

Food For Thought In The Dietary Wilderness By JONATHAN PHILLIPS Mega-Columnist

When I think back to Eastern North Carolina in general and Vanceboro in particular, which is often, one of the things I think about is some of the best eating—heck, not some of the best, but the best, period—I've ever had the privilege of dribbling into my beard.

My mouth literally waters when I think of tons of good down-home cooking I ingested, when some of Vanceboro's ladies would worry about my appetite even as I worried about whether it would take a forklift to get me away from the table.

Local cooks fed me well. Let's face it, if a man ain't happy after helping demolish a table set by cooks like, say, Beverly Bryan or Morton Witherington, then there just ain't no making him happy.

Despite eating, observing, and, when absolutely necessary, helping to prepare good Carolina cooking my whole life, there are subtle skills I could never master.

No matter which brand of non-soak-through, television-touted oil or shortening I used, for example, my fried chicken invariably came out greasy as a Philadelphia cheesesteak.

Not only must Craven cooks cope with these subtle skills, but they concoct incredibly sophisticated and complex dishes, also. I've had a baked shad dish or a banana split cake out of Vanceboro, for example, that I'd never hesitate to

set beside the greatest chefs of Europe, except that I'd rather eat it myself than show it to those bozos.

I've discussed before my culinary problems in New Jersey. Don't get me wrong—I love a good pastrami or prosciutina as much as the next man, and have ever gulped down a number of greasy Philadelphia cheesesteaks.

But good home cooking is hard to come by, and in general I know a black Labrador Retriever that is better fed than I.

I heard a rumor once that there was in North Brunswick, N.J. a place called Southern Kitchens that was run by a black family that had migrated from South Carolina and served southern food.

It was there, all right, but it was an Irish family from Jersey City and the entire menu consisted of submarine sandwiches and fried chicken that was greasy as a Philadelphia cheesesteak.

Not quite everybody up here is a criminal, lunatic, or Irishman from Jersey City. Occasionally some of my friends and associates take pity on a poor bachelor with no kitchen who lives off burgers and pizza.

But even when I cop free meals off these kind folks I don't get home cooking, N.C. style.

It seems that I have fallen in with a crowd of budding gourmets who collect cookbooks, scour

specialty stores for offbeat items, and who take pride in spending a lot of time preparing dishes that are usually tasty but best described as bizarre, at least to the tastes of a wild-eyed southern boy.

I deeply appreciate and enjoy these things, even though I sometimes suspect that I may be devouring endangered species or the products of rituals devised by unclad savages in the unexplored jungles of the Amazon basin.

It would be great to take a break from these expeditions into uncharted culinary terrain with a barbecued pork chop and a pot of butterbeans.

I am not totally helpless in the kitchen, when I have one, and have a few specialties that, if not up to the standards of the Homecoming picnic at Asbury Methodist Church, at least do not leave you writhing in the back yard.

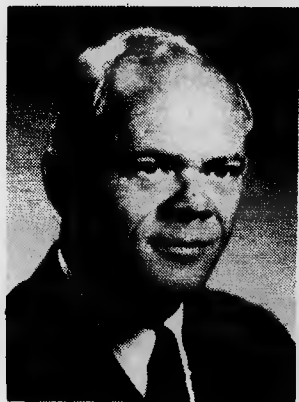
Still, you are a big time cook in my book if you don't have to read the directions on the back of the box or are capable of inventing your own dishes.

Come the summer, I should once again have a kitchen, and not only that but a wife to staff it. Sounds good, huh?

Not quite. She doesn't like barbecue, fish, or collard greens, and her specialty is pizza. Not only that, but she actually insists that I will be required to handle at least half the cooking.

Oh, well. I was getting too fat anyway.

How many times a day do you stop and ask yourself WHY?



WALTER C. LINDLEY

Why—were there 13 original colonies in America when 12 or 14 would have been a much better number?

Why—do the makers of Pepsodent run television commercials in Japan that say, "You'll wonder where the yellow went when you brush your teeth with Pepsodent"?

Why—did R. J. Reynolds try to market America's top selling menthol cigarette Salem in France where salem (as they pronounce the word means "salty and dirty"?)

Why—did Ford Motor Company spend \$250,000 with an advertising agency for a name search for a new car? The agency came back with "Mustang", "Cougar", "Bobcat", "Lynx", and a host of others. Ford threw them all away and named the car EDSEL.

Why—do the postal rates keep increasing when the world is getting smaller all the time?

Why—did the Detroit Auto Manufacturers keep making American cars bigger while Mercedes Benz, Volkswagen, Datsun, and the rest took over the lead in sales?

Why—does it always seem to rain on your day off?

Why—is it sunny and bright when you have to work?

Why—does the guy with the big bag of popcorn who chews with his mouth open always sit behind you in the movie theatre?

Why—did I write this column?

Why—did you read it?

"I dunno."

(Mr. Lindley is the owner and operator of Howard House, 207 Pollock Street, New Bern,

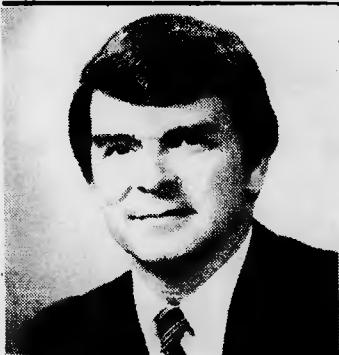
DO YOU KNOW?

By Candace Lieberman
North American Precise Syndicate

Retailers throughout the nation have found newspaper advertising the best way to promote their products and services. Yet some aren't aware of these facts about advertising.

- Plain talk is better than fancy words in newspaper advertising. Write ads the way you talk, in short, punchy phrases.

- A little color can make an ad stand out on a page in a spectacular manner. In fact, adding one color to a black and white ad can increase readership 50 percent or more.



SEN. JOSEPH E. THOMAS

Thomas Report

There is a controversy brewing in Raleigh over the idea of a public lottery to help raise future state revenues. Because of the attention the lottery is likely to receive in the near future, both sides of the issue deserve public discussion. Last week, at a public hearing before the N.C. Senate Rules Committee, the first of what I hope will be many public discussions on the lottery was held.

There seem to be strong arguments on both sides of initiating a state-run lottery to raise money for public programs.

According to the pending legislation, the lottery would be administered by a five-member commission appointed by the governor. Estimates are that usable yearly income from the lottery would amount to \$80 to \$100 million.

Currently, 17 states plus Washington, D.C., sponsor regular public lotteries. While none have ever lost any money for the sponsoring state, at least three have been temporarily suspended for mismanagement.

Testimony at the hearing revealed that the first state lottery in modern times was voted in by the people of New Hampshire in 1964 by a 3 to 1 margin. But Dr. Lennox Baker of Durham, a proponent of the lottery, testified that 107 lotteries were held in North Carolina during the years between 1759 and 1834, in order to raise money to build such things as schools and factories.

Perhaps the most convincing argument for the lottery is the fact that it might provide necessary spending revenues for the state through a voluntary "taxing" method. Testimony at the hearing suggested that a majority of people (according to recent polls) in North Carolina probably prefer a lottery over an income tax increase.

That argument is countered by the opponents question of, when more revenues are indeed needed, then shouldn't the additional burden be shared among all taxpayers, across-the-board? Opponents in the hearing suggested that the poor

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HIGHLIGHTS

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