



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Because we're one of the New Bern males past 40 who had boyhood visions of making a million dollars out of raising rabbits, the recent success of this industry in Harnett county intrigues us.

Over that way, around Lillington, they're producing and selling 800 of the domestic bunnies a week. Not only that, but they've got a waiting market for 4,000 a week.

Rabbits were quite the thing, when we came along, and some of the youngsters here did well with their Belgian hares, Flemish giants and other varieties. John Faulkner, who lived at the corner of Pollock and Hancock, was something of an expert. His rabbits were most cooperative.

John made the majority of his sales to other kids who were duly impressed with the prolific tendencies of his rabbits. These lads visualized a yard full of the things too, but it didn't work out that way.

We recall, with regret that lingers to this day, how we pampered two remarkably healthy bunnies for more than a year, only to discover belatedly that we were furnishing bed and board for two old maids.

Having learned a bitter lesson, we made a fresh start, but it didn't do any good. Much as we hate to admit it, in all of our attempted rabbit raising we didn't produce the first rabbit.

Exasperation gave up the bright idea of ordering a rabbit book from the government in Washington. It had a lot of big words in it, but the rabbits couldn't read it.

Meanwhile, John Faulkner's litters became more plentiful. Since both of us lived on Pollock street, and fed our rabbits the same food, this was hard for a boy to understand.

To add insult to injury, John did equally well with pigeons. His nests were always full of eggs, or full of squabs that were newly hatched. It couldn't have been the location, because he later moved to Raleigh and kept right on raising more and more pigeons.

After failure in the rabbit business and the pigeon business, we ventured into the realm of guinea pigs and white mice. The results, or lack of results, proved to be the same.

Only once did we have fleeting success in reaping a reward from the animal kingdom. An owl lighted on our woodshed early one morning, and made the mistake of taking a nap.

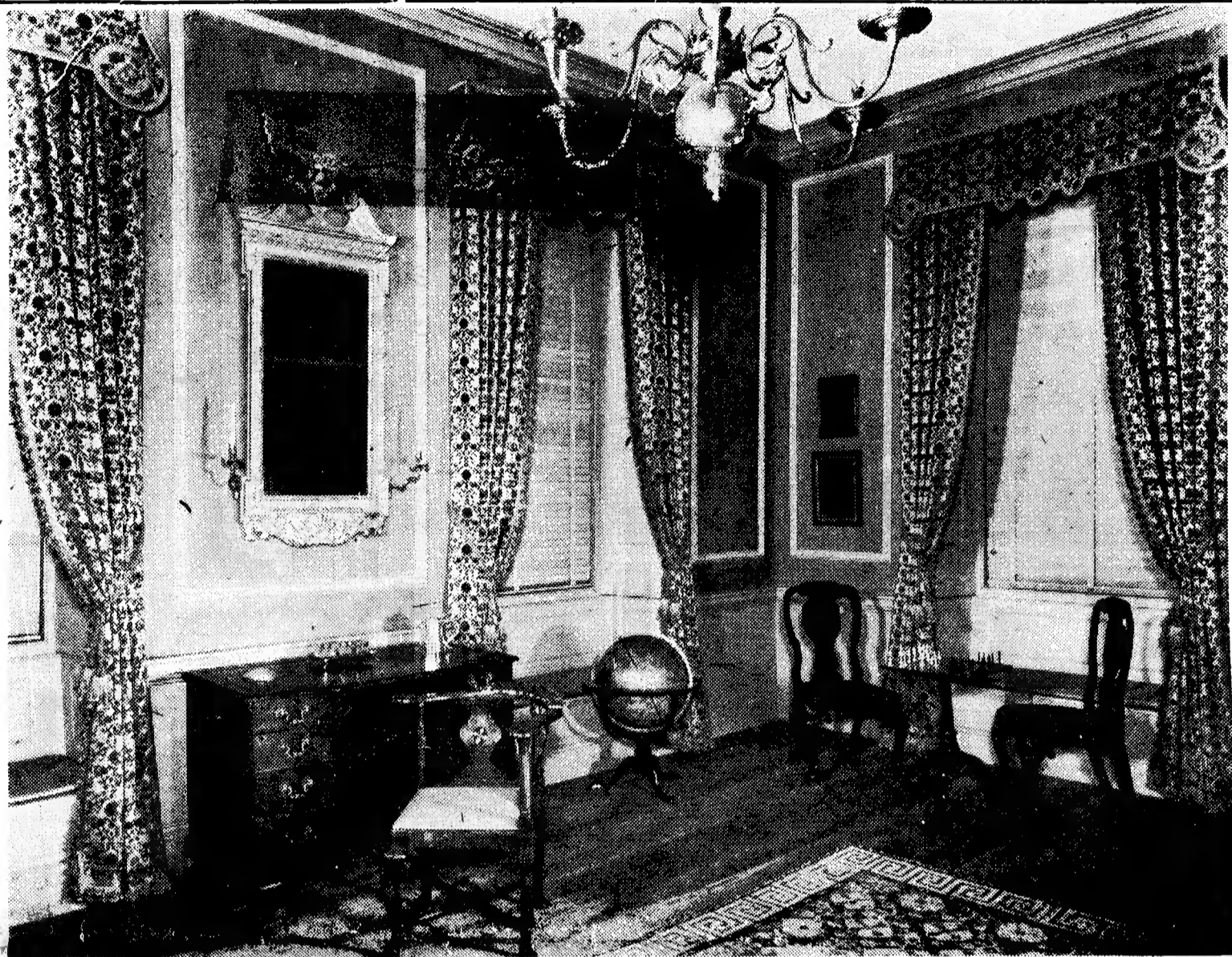
Before he knew what was happening, we toppled him from his perch with a clothes-line pole, and put him in a cage. Then, spreading the news among all the other kids in town, we charged admission to see the critter.

Back in those days you could buy two pieces of chocolate candy for a penny, so we charged two pieces of chocolate candy for a look at the owl. Since we weren't at all sure what owls ate, and wanted to be completely fair about it, each boy or girl was instructed to feed the owl one piece, and we ate the other piece.

The owl seemed to like his diet, but business was booming and he must have gotten too much of a good thing. At any rate, on the third day he looked sad all of a sudden when a piece of candy was poked at him. Owls are supposed to hoot, but this one just sighed softly and died then and there.

For weeks we hopped out of bed every morning, hoping to find another owl that would put us back in show business. The curtain had gone down for keeps, however, and after that we had to rake yards, cut wood and mow lawns to get a supply of candy for our own urgent needs.

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TRYON'S LIBRARY—Visitors who stream into Tryon Palace when it opens officially in April will be emphatically impressed with this view of the Governor's library. Like other rooms in the State's first capitol, this one has beautiful drapes, and all of the other furnishings are priceless

antiques. Note the chess board, and a globe that is completely out of date in a world that has seen countless geographical changes since Tryon's day.—Photo by Louis H. Frohman.

Scraping Is Still Preferred by Average New Bern Shaver

Ridding yourself of chin alfalfa with an electric razor has its appeal, but a sample survey of New Bern males indicates that the great majority still prefer "scraping" as their Pa and Grandpa did before them.

A goodly number of the gents hereabouts have purchased the electrical gadgets only to abandon them. Thousands haven't even tried them, while a pleased minority use them daily.

Those with fuzz lean more heavily toward electric razors than does the bristle brigade. Incidentally, the old-time razor like the ones still in use at your favorite barber shop is virtually extinct in private homes.

This, if nothing else, is a fortunate thing for small boys who can't resist the urge to give their faces a premature going over. A safety razor is dangerous enough, but those long-bladed contraptions old were a wicked implement for unskilled kids to handle.

Some of the town's outstanding male citizens almost eliminated themselves in boyhood by sneaking these folding razors out of a bureau drawer and experimenting disastrously in the seclusion of the family's bathroom.

So far as our research was able to determine, none of the lads of old were actually decapitated, but plenty of them ended up rather sliced of countenance. Today's juveniles, thanks to the prevalence of safety razors, escape with nicks rather than lacerations.

It should surprise no one to learn that very few New Bern men shave twice daily—5 o'clock shadow notwithstanding. What's more, it is not at all uncommon to find a local male who gets by with

shaving every other day.

You need not be told, of course, that moustaches are almost nonexistent here. One of the changes on the local scene during the past generation is the steady decline of

elderly gentlemen with a moustache, a beard, or both. Today's elderly gentleman is clean shaven, and he resents being called elderly.

Something else that our survey revealed is the fact that New Bern men follow no set pattern in their shaving habits. The majority of them shave in the morning, but almost as many shave at night before going out for a meeting or social function.

As might well be imagined, the single male is more apt to shave at night—if he shaves daily—since courting with a growth of whiskers is hardly the best way to woo a maid.

With New Bern's 250th anniversary just around the corner, somebody is apt to come up with the now well-worn idea of having the town's masculine population grow beards.

This is a fearful thing to contemplate, since most men here are lacking whatever it takes to produce a crop of whiskers both prolific and attractive. In full bloom they'll frighten local small fry out of their wits, and send squirrels and birds scurrying to the woods.

Of one thing there can be no doubt. Whether you use an electric razor or a safety razor, keeping your face unadorned with chin alfalfa is just about the smartest endeavor you'll ever lend a hand to.

No one is this day and time can sport a beard and still stay popular with other mortals. No one, that is, except Santa Claus.



INSTALLED — West New Bern Presbyterian church is quite pleased with its new pastor, the Rev. Scott M. Poole. Seen here, bottom row, left to right, are Tom Davis of Greenville, executive secretary of the Albemarle Presbytery; Poole; and the Rev. Denver S. Blevins, pastor of Neuse Forest Presbyterian church. On the back row, left to right, are the Rev. J. Murphy Smith, pastor of First Presbyterian church; Dan Cratch of Washington, and Charles S. Hollister of New Bern.—Photo by Wooten Moulton Studios.