

Golf Association. Nell won a silver ice bucket, and thanks to her and several other fine golfers, the Morehead City Golf Club ladies came home with the silver traveling cup for the first time in history! .... Incidentally, Crumley's son, Craig, becomes Ensign Craig June 5th when he is graduated from Annapolis. Other son, Peter, and Nell will attend, and take lots of photos because Ed is being left behind, still recovering from his surgery of May 7th. He sends, through the Shore Line, hearty thanks to all FKS-ers who sent him get-well messages while he was down.

PEG KNIGHT, girl trash collector, recruited a group of garbage gatherers to wander the winding roads of PKS picking up the appalling number of bottles and cans and things that have been accumulating, in order that A.C. Davis could follow their trail with his grass cutter. They filled 45 big trash bags. Awful! Oh, to be a chuck will's widow hiding in the woods at night and able to tattle on or even tackle the lousy litterers!! Fellow workers with Peg were Elizabeth and Bob Ames, Cres and Milt Yaeck, Newell and Ken Haller, Mimi and Bill Martin, Si Bezuyen, using Jim Burnett's truck, as well as Waightsel Hicks, Lucy Elmendorf, Al Wyllie, Carl Lewis, and Marvin Smith, using his truck. Besides what went into the bags they found an ugly assortment of old tires and cartons and other oversized stuff.

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FROM A POETIC CONTRIBUTOR, NELL MCBRIDE:

Pine Knoll Shores

Its sand is caressed by the ever breathing sea that lays on its glistening breast millions of rainbow hued shells, polished and refined by tides and time....

Its tree lined shores, tall marsh grasses, cradle untold numbers of sea creatures, protecting them, century after century, until now, this very day, when I stand, watching it, and pondering.

I become aware that this ground does not belong to me, that I only hold it in trust for those who will come after me, who will also stand in wonder at its perfection, and as I linger beneath a towering, storm twisted ancient oak, I can almost hear the echoing laughter of Indian children who may have played beneath it....

Since this land is only mine to enjoy for a while, I must cherish it and nurture it so that future generations will find it as beautiful as it is today, and meanwhile, I can feel that I am leaving them a small part of myself....

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NOT A UNICORN IN THE GARDEN BUT AN ALLIGATOR IN THE CANAL! He hangs around near Brock Basin, surfacing occasionally, sunning himself on the sand, seen easily from the Ames (on White Ash) deck. Mr. Reintjes, with the National Marine Fisheries Service on Pivers Island, tells us that there is not cause for alarm. Alligators, an endangered species, are not particularly dangerous themselves, eat mostly fish, and not a lot of that, as they have a slow metabolic rate, and the chance of their lashing out at either dogs, cats, or people is remote. However, Mr. Reintjes does not recommend that we actually paddle around in the canal with the creature...Mr. James Alston, Wildlife Protector in Morehead City, suggests PKS-ers watch this canal alligator with interest, and let him know if there is trouble of any kind, either against the animal or by him; Mr. Alston will be happy to come out and have a look at the situation at our request (phone him at 726-4226)

LIFE SAVING DEVICE NEEDED AT PKS BEACH? The bounding surf is super, but sometimes the undertow can undo you. Can we come up with a life-saver of some sort? Maybe a big roped inner tube kept on the deck. Dare we simply leave it hanging there? Will it be a temptation for vandals? ....The sands under our waters are constantly moving; we need to be really cautious in our swimming habits, and the one rule for all time and everybody: NEVER SWIM ALONE.

Your editors, Mary Doll and Betty Hammon  
Pine Knoll Shores, Rt.1, Morehead City, N.C., 28557