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He wore a smile of rapture, as he hailed us from afar...then fished down in his pocket to procure a gift cigar...Naturally, we had to pause despite a busy day, and listen quite intently to the speech he had to say.

"The little girl at our house has a baby brother now...and it's not merely family pride that makes me take a bow....I know that babies have been born a million years or more...but a nicer new arrival I've never seen before.

"Some babies have a lot more hair, and teeth, or so I've heard...but don't low rate the Stork to me, I think he's one swell bird...Today you get inferior goods, although I don't know why...but our precious little bundle has quality that's high.

"And when it comes to quantity, I sorta like his size...he's short and maybe pudgy, but he has his mother's eyes...They're rarely ever open, he's sleeping through the hours...while other babies in the ward yell to their fullest powers.

"He doesn't even want to eat, to him a nap's more fun...At plain and fancy yawning he's the very smartest one....I don't know what he dreams about, yet I'm sure his slumber's sweet...for all the while he wears a smile that simply can't be beat.

"It seems that other fathers don't share my glowing pride...as at the window of the ward we stand there side by side...In fact, I overheard one Dad, while walking down the hall...he told the nurse his baby was the best kid of them all.

"At judging new-born children, that guy can't be so hot...if he thinks his little darling can beat the one I've got...Mine's a super special baby that dominates the crowd...and when he finally stays awake, I bet he'll cry real loud.

"I bet he'll drink his share of milk, when it comes feeding time...He'll be so smart that in a week he'll ask me for a dime...I wonder why these other Dads have eyes that cannot see...this most amazing baby boy that God has given me."

Women, bless their hearts have a way of being catty at times, so maybe it's all right when honest-to-goodness cats act womanish.

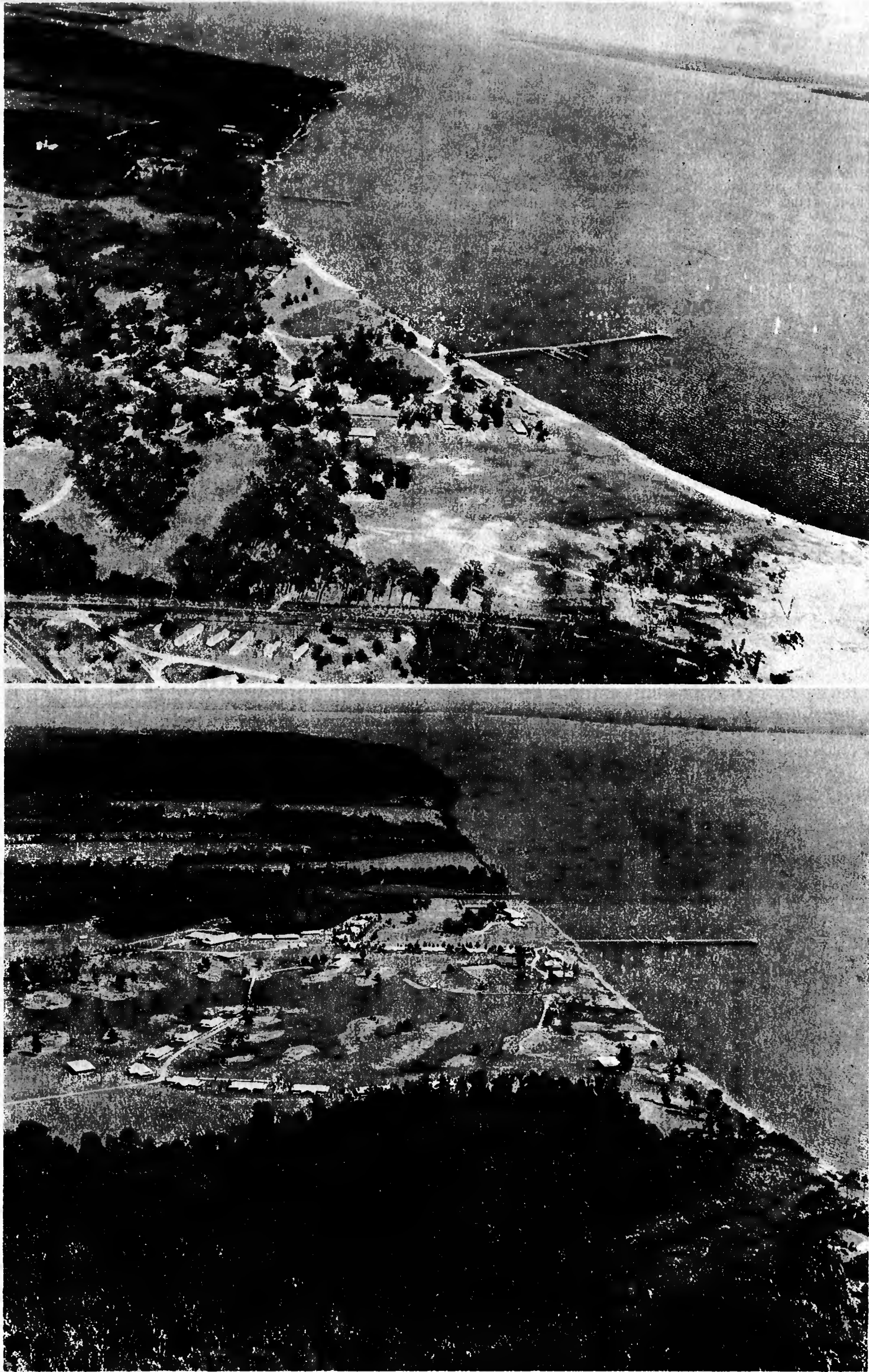
Womanish, that is, like a grandmother. Yesterday was when Tootsie's daughter Blackie gave birth to twins in the Harold Whitehurst home here, and therein lies our story.

Ignoring the real mother's objections, Tootsie promptly took over the job of rearing the little critters. She removed her grandson and granddaughter from their original nursery, and set them up cozily in another spot.

The following day, believe it or not, Granny gave birth to a kitten, which should have eased the situation. Instead, even with a new baby of her own she stubbornly refused to give up the twins.

Tootsie's treatment of her

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FROM UP YONDER—Flying high in the sky over Camp Sea Gull and Camp Seafarer, east of New Bern, you can fully appreciate the beauty of their natural surroundings. Those tiny white specks in the upper right portions of both photographs are sail boats on the rippling Neuse. Through the years,

thousands of youngsters from all states and many foreign countries, have flocked to the most widely known water camps in the eastern half of the nation. Sea Gull, larger of the two, can be identified by the greater number of trees, obscuring quite a number of its buildings from the air.