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Like everyone else who gets a quantity of mail each day, the Mirror's editor occasionally finds someone else's mail in his box. Last Friday, for the first time, the postman did a complete switch by leaving us a piece of mail we had sent out.

It was the only mail in our front porch box, since our mail normally goes into the box we have at the postoffice. But, maybe because it is spring and a fellow is apt to do a bit of day dreaming in wonderful sunshine, the carrier came up our steps dutifully placed a copy of The Mirror in our box.

Seeing as how the paper was addressed to one of our steady subscribers, Mrs. D. H. Stallings of 314 Metcalf street, we decided without hesitation that this matter called for special delivery. She was surprised to see us playing the role of postman--just as surprised as we were when we found her paper in our box.

It reminded us of another occasion when, to our complete dismay, we happened to spy a brand new copy of The Mirror in one of the trash cans in the postoffice lobby. Never before, or so we believed, had anyone tossed their Mirror into the nearest trash receptacle without so much as unfolding it.

Naturally, we retrieved the paper and checked the address. Bless goodness, the recipient was Raymond Dunn, a local attorney who had led us to believe that he and his family enjoyed our weekly thoroughly. Could it be that he had been spoofing us?

All weekend we pondered the matter, and finally decided that Raymond was peeved at us because we didn't see eye to eye with him, as an individual, on his admiration for a political candidate he was actively supporting.

It was hard to believe that the attorney could be this narrow--narrow enough to throw our beloved paper into the trash can, but into the trash can it had gone. At church on Sunday morning, we kept remembering it when should have been listening to the parson's sermon on brotherly love.

When Monday morning arrived, one of the first pedestrians we encountered on Middle street was Raymond. "What happened to my Mirror this week?" he inquired, "My father was awfully disappointed when it didn't come. He always looks forward to it, and was some kind of put out when I didn't have it."

Raymond's gentle complaint was music to our ears. As is usually the case, we had an extra Mirror handy, and gave it to the attorney while explaining to him that apparently his copy inadvertently went into the trash can while he was sorting his mail at the postoffice. Such a mistake is easy to make, if you aren't careful.

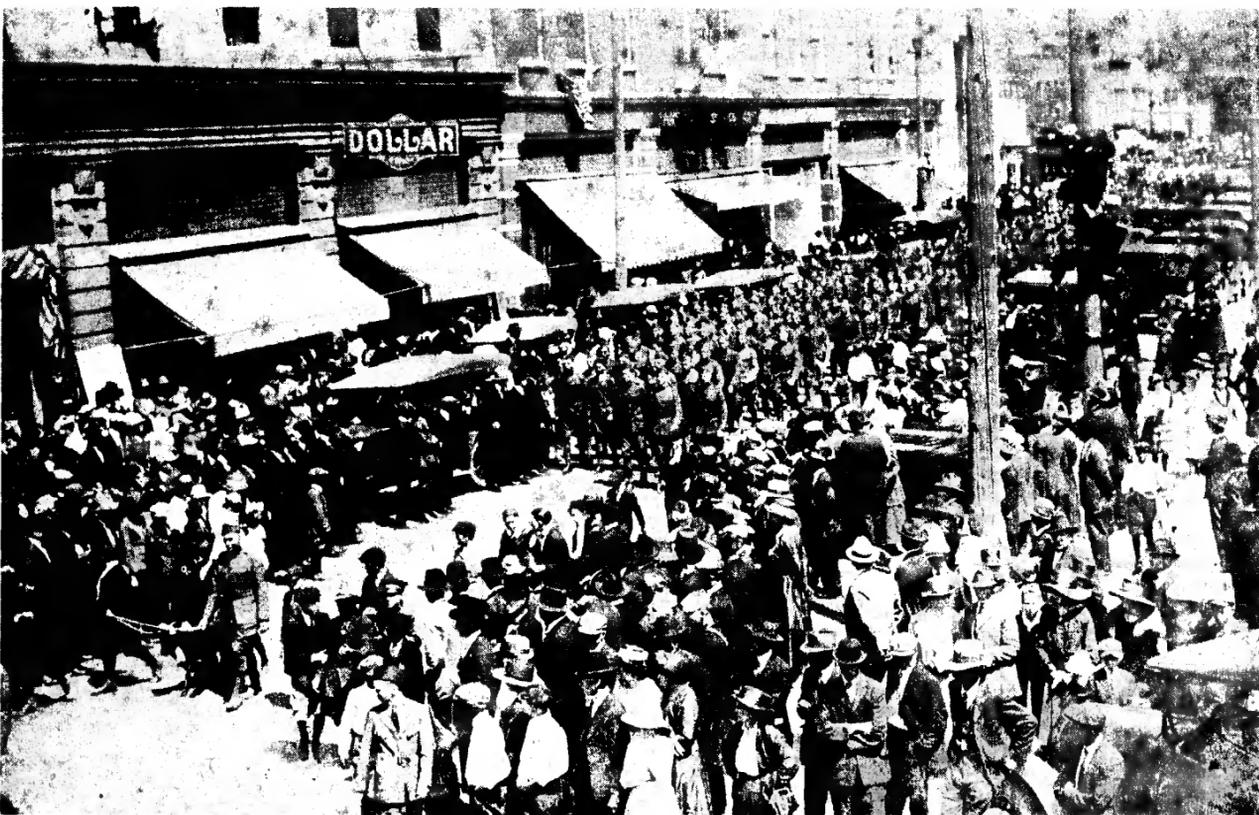
After the incident was over, this editor felt like kicking himself for jumping at conclusions. By putting two and two together and making it five, we had tried and convicted Raymond of peevishness and childish behavior. And all the while, mentioned not getting his Mirror, we might have remained convinced that he did a very pretty thing.

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BEYOND COMPARE—Many a photograph was made this week in the Maude Moore Latham Memorial Garden at Tryon Palace, where the tulips were in full bloom. Leading publications will feature the scene in forthcoming issues. For example, you're previewing

in today's Mirror a photo destined to appear in Better Homes and Gardens. At the right are three of the four Italian marble statues in the garden. April magic has made the spot a floral paradise.



HOME AT LAST—This faded photograph depicts, we believe, the arrival of New Bern doughboys from overseas after the first World War ended. Kaiser Bill, who would live to a ripe old age, had been vanquished, and in the words of President Wilson, "the world had been

saved for Democracy." As you can see, a huge crowd was waiting at the corner of Middle and Pollock streets, to watch the parading troops pass by, including two boys who had climbed a light pole in order not to miss anything.