



New Bern Public Library

The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
IN THE HEART OF

NB Public Library  
407 New St.

3¢ Per Copy

VOLUME 5

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1962

NUMBER 28

Nothing is more exasperating to an editor than the misprints that appear in his newspaper. No matter how hard he strives for perfection, they are bound to bob up.

Recently we heard about an editor who explained away the mistakes that crept into his publication with the following notice: "If you find any errors, please consider that they appear for the benefit of those readers who always look for them. We try to print something for everybody."

At our house we try to save everything of value, including paper sacks that can be utilized later as a trash receptacle. All of the paper sacks we had were put to good use Halloween night, when moppets showed up in the rain with their trick or treat bags soaking wet and coming apart.

A friend of ours tells us that one very small boy, with a face that was almost angelic, knocked on his door when the rain was literally pouring. The friend rather thoughtlessly dropped a large apple into the little boy's waiting sack.

The bag was wet, and the apple went right on through. His angelic face notwithstanding, the tot exclaimed in disgust, "You busted a hole in the damn thing." His benefactor quickly found a pasteboard box, got down on his knees on the front porch, and helped rescue the apple and a moist assortment of candy and bubble gum.

We don't know how it was on your block, but on ours (by actual count) just as many children came trick or treating as did last year when the weather was far more favorable. One toddler couldn't even say, "Trick or treat". When given a couple of pieces of candy- one wrapped in paper and the other in tinsel, he promptly plopped both pieces, wrappings and all, in his mouth.

His mother- it must have been his mother, although she looked like a child herself- stepped from the shadows and got the candy out of his mouth before he could swallow it. She put it in the toddler's sack, and away they went- out into the rain.

Just as we expected, a great many readers have commented favorably on the editorial we did last week about Nita Whitty, Mattie Turnbull and Ethel Cook. Dubbed the Three Musketeers by one of their admirers, they are so popular with New Bernians that any editorial praising them was bound to bring a good reaction.

Ethel called us up to express their appreciation. "The phone keeps on ringing," she reported

in a gay voice. "Everybody seems to have read it." Then, wisecracking as always, she added, "Imagine waiting until you're 82 years old to get important".

Perhaps the thought has never occurred to you, but there's no other place in New Bern that incubates as many joys and heartaches as the local post-

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**PUPILS OF THE PAST**—Quite a few of The Mirror's readers will be surprised to see their likeness on the front page this week. This photo of a typical New Bern High school class was snapped in the early Thirties,

in front of the Moses Griffin Building. You should have no trouble at all identifying a score or more of the teenagers, if you happen to be well along in your forties or older.



**A LOVELY SIGHT**—We have published more than a dozen photographs of Tryon Palace scenes from time to time, but none have been prettier than this exquisite view of the Maude Moore Latham Memorial Garden,

with several of the Palace hostesses in the distant background. Ten thousand new bulbs are being added this month to further enhance the beauty and serenity that visitors find there.—Photo by Louis H. Froham