

Party Animals

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

The directions to the meeting said to turn by the liquor store in Hertford.

"Wanna stop and get us a pint, in case this meeting is too boring," my partner said?

"Sure, we'll get us a pint," I said. "If you let me have it all and you drive back."

We didn't pay a visit to the Hertford County ABC store, though the meeting was indeed boring and artificial stimulation or diversion would have been appreciated.

But don't get the idea that I'm above a pint now and again.

You just don't do it when you're on the road.

Take the Big O. He was the king.

I'll always remember a bitter-cold night in the Virginia mountains. On Wednesday, snow fell. On Thursday, a partial thaw. On Friday, a hard freeze that left the ground covered with a thick ice coating.

We'd crashed a party a few blocks away, and were making our unsteady way back to our own turf and our regular wee-hours weekend meeting with the local police.

"Keep it down boys, or we're going to have to cite you," they would say. "We've gotten several complaints, and it's late."

Our part of the ritual exchange went like this, with the urbane Southside as our official police liaison: "Sorry officer, we didn't realize we were disturbing anyone."

But before we could get on to the business of irritating the neighbors, there was better entertainment: Watching the Big O try to make his way across the icy field back to our apartment.

We stood at the hilltop cheering him on. After more pratfalls than a Jerry Lewis film festival, the drunken Big O decided to try it in the prone position.

Creeping along like a soldier in a minefield, the blithering one made his way up the hill, much to our merriment.

The Big O was something else, whether it was beating on the

upstairs neighbors' door at 4 a.m. to make their dog bark, or chasing ugly women.

One night a couple of years ago, the MP's found the Big O taking a short cut across a military base after hours. He blew a winning score on the breathalyzer, and they threw the federal book at him.

They tell me the Big O don't get out much anyone.

Southside was another one of what these modern kids would call party animals.

Southside had a good lawyer, but when he got his second DWI and nearly lost his job over it, he was in trouble that no lawyer—at least, not one he or we could afford—could get him out of.

They tell me Southside walks the straight and narrow these days—and he'll sleep in your front yard before he'll drive drunk outta your driveway.

Lawyer's fees these days will do that to you.

Foot and I used to agree: For a poor man with half a lick of sense, the drunk driving laws provide plenty incentive for rehabilitation.

Foot and I used to catch rides together and walk together in those dark days. We made the mistake one time of picking on Susan too much. She drove us to her house, in my car, went inside and locked the door.

It was a long walk home.

At the end of this month, Foot and I will "age out" of those sins of the past, and the points will disappear from the driving records. Both of us are a hell of a lot poorer and wiser for it, and have the insurance bills to prove it.

We were lucky. Nobody got hurt, and we got caught before they made the laws tougher.

We were unlucky. We were stupid, and got smart the hard way. In this case, you should take the easy way out.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

The coming election on November 6 is very important to our country and the Carolinas. I want to encourage you and all eligible voters to do three things:

1. Register to Vote: This is the first step in fulfilling our part in democracy. If one doesn't register, then that person denies himself the opportunity to decide who will operate our government.

2. Be informed about the candidates and their ideas. The things they say now indicate how they intend to do business once in office.

3. Vote November 6. I believe that every person's opinion should be heard in a democratic nation. Those opinions are heard and recorded most fairly at the polls. There everyone has an equal voice in deciding how our state, nation, and even our individual lives will be governed.

G.W. Laster

Eagle

By LELA BARROW

The Eagle is one of the largest birds and a strong flier. It has been used as a sign of power, courage, and freedom. Men picture it something high above the earth and spying its prey far off with its keen eyes. They have large, strong bills and powerful claws or talons, their strong toes and sharp talons are used to grasp the animals they eat.

The bald eagle and the golden eagles are the only two species that live in North America. The eagle's head is large and covered with feathers, the fully grown bird has a pure white head and neck. The bald eagle is the official emblem of the United States. Its picture is on the Great Seal of the United States—the Presidents flag—some coins and paper money.

Eagle was the popular name for a ten dollar gold coin minted in the United States from 1795 to 1834. It was one of three coins named in the first act of Congress to authorize coinage in 1792. It was the most valuable United States coin. The eagle on the coin was nine tenths pure gold after 1838. I owned a \$20.00 gold coin for many years. Now I have a 2½ dollar gold coin that was given to Calton in 1915.

Isaiah 40:31 "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles." Long before a storm breaks, an eagle knows it's on the way. She flies to some high spot and waits for the wind to come. As the storm sweeps in, she sets her wings so that the wind picks her up and takes her above the storm. While the wind is hitting the earth, she is soaring above it. Her wings are set to lift her up—she rides the winds that bring the storm.

God compares His people to eagles. When the storms of life come against you He gives us the inherent ability to rise above them by setting our mind and believing toward God. The storm of illness, failure, disappointment, you will feel the power of God lifting you until you are above them.

Why am I writing about Eagles? Remembering!—About ten or fifteen years ago Kathleen Carawon, Sadie McLawhorn and I spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. E.P. Blair. We had a wonderful visit. On our way home we saw a bald eagle soaring way up above the tree tops. She looked so little up there. As she came down she looked much larger; nearer the tallest tree where her nest and babies were, she was bringing food to them. It was something I like to think of as a real picture.

Deut. 32:11-12. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead them." This mother was teaching her young to fly. She lays her wing down beside them (two or three) and removes the soft covering underneath them so they will feel the sharp briars—then they crawl on her soft wing. She soars into the sky and lets them see that the world is bigger than their nest.

When God gets ready for us to move forward He teaches us how to do it. Everything that lives on this earth is taught to move forward from babyhood; seed or plant each in its own way as God leads.

When an eagle gets old he goes off to a quiet place and there he beats off his old feathers. Then he grows new ones and he is strengthened and "stays young until the day he dies." This refers us to II Corin. "Though our outward man perish yet the inward man is renewed day by day," according to the plan of God.

Beautification Outing

On Saturday, November 3, 1984, at 10 a.m., the Carteret Wildlife, the 4-H and the Sierra Clubs urge the public to join them, at the Duke Marine Laboratory's parking lot in Beaufort. John Taggart, Estuarine Sanctuary Coordinator, will lead the group and show how they can help beautify Rachel Carson National Estuarine Sanctuary. Bag lunch, beverages, work gloves and wading boots are suggested equipment. For further information call George Crockett at 919-633-6982.

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