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FAMILIAR TO US ALL—It's entirely intentional on our part if this smirking character bears resemblance to that usually grumpy gent at your house who growls at his wife, and threatens to clobber the youngsters. He could be most any Dad in town, come Sunday morning. Maybe Bill Pierce, for example, beaming at Jo, Betty Jo and Billy, or Bill Bynum loosening up his charm for Katherine, Tommy and Kathy. Peep in any living room in Ghent, Riverside, Tryon Village, or elsewhere around New Bern, and you'll get much the same picture. Thank goodness, it's a happy picture—far removed from light bills, leaky faucets, burned toast, and all the other disconcerting things that often take the sweet out of Home Sweet Home. Actually, Dad doesn't deserve this all-out display of temporary adoration. Nobody knows that better than he does, but forgive him for lapping it up. Blue Monday will be bluer than ever, he'll be overdrawn at the bank, and his old lady will start yapping for a new sack dress. On top of that, the family dog is apt to make off with the steak purchased for supper, and Junior will knock out a tooth, sass the folks next door, or smear jam on the wallpaper. But for one day at least, let Dad think he's really somebody important, and be thankful that he's no worse than he is.

### Dogs Breathe Easier with Clearer Law

New Bern dogs are breathing easier, if a dog ever breathes easy in hot weather, now that City Attorney Alfred D. Ward has clarified the new law governing their conduct.

Some of the pooches, and their masters too, were upset over the idea of leashes or confinement. If they do get picked up, the canines won't have to worry about quick extinction.

What does worry some of the town's more adventurous dogs is the fact that they've been law breakers in the past, and didn't realize it.

Having roamed to their heart's content, from one end of town to the other, they've discovered belatedly that they should have oughta been arrested.

That's an awful thing for any self-respecting dog to discover, especially when he thought he was being an honest if not upright citizen.

Which proves, of course, that no dog should learn to read.

### Over 3,000 Miles Of N. C. Coastline

All New Bernians know that our town is located in the area embracing North Carolina's Coastal Plain.

What very few if any of them know is that the Coastal Plain covers 26,000 square miles. Level and sandy, it extends inland for 150 miles. No part of it has an altitude above 500 feet.

You may be surprised to learn that the state's general coastline is 301 miles in length. If you measure the over-all length of the coastline, around bays, inlets and estuaries reached by tidal water, it's 3,074 miles.

### BOUNTIFUL CROP OF BRASS

Honolulu — The latest roster of the United States Pacific Command shows a record 50 admirals and generals based in Hawaii.

Last year there were 36. The present line-up is: Army—16 generals; Navy—14 admirals; Air Force—14 generals; Marines—four generals; Coast Guard—one admiral. Hawaii National Guard—one general.

The man who goes around with a sour face ends up in a pickle.

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## Story About Inscription on Tomb Is True!

Writing in Sunday's Raleigh News and Observer, Jack Crowwell related the oft told story of a drunk in a graveyard who came across the following inscription:

"Reflect, O Man, while passing by, As you are now, so once was I; As I am now, soon you will be, Prepare for death and follow me."

Then, according to the story, the drunk added these lines: "To follow you I can't consent, Unless I know which way you went."

Apparently Jack, like a lot of other people all over the world who have heard the story, is under the impression that it's a yarn that somebody made up.

The part about the drunk is fictional all right, but there really is such an inscription—right in our own Cedar Grove cemetery. What's more, the added lines he quoted were once put on the tomb, not by a drunk but by a boy who was taking a short cut through the cemetery, enroute to Central school.

## A Weekend Prayer

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, unto us who know that we are weak, and who trust in Thee because we know that Thou art strong, the gladsome help of Thy loving kindness, Amen.

O Savior of the World, Who by Thy cross and precious blood hath redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee O Lord, Amen.

—Rev. Alton P. Hill, Jr. Trinity Methodist Church.

Between the engine and the driver an automobile gets many, many hard knocks.

## Today's Friday, the 13, In Case You Care at All

Don't get an inferiority complex, and feel a little on the stupid because you're apprehensive and uneasy on Friday the 13th.

No less a New Bernian than Mayor Robert L. Stallings, Jr., is just as superstitious as you are, and honest enough to admit it. Extremely practical, and certainly highly intelligent, he nevertheless leans toward all the ancient adages dealing with bad luck.

"I guess everybody is inclined to be somewhat restrained when the 13th falls on Friday," he says. "We may not take it too seriously, but at least it's on our minds."

As a matter of fact, Mayor Stallings says he would request another hotel room probably, on any old day in the year, if the clerk at the desk assigned him to Room 13. And, just like you, he wouldn't light three cigarettes on a match unless it was the last match to be had.

What about walking under a ladder? "I always walk around," Robert Lee admits. Furthermore, he begins to ask himself what's going to happen next when a black cat crosses his path.

We didn't get around to asking him about broken mirrors, but it's a cinch he'll start wondering about seven years bad luck if he ever shatters one. So you see, you're traveling in choice company when you knock on wood, cross your fingers, or say "bread and butter."

In fact, Compton's encyclopedia allows as how such delusions are almost unanimously common among us mortals. "While modern man prides himself on having thrown off all such superstitions," it says, "remnants of magical belief are found among fairly intelli-

gent people." Under this head, according to Compton's, are the aforementioned notions, along with lucky coins, spilling salt, wish-bones, opals and a thousand other things that are supposed to bring good luck or bad luck. Millions of people take zodiac signs seriously. If you think that's foolish, talk to the farmer or city gardener who plants on Good Friday.

In fact, there's a Madam Farrel one mile north of Goldsboro on the Wilson highway who appears to be making a mighty good living out of this business of superstitions. At any rate, she's operating in a brick home with a nice neon sign. That's a far cry from the crummy little tents that fortune tellers used to work in.

Billing herself as a "gifted palmist and psychic medium" she claims she "tells you any and everything you wish to know with-

out asking any questions, gives you names of enemies and friends, gives true and never failing advice on all affairs of life." In addition, Madam Farrell says she will "help you on business, love, marriage, wills, deeds, mortgages, lost and stolen articles, and speculations of all kinds."

Mayor Stallings is a mighty learned man, with some impressive college degrees, but maybe we ought to send him over to Madam Farrell for a refresher course. We ought to send the board of aldermen too.

In fact, we could get up a whole excursion for all City and County officials, plus doctors, lawyers, teachers and most certainly the editor of The Mirror. Imagine what could happen in our town if everybody knew everything there was to know about everybody else.

Why, in nothing flat we ought to be able to bring a lot of new folks to our town. We might need to, in order to fill the vacancies caused by all the other folks who decided to leave town in a hurry.

Maybe we'd better leave well enough alone. Even so, it's Friday the 13th, so be like Mayor Stallings—real careful, just in case.

## Inside Courthouse Is Place To Look

You can't tell a book by its cover, and fortunately the same thing is true of Craven county's repaired and recon-ditioned courthouse.

From the outside it looks even worse than it used to, but the interior is now modern and up to date. And, by retaining the outside, taxpayers were saved a pretty sum.

If you've been wondering why those windows on the Broad street side were bricked up, it was done to eliminate a fire hazard. Stairways and open windows could result in a major tragedy, if a bad blaze broke out.

## EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

Klamath Falls, Ore. — A substitute mailman says he was bitten by a mailman's dog.

The substitute said the dog bit him as he tried to deliver a letter to the home of the man for whom he was working.

All the while, the substitute says, the regular mailman sat on the porch and watched the dog bite.