

## KENNEL KAPERS — IN — KANGAROO LAND

Hello,

Mother Kennel informs us that she would be interested in knowing in more detail what our average day is like. I can't speak for Robbie, but I will oblige by writing up "My Day"—not to be confused with articles of the same title by Mrs. Roosevelt.

The first sound I hear on Monday morning is that of ye ole faithful alarm clock singing its merry song about 7:00. After begrudgingly turning the clock off and radio on, I turn over for another 15 minutes or so. As the news comes over the "wireless" I know that I MUST get up or I'll be late for work. I quickly turn the single bar heater up in a vain attempt to warm the room before dressing.

In answer to my "Good morning, Robbie," I receive a low grunt from the bundle on the bed. If I can get him awake enough—and if I am not running too late—I scramble a quick egg, burn the toast which is lavishly covered with 50 cents per pound butter, and pour a glass of milk. At 30-second intervals I call out that it is time for Robbie to get ready for breakfast. As I finally give up hope of his ever leaving the nice, warm bed, he runs to wash his face and hands—although I think the call of nature is more forceful than I.

I then remember that the milk hasn't been brought in, so I make a dash to the gate (almost all the homes here have a high fence) to bring in the three pints of milk which are left daily for us. The 8

cent pints seem almost like quarts since they are a quarter again as large as the pints we have at home. I must remember, too, to bring the paper in if I want to keep peace in the family. Robbie groans and complains a little because the papers aren't quite as newsy as he would like, but they will do in a rush.

Great day in the morning! Here it is 8:15 and I have not put out the plate for the baker to leave the bread on. Five days a week fresh bread is delivered to our door and at 12 cents for a quarter of a loaf—which is more than half the size of the loaves in the grocery stores at home.

I kiss Robbie hurriedly on the cheek and ask him to please bring the clothes on the line in if he arrives home earlier than I. He feels in a bit of a hurry now since he must catch an early train in to the university for a day of study. As I grab my car coat and run out the gate, I see the uniformed school children who have just come in on their train, which means I have about a minute and a half to cover a block and 30 steps to the platform.

Fortunately, I don't have to buy a ticket since we decided it would be economical for us to invest in a season railway ticket which would enable us to ride the train the three and three-quarters miles from our station to Melbourne at any time without paying additional fare.

I reach the platform in time to say hello to a few folks I've made acquaintance with, and then we hear the train whistle as it approaches. Now the decision comes—shall we go in this compartment with four people standing (there is room for five) or shall we run up and down the platform looking for a compartment with a seat? We know from experience there is no need to waste our energy, so we climb into the nearest door and hope the ride will be a relatively smooth one as there is a lack of "hanging-on" apparatus. Sometimes a young boy or school girl will offer their seat, and I feel like grandma since I still consider myself young enough to give an elder person my space (which in many instances isn't larger than a postage stamp—and sometimes I find myself sitting on someone's knee).

Once I get into Melbourne and leave the station, I go by a florist

to pick up flowers for my employer's office. Since we are in the winter season, the selection is limited to holly, poinsettia—and it isn't even Christmas—carnations, and greenery plus a few more expensive ones. Carnations other than white ones are about 50 cents a dozen. Earlier in the season gladioli were 60 cents a dozen while chrysanthemums were 50 cents for 25 or 30 blooms.

As I walk from the florist shop to the office, I have a chance to think about the letter Mother wrote with the report of 94 degree weather. The cold reminds me that my gloves are in my pocket, so I reach for them while still thinking of the sun tans New Bernians must have by now.

I have written as much as we allow ourselves per article, and I have barely begun the day. I will try to talk Robbie into letting me tell you more about an average day in Melbourne in a later article. I will pose the proposition after feeding him a steak (60 cents per pound) dinner, and he is sure to see things my way!

Cheerio!  
JEAN.

Maybe you've heard the story about a certain New Bern young man who thought being poetic might impress the visiting girl he was dating.

"I love Kipling, don't you?" he drooled with no little dignity.

"I don't know," she replied.

"How do you kiple?"

READ THE MIRROR WEEKLY

## MIRROR MEDITATION

I was on the outset of a busy day, when I passed an aging friend. He paused and looked around, and greeted me with "What a beautiful day!" His voice had all the depths of sincerity, and the expression had taken in the full measure of his words.

With a quick acknowledgement, I was on my way. But I had caught his peculiar glance, a story in his eyes. What a beautiful day? If measured in value, he saw its worth. If measured in time, it was longer for him than the potential of mine.

He saw in it rare beauty, and a gift of another day's life. In his eyes were pity. It could not have been for himself, but for me. I had missed his day completely.

Sometimes I wonder if it behooves us all to stop each morning, look out into the day—measure its

worth—if not in beauty, then another chance at life.

Recount your blessings, take stock of all the handiwork of God for us to enjoy. Be thankful, for it can be "A Beautiful Day."

—Emmitt L. Brinson.

Seeing Mayor Stallings with a worried look, a friend asked him what was wrong.

"My goldfish has eczema," His Honor replied.

"Is it very serious?" the friend queried.

"No, just on a small scale."

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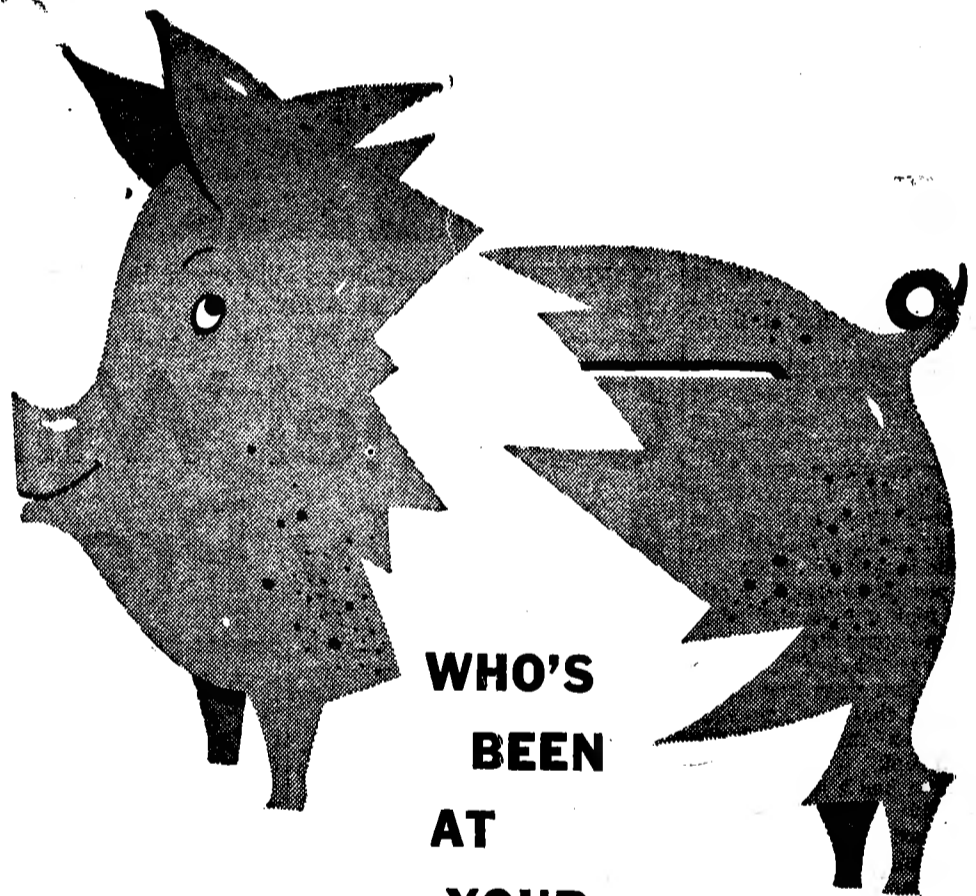
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Every year, some of your tax money is poured into unnecessary federal "public power" dams and plants in remote areas of the U.S. This is money you might have saved—or spent for things your family needs. For there's no need for this federal electricity. Independent electric companies are ready and able to provide all the electricity the nation needs.

*Who's behind this needless billion-dollar spending of tax money?* The lobbyists for federal "public power," the bureaucrats, the socialists. Every time they push another "public power" project through Congress, your family is taxed to pay the bill.

*What can you do?* Spread the word about this needless spending of your money. If enough families speak out publicly, you can be sure something will be done about it.

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