

A Flipper-Flicker's Final Fling

By
JONATHAN
PHILLIPS

It was my last gasp at bachelorhood, and Dirty Dave and I were holed up at a motel in Emerald Isel, armed only with a cooler full of beer, a carton of Marlboro Lights, two weeks' pay, and an American Express Card.

Only one detail of that battle is pertinent to this discussion, however.

After a brutal day of sunbathing, belly-surfing, girl-watching, and thirst-quinching, we beat a strategic retreat to the Emerald Isle Convenience Store on a resupply mission.

Dirty Dave's attention was diverted for a distressingly long time by a Donkey Kong video game machine. This was only a minor annoyance at the time and it is only now, three-quarters of a year later, that I realize the symbolic significance of that Donkey Kong interlude.

It was, my friends, a symptom of the tragic decline of a great American institution: the pinball machine.

There was, and still is, this joint up in Virginia called Mister Fooz.

Mister Fooz featured loud music with a clod-kicker flavor, those great, drippy submarine sandwiches found only in the deep dark recesses of college towns, and cheap plastic pitchers of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

A turkey sub from Mister Fooz, washed down with a half-dozen pitchers of PBR, all while stomping around the hardwood floor to the strains of John Prince, Willie Nelson, or Littlefeat, and you were ready take on the world, or at least to go kick some butts in Charlottesville.

But rather than channel this unique energy into unseemly brawls, you took advantage of another feature of Mr. Fooz.

This joint had pinball machines lined flipper-to flipper along

every available bit of wall space. And these were real pinball machines, with buzzers, bells, and mechanical rolling score numbers, not those computerized digital half-breed machines providing a link to the past in latter-day arcades.

Volumes have been written on pinball art and culture, and I won't try to top them. Suffice it to say that Fooz was the Guggenheim Museum of the bumper-and-bell set; the mecca for flipper-fondling Virginia hillbillies.

And foremost among the pinball maniacs was Dirty Dave, who fell in love with a machine called Little Chief. He communed with Little Chief for hours on end, pausing only to rush to the bar for Pabst refills and change for a dollar.

If the machine was taken, he'd play another, and the minute Little Chief was free, he'd abandon any other game—even if there were balls left to be played—for another bout.

Why, if it weren't for my moderating influence he'd probably still be there with a sandwich, a pitcher of beer, and a pocket full of disappearing quarters.

Even when we met a few years later down at Topsail Island, it was still as though dollar bills burned in his wallet, begging to be turned into quarters and pumped into pinball machines.

I've been a few rounds with the flashing lights myself.

There were youthful days at Atlantic Beach, spending the days combing arcades with Chump Kemp and Big Tom, spending research quarters in search of an eminently beatable machine, before turning to the nightly duties of dereliction and rampaging wickedness.

There were even younger days at the vintage machine installed—probably to the everlasting regret of the management—on the steps of the Hungry Mother Grocery.

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LSCVFD Barbeque

(Continued from Front Page)

Saturday was a good day ---- The sale of 800 advance barbeque tickets by Leslie Ipock and Douglas Whitford, coupled with the excellent coverage by the *West Craven Highlights*, was credited by Chief Gilbert Whitford, III, as contributing greatly to the success of this event.

George Dimick

Campbell Involved

Mrs. Emeler Campbell, who is involved in volunteer programs in the local, county and district areas, was recently involved in a Physical Diagnosis Course at East Carolina University. Mrs. Campbell participated as a volunteer as a Hired Teaching Patient. She contributed to science by allowing about sixty four ECU medical students to practice their skills on her heart.

Mrs. Campbell states it was an enlightening and rewarding experience.

Speech and Words

By LELA BARROW

A celebrated preacher, being asked, "How long does it take you to prepare an address?" - replied, "If I am only to speak fifteen or twenty minutes, it requires at least a week's preparation with prayerful thought. If I may have thirty or forty minutes, it takes two or three days; but if I speak for an hour, I need only a few minutes.

My high school teacher, G.E. Lineberry, was a noted speaker—people came many miles to hear him. My sister, Fannie, had asked him to come to Coxville and give an address at the closing of her school. He took me home to spend the weekend. After dinner Mr. Lineberry asked to be excused so he could go for a walk and prepare his speech for the evening entertainment. I remember he was gone about thirty minutes. That's how long it took him to prepare his address. He often gave speeches in Greenville to the Teacher's Meetings; the building was packed when they knew he'd be there. He took me with him on the train to copy the notes of his speech on the black-board. He taught me many things—such as—"Stick to your subject," "Use words people will understand," "make it short and to the point." He said "never use a big word when you can clarify the sentence with a little word."

When you are reading aloud or delivering a speech, Speak distinctly—Look your audience in the eyes. Don't forget your audience wants to hear and understand what you are saying. Wait for attention—Read aloud and regularly. Nothing is more provoking than for a speaker to get up and read a scripture lesson and you can't understand enough words he has spoken to know what it's about. Be sure to read aloud anything you have to give to an audience, before trying to deliver it—be sure of your punctuation marks and pronunciation of words. Everyone is listening to you.

I did not finish my article on "Words" last week—it would have been too long for my space in the *Highlights*. Here is the rest of it. I am copying it from my book—it is written beautifully for Lent.

Seven Wondrous Words

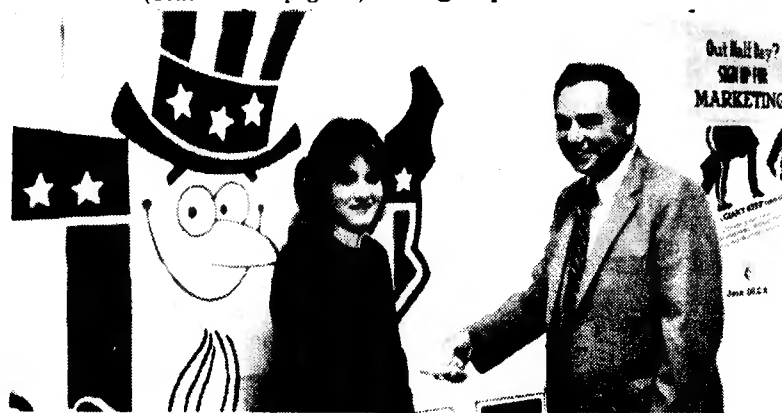
Last words are precious words; how we cling to them, and let them gently stir through the memory and persist through the years. Men build about them great paeans and songs.

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Local Restaurant Owner Speaks

Mr. Scott Straus, owner and operator of The Lakeside Restaurant, was a recent speaker to the Marketing/Distributive Education DECA Chapter at West Craven High School. Mr. Straus gave the group a talk concerning his experiences in distribution. He stressed that a person will change jobs at least seven times in a lifetime. For this reason, it is important for young people to find the job where they will be happy and prepare themselves to get that job.

Mr. Straus excited the group with the news that East Carolina University has chosen his Lakeside Campground as their latest Park Service Project in connection with their Parks and Recreation Course. He explained that many things are on the drawing board for improving the complex, swimming, boating, fishing, and all types of water sports.



Miss Wendy Woolard, DECA Chapter President, welcomes Mr. Scott Straus to West Craven High School.

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