



The NEW BERN MIRROR

NO. 10 WEEKLY
ST. OF
Mrs. A. N. Murphy
2000 Arundell St.
New Bern City, NC.
5¢ Per

VOLUME 4

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1961

NUMBER 18

On those all too rare occasions when a newspaperman has a few idle moments to toy with, he is apt to recall some of the unusual stories covered in days that are forever gone.

Most of the stories weren't really big, but they did have the spark of human interest that can make even a trivial item readable. And in retrospect these little incidents are remembered more readily than events that made the headlines.

Take what happened uptown 28 years ago — on June 12, 1933, to be exact. There was nothing wrong with Haywood Green's desire to smell sweet on a Sunday afternoon, but the way he went about the job of getting highly scented landed him in Craven county jail.

It all happened when Green snatched a bottle of violent violet perfume belonging to Theodore Jones, while the two were at the same rooming house. Jones objected to being deprived of his cologne bottle, and told Green as much.

Maybe it was the heat, the objector, or the perfumic reaction — at any rate Green drew a knife and proceeded to stab the objector. The wounds were not serious, and the injured man was able to appear in Mayor Hubert Tolson's City Court. Justice was meted out, and so far as we know there were no further disputes over cologne between the two perfume-appreciating roomers.

Along about this same time, if you recall, we covered the case of Fred Hussey who was employed at the First Citizens Banks and Trust Company here. One morning he reached into a wastebasket for a newspaper he wanted to take a second look at, and something grabbed his hand. The something was a full grown rat that had taken a firm grip on one of his fingers.

Fred's calls for help were not unlike the Alpine warblings of the Swiss yodeler, his feet tattooed a vigorous and impromptu rhumba on the First Citizens floor. To say that there was no lack of noise and excitement would be the understatement to end all understatements.

The confusion and hysteria amused the rat so much he had to release his grip and laugh awhile. Taking advantage of the rat's keen sense of humor, Hussey scooted to safety. The rat scooted too, but where he scooted is something that no one could determine after the rodent's assault.

Fred headed for Ernest Wood's drug store, a few doors up Middle street, and "Doc" patched his paw up until it was almost as good as new. As for the newspaper that Fred was aiming to read, he never did get around to perusing it. Whether the rat had been reading it when Hussey disturbed him, is a matter for speculation.

Rats, of course, don't specialize in biting the fingers of bank employees. Instead they destroy hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property in the United States every year, and affect a larger percentage of the population than any other pest in existence.

Fortunately, we've never been bitten by a rat, or even a mouse. However, one of the most painful experiences we had in childhood was associated with rats, and that too is easy to remember.

On a cold winter's night, when it was much too chilly to freeze upstairs in a drafty bathroom, we had been thoroughly scrubbed in a galvanized washtub in the living room.

Those of you who aren't ashamed to admit your early raising will recall similar scrubbing, with newspapers spread around the tub to catch the splashing, and a red-hot coal stove keeping you from getting cold.

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WAY BACK WHEN—Our thanks to Mildred Hammond, who rounded up this photograph of a long-ago class in the New Bern public schools. Dr. Charlie Hall Ashford is second from the left on the front row, and Bob Pugh is second from the right. Now see if you can find Mildred, Richard

Spencer, Mary Louise Griffin, Margaret Bray, Allen Buck, Margaret Smith, Amelia Walnau, Mamie Hibbard, Laura Rae, Lizzette Perry, Elgie Carraway, Annie Wells Sanford, Bryan Duffy, Esther Bell Newberry, Glennie Hunter and Robert Lee Armstrong.



AN EXCITING SEASON—Pictured here are some of the youngsters and their coaches who participated in the Sally Softball League this season. Co-sponsored by the New Bern Recreation Department and New Bern's Jaycee-ettes, the

program attracted 55 sports-minded girls. We might add that a number of these young ladies can wield a wicked bat, when they're up at the plate.—Photo by John R. Dexter.