

Give Till It Hurts

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

When I straggle into the Methodist church now and again, usually I feel compelled to drop a little something into the collection plate.

Likewise, I have contributed modest funds to the Pamlico-Tar River Foundation, and was always a sucker, during the holidays, for the Salvation Army guys standing in the cold, ringing bells beside their red kettles.

But beyond these meager offerings to the greater good of mankind, my life has not thus far been marked by great acts of philanthropy.

Some of this paltry charity is probably due to simple greed and selfishness. Some is due to poverty and the feeling that perhaps I should be on the receiving, rather than the giving end, of benevolent handouts.

And finally, some of the people and organizations I turn down when asked for donations get the thumbs down simply because I do not want them to have any of my money, even on those rare occasions when I have some to spare.

Some of these turn-downs are obvious and require no thought whatsoever. Once, for example, the constantly money-grubbing Jesse Helms organization sent me a form letter begging for some of my cash.

Now I am one of the world's foremost Jesse Helms haters, and have kept North Carolina voter registration rather than voting here in New Jersey for the sole purpose of voting against Helms and anybody else his organization finances.

This distaste goes way back and includes a myriad of reasons I can't go into without whipping myself into a frenzy, but suffice it to say that when Helms or other organizations I totally disagree with ask for cash, it only makes me madder. The Congressional Club, the John Birch Society, and the Dallas Cowboys Fan Club can save their postage and cut me from the mailing lists.

Other organizations are barred from the gift list for weaker, but still effective reasons.

I hate high school bands, for example. Perhaps it stems from my own unhappy school band experiences, or perhaps from unpleasant dealings in various locations with pushy band directors.

This dislike may be irrational, but any punk standing outside the grocery store with a tin cup or chocolate chip cookies for sale, hoping to go with the high school band to Disney World or the Rose Bowl or whatever, is out of luck. He ain't getting a Canadian nickel from me, and may indeed get a snarl, since grocery shopping puts me in a bad mood to begin with.

In addition to organizations to which I am morally opposed and institutions which get on my nerves there are a variety of panhandlers whose aims seem unclear and do not get any Phillips funding because (among other things) I cannot for the life of me figure out where that money might end up.

In Jersey, for example, a variety of people with thick foreign accents are in the habit of soliciting funds for various holy missions of dubious, or at least unclear, value.

You give to one of these guys and you never know if you might be buying Israeli submachine guns for Latin Americans guerilla warriors, spray paint for placards to be paraded down Pennsylvania Avenue, or live goats to be used in any of a number of strange pagan rituals.

The same goes for individual bums. There are few dependable bums left in the world. Not like old Nub, down at the Moore County courthouse, who always asked for a dime.

You know the one-armed old timer would spend it on wine, and whether you agreed with that or not, you at least knew where your money was going. Nub was a

cheap investment, too, as charity goes.

Nowadays you could be funding drug addiction, Islamic revolution, or somebody's college education when you give to a street chiseler. You just never know.

In 1977, during my first-ever visit to Philadelphia, I was touched by the plight of a blind one-legged man in the subway, who was begging quietly and morosely with an upturned hat.

The poor guy got a quarter from me and a lot more from other people.

Three hours later, entering Veteran's Stadium for a Phillies-Cardinals game, I spotted the poor "blind" man again. He was ordering up a cold beer at the concession stand, and then headed toward the box seats.

As we headed for our spots, so high into the Philly sky that we could've seen halfway to Akron had the air been clearer, I swore never again to contribute to unfamiliar bums.

The least the guy could've done was spend it all on wine.

Richard L. Cannon, III

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"John Boy," He Is In National Cemetery

He was well known around the town of Vanceboro. Some of the people were his friends and made every effort to give him aid each time he weakened and became afflicted with his uncontrollable disease. Others did not care to be around him when he was well, or when he was sick.

Some say his family tried to help him, but he refused their help, and many times he was said to be unkind to them.

The Vanceboro Rescue Squad made many trips to give him aid when no one else was able to help. It was said that many times the law enforcement agents had to be on hand to assist in rendering help.

Even if all the above is true, he was another human being and was due to be taken care of, if he couldn't take care of himself—just as someone will take care of you, "John Boy", if you ever get in a situation where you can't take care of yourself.

He is gone now, and he might not have been very

important to some people, but he still had many friends that will miss seeing him around town; will miss the small favors and the small words of advice he was able to give during the times he was not sick. He was a master in his trade, and many have spoken highly of his work. He was a proud man—proud that he had an honorable discharge from the navy to show he had been forgiven for any misdeeds he might have done, and proud of his hometown.

So you see, "John Boy", even if he wasn't a war hero, he meant something to some of our people. I, for one, enjoyed his acquaintance.

I hope, "John Boy", that somewhere in your heart you can find forgiveness for this man. Sorry, I couldn't print your letter so that our readers could understand better what this article means.

Richard L. Cannon, Jr.
Publisher—The Highlights

Vanceboro Streets

Many questions are coming to us concerning the pot holes and poor condition of the streets in Vanceboro. If you consider the small amount of revenue that is allotted for streets, patching is about all that can be done. The expected revenue from the Powell Bill for 1983-84 is only \$15,000 and this amount of money will pave or rework very few streets.

Total revenues for the Town of Vanceboro for 1983-84 is estimated at \$225,439, while expenditures are estimated to be in excess of this amount.

The revenues for the town comes from taxes \$58,200; Revenues from State & Federal \$52,901; and other revenues amount to \$114,338.

Expenses for the town include Administrative expenses \$33,161; Police Department \$20,575; Garbage Collection \$38,660; non departmental expenses \$16,640; Street Fund \$15,000; revenue sharing \$2,629; Utilities \$38,384; and Sewer Department \$60,390.

There you have some figures to work with. The town board was recently approached about hiring an extra policeman but the cost of another man was estimated to be over \$15,000 per year. The Mayor stated the only way to get an additional policeman would be to raise taxes.

Pepsi Products

2 liter



99¢

Vanceboro Pharmacy

Main St.

Vanceboro

HIGHLIGHTS

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PLAY IT SMART... GET INTO

THE CLASSIFIEDS