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Stephen (Reddie) Hurtt was in New Bern the other day. It was the first time the editor of The Mirror had seen him in close to 40 years, so we did an about face and got to recalling some of our boyhood experiences.

Envy doesn't happen to be one of this writer's many faults, but at this late date we'll have to admit that we were a little jealous of Red. He had a goat named Bill, and a cart to go with the critter. Among the kids this put him in an even higher category than the well heeled gent of today who owns a Cadillac.

In our heart, we knew we would never have a goat we could call our own. Every Christmas we asked Santa Claus for a pony, a bicycle, or an electric train — hoping to get one of the three. St. Nick never did come across.

What we really wanted most was a billy goat, but the slightest mention of it at our house invariably caused a fuss. In view of that, there was no point in wasting postage on a letter to the North Pole, requesting a foul smelling pet with horns.

Ben Hur in his chariot was never prouder than a boy who was privileged to ride in Reddy Hurtt's goat cart. Before you took off for a mad dash down the street, Red gave you explicit instructions on how to pilot the vehicle. You needed a navigator in the cart too, but there wasn't room.

The goat had only one gear — he started in high and stayed in high until he had run his course. To get underway, you simply twisted his tail twice instead of once.

The reins were small ropes, and there was something very important to remember. When you wanted the goat to go to the right, you pulled to the left, and vice versa. It was a good idea to have unlimited visibility, since the brakes that the goat may have had in his younger days weren't part of his equipment in latter years. Besides, if he took the notion he would run smack into a brick wall or a tree, just to break the monotony.

Like Ferdinand the Bull, Red's goat dearly loved flowers. Ferdinand was content to sniff them, but not Bill. His specialty was roses, and he ate them at every opportunity. Needless to say, this sort of diet didn't exactly endear him to flower growers on Short, New, Change, and East Front streets.

He was fondest of Mrs. Larry Moore's roses on upper East Front street. Whenever he ran away from home, which was often, Red looked for him first at the large and lovely Moore residence. Not satisfied with devouring all the roses he could find in the yard, he had the audacity to invade the front porch and gobble up the roses there too.

So far as we could tell, the roses didn't improve his aroma. He still smelled like every other goat in town, including Bill Wadsworth's billy goat. Speaking of the Wadsworth goat, Red's goat made the mistake of getting in an argument with him on an unforgettable occasion.

They locked horns in what would probably have been a fatal encounter for one or both gladiators, if several of us hadn't been able to finally pull them apart. In the excitement, Red's goat got one of his horns knocked off. It was knocked off so completely, you could look down the hole and see what looked like was his brain.

Red found some coal tar and packed it in the hole. His goat didn't think much of the medication, but it healed up beautifully. If any of the tar got on the goat's brain it didn't change his person-

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WHOOPIING IT UP—Time and again, during the 1962 football season, New Bern High school's attractive cheerleaders will be duplicating this scene. While the Bears are scrapping to achieve further gridiron glory for the

institution, the female of the species won't be exactly idle. You'll have an opportunity to share the excitement, starting with the opening game against Morehead City two weeks from now, at the local stadium.



THERE'S WORK TOO—New Bern High school students know better than anyone else that the classroom takes priority over all other activities, even though it may not seem that way to some outsiders. Monday they'll turn their

backs on care free vacation days, and tackle anew such weighty problems as the psychology discussion that has these youngsters pondering human behavior. Maybe mom and dad should also enroll.