

She Done Him Wrong

By
JONATHAN PHILLIPS

From the beginning, he could tell she wasn't like the others. The others had exteriors that were just as smooth and flawless; shapes that were just as shapely. But there was something different about this one—she was dependable. She could be counted on when the going was tough and would ride out the bad times.

He became attached to her.

Once he tried doing without her. The result was disastrous. From then on, she was with him on every trip. He didn't always need her, but when he did, she was there.

As men will do, he began to take her for granted.

He didn't really mean to hurt her, but sometimes he treated her badly, and roughly. It was out of oversight rather than malice, but the maltreatment continued nonetheless.

He didn't take care of her, but repeatedly asked her to take care of him. He went weeks without looking in on her, yet she was always ready when called upon. She was always up to the task.

Though she wasn't his to keep, he began looking at her as his possession, and kept her from others. When he first began taking her out, she felt like extra baggage that he was compelled to bring along; a burden and a source of bother.

But as he came to know her, that changed. Yes, she was taken for granted. But he came to know the feel of her against him, and came to accept her presence. He became fond of her, for she could always be counted on in a pinch.

If he had but known better, he would've taken better care of her. If he had known the neglect would cause her to weaken, he would've paid more attention. If he had known the abuse would cause her to falter, he would've pampered her instead. If he had known that he was asking of her things she could not deliver, he would not have asked.

But he did not know, and she could not tell him.

The day she finally failed him, when she finally had no more to give, he was far away from civilization. The day he asked the one more task that she could not perform, he was on his way with her to Ben Davis Point.

When his cherished one failed him, it hit him like a shock. All

at once he realized what he'd done to her, and what she'd meant to him. All at once he felt the pain of what he'd done to her, because of what she now could not do for him.

It felt like a biting cold, wet outside world was rushing in on him, overcoming his every step and numbing his body.

There were lots of obstacles between him and Ben Davis Point. The main, one, however, was a tidal creek named Oyster Gut. Beyond the gut, the shore fell away in steep marshy cliffs, while southwest winds piled up icy water and sent choppy waves against the coast.

A boat could not reach Ben Davis Point this day, and the only other way was across Oyster Gut.

It was there that he suffered for her failure. It was there that his own failures betrayed him.

Using a stadia rod as a balance, he plunged into the creek, carefully choosing a gravel bar for crossing. Even then, the bottom was soft, the tidewater swift, and the footing treacherous. Ever faithful, she was with him.

Then it happened—that feeling came, of a frigid, damp, outside world crashing in around him.

In fact it was cold water rushing in around him. Water with slushy ice like a fountain Pepsi, numbing his lower limbs and threatening to throw him off-balance and into Oyster Gut's frigid embrace.

"She" was a pair of heavy-duty Converse chest waders who for most of a long term project had slogged across miles of marsh, crashed through dozens of coastal thickets, waded a hundred tidal creeks, and surveyed dozens of transects out into the bay.

Maybe it was a rusty nail on a piece of washed-up debris. Maybe it was a broken branch of a Marsh Elder, or a limb of swamp cedar. Maybe the relentless hard use finally took its toll, leaving the stressed fabric too weak for one more crossing.

Whatever it was, she all at once sprung more leaks than the White House staff, right in the middle of Oyster Gut.

He was hearbroken. He was cold. He was wet. He nearly drowned.

He'll pay more attention to the condition of his waders next time.

Your Back

By DR. STEVEN I. COHEN

A healthy back is strong, flexible, and free of pain. Your back must support the upper body, protect your marvelous spinal cord and allow you to move with maximum mobility.

Your spine is made up of 24 bony segments called vertebrae. The vertebrae are properly aligned and connected by your joints, ligaments and muscles. Your interlocking joints are called facets. These facets allow vertebrae to move with ease and flexibility. Between your vertebrae are the discs which cushion and protect those vertebrae. The vertebrae and discs in your lower back are the largest and are designed to carry the greatest body weight.

Your discs are pads of cartilage between the vertebrae that absorb the pressure of your body's weight upon your spine. The center or nucleus of the disc is a jelly-like consistency which is surrounded by a tough hard covering. Your discs are the ideal cushion. Aging and normal wear and tear, however, can cause the discs to become distorted. This can cause painful pressure on your very sensitive spinal nerves.

Your back, then is well designed for strength and flexibility, but its parts are in a very delicate balance. To keep your back healthy, regular spinal examinations can save you needless pain and suffering. A healthy back means a healthy you.

Truth

By
LELA BARROW

All the great teachers of every age had declared this simple truth: that a man's life and character are the result of his own inmost thoughts and ideals. To be great we have to prove the truth of it in our own lives. Be truthful, be honest, live for others as well as for yourself. Good thoughts bear good fruits - a man is his own gardener. You can only rise, conquer and achieve by lifting up your thoughts. This is the royal road to self-control and true accomplishment.

We often hear that truth makes men free. It does nothing of the kind. It is the knowledge of the truth that creates freedom." Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." We need parents and teachers, in early life, to practice truth in their lives and to bring up children to know the difference between lies and the truth. We need the right kind of literature and truth-carrying messages that will make the world sit up and take notice.

The high schools, colleges and universities should be stricter in teaching these young people the value of truth, as they go out into the world. If they go out to deceive or lie they will never progress in any life.

James A. Garfield said that a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins, his old teacher, on the other end was his ideal college. His point of view means the personal contact and interest the teacher has with his pupil. That was the contact I had with my high school teacher - he was never too busy to sit and explain every detail of the subject-to bring out the truth, the correct answer.

Learning, knowledge and wisdom come from many hours of hard study. Pupils who wait till Saturday night to study for a Monday morning examination, many often fail to pass the test. They study to cram and not to learn. Then we know people with

Craven County Hospital Corporation

The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation has announced that Craven County Hospital Corporation, New Bern, North Carolina is one of 25 hospitals nationwide to receive a major grant which will help to provide services designed specifically for the elderly. The first phase of the grant effort will be to develop comprehensive programs of institutional and home-based services to meet the needs of the elderly in the Craven County community, and to coordinate long-term care services for aged populations. This program is cosponsored by the American Hospital Association and the National Governor's Association.

Under the program, each of the 25 hospitals will enroll at least 250 elderly persons with chronic disorders. Craven County Hospital will be given the responsibility of coordinating services with the individual's personal physician, and to tailor the range of services to each person's needs.

Among approximately 450 applicants for the Johnson grant, Craven County Hospital was the only hospital in North Carolina to be selected.

HIGHLIGHTS

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