Jack Strickland Named President of Saw Filers

Jack Strickland, who serves as a consultant on saws and filing for Weyerhaeuser's North Carolina Region, has been elected president of the Southeastern Saw Filers Educational Association.

The group is a professional organization offering saw filers and other technical people the opportunity to exchange ideas and know-how in the field of cutting tools in the forest products industry.

The association's membership is composed of wood products personnel from eight Southern states including North and South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida.

40 Years Service

Three employees of the North Carolina Region are being honored this month for 40 years service with Weyerhaeuser. They are Durham W. Davis of Jamesville, Clifford Frymier of Plymouth and Delbert R. Wolfe of Plymouth.

35 Years Service

Three North Carolina Region employees are being recognized in May for 35 years to the company. They are Willie J. Hedgepeth of Plymouth, Harry S. Phelps, Jr. of Plymouth and Stewart L. West of Plymouth.

25 Years Service

Two employees of the North Carolina Region are being honored this month for 25 years service with Weyerhaeuser. They are Dallas B. Mobley of Williamston and Kathleen J. Shepard of Havelock.

20 Years Service

Twelve employees reached 20 years of service to the company this month, including Clayton M. Allen of Vanceboro, John E. Bembridge of Roper, Charles E. Bowen of Plymouth, Robert D. Bowen of Williamston, John L. Browning of Plymouth, Albin G. Holton of Roper, Carl H. Little of Cove City, Alfred Price of Jamesville, Cushion B. Roberson of Plymouth, Robert O. Smith of Roper, Thomas L. Woolard of Plymouth and Gloria D. Wynn of Plymouth.

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West Craven

HIGHLIGHTS

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