

Golden Years

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

Roman Style Shade

Dr. Harold Haskins spoke in his characteristic soft voice as he held his ever-present cup of tea.

"This is the last class I'll ever teach," he said quietly, and with a trace of a smile. He was speaking of his famous graduate course in estuarine ecology, which is taught at 9 a.m., Saturdays, when only the most dedicated would-be marine biologists are likely to show up.

"I'm a state employee, you know." He brushed a lock of white hair away from his glasses and smiled faintly again.

"Mandatory retirement at age 65, you know. I've got to retire before this calendar year is out."

Haskins is one of the best-known shellfish biologists in the world, the man credited with saving the Delaware Bay oyster fishery after MSX disease and other troubles almost killed it off in the late 1950s.

He almost single-handedly built a large shellfish culture and marine biology program that rises from the marshes around Delaware Bay, in a new lab building where the biologists and fish-people graciously let me, known as mud-and-sand person, bunk when I'm in the neighborhood.

What is Haskins going to do after mandatory retirement?

"I'm going to stay right here and work. No need to travel. I've got plenty more to be done here," he said.

"Besides, I've got 40 years in. The Pension I'll get is probably more than the salary they're paying me, anyway."

Haskins finished his tea and checked the labs. His wife was away at a meeting in the state capital, so he was in no hurry to go.

He lingered to share some gin with another scientist. They talked oyster biology and somewhere in the state capital, a severance check and a fat pension were ready.

Neely sat a half-mile in the Marina bar, begging the TV weatherman for a weekend cold enough for hog-killing.

"Yassir, it git cold enough, I kin make me 130 dollars this weekend. I got me one steer and one hog lined up to kill for folks, and I might git me some more if it stays cool," he said.

A three day growth of gray stubble grew in the shadows of a stained khaki-colored cap, outlining a knowing grin.

"Better give me another one of them things," he called to the bartender. When another one of them things arrived, he drained a third of it in one pull, and launched into a loud essay on the virtues of owning and slaughtering your own pig.

"I got that little piglet for nothing. I spend 90 dollars on feed, and time

I kill it and dress it out, it comes to 25 cents a pound I spent on that meat," he exclaimed.

He bent forward, wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and pointed a gnarled finger.

"Now I want you to tell me where you can git ham, pork chops, bacon, sausage, pig knuckles, pork spare ribs, even chit'lins, for a quarter a pound. You can't do it.

Even if you got to git me to butcher if for you, I charge 10 cents a pound on the hoof, and you still get all that meat for 40 cents a pound. You can't do that at any store."

Neely is also 65, and like Haskins, not about to go into a passive retirement.

He farms 100 acres of soybeans and a 10 acre vegetable garden which he markets himself.

"I got me a regular circuit I make," he explained. "I got me a beer garden or a tavern in every town hereabouts, and folks know about when I'm gonna be there. I sell my vegetables right out of my truck.

"They know, for example, that I'm gonna be at the Millville Tavern about 9 or 10 every night, and if they want fresh vegetables they'll come on out.

"I just make my rounds, anywhere I can get one of these," he said, waving yet another empty beer bottle for emphasis.

Neely solves the problem of surplus by canning the goods, producing homemade ketchup and pepper relish that are locally famous, at least among locals who do their produce shopping at backwoods beer joints.

"Ifen they won't buy it fresh, they'll buy it in a jar," Neely said proudly.

There was no produce to be peddled this night, so Neely huddled over the bar, trying to decide if it was worth the effort to get up and shoot some pool.

"No sense hurrying home now," he reasoned. "The wife's already gonna kill me as it is."

Haskins and Neely, of course, have one thing in common: Neither has felt particularly obliged to call it quits once the government said they should retire.

For his part, Haskins says he still has a lot of work to do.

And for his part, Neely says it would be impossible for him to just live off social security:

"Boy, my beer bill alone is 15 dollars a day. I can't do that and live, too,

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Wilcox Selected Trumpeter

Singers, musicians, and dancers from East Carolina University's campus and local communities will be featured in the Offenbach operetta, "Orpheus in Hades," Feb. 16-18. One of the musicians selected is Angela Wilcox, trumpeter junior music major, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilcox of New Bern and a 1981 graduate of WCHS.

The production, directed by Dr. Clyde Hiss, is the major ECU Opera Theater presentation for the academic year. All performances are scheduled for 8 p.m. in the Fletcher Recital Hall on campus.

The ECU production will be sung in English.

Tickets for "Orpheus" are on sale at ECU's Central Ticket Office in Mendenhall Student Center, telephone (919) 757-6611.



The nightingale, famed of song and lore, is found in Europe but is not native to anywhere west of the Atlantic.

NOTICE!!

Town Stickers are to be displayed on February 15.

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Success

By LELA BARROW

Today when we face what is probably the greatest challenge history has ever known—millions of people are troubled, uncertain, and confused. There has never been a time when people were more desperately in need of faith, courage and piece of mind, of standards by which to live; they need understanding—something to build on.

Many ideas to build on often come from association, or contact from ordinary human beings who have worked out a formula for happy, successful living. There are books that help to guide you in finding work that may guide you to success—it may not be a big paying job at first—but if you put yourself into it with "I know I can do it" and keep that aim in mind you might be president of the company you worked for. The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.

The life of man is made up of action and endurance; the life is fruitful in the ratio laid out in action or in patient perseverance. A young man's message to another young man: First—What success means: "the successful doing—doing well of whatever position he is." Second—"the price of success: hard work, patience and a few sacrifices." Then in his religious life: "A firm, unwavering belief in God and in prayer: Moderation, love in marriage, thoroughness in business." The man, or woman, has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much: who has gained respect and loved little children and looked for the best in others.

Many of you remember Dewey Jordan. He asked me why I hadn't written something about him? I told him I had been tempted to. As a boy he was never idle—he could think up more things to do than all the other boys who followed him around—some were good, some bad. I was his doctor—if he or any of his chums got hurt he brought them to me. He did many odd jobs around town for spending money. Later years he went into the chicken business which thrived for awhile. Finally he went broke—lost out—determination kept him going—he didn't give up at all—now he is in the Insurance Business in Wilmington. He has educated his children and they are making money. "Try-Try-Again."

Saint Paul's way of life—He was not the man to stand still in the face of a city full of idols—see how he did at Athens and at Corinth. He was a Jew by birth—he became a stranger in a strange land. He had to attack the old religion—the Pharisees, Scribes—the Priests who were learned

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