

How Does The Business You Spend Your Money With Say Thank You ?

This newspaper is your weekly representative in the world around you. It will be looked at fifty years from now and see what impact you had on life on this earth. You say I never see my name in the newspaper—well you can or your friends may because we publish birthdays, anniversaries, and obituaries. Yes, this is historical publication not of items that happened a hundred years ago, but the history of your community where you are born, lived, and probably where you will die and be buried. It is for this reason that this article is being written.

A newspaper survives on the advertising and subscription revenues it receives in the community. When a newspaper follows its citizens to distant towns for revenue advertising, often they are turned down flat. The distant town merchants' excuse is: "We didn't include you in our budget;" "Our budget is already spent for this year;" "You don't have enough circulation;" "Your rates are too high (our question is compared with what?)" "We advertised with you last month or see me next time you are in town."

What can you do to insure that your community history is recorded? You can write letters or speak to the merchants you spend your money with about putting some advertising in your community newspaper (be sure you tell them the name of your newspaper). You can give subscriptions to friends for birthdays, anniversaries or just give subscription to six people each year. If you don't have six people, your community newspaper can help you with a selection.

Help your community—it will certainly be a treasure in the future.



Fault-Finding

By LELA BARROW

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his one quality we dislike or hate. For instance, we look for sins in others for doing one sin that we don't do, or approve of, we complain of this sin as if he were a real christian he wouldn't do that. Poor hypocrites we are; maybe we do a lot of things he wouldn't even consider doing.

A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous man is like one who looks up to heaven for praise, but rather he has defiled himself in the sight of God. Those who content themselves with pointing out the mistakes and habits of others who are struggling are making the greatest of all blunders. Nothing is easier than fault-finding. It takes no talent, no education, no character; no practice is required to make a Master Fault-finder.

One of the most consecrated Christians I ever knew - one who wore out the knees of his pants instead of the seat was criticized. The critics would say, "He has a good sermon, but he can't preach, his delivery is terrible." Perhaps the fault-finders might be good orators, but they had no sermons worth preaching. Some would find fault with the beautiful sunset or sunrise if they got up early enough to see it. Might dislike the stars and moon. We confess our faults only to persuade others that we have no great faults. Greater is he that confesses his faults than he that tries to hide behind them. Don't waste your time searching out others faults, spend your time thinking of their good qualities.

Most of us are busy-bodies, critics or people's conduct, denouncing their sins. To mind (or attend) to other people's business is a common pastime of our day. There is no more irritating experience than to be aware of unfriendly meddling and prying into your private affairs—"Do it this way."

(Continued on page 5)

Performance Art

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

The latest art fad is called "Performance art." Instead of a painting or a sculpture, performance artists use themselves as the central component of the artwork.

The type of thing that Greenwich Village-type art worms do is similar to the publicized case where two artists chained themselves together for a year, apparently believing that this makes some sort of profound statement about man, life, the cosmos, and so forth.

Others, more to my tastes, take it less seriously. The prime example is a character named Johnny Dirt, who runs a rock-n-roll bar in Bloomfield, N.J., which features poetry readings one night a week.

I got nothing against bars or poetry, but I can't see swilling a Blue Ribbon while some earnest poet spills his verbal guts. But we stray from the point.

Mr. Dirt composed a piece of performance art during a one-day festival called "Dirtstock." It was entitled "Dirt Descends Into Slime and All is Well With the World."

The message, which anyone in the urban northeast can relate to, is that when surrounded by so much grime and filth, one must attempt to become one with it. Or something like that.

Mr. Dirt had himself wrapped in a heavy-duty, king-size plastic garbage bag and hoisted to the top of an abandoned railroad trestle by the Passaic River. As singers called the slimettes provided the audio portion of the artwork, the rope was cut, 60 feet above the polluted waters of the sluggish Passaic.

Dirt descended into slime, and, relatively speaking, all was well with the world.

I know what you're asking: "What's this got to do with me, the ordinary guy prowling the streets of Jasper or Wilmar?"

This performance art jazz could have great practical benefits, I believe. In my never-ending search for ever-greater excuses, rationalizations, and ways of taking the easy way out, I believe that performance art may take a key role in the shirkers' arsenal of techniques.

Suppose, for example, that the boss-man finds you slumped over your desk, sawing a few Z's. You're on the verge of being canned, but thinking quickly, you say:

"Sir, I was not sleeping on the job. You have rudely interrupted what I feel is an important work of performance art. My slumber upon this desk, entitled 'capitalist somnambulence,' was meant to dramatize the role of American business and industry over the past two decades, dozing at the helm while the ship of state sailed unguided upon the troubled waters of international commerce."

The boss will be so impressed, or confused, that you'll be off the hook. Or if you get canned anyway, you can play the part of the suffering artist, rather than that of the jobless goof-off.

The possibilities are endless, and I leave them to your fertile imaginations.

It may also help your mental state to think of things you've done in the past, which cannot be justified by any rational explanation, as a piece of performance art.

I thought of this not long ago. When I pondered all the nights of my younger life I wasted sitting on Ford hoods in front of Wynn's Body Shop, disobeying state ABC laws.

We pulled into the ARCO station the other night. Some grimy youths, it happens, were in the midst of a large-scale piece of performance art. It was called:

"Hanging Out at the Filling Station on Friday Night, Drinking Beer From Paper Bags, and Playing ZZ Top at Full Volume From Speakers Mounted on the Roof of a Buick."

My spouse and I were making cruel jests about the personal hygiene and intellectual capacity of these youths when I realized that if you moved the clock back 10 years, I could have taken my place beside these social misfits and blended right in.

But if I view the location as "Wynn's Body Shop and Museum of Modern Art," things look a little better.

And if I view the activity as an artwork entitled "Squandered Youth With Falstaff," things look better still.

It's comforting to know one's life has been devoted to art, rather than just fooling around.

CLASSIFIEDS

Two Pay Check Family

If you're one of 23 million employed wives in this country, have you ever considered if your paycheck is "mine, yours or ours"? The Craven County Extension Service will have some ideas for you with "The Two Paycheck Family" on Tuesday, July 31, from 12:00 - 1:00 p.m. at the Extension Office in New Bern. Program will cover sharing financial responsibilities plus other financial management tips for the 2 paycheck family, such as insurance and how to list property. Please call 633-1478 to register. This is a "Learn 'n Lunch" session, so participants may bring a bag lunch; beverages will be provided.

DRIVE CAREFULLY

THE WEST CRAVEN HIGHLIGHTS

Craven County's Family Weekly Newspaper

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Second Class Postage
Paid at Vanceboro, N.C.
(Permit entered March 1, 1978)

UPSP 412-110

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES

Single Copy 20¢
1 Year Subscription . . . \$6.27
2 Years Subscription . . \$10.45
3 Years Subscription . . \$14.63

(Payable in advance. Subscribers desiring their Highlights, terminated at expiration should notify us of this intention, otherwise we will consider it their wish to continue to receive the paper and they will be charged for it.)