

The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when we took our first born, a bright eyed daughter, to her first Easter egg hunt, down at Union Point.

She had a very large basket for such a very small moppet, the better to tote home her findings, which might be considerable.

Arriving at the scene, it naturally behooved this student of human nature to survey the quality of competition that Jo Carole would have to contend with.

It was immediately apparent, at least to us, that our child was by far the smartest, most intelligent one in the entire crowd.

So much so that we had certain misgivings over not bringing two big baskets instead of one. How would we be able to cart the overflow home?

Then the affair got started with activity much resembling the enthusiasm of ants converging on a deceased June bug, newly discovered.

For reasons we still can't fathom, 25 years later, those kids who looked awfully dumb compared with our own little genius found eggs everywhere they turned.

Perhaps she was too excited to be systematic in her search. She used the hop, skip and jump approach. This may be ideal for the bunny hiding eggs. It didn't work for her in locating them.

Every juvenile we saw had several eggs. Some had so many it seemed likely they would end up with a double hernia. The only empty basket in the crowd belonged to the little girl at our house.

It remained empty. Walking home together, in the bright sunshine, the two of us didn't have much to say. Being philosophical at such a time wouldn't have eased the disappointment.

Oleta Stilley, at Emmie's Flower Shop, can sympathize with us. She too, as a child, failed miserably at every Easter egg hunt she attended. Perhaps you were in the same boat, when you were young.

According to Oleta, one of her teachers in grade school gave permission for such a celebration, with the understanding that each pupil would bring some eggs. No one but Oleta showed up with a supply of cackle berries.

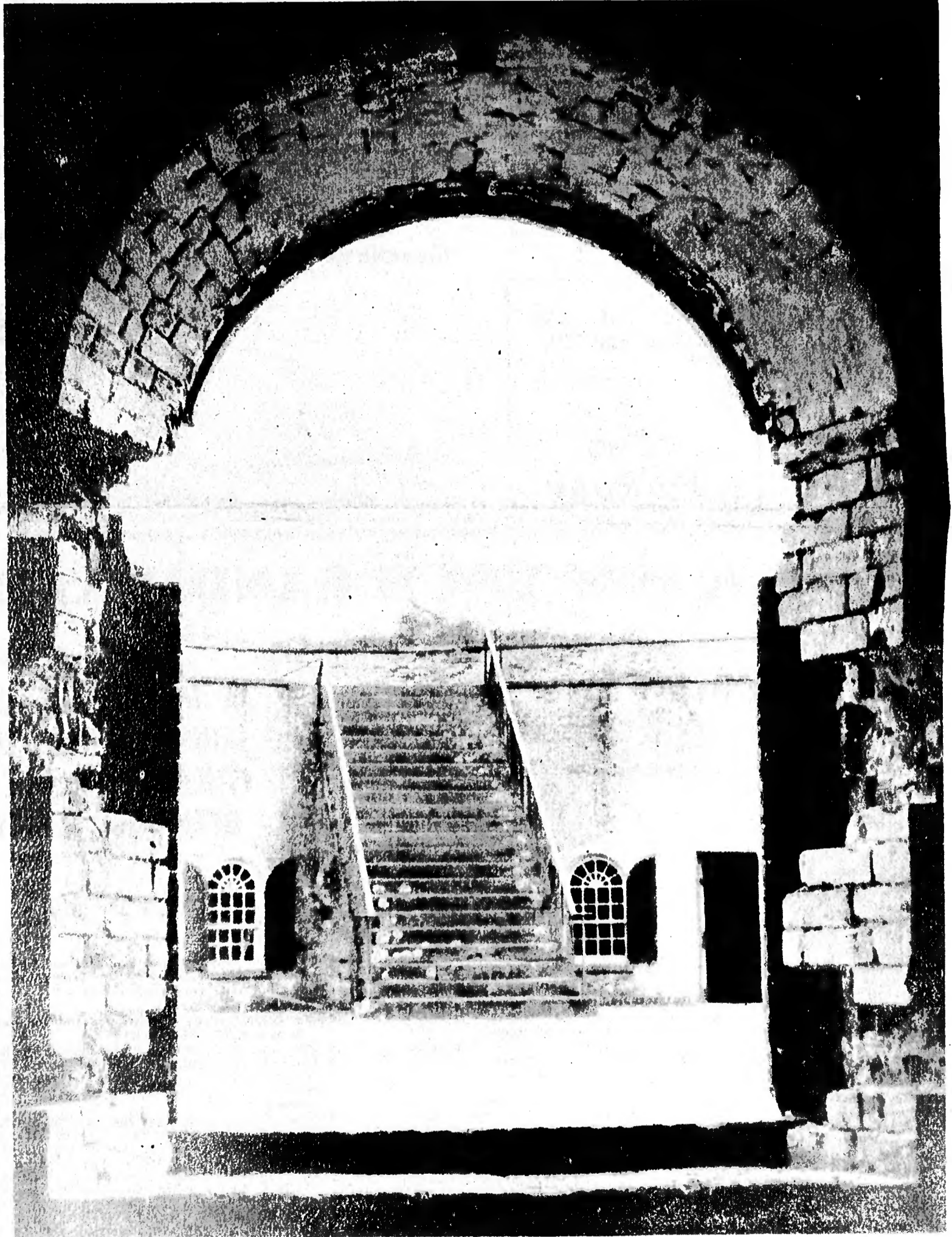
They had the affair anyhow, with her eggs, and she was the only member of the class who didn't find an egg. Seeing as how she had been the lone provider, the teacher made the other children divide with her.

During the Easter holidays our home was blessed with a visit from our two grandchildren, who live in Alexandria, Va. The boy isn't old enough to crawl yet, but Amy Stuart will soon be four.

Gramp staged an egg hunt for her in our roomy backyard. She stayed in the house, waiting impatiently, while we hid the things in the midst of flowers, shrubs and trees. There were 16 eggs in all.

By the time the young lady rounded up seven eggs, we had plumb forgotten where the rest

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Some things are said silently. . . Fort Macon's muted walls speak loudly from a grim and violent past.