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It's true what they say about Dixie, if you're referring to the favorite cat that Linda Harrison (now married) had when she was a little girl living on Fleet street.

Linda, 11 at the time, had eight cats in all, but Dixie was the only one deserving special mention. At that, there would be no story worth the telling if Spot, a fight-loving mongrel dog, hadn't resided in the same zoological household.

Considering the fact that one was a pooch and the other a kitty, Spot and Dixie looked very much alike. Both were black, with dabs of white on their paws, under their throats, and on their well-filled tummies.

They could have been almost cousins, if the birds and bees routine permitted such discrepancies. As it was, they behaved in a manner that would do credit to brothers. They dined together, while the other seven cats, all tabbies, eyed them forlornly from a considerable distance.

Spot was strictly a one-cat dog, and we hasten to add that Dixie, in turn, was a one-dog cat. There were no exceptions to the rule. Scars adorned the few doubters that tried to disrupt the equilibrium of this cozy companionship.

Friendliness is fragile when it can't withstand the rigors of adversity. But never let it be said that this dog and cat combination lacked durability sufficient for any situation.

In keeping with his vanity and a constant craving for combat, Spot was indignantly delighted to discover a new dog meandering along Fleet street on a day we'll long remember.

No dog but a new dog would have engaged in so foolish an undertaking. There was just one city block of Fleet, and Spot had allotted just one canine to the abbreviated but thoroughly busy thoroughfare.

The intruder exhibited a few outward signs of being a battler in his own right. To the contrary, there was more than a subtle suggestion that a formidable number of fleas had already registered a major victory over the strolling stranger.

However, Spot wasn't one to quibble, simply because a dog had seen better days, or didn't even see good days to start with. So, with Dixie forming a one-cat rooting section on the Harrison doorsteps, he sailed into the unsuspecting stranger.

The element of surprise naturally gave Spot a momentary advantage, and for a matter of seconds he acquitted himself as befits a champion. But the underdog refused to stay under, and proceeded to give his arrogant attacker a sound thrashing.

Dixie stood the mayhem as long as she could, confident that Spot would make a comeback. When it became painfully obvious that her hero was doomed to destruction, she leaped into the fray herself.

Landing, as was her intention, on the visiting dog's back, she induced him through the medium of well applied claws, and equally well applied teeth to relinquish his claim to the championship.

Yelping, as only a dog molested by a cat can yelp, he disappeared faster than a cone of cotton candy at a mid-summer carnival.

Having done her good deed for the day, Dixie consoled Spot and escorted him back to the Harrison porch. The whole affair seemed to whet the cat's appetite, but Spot was definitely off his feed for the next couple of days.

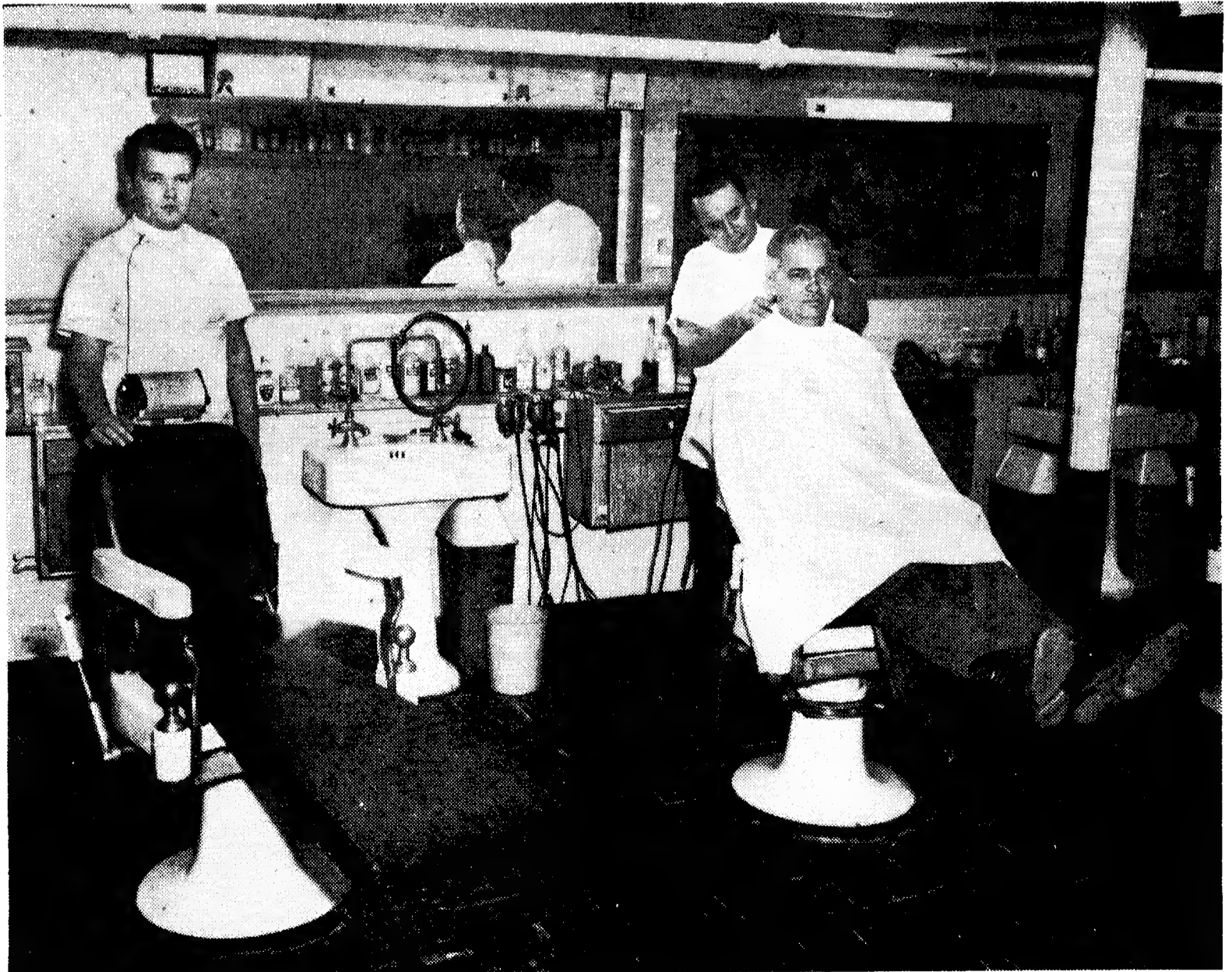
Maybe it was just imagination, but Dixie seemed to wear a smirk ever after, when she looked at Spot. Could it have been that she

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AN IDEA BECOMES AN INVENTION—Pictured on the left is Irene Stallings of Charlotte, seated in the unique dental chair that was conceived by Dr. Charles T. Barker, New Bern dentist, and fashioned by Thomas O. Gray, New Bern upholster. On the right, Doris Smith of New Bern is

quite pleased with a lounge chair that utilizes the same design. No scrambling is necessary to get in or out of either chair. The patented zig-zag construction has ended embarrassment and awkwardness.—Photos by Wray Studio.



STILL ANOTHER USE—Thomas O. Gray, co-inventor with Dr. Charles T. Barker of the Dentalounge, is seen here in the Elks Temple barber shop, seated in a barber's chair that follows the original design patented by the two New

Bernians. Pelton & Crane, a leading manufacturer of professional equipment, is turning out the chairs. Gray and Barker are collecting royalties from coast to coast.—Photo by Billy Benners.