

# Hitchin' A Ride

By Jonathan Phillips  
Special Correspondent

More than once, for various reasons, I've had to hitchhike along the highways and by-ways of this great land.

For that reason, I occasionally--not usually, but occasionally--pick up a hitchhiker when I am riding along. Sort of evening up the cosmic hitchhiking score, as it were.

This one was a U. S. Marine with a neck brace, riding his thumb across some Craven County real estate known as Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point. He got the neck brace diving into three feet of water, which is as good a way as any to get one.

We talked about the only thing we seemed to have in common, which was slimy, dirty, clean-up jobs in restaurants. We talked about slimy, dirty restaurant jobs all the way to where I let him off.

"That's what I did before I joined up. I joined the Marines to get away from that kind of stuff," he said.

He got out of the car and headed for his morning duty at the Cherry Point Staff/NCO Club.

His job was washing dishes in the mess hall.

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Another Marine was riding his thumb when I once again decided it was time to add a few more points to my cosmic hitchhiking score card.

By way of small talk, I asked how much was left in his hitch.

"Exactly 367 days after today," he said. "I can't wait to get (expletive deleted) out of the Marines." He wanted to go to college. He had started counting the days at 796 to go.

This Marine wasn't even concerned about any funds the guovmint might give him for college when his hitch was up.

"My parents'll put me through. I just want out," he said.

Until then, he has a date at the maintenance building. Exactly 367 of 'em.

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It isn't only the hitchhikers that have their stories. There was this guy from West Virginia named Benjamin that crossed my path in 1974 when we were backpacking in the North Carolina mountains.

Benjamin was from Wheeling, where floods are about as common as church suppers in Craven County.

I recalled being enormously fascinated and impressed by the fact that Wheeling-ites had wild, gigantic second-floor parties every time a flood came along.

Then again, I was 16 and it didn't take much to fascinate and impress me.

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On the water, too: Not long ago I rounded the bend of a creek the morning after high school graduation in my trusty canoe, the King Leroy III (My rowboat is the King Leroy II. The King Leroy I, the first ship of the King Leroy Royal Navy, was a tractor inner tube that has since busted.)

Two teenage guys were fishing from the bank and a third was casting from a small jonboat. Their car radio was blaring rock and roll, the cooler was close by, and the three looked as contented as you're ever likely to see three 17 or 18 year old young men look.

They didn't see me as I turned the KL III around.

Folks having that much fun shouldn't be disturbed.

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My 1974 Maverick is brown, and when I'm pulling into a driveway it sounds not unlike a B-52 landing at Seymour Johnson. Since it is brown and sounds like a bomber, I long ago named it after the one and only original Brown Bomber, Joe Louis.

Joe Louis is getting on, with a lot of miles; miles piled up under the Phillips Minimal Maintenance Plan. Occasionally he does things like drop his muffler in the middle of the road in Vanceboro, as he did last year.

Hopefully Joe Louis will be able to retire gracefully.

I tell you all this because Joe may not retire gracefully, and may in fact retire at midnight along U. S. 17 some day.

When you see my thumb along the roadside, remember that my cosmic hitchhiking scoreboard is all paid up. Pick me up and I'll tell you my stories.

# Music-Hymns

By LELA BARROW

The first record of music is in Genesis 4:21 - it refers to Jubal as the Father of all Musicians upon the harp and organ. King David, as a boy, played before the King. He was a great musician and introduced it into the Temple worship. The Israelites, the Arabs, the Egyptians were practical Musicians. The Greek word humnos means a song in praise of Deity, as a part of worship. Jesus and his disciples sang a hymn before going out, on the eve of the Last Supper-it is called the Hallel. Paul and Silas sang Hymns in prison at Philippi-Many were saved.

Think of what music means to the human soul-it is a medium of communication between God and man. God has put music everywhere: the birds, "Listen to the Mocking bird", the insects sing-the frogs-the animals. It speaks to our souls-It brings joy, gladness and laughter. Everything that the sun shines on sings and sings of The Great Musician.

I remember, as a little child, in the evening just before sunset, my father closed the store and came and sat on the porch steps to watch the sun go down, and he wanted me to sing for him. My favorite was "Tis the Old Time Religion." I had been to Revivals where that was sung after the Sermon, and some of the old members were so happy they were almost shouting (I never saw anyone shout). I sang to my Daddy as I saw them sing it at revivals.

Tennyson was once asked by a friend, during a walk through a garden, what Christ meant to him: he paused beside a flower and answered: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul. He is the Sun of my soul."

Someone suggests possibly John Keble got the idea from Tennyson's words and composed the hymn "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear" in 1820. After over a century of constant use in churches of all denominations it remains as fresh and inspiring and beautiful as when it was written.

Matt. 5:45-"He maketh His Sun to rise on evil and good." When we think of the sun, we think of the Greater Light in the firmament that gives light by day. But the Hymn "Sun of My Soul" expresses a tenderness of love and trust-a deeper light that penetrates the soul even on the darkest nights. How could this be except the Saviour be near?-and if He is near, no cloud can hide Thee from our eyes.

Even when we fall asleep at night, weary and tired, let our last thought be "How sweet to rest on my Saviour's breast"-our waking prayer is "Abide with me from morn till eve, for without Thee I dare not die"- "Let no wandering child of Thine lie down in sin"- "Come near and bless us when we wake, and all our journey through the world be Thou near us 'till we lose ourselves in heaven above."

Music is nature's high-water mark. It is when the brook is full and goes with strong current toward the sea that it sings sweet music. Job declares that in Creation's dawn "The Morning Stars sang together." At Jesus' birth the Angels sang together on the plains of Bethlehem. A musician is not recommended for playing long, but for playing well: it is obeying God willingly: the Lord hates that which is forced. When you sing Hymns, open your mouth and sing joyfully from the heart-sing praises to your God-speak the words.

A memory-"Sun of My Soul" was a favorite of my son, Calton-it was sung at his funeral in September 1933. My favorite is:

"Blest be the tie binds  
Our hearts in Jesus love  
Our fears, our hopes  
Our aims are one  
Our comforts and our cares.

## Deadline for Articles and Advertisements Mondays Noon

What do North Carolina, South Carolina, and Massachusetts have more of than any other state in the Union?

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Let there be jokes - What do you give a man or woman who has everything?  
Answer: Penicillin!

# This Here 'N' That There

By Jeff Greenberg

Get outta my way college professors - I have witlessly devised an experiment proving beyond doubt that a June Bug's got brains!

It started my first night in Vanceboro.

I left my porch light on and them June Bug critters began to cast anchor on my screen door near the bulb.

I came up to the screen door once or twice from the inside and flicked them June Bugs off good.

Some didn't know what hit them and they bounced down the concrete porch steps while others fluttered away at the last moment.

Each night my porch light is on and each night there are less and less June Bugs hangin' on to that screen door. I mean its gone from 15 or so that first night and now I'm lucky just gettin' in two good flicks in one night.

If you were a June Bug, getting flicked would probably not be your idea of a beauty pageant and if you're a June Bug thats got any brains at all you sure wouldn't land on that screen door more than once or twice.

So Mr. Professor with your fancy laboratory - I got one on you using no more than common sense....

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I was thinking about getting a moped when Clyde Hodges of Vanceboro said people around here think that a moped rider is a drunk without a license.



**TWIRLER OF TOMORROW**—Ten year old Susan Brown of Wilmar is practicing her baton twirling all summer long and hopes to someday perform for WCHS. Her most impressive stunt at this time is to throw the baton up, spin around, and catch the baton on its way back down.

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