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Folks who cling to the silly notion that dogs can't think obviously never had the pleasure of meeting George Garrell's Pal.

Pal died not long ago, but it would take a confirmed skeptic to deny that the 85-pound German shepherd not only thought, but showed a lot more judgment than the average haphazard human.

"He's downright spooky, the way he acts around the house," George used to say. "Or maybe I should say it's uncanny. Anyhow, I've had a bunch of dogs in my time, and this one beats them all."

Garrell's enthusiasm was thoroughly understandable. When he came home from the fire house, where he served for years as chief engineer, Pal would greet him at the door, and relieve him of his cap and jacket like a well-trained butler.

After placing these items in the proper spot, the dog put his master's shoes up too. He knew that George like to get comfortable for a relaxing perusal of his favorite newspaper.

Occasionally, Garrell would want something in an upstairs room. He told Pal, and the item was promptly fetched down without further ado. And when George or some other member of the family happened to be on the second floor, and needed something from the parlor, dining room or kitchen, they could count on the same creditable service.

That in itself was remarkable, but Pal's intelligence didn't end there. George had a large fire bell in the house that tapped every time a fire broke out in New Bern. Each time that an alarm came in, day or night, Pal made sure that Garrell knew it.

George is a heavy sleeper, so he was barked and tugged out of slumber more than once. However, at noon when the bell rang twice to signal the mid-day hour, Pal looked at the clock, yawned a toothy yawn and resumed his nodding.

On the other hand, if a bonafide alarm came in about noon, the big German shepherd would leap to his feet and bark excitedly in the usual manner. In other words, nobody fooled Pal when they started kicking that gong around.

Like all dogs, the Garrell pet enjoyed a trip out of doors after meal time. On rainy days or nights, he would return with his coat dripping. Strictly a gentlemen, Pal picked up a towel left for him at the door, and stood there until someone dried him off.

On hot days he liked to recline near a cooling floor-fan. Apparently aware that it costs money to keep such a fan going, he endured the humidity until he became overly uncomfortable. Then he stood by the fan, and barked vigorously until a member of the family turned it on for him.

Chasing automobiles was Pal's favorite pastime, but he was too smart to tangle with a fast-moving vehicle. When a car came down the street, he would race it to the corner, running along lawns at breakneck speeds. When he got to the corner, he stopped, and waited for another car to escort on the return trip.

No one ever saw him venture into the street. Even when he varied his routine by chasing a squirrel, the chase ended the moment the squirrel took off across the busy thoroughfare.

Needless to say, Pal had the run of the Garrell home. "We always treated him as if he were a member of the family," George says. "We got him from a kennel in South Carolina when he was only a month

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**CANINE HERO**—A deep affection for dogs is just one more thing that New Bern and its mother city of Berne have in common. The most popular exhibit in the Bernese Museum of Natural History is the mounted figure of Barry, a St.

Bernard that saved the lives of over 40 people lost in the snow. After 12 years of hard work, his strength failed and he peacefully passed the last years of his life in retirement.

## New Bern Is a Dog Heaven, And the Dogs Know It, Too!

No wonder New Bern's carefree canines look puzzled and disgusted when a hapless human complains that he is leading a dog's life.

Taken at face value, such an expression is as false as the villain's moustache in an old-time melodrama, and nobody knows this better than the joyous dogs abounding in our historic first State Capital.

More than anything else, New Bern is a dog heaven. We've got big ones and little ones, and a lot that would be classified in between. Admittedly, everybody doesn't own a pooch, but if you moved all the dog owners out of town the place would be deserted.

And if you tried to move all the dogs out of town—a stupendous undertaking—so many folks would be up in arms that you'd swear the Revolutionary War and the Civil War were both being revived here at one and the same time.

Speaking of wars, there wouldn't be any if you left it up to the dogs. Maybe a fight now and then, but no major conflict of lasting duration. Unlike grown-up humans, or their children, dogs have a way of getting along together.

Of course, there are bad dogs, but compared with the percentage of bad humans, the ratio is almost negligible. As for the frequent barkers, leave us not forget that humans are apt to run their mouth a good deal too.

One of the things a New Bern dog never has to worry about is his station in society. Humans who own a pedigreed pooch may be slightly snobbish over the fact, but

the pooch himself doesn't care a hoot. His closest friends are usually mongrels with ancestry of decidedly hazy origin.

Actually, New Bernians show

no marked preference for one particular breed. You'll find all of the better known ones here in profusion, including Boston bulls, boxers, cocker spaniels, daschunds,

chihuahuas, German shepherds, and others too numerous to mention.

There's something appealing about a town that loves dogs. The stranger in our midst recognizes a pleasant aspect of the home he left, when he sees local kids romping with their canine pets. Instinctively, newcomers feel that it must be a pretty good town after all.

Most of us, whether we own a dog or not, can appreciate Lord Byron's epitaph on the monument erected to "Boatswain" in the garden of Newstead Abbey. It reads in part:

"Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage with ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices.

This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog."

Hally Carrington Brent wrote of dogs in this manner: "Though prejudice perhaps my mind befores, I think I know no finer things than dogs; the young ones, they of gay and bounding heart, Who lure us in their games to take a part, Who with mock tragedy their antics cloak, and from their wild eyes' tail, admit the joke.

The old ones, with their wistful fading eyes, they who desire no further paradise than the warm comfort of our smile and hand, Who tune their moods to ours and understand each word and gesture;

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SUSAN ADAMS AND HER GINGER  
—Photo by Billy Benners