

THE NEW BERN MIRROR

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DESERVED PUNISHMENT

Few tears should be shed by the general public for two Marines and two civilians who drew heavy fines and suspended sentences in Craven Recorders Court for unlawful hunting at night in the Ernul section.

There's nothing sporting about firelighting deer. It doesn't take much skill or ingenuity to slaughter three bucks and a doe that have been blinded and confused by a sudden beam of light in their startled eyes.

As if this wasn't bad enough, the chief offender in this instance was not only firelighting, but hunting out of season without a license. Killing a doe—unlawful at any time, emphasized his total disregard for rules and regulations that apply to everyone who sets out with a gun in quest of game.

Our guess is that the deer mowed down by the four admitted offenders were easy pickings. Their wanton act, is particularly repulsive to the editor of The Mirror, because we can recall seeing on one occasion at least a score of deer feeding in an open field at night in the Havelock area.

They made no effort to flee when headlights of the car in which we were riding were trained upon them. As unsuspecting as cows grazing in a pasture, they could have been slain wholesale. Fortunately, there wasn't any danger of that from occupants of this automobile. We weren't interested in having a massacre.

No one should resent firelighting more deeply than hunters who stay within the bounds of the law. Conservation of game, aside from the aspects of sportsmanship and fair play, is a must if this form of recreation is to survive for those who like the great outdoors.

Wildlife authorities did a good job in apprehending the firelighters and bringing them to the bar of justice. We wish them further success whenever any man with a gun stoops to this sort of thing on some future night.

EVERYBODY HATES THEM

One of the things that all New Bernians share a hearty dislike for is this business of waiting in line. We have to do it at the bank, the postoffice, and a lot of other places, but we aren't at all happy about it.

Never, anywhere else, do the minutes pass as slowly and your patience wear threadbare as quickly. Standing back of the other fellow while he gets waited on is immediately frustrating, and frustration mounts into a state of infuriation if he takes longer than you think he ought to.

Likely as not, you'll consume twice as much time yourself when you finally arrive at the window, and show even less concern for the folks who are standing in line behind you.

It isn't always that we're in a hurry, or suffering from aching feet. The simple unadulterated truth is we resent having to wait our turn. Most of us have enough sense and enough decency to keep this inner churning to ourselves, although a close observer is apt to read it on our faces.

A few sorry samples of humanity will crash the line, if they think they can get by with it. Such people deserve to be floored with a stiff uppercut, although a head as hard as that would probably require not one but two good pokes on the jaw.

Rudeness while delayed in a line isn't restricted to mortals who happen to be standing up. As a matter of fact, motorists are even more insulting in their demands for special privileges. fers a measure of protection from the fellow mortal you are That's because an automobile is something of a haven, and of-insulting.

All of us are familiar with the crummy character who toots his horn at the slightest provocation, or with no provocation at all. If you stop momentarily, or don't step on the gas as the light is turning green he acts for all the world like you've committed an unforgiveable crime. Alas, some of us happen to be that crummy character, at least part of the time.

Historical Gleanings

—By—

FRANCES B. CLAYPOOLE
and
ELIZABETH MOORE

Sales and net proceeds of part of the Estate of Jacob Mitchell, deceased, at Vendue, the 16th of October, 1773, at New Bern and continued at MILL CREEK the 18th and 19th instant, by Christopher Neale, administrator:

ALEXANDER MCAUSLAN: The Sloop Polly, mainsail, foresail, gib and flying gib, square sail, two anchors and cables, 1 speaking trumpet, 2 mariner compasses, 2 marling spikes, 1 log board, 2 half-hour glasses, 2 pots, 2 saws, 2 pewter dishes, 2 pewter plates, 3 stone plates, 6 pewter spoons, 1 Delph punch bowl, 4 wine glasses, 1 teapot, 2 tin cannisters, 1 knife box with some knives, and forks, 1 scrubbingbrush, 1 drawing knife, 2 salt shovels, 2 caulking irons, 1 iron ladle and flesh forks, 1 fish hook for the anchor, 7 empty hogsheads, 1 broad axe.

RICHARD ELLIS: 1 ship stove, a set of careening blocks and falls, 1 hogshead rum (101 gall.) 1 hogshead rum (114 gall.), 1 sailing boat, 1 keg brandy.

GEORGE RAYER: 1 fishing tackle. EDMOND WRENSFORD: 7 kegs brandy, 1 hogshead rum (111 gall.). JOHN BARKER: 1 keg brandy, 1 pair shoes, 1 cake Castile soap, 1 hogshead rum (116 gall.). JOSEPH RICH: 1 keg brandy, 1 basket M. Fontaigne, 1 hogshead rum (110 gall.), 1 cake Castile soap. JAMES COOR, 1 keg brandy, 1 basket M. Fontaigne, 1 hogshead rum (99 gall.), 1 doz. Claret. ISAAC EDWARDS: 1 keg brandy.

CHRISTOPHER NEALE: 1 basket M. Fontaigne, 1 cake Castile soap, 1 empty box, 1 piece canvass, 1 barrel rum (30 gall.), 100 lb. sugar, 1 side sole leather, 1 barrel rum.

WILLIAM CLANCY: 1 basket M. Fontaigne, 1 hogshead rum (113 gall.), 100 lbs. sugar, 3 calf skins.

THOMAS SITGREAVES: 1 basket M. Fontaigne. JOSEPH LEECH, 1 piece canvass, 1 piece canvass. JOHN MCLIN: 1 piece canvass, 1 compass, 1 piece canvass. ALEXANDER LAUNDERS: 1 cake Castile soap. DANIEL BURNET, 1 cake Castile soap, 1 barrel rum (31 galls.), 100 lbs. sugar, 1 old sugar hogshead. JOHN RUMSEY: 1 hogshead rum (72 galls.). TIMOTHY CLEAR: 1 doz. Claret. THOMAS MCLIN, 1 cake Castile soap. SAMUEL NOBLE: 1 cake Castile soap, 100 lbs. sugar. CAPTAIN TUTTLE: 1 Seaman's daily assistant. GEORGE BROWN: 1 bar-

Village Verses

When We're Remembered

There is no death, no final bitter end,
As long as we're remembered, and cherished by a friend;
The songs we sing, our laughter, will live beyond the grave,
The words we speak, the deeds we do, some heart is apt to save.
There is no death, the memory of a smile
Is never buried with us, and perhaps a little child
Who passed your way, one busy day, will pleasantly recall
A fleeting look or hasty phrase, long after growing tall.
There is no death, the earth may claim its own,
But others reap the happiness that you and I have sown,
And in their rhythmic heart beat, the heart throbs we once knew
May echo oh so softly, old thoughts may rendezvous
And bless the glowing presence with heirlooms from the past,
Trifles, once as light as air, surprisingly they last.
Can't you sorta feel them, hovering in our town?
When the busy day is done, and the night comes down?
Memories on tree-shaded streets, along the river shore,
And in the red brick schoolhouse, with carved and battered door.
Memories in your neighborhood—the church where you were wed,
Memories most everywhere—who dares to say they're dead?
There is no death, no final bitter end,
As long as we're remembered, and cherished by a friend.
—JGMcd.

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