

Another Winner...

Morehead City rates a blue ribbon for its municipal park on Bogue Sound.

The park is the result of initiative on the part of the Morehead City town board, engineering of the project by Jasper Bell, buildings and grounds commissioner, the Jaycees, Rotary Club and the Carteret Outboard and Runabout Association.

The park is located at the west end of Evans Street on Bogue Sound. It is actually on state property, but the State Department of Conservation and Development, at the request of the town, granted permission to use the area as a park.

Since it opened last month, many folks have picnicked there and sportsmen have flocked to the park to make use of the boat launching ramp.

Commissioner Bell invited civic groups to help furnish park facilities. The Jaycees built the benches and picnic tables, painted them and placed them at the park. The Rotary Club contributed \$86 and 10 cans for holding trash. The outboard motor boat club helped build the forms for the concrete ramp and get the ramp ready for use. Attractive green and white signs on

highway 70 direct the motorist to the park.

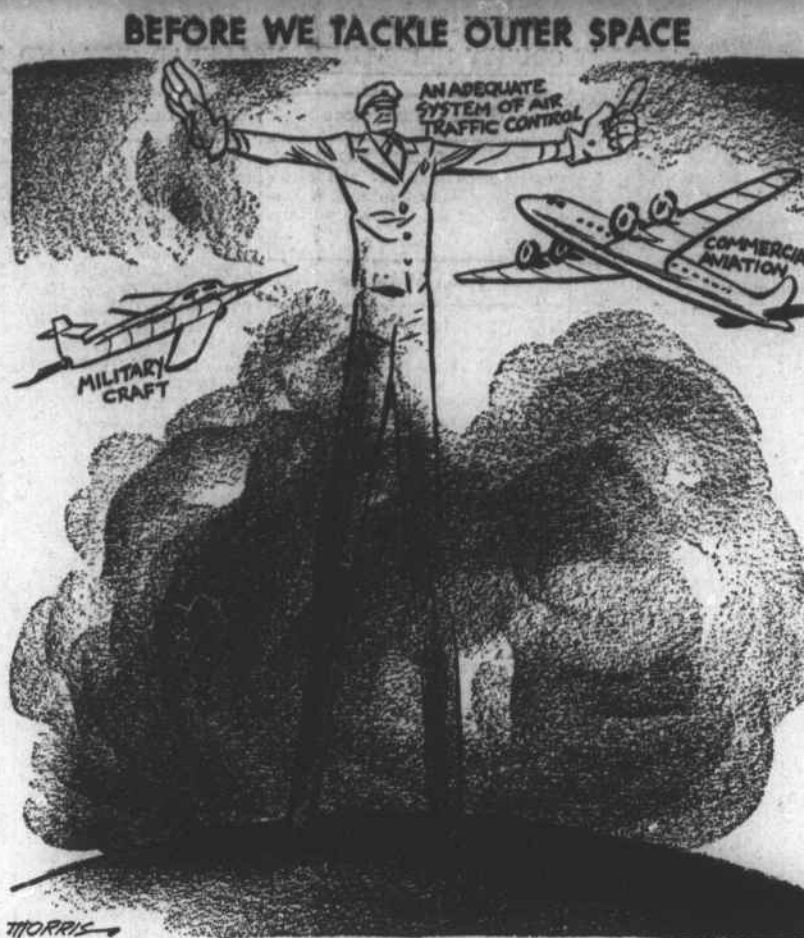
Plans for it include more facilities. As use increases, another road through the park, between Arendell (highway 70) and Evans Street, is anticipated. More picnic tables will be placed in that section. Meanwhile, it will be seeded in rye to establish a firm turf there by next year.

Commissioner Bell said that outdoor grilles are also on the list of "plans for the future".

He himself has worked at the park and appreciates the manual labor put in there by the Jaycees and the motorboat enthusiasts.

Civic groups, or individuals, who would like to share in making Morehead City's first municipal park a pleasant spot are invited to contact Commissioner Bell. Cash contributions and hours of labor are acceptable.

Those responsible for bringing the park into being can take pride in their accomplishment. Morehead City has thus added to its facilities a pleasant place for vacationists, as well as for those of us who live here winter and summer.



Ruth Peeling

Rupert Willis Jr. Tops Giggling Tale

Rupert Willis Jr. liked the story about Bill McDonald's giggling a pair of shorts.

But Rupert had one to top that. A fellow down east was walking along the shore one night looking for flounder. He looked down, saw a big one, and Bing! let 'im have it. That was the end of giggling for him for a while. He giggled his foot.

A fellow in court the other day was charged with driving drunk. He was trying to explain to the court exactly why he wasn't able to walk straight.

He said he was in water, under a boat all day working on a propeller. The sheriff remarked afterwards, "Well, I've heard a lot of excuses, but this is the first time I ever heard a man say he couldn't walk straight because he was waterlogged."

You've got to be mighty careful about what you throw out car windows. The other night along the Fort Macon Road some fellows dumped the ice in their paper drinking cups as they were driving along.

The ice hit a pedestrian, a man who was walking quietly along, minding his own business.

That ice in his face made him madder than a wet hen, and I can't say that I blame him. He got the license number of the car and went to the clerk of court in Beaufort to swear out a warrant.

Injury was added to insult, he said, when the boys saw the ice hit him. They roared. They thought Gooley, Gooley was a worm.

That was funny. The pedestrian didn't.

The boys were found and they claimed that later they turned around to go back to him and apologize, but couldn't find him. Could be.

The upshot of it all was that the pedestrian finally decided to drop the charges, but the incident still rankles.

Mr. A. H. James, clerk of court, says things come in bunches. Just prior to the ice affair, another man was in the clerk's office. He was hit by a pop bottle thrown out a car window. That hurt.

If people are going to persist in throwing things out windows, someone is bound to get hurt and the next fellow who gets hurt may not drop the charges.

There's a glut of caterpillars. I pick up a newspaper off the lawn and lo and behold, on it are several squirming, wormy green things.

A bigger caterpillar was on a zinnia I brought in the house the other day. He saw me about the same time I saw him and tried to retreat down his hole right in the middle of the flower. I grabbed his tail (I guess it was his tail) and pulled. That one is now in caterpillar heaven.

I remember a verse we kids used to chant:

Gooley, Gooley was a worm
A noble worm was he
He climbed upon the railroad track
The train he did not see.
Gooley, Gooley.

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

Now that summer is just about over, it's good-bye to boys' baseball. I think the Little League program and the church-sponsored program for the older boys this summer was one of the finer things to happen in Beaufort in recent years.

With these budding players and those in Morehead City, this county might be able to field some semi-pro teams again in the future. But that, to my way of thinking, is secondary to the fact that the boys are learning team-work, getting supervised recreation and having a whale of a lot of fun.

Speaking of whales reminds me of porpoises. Three of the porpoises in the pool over at Atlantic Beach have died. Micky, at last reports, was still waving a flipper. It was a courageous experiment.

as one marine scientist told me several years ago, operation of a sea aquarium is not simple. It requires a lot of know-how as well as money.

I was walking along the street the other day and one of the boys from Morehead came along.

We talked about this and that and the other thing. Then he said, "You know, I've got me a baseball dog."

I said, "Now why do you call him a baseball dog?"

He replied, "Cause he wears a muzzie, catches flies, chases fowls and beats it for home when he sees the catcher coming."

Helen: Don't drive so fast, George.

George: Why not?

Helen: That patrolman behind us can't get by.

George Leigh Dill and Sam Wade found a gull on the shore the other day, a young gull who got fouled up in oil and couldn't fly. So the boys took him home to George Leigh's daddy who was told to build a cage for him.

Daddy complied. Since then, he has also had to go fishing to catch food for the gull. The boys think that they can domesticate it so that it will come back to see them every year, as some gulls have done 'round here in the past.

"I don't know what kind of a gull it is," George Leigh's papa says. "If it lays an egg, I'll know." Then he can put up a sign, "Dill's Gull Hatchery."

Charles McNeill, assistant manager at the Morehead City port, has done a lovely watercolor of the Laust Maersk. The Maersk ships are those brilliant blue ones that call here frequently.

The picture shows the Laust Maersk making port. I was interested in how Mr. McNeill could sketch rapidly enough to catch the ship in the position in which he painted it. He says he makes notes quickly and then also takes a snapshot. The notes give him the colors and the snapshot the mechanical details, such as rigging.

He says nobody could decipher his notes except he himself. Mrs. Louis Sutton, an artist of repute, uses the note technique too. Not being an artist, I don't know—perhaps this is accepted procedure where the beauty of a moment must be caught as quickly as possible.

Where Mr. McNeill specializes in watercolors, Mrs. Sutton prefers oils and pastels. Two of her shore scenes in pastels are absolutely lovely.

QUIET RAIN

When a forest prays
the winds hush in reverence...
Creatures pause, alert, unmoving
when a forest prays.
Pine needles droop in quietude
foliage closes leafy eyes
The stream rolls in smothered cadence...
and locusts cease their singing.
When a forest prays
flowers bow pastel petals
Tall grasses whisper supplications
nature stands breathless, waiting...
then
the first
drop
Life quivers 'neath the blessing...
the touch of God.

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL
Motor Vehicles Department
NEVER KNOW... Death out on the highway can take strange shapes—a dropped cigarette, a back-seat tussle among the kids, a drippy ice cream cone.
Unrelated, you say? Not exactly according to the 581 men of the State Highway Patrol. They're all potential accident causes, say troopers who investigate annually something like 45,000 mishaps on our highways.
While official figures seldom reflect them, many auto accidents are caused by just such otherwise harmless objects as cigarettes, children and ice cream cones.
"Distractions contribute to a great percentage of the state's motor vehicle mishaps," say patrolmen from the coast to the mountains.
Let's suppose you are cruising down the highway at 60 mph and drop your cigarette. Take only four seconds to retrieve it and you've gone the length of a football field—and then some!
Same thing with a back-seat

Louise Spivy

Words of Inspiration

HE COMES IN SECOND

Everybody likes a winner, and there are always people ready to cheer for a good loser. But who ever heard a song for the man who comes in second?

So this is in praise of the almost-winner, the nearly-champion, the next-to-the-biggest, the second-best. This is the song of Mister Two.

You hear unflattering names for Mister Two. "Also-ran", they call him, and "runner-up". Names that make you think of a fellow who couldn't quite make it.

Don't let that fool you. Ask the winner of any race how good a man is Mister Two. He'll tell you it's Mister Two who made him run so fast; Mister Two pressing hard at his heels, threatening always to overtake and pass him.

Ask the salesman who won the contest, what keeps him plugging after hours, looking for the extra order. Ask the directors of the giant corporation why they keep changing their product, seeking the new improvement, the added advantage. What drives them? What keeps them hopping? It's the salesman with nearly as many orders. It's the company with the product almost as good.

It's Mister Two. In this country, we're proud of the quality of our champions. Our big men come very big. Our fast men run very fast. Our wise men are the wisest and our great men are the greatest that a country could hope to be blessed with. And why is that? Couldn't it be because great Mister Two's grow naturally in a land where the race is always open and everybody can run?

So this is for you, Mister Two. This is your song. This is for all the days you tried for first, and came in second. It's for the nights when you wonder if you ought to go on trying... since nobody seems to notice.

We notice, Mister Two. We know the score. Winner or not, you're a natural champion. There couldn't be a race without you, Mister Two.
— Unknown

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind. — Coolidge

A BLESSED THOUGHT

Death is just a swinging door; the same God is on both sides.

PRAYER TO LIVE BY

When we are wrong, make us easy to change.
When we are right, make us easy to live with.
— Alfred B. Gruenther

BOYS

For the time when a boy is in danger of going a little bit wild
Is when he's too young to be married, too old to be known as a child.
A bird of the wild grass thicket, just out of the parent tree frown,
Too large to keep in the old nest, too small to have one of its own.
When desolate, 'mid his companions, his soul is a stake to be won,
'Tis then that the devil stands ready to get a good place to catch on.
— Selected

From the Bookshelf

Modern Italian Painting. From Futurism to the present day. By Guido Ballo. Translated from Italian by Barbara Wall. With 155 color plates. Praeger. \$30.
When we say "Italian painters," we think in our stereotyped fashion of the great masters of the past. When we say "modern Italians," we are apt to be as unimaginative: Modigliani, because he was in Paris; Giorgio de Chirico, the metaphysical classicist; Casorati, well known at the Pittsburgh internationals; Severini, the futurist; Afro who visits this country.
But as Ballo reminds us in this uncommonly handsome book with its brilliant reproductions in color, there are scores of others.
They are not a match for their illustrious forebears, and not too serious rivals of some famed contemporaries elsewhere; and Ballo with his perceptive measured judgments does not claim they are. But they constitute a definable segment of the present art world; they have contributed to it most importantly.
According to Ballo, essayist and professor at the Brera, the ferment in Italian art since 1900 has worked toward a fresher and more intimate association with the larger European field and at the same time with native local inspirational and traditional sources.
The main trend now, he finds, is abstract-concrete, but he optimistically sees a public increasingly receptive to fresh and original art whatever its classification. This is a major survey, and it does a double service to Italian art and American art lovers.
Among other new art books of unusual interest and importance there are:
"Juan Gris," by James Thrall Soby. Museum of Modern Art. \$5.50. A scholarly and readable study, with 126 illustrations, 19 in color.
Three published by Abrams: "The Inward Vision: Watercolors, Drawings, Writings." By Paul

Comment... J. Kellum

A SENSE OF THE MOMENT
At intervals in our existence we become briefly aware of the complete indescribable glory of being. Not just a personal being but of the condition of existence of all things, as apart from ourselves or as including us as infinitesimal, integral parts. It is probably not the same for any two individuals. Nevertheless, the phenomena exists.
We are, on the one hand, dulled by our preoccupation with ourselves and our immediate surface-world. On the other, we are so unaccustomed to a higher level of being that we may consciously retreat from these glimpses—which are probably far closer to Truth than our more obvious "realities."
In a poem called "The Moment of Life" by Allan Dowling, which appeared a good many years ago in the New York Times, this apt expression appears:
A day's glory can never be lived again,
though the times return and the seasons,
the sun-warmed side of the year.
Never the same cloud in the sky,
nor the same wave on the waters.
The moment of life is upon us, and lo!
how be silent, and yet, how praise?
We weep,
For truly, I swear, a sense of the moment
is more than the heart can bear.

Of Professional Men and Money

(Greensboro Daily News)

A local physician who recently returned to the medical teaching field was asked why he wanted to make the change. Among his reasons he stated, "You can't find a doctor here who'll talk medicine."
He could get plenty of conversation about investments and stocks, but little about his profession. Which brings us to an observation made by visiting English physician, as quoted by Columnist Sydney Harris, on why the professions—especially law and medicine—are given more respect in England than in America. "At home," he said, "they are looked up to: here they are given a kind of grudging respect, mixed with a good deal of contempt or dislike." And the reason? He was asked. He answered:
I puzzled me at first, but I think I've discovered part of the answer. It's because in England—for the most part, although not en-

tirely, of course—the professional man concentrates on his profession; and in America he aspires to be a businessman as well.

I've found that many—if not most—American doctors are as busy with their investments as they are with their patients, if not more so. They read the investment guides as thoroughly as they read the medical journals, and when they talk shop it is more likely to be about stocks.

The lawyers, he found, are likewise concerned with commercial ventures—and real estate. And, suggested our English cousin, there's nothing wrong with this, but our professional men can't have their cake of prestige, and eat it, too. He added:

But then you can't expect the public to regard the professional man in exactly the same light as we do in England. The main object of business is to make a profit; the main object of a profession is to render a service. So when the professional man becomes more interested in profit than in service, he naturally forfeits some of the esteem he used to be given.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Alfred E. Smith, Democratic nominee for president, announced in his acceptance speech that he favored a change in the 18th amendment and would like the Volstead Act amended.
Only two cases were tried in the new recorder's court this week.
The Beaufort Chamber of Commerce was in hopes of getting a community canning factory.
TWENTY YEARS AGO
Clarence Guthrie of Beaufort left this week for Atlanta, Ga., where he would take a course in pharmacy.
No lives were lost in the county when a hurricane hit here this week, but farmers lost their crops. Sea Level, Stacy, Davis and Wil-

liston were reported to have been wholly submerged.
Beaufort residents were being asked to boycott stores which had not joined the NRA.
TEN YEARS AGO
Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of UNC, delivered the graduation address when 27 MCTI students received their diplomas.
FIVE YEARS AGO
The new Atlantic Beach bridge was opened to traffic.
Dan Walker resigned his position as manager of the Beaufort Chamber of Commerce.
Members of St. Egbert's Catholic Church, Morehead City, would launch a \$50,000 campaign to build a parochial school.

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