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Donald Brown, who peddled News and Observers at the corner of Middle and Pollock streets when he was a kid, is still in the paper business. It's different now, however, since he happens to be mill cost supervisor for the world's largest pulp and paper mill, Union Bag-Camp Paper Corporation.

His company, you'll recall, is the one that was considering establishing a branch here at one time. Don, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, started at Savannah, Ga., with Union Bag as Junior Accountant in 1952. A year later he was made Budget Analyst. He is still in Savannah.

He became Budget Group Leader in 1955, Bag Cost Accountant in 1957, Mill Cost Group Leader in 1959, and Mill Cost Department Supervisor in 1960. To say that he holds a position of great responsibility is putting it mildly.

Writing about himself to The Mirror, at our request, Don says, "Things are quite different from those old childhood days in New Bern. I always hated to get up early in the mornings (quite different from you) but yet, when I look back to those days in the early Thirties, when I was getting up at 5 o'clock to sell papers on the street corner, rush off to school, work at Kress after school--those were the happy days.

"You really didn't have to dodge too many autos running back and forth from Gaskins soda shop to Jacobs soda shop. And the day the headlines read HUEY LONG SHOT, I sold out in a hurry. And every now and then, Leon Cohen (was that his name?) would give me some paper caps or a cherry salute.

"Mr. Rivenbark was always a steady customer on his way to Williams Restaurant for a cup of coffee (or was it Nick's then?). And Crabby always had a friendly greeting. And was Mr. Rouse the first Republican I ever met? Dr. Parker would always call me Wally. That's what it sounded like for Raleigh when I was shouting Raleigh News and Observer. (Mother always told me not to run with that sucker stick in my mouth.)

"But later it paid off when my second grade teacher (was her name Miss Fannie Hower-ton) told me that she passed me to the third grade because she never knew whether I was right or wrong when she asked me a question.

"And Mr. Barjou--he was always a big tipper. He was District Manager of S. H. Kress, and I used to look for him about every three months. He kept telling me he was going to make a manager out of me. Remember my first job at Kress? I was blowing soap bubbles with the first Pop Eye pipes, in the front window on Middle street.

"Don't laugh--we sold more during that promotion than any other Kress store in the world. And later--balloons, Daniel Boone pocketknives, etc. etc.... I can hardly believe that I worked at Kress for 11 years (part time) under four different managers.

"And in between times---selling peanuts (Kafer's Bakery used to parch them for me), soda jerking at Mr. Pinnix's

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LIKE A SHAWL—Ancient trees, cloaked with Spanish moss, are a familiar sight along the inland streams of Carolina's coast country. Autumn's paint brush, even as the concealing kindness of a winter snow, makes all things presentable, and many things prettier than

ever. Actually, a river scene such as the one shown here near New Bern, remains virtually changeless with the changing seasons, and for that we can be glad.—
Photo by Wooten-Moulton.



ALL AROUND US—"I'll yearn not for the rolling plain, or mountains to the sky, as long as I can know the joy of rivers flowing by." Here in the Land of Enchanting Waters, where the lazy Trent and the choppy

Neuse join hands, we are only minutes away from dozens of lovely scenes, such as this one. To appreciate rivers, you've got to be without them for awhile.—
Photo by Wooten-Moulton.