

Will Moore's dog, Sport, in his last days was like a punchy pugilist who refuses to admit, even to himself, that he is just another stumble bum at the end of the road.

His mother was a chow, and his father a pit bull from South Carolina. Together they gave him an aggressive spirit that was still unquenchable after 15 scrappy years.

New Bernians got accustomed to seeing Sport bandaged, or saturated with ointment. It was always a sure sign that the gallant old gladiator had made the mistake of limping forth to the wars again.

Neighborhood canines on King street respected him because of his age, but he got no such consideration when he ventured elsewhere. Younger dogs, ranging in breed from cocker spaniels to German shepherds, relished the chance to engage him in combat.

Sport was no match for the antagonists that confronted him here, there, and everywhere. Yet, he would have died of a broken heart, if he had been forced to stay at home and keep the peace.

Getting whipped is no disgrace, when you put everything you've got into the fray. And just because Sport had more scars than furniture has in a home where children reign was no sign that he took his lickings without retaliating.

Admittedly, he was obviously lacking in judgment when he absorbed the punishment that came his way with great regularity. But absorb it he did, deliberately, so no one ever had occasion to cast aspersions on his spunk. His weakness was of the head, not the heart.

Besides, there was always the outside chance that the feeble old fellow would pull an upset, and rack up a victory for memory's sake. Nobody really expected it, but it was hoped that poetic justice might bring it about.

At any rate, Sport's friends in this ancient town by the Neuse and Trent, especially those living on King street, would gladly have formed an impromptu reception committee to welcome him back in his hour of reclaimed glory.

It was not to be, and the inevitable day came when his brave old heart stopped ticking, and he left the ranks of living canines. Sport, we must admit, wasn't the best behaved dog in our circle of dog friends, but he wasn't really mean. Like his name implied, fighting to him was a form of recreation.

Just as the natural athlete finds joy in a "contact" sport—such as the bruising blocking and tackling in football—Will Moore's pugnacious pet was happiest when he was right smack in the middle of a scrap.

Even in his younger years, Sport got a rough going over once in awhile. And like we've already said, the thrashings he endured as an undaunted elder statesman were horrible to behold. But it was fun to him, and the zest remained in his creaky frame, unsteady legs and woefully dim eyes until the last breath was gone from his body.

Because Sport and a lot of other dogs that have been part and parcel of the local scene were colorful characters, they won't be soon forgotten. This editor, day in and day out, encounters friends and strangers alike who pause to comment on the fact that "You don't look right, without Lucy trotting along by your side." To be completely honest, we don't feel right either.

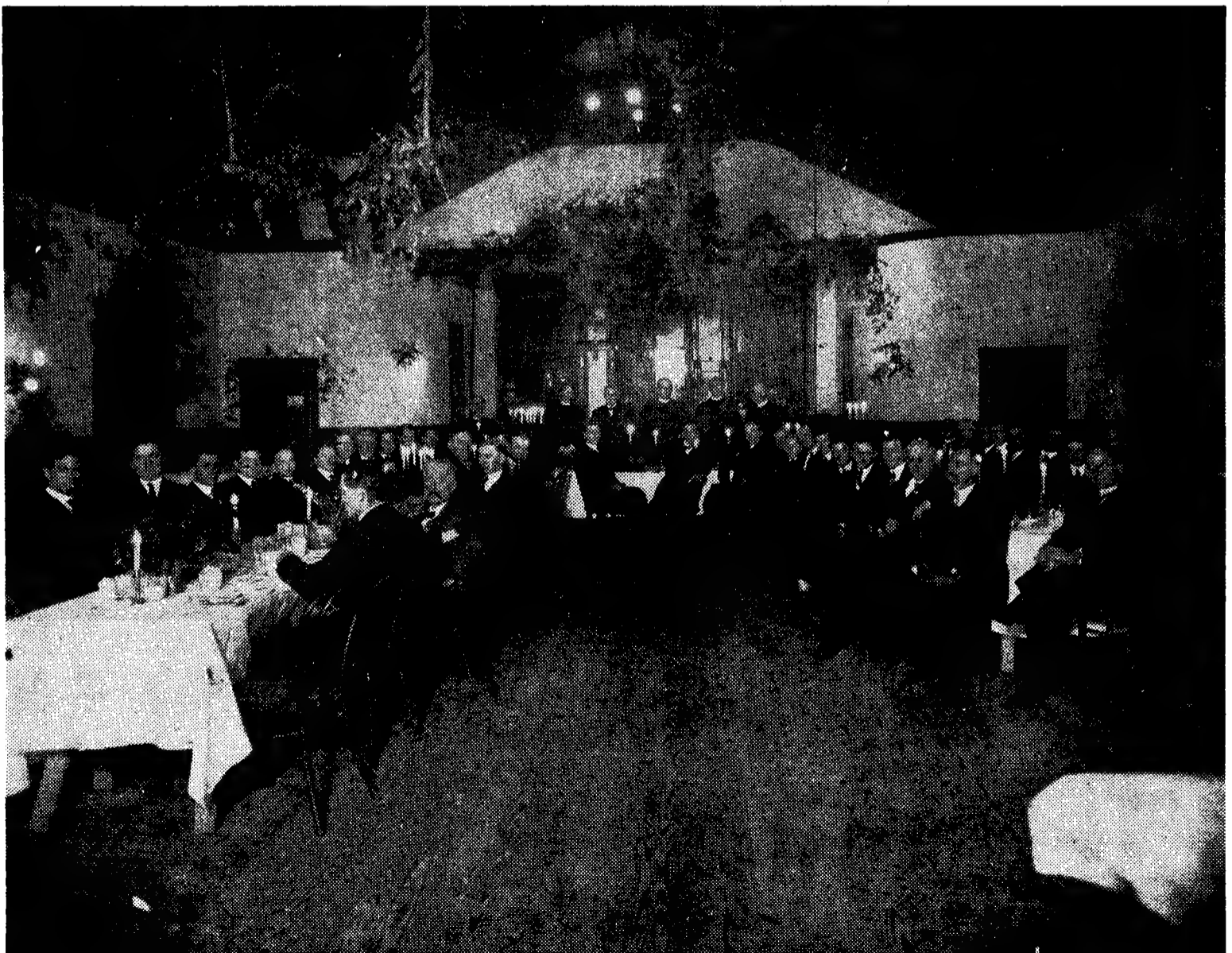
Few of us who know Foy Keene will ever forget "Butch" and the devotion that existed between the two, while Pete Draney and "Bunky" were as closely associated

(Continued on Page 8)



CUTE AND COLORFUL—New Bern High school's drill team, under the capable instruction of Patsy Finch, is a snappy, well trained outfit. They'll perform at the State Basketball Tournament in Kinston, and march in the parade

at Wilmington's Azalea Festival. Local sports fans have enjoyed their appearance at numerous athletic events. —Photo by John R. Baxter.



WAY BACK WHEN—Pictured here, 50 years ago, are members of the Men's Fellowship, gathered at the Parish House of Christ Episcopal church. If you're a keen observer, you may recognize Joe Harper, C. H. Stith, Ernest Dunn,

Willie Griffin, Harold Whitehurst, Vernon Blades, William Dunn, F. S. Duffy, Justice Disosway, William Boyd, Haywood Tooker, J. C. Scales, and the Rev. B. F. Huske.