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"Kick yourself more and you'll kick others less." That isn't the epitaph you'll find on Tom Haywood's tombstone, but they are words by which he'll best be remembered.

Inventor of an ingenious self-kicking machine that attracted resolute customers from every state in the Union, he became nationally famous on radio networks, and internationally so through newspaper stories that circled the globe.

The whole thing started as a joke. Tom got to thinking about the many times folks said "I'd like to kick myself!" Obviously, this was a difficult thing to do, since Nature constructed human anatomy in such a way that not even an acrobat can kick himself satisfactorily in the area best adapted to receive it.

The Croatan commissioner designed a contraption to do the trick. He wasn't much of a carpenter, so he got his neighbor, Wilbur Herring, who was handy with tools, to build it for him and set it up at Tom's service station on Highway 70 east of New Bern.

Once it was put into operation, it didn't remain a joke very long. Before sundown on the first day, self-kickers were streaming to the scene. Most of the provoked mortals who used it took the punishment in dead earnest.

Of course, as always, a goodly number of folks stepped up to the platform as a prank, to be photographed. They were careful to turn the boot-swinging crank quite gently. Those who meant business didn't spare themselves.

Did it hurt? Of course it hurt, but like Tom said, "Every kick in the pants may be a boost up the ladder of fame and fortune, and the harder the kick, the higher the boost."

Tom never could figure out why a majority of the self-kickers were women. "Lots of them are good lookers," he once told us, and knowing that he shared our appreciation of feminine pulchritude we took his appraisal at face value.

"I well remember a 'come up and see me sometime' sort of blonde," he added. "She came up in an expensive limousine, with a dead-pan chauffeur. She had a lot of diamonds on. She bent over in the proper position, and turned the crank with a vigor that would have done credit to a blacksmith."

According to Haywood, she gave herself 13 swift kicks on her posterior, marched back to the limousine and rode off without uttering a word.

"I'd given plenty to know what she had done," Tom sighed, "and why she thought it deserved 13 kicks—no more and no less."

First installed back in July 1937, the self-kicking machine has never gone out of style. Human nature being what it is, the device never will. Thousands of disgruntled, regretful or remorseful Americans have "enjoyed" the democratic satisfaction of kicking themselves for something they did or didn't do.

Set after set of No. 11 shoes have been worn out from the many emphatic dust-offs. In fact, the strain was so great that sturdy steel rods were used to replace the original light bicycle tubing that just couldn't take it.

A roof was built over the machine, for the benefit of penitent pilgrims who didn't want to be disappointed on account of rain, sleet or maybe snow. Although some of the kickers came from Germany, Ireland and other foreign countries, Tom was kept busy with a mail order service, furnishing kicks by proxy. In such instances, Haywood served as whipping boy, and then dropped a note wishing the far-away stranger success from the boot he absorbed himself.



HAPPY VISITORS—Mary Elizabeth Schulteis of Washington, D. C., wouldn't think of leaving Mikey at home when she comes to New Bern for a pleasant stay with her grandmother, Mrs. Lonie Duffy, at the historic William Gaston house on Craven street.

In these photos, snapped for The Mirror by Wray's Studio, the very pretty 13-year-old shows off her pet so that you readers can see what a smart dog he really is.

Mikey is exceptional in everything but origin. Jumping through a hoop formed by the arms of his owner is a routine trick for him. Notice the nonchalant, effortless expression he wears as he does it here.

Climbing a ladder is one of his many accomplishments. Mikey, proud of this feat, smirks like the ham that he is as he struts his stuff in the hot July weather that New Bern sweltered under this week.

When Mary Elizabeth tells her nondescript mut to say his prayers, he bows his head between his paws and remains motionless until she says, "Amen."

No wonder he has won cups repeatedly in competition sponsored in Washington by the Tail Waggers Club, a national organization, and other contests too.



There's a heart warming story back of Mikey's presence in the Schulteis household. Mary Elizabeth, who loves all animals, picked him up at a dog pound, where he was destined to be exterminated as an unwanted stray.

Mary Elizabeth's rehabilitation of cast-off animals isn't restricted to dogs like Mikey. She has had equal success with her horse, Pal.

Pal was a miserable looking plug that a glue factory would have spurned when the vivacious young lady talked her family into getting him.

Kindness gave Pal respectability. Mary Elizabeth insisted on entering him in a horse show, and talked her father and her brother Albert into acting as flunkies for the big occasion.

It was a new experience for the girl and her steed. The only rank amateurs in the show, they walked off with first place in the children's division and second place in the women's division.

New Bern has had many a distinguished visitor in the past, including several presidents. None of them, as far as we are concerned, was half so remarkable as Mary Elizabeth Schulteis, a youngster who has demonstrated that love and faith can bring about a miracle for the lowliest of the low.

HERE IN NEW BERN

Smokers Disregard Warnings

At least half of New Bern's cigarette smokers have shrugged off the cancer scare, and are passing up filters in favor of conventional, non-protected fags.

Even more significant is the steadily increasing sale of all smokes here. New Bernians are puffing away as never before, and none of the many blasts aimed at the habit by scientists and medical experts seems to have had a telling effect on purchases.

As a matter of fact, The Mirror's survey reveals the greatest step-up in smoking among those persons of better than average mentality, who read the periodicals that have em-

phasized the high rate of malignancy said to occur from smoking. Women, of course, make up a very large percentage of the smokers in New Bern, and are more inclined to indulge to excess. They, like the

New Bern and Craven Pupils Seeing More and More Films

Textbooks haven't been discarded in New Bern and Craven county schools yet, but don't be surprised if it eventually happens.

Films, complete with sound, are replacing the printed page to an increasing extent, and there's no denying that the trend has far more good points than bad.

Actually, movies and slides have been in use here for some time, but further strides in visual-audio education are in prospect for the coming school year.

Already boasting a film library for all twelve grades, covering social studies, health, science and mathematics, the county board of education has now invested \$16,500 in the complete series of films on high school physics that the Encyclopedia Britannica has produced.

According to reports, only two of the state's largest cities, Charlotte and Greensboro, are in the same boat in Craven in having

male of the species, are either unimpressed by the scare, or regard the alleged hazards as a calculated risk.

Local doctors, along with fellow New Bernians, still smoke, and that

the coveted series available for their students.

Visit any school in our city and county, and you'll find projectors, screens and movies available. In fact, one of the big jobs that faced school officials during the off season was readying this equipment for further use a few weeks hence.

Film strips, or still slides, supplement movies in the lower grades and have been invaluable. On the high school level students show little enthusiasm for the stills, but welcome the sound films and make the most of the instruction and enlightenment offered.

Literally hundreds of films are readily available in our city and county schools. Subjects covered range from atomic research and parliamentary procedure in action to Hoppy, the Bunny.

Projections aren't limited to movies and film strips. A teacher has

in itself is a heartening thing to the average layman. He figures, rightly or wrongly, that the risk can't be as great as pictured if competent and well informed physicians are still taking their cigarettes in stride.

So heavy is the demand here that one wholesaler told us he could sell all the fags he could lay his hands on. "We just can't get enough," he said. Other items on his shelves show a tapering off in certain seasons, or when money is tight, but apparently most folks would rather go hungry than do without their full supply of smokes.

7th Annual Dairy Show Scheduled

New Bern's seventh annual edition of the Coastal Carolina Junior Dairy Show will be held on Sept. 10-11.

Any youngster under 21 in Craven, Carteret, Jones, Onslow, Pamlico and Beaufort counties is eligible to have entries in the competition, whether he or she is a member of a 4-H or FFA club.

Past events at the Show Barn here have included Jerseys, Guernseys, Holsteins and a few Ayrshires. Jerseys and Holsteins dominated the scene, reflecting the continuing popularity of these breeds in the coastal area.

Many Cities Have Male Garden Clubs

Why not have a New Bern Garden Club For Men? You'll find such groups in the State's larger cities, and some of the smaller ones.

No longer is the male who goes into rapture over roses considered a sissy, and in New Bern as elsewhere some of the better floral projects are those tended by men.

Sooner or later, masculine flower fanciers here are going to organize. When they do, it will be another progressive step toward beautification of the village.

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