Morehead City Captures Two From Beaufort Nine, 5-1, 7-3

Morehead City swept its twin bill with Beaufort over the weekend, taking Saturday's tilt at Wade Brothers Park, 5-1, and travelling over to Beaufort Sunday to win that battle also, 7-3.

Saturday's tilt saw a 17-year-old hurler from Chapel Hill, Stanley Johnson, try to hold back the big bats of the Morehead City combine. Although the young high schooler managed to gain a slight edge on his pitching opponent, Jimmy Webb, Morehead City as a team definitely outplayed Beaufort to win.

Morehead City's five runs, due to heads-up play, was scored on but seven hits, while Beaufort's eight safeties were scattered harmlessly over the course of the game. Morehead opened the scoring with three runs in the third inning. Webb singled and Francis Stoy beat out a sacrifice bunt for a base hit, moving Webb to second. Piggie Smith's double down the left field line scored Webb and moved Stoy to third. An ensuing wild pitch tallied Stoy and allowed Smith to take third, from whence he scored by stealing home.

Beaufort tallied its lone run in the top of the seventh frame. Tracy Hoopen singled and took second on Tom Benton's topped ball in front of the plate which went for a base hit. Ray Hassell's line drive base knock then brought in Hooper to toe the dish.

Morehead's fourth run was scored without a hit. In the last half of the seventh, Wayne Benton got on via a two-base error by shortstop Collier Hill. Harry Salter sacrificed Benton to third and he came in on an infield out by Webb.

The final tally of the game came in the last of the eighth. Smith singed and took second a base hit by Gordon Watson. Roland Brinson then sent a line drive into right field that went for a base knock, but a fine throw by rightfielder Roger Thrift prevented Smith from scoring, a walk to Benfon a second later, however, forced in a run.

Beaufort played Sunday's game in its new home uniforms, but it didn't change the outcome of that contest also.

Roger Thrift started for Beaufort but was replaced by West Taylor in Morehead's four-run eighth inning. Clifton Sharpe, a southpaw, went all the way for the winners. Morehead outhit Beaufort in this game, 12 to 6.

Beaufort broke the ice with a run in the second session. Hooper walked and stole second. Benton was hit by the pitcher, but Ben Hayes forced Hooper at third. Benton scored from second when Thrift, a righthanded thrower who bats lefhanded, crossed up the defense by singling into left field.

Beaufort made it 2-0 with a run in the next inning. Fenner Boyd blasted a long triple over centerfielder Jack Gardner's head and came in to score a few seconds later on a wild pitch.

At this point, Taylor came in to relieve Thrift. Pinch-hitter Marshall Beane then came through with the inning's fifth consecutive single to move Brinson to third. Beane stole second, and when

catcher Ray Hassell's throw went into centerfield, Brinson scored.

Beaufort's final run came in the last half of the same inning. Hassell walked and took second on a wild pitch. Boyd's single then shooed in Hassell to make it 7-3.

Saturday's Game

	R.	H.	E.
Beaufort	000 000 010—1	8	2
M. City	003 000 110—5	7	0

Sunday's Game

	R.	H.	E.
M. City	000 120 040—7	12	0
Beaufort	011 000 010—3	6	4

Standings

As the News-Times pointed out in its issue of Tuesday, June 22, there was an error in the official standings of the Tidewater League. The league has since found the error and the corrected standings have been released. As was suspected, the error was in the Marshallberg standings and Marshallberg was being credited with one more win and one less loss than it deserved.
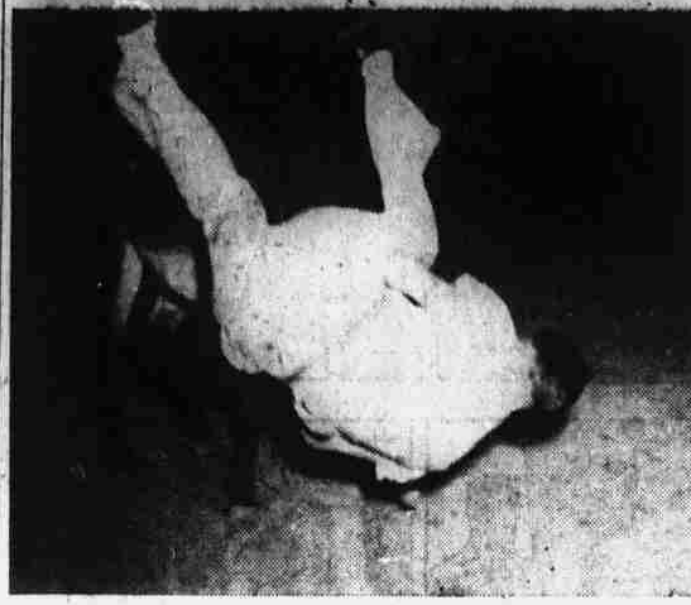
TIDE WATER LEAGUE

	W.	L.
Morehead City	14	6
Swansboro	13	6
Marshallberg	11	9
Havelock	10	9
Newport	9	11
H.I.-Straits	8	13
Beaufort	7	13
Jacksonville	7	13

COASTAL PLAIN LEAGUE

	W.	L.
Tarboro	48	27
Rocky Mount	46	27
Goldsboro	40	32
New Bern	39	35
Kinston	38	36
Greenville	31	42
Wilson	28	47
Roanoke Rapids	25	49

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W.	L.
Boston	40	29
Pittsburgh	36	30
St. Louis	36	31
Philadelphia	36	35
New York	33	33
Brooklyn	29	35
Cincinnati	31	38
Chicago	29	39

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W.	L.
Cleveland	41	24
Philadelphia	43	28
New York	41	27
Boston	33	32
Detroit	32	36
Washington	31	37
St. Louis	25	40
Chicago	21	43

Sprinkle, Thompson Win Beaufort Yacht Club Races

"Flying 8 Ball," sailed by Billy Sprinkle copped first place and four points in a 16-foot handicap race around a seven mile course last Sunday afternoon to initiate a summer series of sailboat races sponsored by the Beaufort Yacht Club. First place in the 14-foot handicap class went to Robert Thompson by default. Only two classes participated.

Sprinkle won the race unhampered when his three competitors disqualified themselves.

One point is awarded for each boat finishing in its class and an additional point for every boat it precedes.

Marines Top Morehead, 17-8

The Cherry Point Flyers defeated Morehead City yesterday afternoon, 17-8, in an exhibition game played at Wade Brothers Park in Morehead City.

In 1800, Bedloe's Island, now site of the Statue of Liberty, was given by New York State and City to the Federal government in connection with plans to fortify New York harbor.

Visiting Nurse
by Kathleen Harris

CHAPTER 9

HILDRED did not meet Randy with his battered coupe, but when Robin drove her home from the front house at eleven o'clock that following evening the little coupe was parked in front of her door.

She could not suppress the leap of delight her heart gave, the way her footsteps quickened. She had been a foolish girl, thinking he did not care; she should not question his love. It was just that it was hot Randy's nature to show how he felt or to betray his emotions with words. Actions must speak for him. And he was here, wasn't he, waiting for her?

She was there, all right, stretched out on the couch — sound asleep.

"Poor boy," Mrs. McNaughten whispered. "He is all in. He's been sleeping like that, my dear, for almost two hours."

She said, almost grimly, "I'll just sit here and see how long before he decides to come to. You run along to bed, darling, you must be tired of keeping a lonely vigil. I'll take over."

Hildred settled down on the end of her spine, putting her feet on a low hassock, upholstered with a piece of her mother's needlepoint; she might as well be comfortable. She closed her own eyes.

When she opened them someone was shaking her gently, but thoroughly.

"You were snoring," Randy said, by way of greeting. Talking too, sort of mumbling. And you looked very comical, Hildy, with your mouth hanging open and your head as loose as a rag doll's."

"I — I looked . . . I was snoring . . . my head!" She was wide awake now. She sat up, holding her head as straight as if it had been wired. "Well, I like that! You were the one who was asleep and making all kinds of noises. And you did not look any too pretty yourself, Dr. Baird!"

Randy chuckled and reached down to pull the hassock from un-

der her feet — so that they hit the floor with a harder thump than her shoes had made — and proceeded t' sit down on it. "I'm sorry I fe₁ asleep. I wanted to tell you about the operation,"

SO that was it — that was the reason he had waited so long. Not because he had to see her, not for any of the reasons she had wanted to hear!

She said, "Well, go on — tell me about it — the operation.

"It was a tremendous success," he said, his lean, hard face coming to life, as it always did when he talked of his work. "I had quite an audience, not only Dr. Jordan, but some of the hospital staff and a few other visiting surgeons. All of them had said it could not be done. Muscle transferring has been a success for some time, but to transplant a nerve —"

"Well, Hildy, I did it! I proved it to them. And that little girl's arm will be as good as if it never had been paralyzed. That's why I stayed on, almost the week. I had to make certain everything would continue to go all right. But Dr. Jordon — and the rest, too — are convinced now."

"I'm so glad for you, Randy. Now you'll be famous and important, as you should be."

"Hardly!" But he shook his sandy head. "They want me to write an article for some medical journal. But I told Dr. Jordon to do it for me; I'll furnish the data. You know I don't care about being famous or any of that, Hildy." He chuckled softly again. "They seem to think that was what I was after, too — wanted me to consider joining the staff. Jordon assured me he could get me the appointment."

"And you wouldn't?"

"And give up the clinic?"

She had known that would be his answer. It was the one she would want him to give.

"I'm terribly proud of you," Hildred said, her voice choked with emotion.

"It's nice of you to say that, Hildy. I could not wait to tell you

because I knew you would feel as I do about it." And then he said the thing that was like a blow in Hildred's face. "You surely are the best little helper and pal any man ever had."

Instinctively Hildred drew back, her hand sliding out from beneath his. The impact of the blow was that strong. For now she knew with a sure certainty that Randy did not love her. That was all she was to him — all she had been all these years, throughout all the days and hours spent together.

She said, "Randy, I'm still awfully tired and it must be getting on toward morning now. I'm glad you waited to tell me. But you must go now, please."

He got up instantly. "Of course You're right, as always."

He did not leave the irony of that.

He said, "I guess it was hard on you, my being away. Why don't you stay home tomorrow and rest? Mamie and I can manage."

"Thanks. I believe I will stay home, Randy. I've things to do."

"Good girl!" He nodded his approval of her obedience and common sense.

Hildred sank down on the couch where he had slept. She no longer felt tired, nor for sleep. She felt beaten and old.

It certainly was high time she really woke up and stayed awake and quit all dreaming and wishful thinking. She was a good nurse; she ought to school herself to be nothing more. She could resign from the clinic and obtain work elsewhere. But like him this small clinic had grown close to Hildred's heart; the children she helped here were very dear to her. No, she could not desert them now.

No, that was not the way out either, she decided. She would have to go on. Just as she would go on loving Randy, though he would never know. Yet there must be some way . . . somehow . . . hope was eternal and she was not afraid.

'Dick Tracy' Gets Tough

The gent in the embarrassing position pictured above is Norwood Rose, who had the unhappy experience of drawing a black donkey by the name of "Dick Tracy" for his ride to first base in Thursday night's donkey baseball circus at Wade Brothers Park, sponsored by the Morehead City iLons Club.

The Lions Club, by tallying three runs in the last half of the fifth inning of a five inning game, defeated the Donkey Serenaders, 5-4.

The winning run was scored by Raymond Garris who, ironically enough, was the only one who was able to ride "Dick Tracy" around the bases.

Proceeds of the game will go toward sight conservation and aid for the blind.

Photo by Luther Earl Lewis

Nelson Wins Comet Title In Fourth of July Races

White canvas billowed in a southwest breeze at 21 sailboats raced a five mile course around Bogue Sound Sunday afternoon, competing for honors in the annual Fourth of July Regatta sponsored by the Morehead City Sailing Club. The event was the first commencement of sailboat racing here this season and it will be followed by Sunday afternoon races until Labor Day, when a sailboat festival will be held and awards will be presented for points scored in races during the season.

There were five divisions of boats and prizes awarded for first place in each division. The races began at 2.30 p.m. and the start and finish line was fixed at the Eighth street pier in Morehead City. Rules and regulations of the International Sailing Association were followed. The handicap allowed was seven seconds per foot of boat per mile of distance. Edgar Bell was official timekeeper.

"Popeye," under the guidance of Charlie Norton, of Durham, copped first place in the popular comet division by gliding home in 42 minutes and 30 seconds.

In the dead rise skiff division, Gib Willis piloted "Twilight" to victory, in 36:40, while Thurlow Whealton sailed the "Ace of Spades" in to win the handicap division at 39:20.

The 16-foot division was captured by Buddy Bailey in the "Sea King." His time was 50:42. Charlie Wickham from Camp Morehead nosed the finish line in the fourteen foot division in exactly one hour.

Toddy and Hane Parker, both of Goldsboro, gained second merits in the comet division by sailing the "Tar Bucket" in at 43:10 ahead of Phil Moore, Greenville, who

copped third place in the division. He clocked 45 minutes.

"Thelma." under Dr. Don E. Robinson of Burlington made the course in 36.55, just 15 seconds too late, in the dead rise skiff division.

In the handicap, Charlie Nelson riding the "Salty Water." a 21-foot sloop, ran second at 40:05, but a 35-second handicap brought him to 39:30, just 10 seconds behind the winner, D. G. Bell, in "1 John IV," came in third at 46 minutes.

Second honors in the 16-foot division went to Bobby Matthews racing the "Wel Del" in at 50:52 ahead of Morehead Stack, 51, 51-55. Tommy Cordova was just second in the 14-foot division when he was nosed out by one second The time was one hour and one second.

Other results were as follows: fourth, Ed Pate of Laurenberg, 45:20; fifth, Coon Cunningham of Wilson; 45:25; sixth, Pen Watson of Wilson, 46:00; seventh, Sandy McClamrock of Chapel Hill, 49:06. McClamrock broke his mainsheet at the first turn.

Handicap: fourth, H. O. Wade, 19-foot sloop; fifth, Bright of Cherry Point, 18-foot condor class.

For leading the comet division, Charlie Norton was given a two-gallon thermos jug donated by the

was built by Kenneth Wheaton, Willis, first in the dead rise skiff division received a gallon of Delux yacht paint, donated by the Hardware Building supply Co. of Morehead.

A portable refrigerator contributed by the S & W Drug store went to Thrulow Whealton, winner in the handicap division. Buddy Bailey won a barometer given by the Dee Gee gift shop, for the 16-foot division. Captain Pat Crawford of Camp Morehead awarded a trophy to Charlie Wickham for first place in the 14-foot division.

Charlie Norton's comet "Popeye" is 10 years old and has gained nationwide acclaim. In 1940 Charlie sailed his 16-foot sailboat from here up the Atlantic to the world's fair in New York. "Popeye" placed 3rd in the South Atlantic Regatta held at Wrightsville Beach last summer.

In the dead rise skiff duel, both the "Twilight" and the "Thelma"

crossed the line wearing topsails.

Winning the handicap, Thurlow Whealton sailed the leeward part of the course with a single reef. This is the second summer for his boat, "The Ace of Spades," which was built by Keneth Whealton, Thurlow's brother.

Lions no longer exist in South Africa.

OAKY DOAKS   PRINCIPAL PROBLEM